THE

GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL



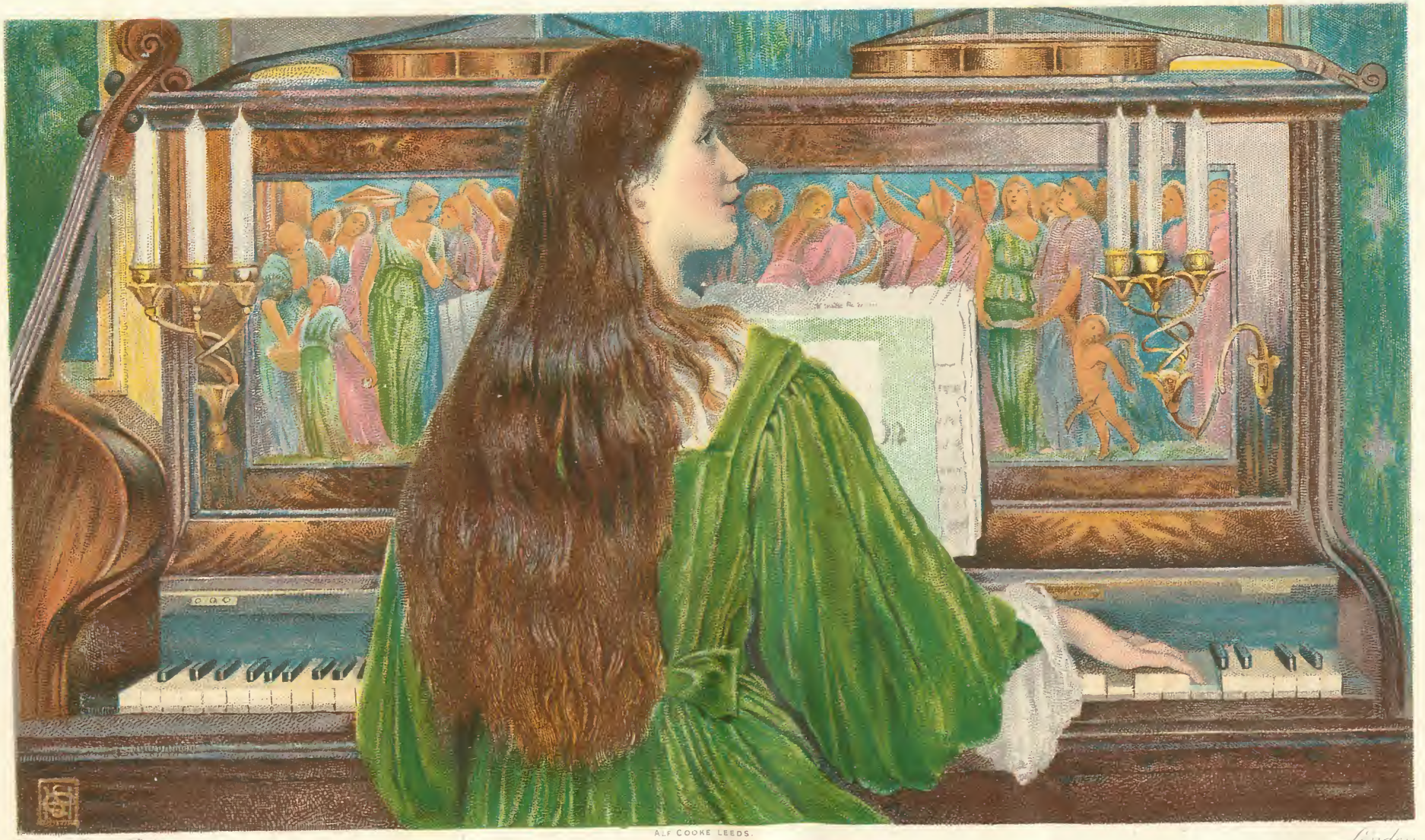
[*From the Painting by* Sir E. J. Poynter, *President of the Royal Academy.*]

CHLOE.

Illustrated.

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ALF COOKE LEEDS.

Girl's Own Paper

London

"A Reverie."

From the painting by Edward S. Harper exhibited in the Royal Academy



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SISTERS THREE.

MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"I WISH something would happen," sighed Norah.

"If it were something nice," corrected Lettice. "Lots of things happen every day, but they are mostly disagreeable. Getting up, for instance, in the cold, dark mornings, and practising, and housework, and getting ready for stupid old classes—I don't complain of having too little to do. I want to do less—and to be able to amuse myself as much as I like."

"We want a change, that is the truth," said Hilary, bending forward on her seat, and sending the poker into the heart of the fire with a vigorous shove. "Our lives jogtrot along in the same way year after year, and it grows monotonous. I declare when I think that this is the first day of another January, it makes me ill! Fifty-two more Mondays to sit in the morning-room and darn stockings. Fifty-two Saturdays to give out stores. Three hundred and sixty-five days to dust the bedroom ornaments, interview the cook, and say, 'Well, let me see! the cold mutton had better be used up for lunch'—oh, dear me!"

"I'll tell you what—let's have a nice long grumble," said Lettice, giving her chair a hitch nearer the fire, and bending forward with a smile of enjoyment on her face. "Let's hold an



"'LITTLE GIRLS HAVE NO BUSINESS TO LISTEN TO WHAT BIG PEOPLE ARE SAYING.'

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indignation meeting on our own account, and discuss our grievances. Women always have grievances nowadays, it's the fashionable thing—and I like to be in the fashion. Three charming and beauteous maidens shut up in the depths of the country in the very flower of their youth, with nothing to do—I mean with far too much to do, and no amusement, no friends, no variety. We are like the princesses shut up in the moated tower, in the fairy tales; only then there were always fairy godmothers to come to the rescue, and beautiful princes in golden chariots. We shall have to wait a long time before any such visitors come tramping along the Kendal high-road. I am sure it sounds melancholy enough to make anyone sorry for us."

"Father is the dearest man in the world, but he doesn't understand how a girl of seventeen feels. I was seventeen on my last birthday, so it's worse for me than for you, for I am really grown up." Hilary sighed, and rested her sleek little head upon her hand in a pensive, elderly fashion. "I believe he thinks that if we have a comfortable home and enough to eat, and moderately decent clothes, we ought to be content; but I want ever so much more than that. If mother had lived——"

There was a short silence, and then Norah took up the strain in her crisp, decided accents. "I am fifteen and a half, I look very nearly as old as you do, Hilary, and I'm an inch taller. I don't see why I need go on with these stupid old classes. If I could go to a good school it would be another thing, for I simply adore music and painting, and should love to work hard, and become really celebrated, but, I don't believe Miss Briggs can teach me any more than I know myself; and there is no better teacher for miles around. If father would only let me go abroad for a year, but he is afraid of trusting me out of his sight. If I had seven children I'd be glad to get rid of some of them, if only to get a little peace and quietness at home."

"Mother liked the idea of girls being educated at home, that is the reason why father objects to sending us away. The boys must go to boarding schools, of course, because there is no one here who can take them in hand. As for peace and quietness, father enjoys having the house full. He grumbles at the noise sometimes, but I believe he likes it at the bottom of his heart. If we do happen to be quiet for a change in the evening, he peers over his book and says, 'What is the matter; has something gone wrong? Why are you all so quiet?' He loves to see us frisking about."

"Yes, but I can't frisk any longer—I'm too dull—I want something to happen," repeated Norah, obstinately. "Other people have parties on New Year's day, or a grand Christmas-tree, or have crowds of visitors coming to call. We have been sitting here sewing from ten o'clock this morning—nasty, uninteresting mending—which isn't half done yet, though it is nearly four o'clock. And you never think of me! I'm fifteen, and I feel it more than either of you. You see it is like this. Sometimes I feel quite young—like a child—and then you two are too proper to run about and play with me, so I am all alone; and then I feel quite old and grown up, and am just as badly off as you, and worse, because I'm the youngest, and have to take third turn of everything, and wear your old washed-out ribbons! If only something would happen that was really startling and exciting——!"

"I sink it's very naughty to wish like that!" A tiny, reed-like voice burst into the conversation with an unexpectedness which made the three sisters start in their seats; a small figure in a white pinafore crept forward into the firelight, and throwing back a tangle of curls raised a pair of reproachful eyes to Norah's face. "I sink it's very naughty to wish like that, 'cause it's discontented, and you don't know what it might be like. P'r'aps the house might be burned, or the walls fall down, or you might all be ill and dead yourselves, and then you wouldn't like it!"

The three girls looked at each other, undecided between laughter and remorse.

"Mouse!" said Hilary, severely, "what are you doing here? Little girls have no business to listen to what big people are saying. You must never sit here again without letting us know, or that will be naughty too. We don't mean to be discontented, Mouse. We felt rather low in our spirits, and were relieving ourselves by a little grumble, that's all. Of course we know that we have really many, many things to be thankful for—a nice house, and—ah—garden, and such beautiful country all round, and—ah—good health, and——"

"And the bunnies, and the pigeons, and the new carpet in the dining-room, and because the puppy didn't die—and—and—me!" said the Mouse, severely; and when her sisters burst into a roar of laughter, she proceeded to justify herself with indignant protest. "Well, it's the truth! The bunnies are pretty, and you said, 'Thank goodness! we've got a respectable carpet at last!' And Lettice cried when the little pup rolled its eyes and squealed, and you said to Miss Briggs that I was only five, and if I was spoiled, she couldn't wonder, 'cause I was the littlest of seven, and no one could help it! And it's 'Happy New Year' and plum pudding for dinner, so I don't sink you ought to be discontented!"

"You are quite right, dear, it's very naughty of us. Just run upstairs to the school-room, and get nice and tidy for tea, there's a good little Mouse. Shut the door behind you, there's a fearful draught." Hilary nodded to the child over her shoulder, and then turned to her sisters with an expressive shrug. "What a funny little mite she is! We really must be careful how we speak before her. She understands far too well, and she has such stern ideas of her own. Well, perhaps we are wrong to be discontented. I hated coming to live in this quiet place, but I have been ever so much stronger; I never have that wretched, breathless feeling now that I had in town, and I can run upstairs to the very top without stopping. You can't enjoy anything without health, so I ought to be—I am!—very thankful indeed that I am so much better."

"I am thankful that I have my two dear hobbies, and can forget everything in playing and drawing. The hours fly when I can sit out of doors and sketch, and my precious old violin knows all my secrets. It cries with me, and sings with me, and shrieks aloud just as I would do if I dared to make all the noise I want, when I am in a temper. I do believe I could be one of the best players in the world if I had the chance. I feel it in me! It is aggravating to know that I make mistakes from want of proper lessons, but it is glorious to feel power over an instrument as I do, when I am properly worked up! I would not change places with any girl who was not musical!"

Lettice said nothing, but she lifted her eyes to the oval mirror which hung above the mantel-piece, and in her heart she thought, "And I am glad that I am so pretty. If one is pretty, everyone is kind, and polite, and attentive; and I do like people to be kind, and make a fuss! When we were at the station the other day, the people nudged each other and bent out of the windows of the train as I passed. I saw them, though I pretended I didn't. And I should look far nicer if I had proper clothes. If I could only have had that fur boa, and the feather for my hat! But what does it matter what I wear in this wretched place? There is no one to see me."

The firelight played on three thoughtful faces as the girls sat in silence, each occupied with her special train of thought. The room looked grey and colourless in the waning light, and the glimpse of wintry landscape seen through the window did not add to the general cheeriness. Hilary shivered, and picking up a log from the corner of the grate, dropped it into the fire.

"Well, there is no use repining We have had our grumble, and we might as well make the best of our circumstances. It's New Year's day. I shall make a resolution to try to like my work. I know I do it well, because I am naturally a good housekeeper, but I ought to take more interest in it. That's the way the good people do in books, and in the end they dote upon the very things they used to hate. There's no saying, I may come to adore darning stockings and mending linen before the year is out. At any rate I shall have the satisfaction of having done my best."

"Well, if you try to like your work, I'll try to remember mine—that's a bargain," said Lettice solemnly. "There always seems to be something I want particularly to do for myself, just when I ought to be at my 'avocations,' as Miss Briggs has it. It's a bad plan, because I have to exert myself to finish in time, and I get a scolding into the bargain. So here's for punctuality and reform!"

Norah held her left hand high in the air, and began checking off the fingers

with ostentatious emphasis. "I resolve always to get up in the morning as soon as I am called, and without a single grumble; always to be amiable when annoyed; always to do what other people like, and what I dislike myself; always to be good-tempered with the boys, and smile upon them when they pull my hair and play tricks with my things; always to be cheerful, contented, lady-like in deportment, and agreeable in manner. What do you say? Silly? I am not silly; it's you two girls who are silly. If you are going to make resolutions at all, you ought to do it properly. Aim at the sky, and you may reach the top of the tree; aim at the top of the tree, and you will grovel on the ground. You are too modest in your aspirations, and they won't come to any good, but as for me—with a standard before me of absolute perfection——"

"Who is talking of perfection? and where is the tea, and why are you still in darkness, with none of the lamps lighted? It is half-past four, and I have been in my study waiting for the bell to ring for the last half-hour. What are you all doing over there by the fire?" cried a masculine voice, and a man's tall figure stood outlined in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF GIRLS IN DAIRY-WORK AND OUTDOOR INDUSTRIES.

By LADY GEORGINA VERNON.

THE problem of how to obtain the most profitable and suitable employment for women of the upper classes is one which is daily pressing for an answer.

An absolutely new class demanding work and remuneration has sprung into existence of late years. Offices for the employment of women are thronged with applicants, young and old, culled from what not long since was known as the leisured class, but whose diminished, or indeed in many cases lost, incomes, have thrust them out into the large company of toiling women. A few years since when a girl undertook some definite work away from home, it was generally surmised either that she was unhappy at home, or for some reason was weary of social life, and sought interest and pleasure in the activity of some philanthropic scheme. But now, as we all know too well, the sad need to "make a living" is limited to no class or age; and yet, though I have said the word sad, it is through the ennobling influence of work that many a woman has cast off the trammels of her old fashionable life and risen to higher womanhood, proving herself capable of conquering difficulties, and through hard work and self-denial made a home for those near and dear to her.

It is greatly for the sake of such as these, whose early days have been passed in the sweet luxury of country homes, with out-of-door exercise, with their horses and their dogs, with their gardens, and healthy sports in the fresh air, that I desire now to speak, and to show that there is a sphere of what would prove most congenial work to many, but which has been so far greatly overlooked and neglected, and I believe in a great measure because it has not been put before women what interesting and absorbing work can be found in activities connected with agriculture, and I will preface what I have to say by the remark that all that I describe in the following suggestions is work suitable for an average strong and healthy woman.

Dairy-work first claims our attention, and here we can find not only work which pays well, but work with a special charm, and in which the quick instinct and neat, deft fingers of the cultured woman will find a field for exercise.

The first necessity for success in whatever branch of dairy-work is eventually taken up, is that the learner should be thoroughly grounded in the very first details, and in those things which might appear to many ladies as quite unnecessary for them to learn. I mean the keeping the floors clean and sweet, the art of thoroughly cleaning the dairy utensils, keeping every tin and pan bright and shining; spotless cleanliness is one of the principal secrets of all dairy success.

The work of a dairy is marvellously lightened in these days by the aid of machinery and the various appliances now in common use; for instance, the separator, which minimises the labour to such an extent that a dairy-maid, instead of spending half a day in scalding and washing and keeping the pans for the milk clean, can now finish the work connected with the milk, of even a large dairy, I mean from fifteen to twenty cows, in a couple of hours.

Then there is the butter washer, which obviates the handling of the butter, and instead of the old laborious process of washing and turning and squeezing the butter-milk from the butter, by a few quick turns rapidly cleanses the golden mass of sweet, fresh butter from the butter-milk and makes it ready for rolling into marketable shapes. Then also the charming little Victoria churns without beaters, which are so easily scalded out and kept sweet. Indeed like most work, this has been greatly simplified, but none the less does it require care, attention and cleanliness. There is a good deal in the care of the milk and the cream, which should be thoroughly mastered. For instance, the knowledge of the proper time to keep cream and the amount of acidity or ripening required for first-class butter-making, this and a great deal else must be learnt, and it is want of attention to these matters which has given our English butter a less good name in the market than the Danish or Normandy butter. But I can assure those who will take the trouble and spare no pains to ensure perfection, that English butter, when really good, can always command a higher price in the market than the foreign produce.

The whole labour of butter-making is clean and dainty; eminently women's work, and can be made a very profitable industry. I should, however, strongly urge all those who are thinking of embarking in dairy-work, that they also learn to make cheese. I am not an advocate for women making the large English cheeses, such as Cheshire or Gloucester, because for these a man would be required to lift the heavy vats of milk during the process as well as each day during the turning and ripening of the cheeses, but I should urge women to take up more thoroughly and definitely than has ever been done yet in our English dairies, the making of what are known as soft cheeses, the *fromage mou* of France, which is daily becoming more popular in England, and for which I foresee a great future if we could bring these easily made little cheeses quickly into the market at reasonable prices. I know that efforts have already been made in this direction, but more in an amateur way. Here and there a few Camembert or cream cheeses are being made, but the work of production is not carried on seriously and on a large scale. At one time I hoped to see Camembert brought to perfection in England, but for some unknown reason, whether it is the climate or the pasture of the cows, or whatever it is, no one has been able to do this. Camemberts have been made and are made, but they just miss that captivating flavour which one finds in these little cheeses in Normandy. Still, if I were starting a factory for soft cheeses I should not despair, but I should go straight to the home of the cheese, which is not far from picturesque Lisieux in Normandy, and I should learn the whole system there. Doubtless the great stumbling block is the varying temperature of our English climate, and the consequent exceeding difficulty of giving these capricious little cheeses not only the warmth (which may be achieved by stoves or pipes) but the right quality of pure, fresh air which they demand. Still I should urge another serious trial of making these cheeses. Then I may mention there are a whole list of easily made and easily ripened soft cheeses, and I desire so especially to call attention to this industry, that I must dwell rather more fully upon it.

The simplest of all, the old-fashioned English napkin cheese or cream cheese, needs no comment, it is no trouble to make and sells for nearly double what the cream composing it is worth. Gervais is another highly popular cheese, much used, I believe, in clubs, very easily made, and fit for the market in three days. Bondon takes longer to make, but it may be made from skimmed milk, and thus can be used to work up the milk from which the cream for the richer cheeses has been taken. Livarot is a cheese which is also made of skimmed milk, but it is so strong in flavour that I do not think it will ever become a very favourite cheese here, still it has the advantage of using up the skim milk. Pont L'Evèque is a charming cheese, rather larger than those named before, and in France is very often sold green or unripe and ripened by the purchasers in their own cellars, and this is a great advantage to those who have not large and suitable cellars for the ripening. The same advantage belongs to the various cheeses known as Brie, which are firm enough for the market at the end of a fortnight. I can confidently name the varieties of the Brie and Coulommiers cheeses as easy to make, and very profitable to sell.

The plant required for the making of all the six soft cheeses which I have named is also of the very simplest kind. There are none which could not be made in any ordinary dairy, and I do not hesitate to say, would repay the maker fifty per cent. for the worth of the milk or cream employed.

If the difficulties of a journey to Normandy, where all these could be learnt, are too great, I can speak with pleasure of the excellent teaching given in this branch of dairying at the British Dairy School at Reading, where it has been made a special subject.

I wish what I say on this subject to be so purely practical, that I have refrained from dwelling on the fascinations of cheese-making, but I can truly say that to those who embark on the work it soon becomes a passion, and I have often watched the creator of one of these interesting products stand breathless with anxiety as the first plunge of the taster is made into the tender sides of the little cheese, and the verdict awaited for with the keenest emotion.

I have advised a course of study for these soft foreign cheeses, but there are one or two kinds of English cheese—notably Wensleydale and Edish—which are small, easily handled, easy to make and very saleable; and for the making of them, or if it is wished to learn to make common, sound, English cheese, such for instance, as are known as Derbyshire cheeses, I should strongly advise a residence for three months or so during the summer, in a farm-house where this work is carried on; indeed, whatever special branch is adopted afterwards, I think there is no better grounding than is to be found in some of our well-managed large English dairy farms. The pupils would live with the family, work with the daughters of the house, and let me say would find in many of our English farms most refined and kindly companions. The life is healthy, full of interest, and the expense would be slight. I think I may safely say that for the three months, a pupil could be received and trained and taught for £6 for her board and lodging, and £5 premium for the teaching, and many a pale, delicate girl would find herself at the end of the three months a rosy-cheeked and healthy being.

When once dairy-work has been thoroughly mastered, there are many doors of lucrative employment open. Teachers are now required and highly paid by County Councils in connection with the schemes for technical education. Then I think with a little enterprise and energy anyone who had been initiated into the mysteries of French cheeses could make a very good living by giving lessons at farms on this subject; or again, dairy-maids are in continual demand and are highly paid. A short time since I knew of an offer being made to one girl who was thoroughly qualified in all branches of dairy-work, to take the management of a large dairy with servants under her, and her salary was £100 and a house.

I know there are not many such places as that, but it is a very common thing on large estates for a dairy-maid to have a house or rooms, and a salary varying from £30 to £50.

I think that if one or two girls could join together in a small dairy farm, they could, with energy and care, make a good and pleasant livelihood, but in this case, of course, capital would be required to start it. I should not advise embarking in a large business which would entail a number of men for the care of the cows, but on what in the Midlands is known as a "little place," that is a small house and land for two or three cows; there are few external expenses, and these small places pay in proportion infinitely better than the large farms; and I should like to add here, that a very profitable industry can, with very little trouble and a minimum of expense, be combined with other work, and that is an apiary. We read of tons of honey brought over yearly from Switzerland, while in many districts in England you hardly find a bee-hive. There are few more purely lucrative employments than bee-keeping, for when once the hives are provided the cost is almost nil. Bees will often be given by some kind neighbour who entertains the happy superstition, that it would direly affront her bees if she were to sell any, and thus your bar-framed hives can be stocked free of expense. A really good hive and all appliances necessary can be bought for £2. The work connected with the care of the bees is very light, and no one need be afraid of stings, as the only time when bees are apt to sting is when their honey is being taken, and this is so easily accomplished with the little sections which are slipped on and off the tops of the modern bar frames, that a pair of thick woollen gloves and a veil are quite sufficient protection. The work that most amateurs dread is hiving the bees when they swarm, and certainly the large dark mass of little insects hanging from some branch or hedge are formidable in appearance, and sometimes heavy to lift, but at such a time the bees rarely, if ever, interfere with the person who hives them. Many of the women near my home turn up their sleeves to be free in their movements, and bare-headed and bare-armed, work amongst the thronging insects without the slightest fear.

With respect to profit, one may calculate in a tolerably good year, on one large hive giving a yield of from forty to fifty pounds of honey, and this, if sold in the comb, will generally fetch a shilling a pound, or if extracted, the run honey will command a ready market at about ninepence, or if sold wholesale in large quantities about sevenpence. Therefore one year's return will more than pay for any initial expense.

I have spoken of the apiary in connection with the dairy-work, because it can be so easily and profitably kept upon a small farm.

Next in order of importance to dairy-work, as a most fascinating and paying industry, I shall place gardening. This is a branch of work which could so easily be carried on by ladies in their own homes and their own gardens. I think it is terrible when one sees how many splendid gardens are left almost to go to waste, because in these days the number of gardeners that used to be kept has had to be reduced, till one or two have to do the work that formerly was accomplished by six or eight men; but here we have ground already cultivated, probably hot-houses, or at least green-houses, all capable of producing good crops. This is so evidently a source of income lying absolutely unused, that it appears to me one of the most obvious ways in which ladies with reduced incomes can employ themselves, but I should like strongly to emphasize the fact that, if it is to pay, it must not be carried on in the fashion of too many amateurs, being attended to one day and not the next. A garden to be profitable demands knowledge of horticulture and constant care and attention, and I should advise a course of instruction at the Horticultural College at Swanley in Kent, if this occupation is to be taken up seriously. The cost of such a course would be £70 a year, and two years of instruction are required before a diploma is granted.

This appears at first sight a large outlay, but this diploma would fit a student either to cultivate her own home garden with profit, or to take a situation as head gardener. I hear that there are now many ladies working in this capacity and receiving good salaries, and that there are openings for many more, as many ladies with large estates and gardens to manage prefer to have a lady to deal with, and one who can help her in various matters, such as the arranging of flowers and table decorations, which are a heavy tie to any person with much business on hand, and which can be more tastefully and better carried out by an educated lady than by the average gardener.

There are many parts of Ireland so singularly well suited for carrying on gardening and the production of fruit and vegetables on a large scale, that it is sad to know how little is achieved in this direction. Doubtless one difficulty has been to obtain a good and regular market, but from what I have heard of this, I think the English market must be looked to, and with the reduced charges for freight of agricultural produce the cost of carriage need be no bar to this scheme. But a vigorous effort should be made to extend the same cheap rate of freight from the interior of Ireland, which I believe has not yet been done.

A ready sale can always be obtained very easily in our large towns for fruit and vegetables. Careful packing is required, and this must be learnt, and is an art that could soon be acquired by a few lessons from a market gardener, or if the Swanley course is taken, it is made there a regular branch of instruction.

I have not dwelt upon the details of this work, as so much depends on whether a lady takes up the work as a paid gardener, or undertakes it upon her own account; if the latter, and unless she has a large garden at her command, then I am strongly of opinion that she will find the growing of flowers and plants for sale more profitable than vegetables. Our markets are now so full of imported vegetables from France and the Channel Islands that the remuneration is very small, but by a system of advertising, and the aid of parcel post, small plants, cuttings, early flowers, even those of the commonest kinds, obtain a ready sale, and I know that many ladies add to their small incomes in this way; but there is in gardening the possibility of a good return for the labour, and there is no pursuit more absorbing in the daily interest, from the promise to its fulfilment, than the sowing and the gathering of a garden brings.

One more industry must be mentioned on my list, or it would be sadly incomplete, and that is poultry keeping. I have placed it last, because in our English climate there are so many risks of failure, and also if poultry rearing is carried on upon a large scale, it rarely succeeds for more than one or two years in the same place, on account of the ground becoming tainted. For this reason if poultry keeping is taken up, I should advise that the object aimed at should be the production of eggs and not the rearing of chickens.

Upon two acres of grass land, with a few good cheap wooden structures, 100 fowls could be profitably kept, and if the plan was adopted of dividing the run and changing the fowls monthly from one side to the other, with a yearly dressing of a little lime, there would be no fear of disease amongst the poultry.

The first outlay in buying the stock of good laying hens should not be more than £10, and the erection of the houses required another £5. The cost of keeping poultry is supposed to be a penny per head each week, and the 100 fowls should on an average, in the summer months, give 24 dozen eggs a week, at prices ranging from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. a dozen—here I am speaking of the London market. In the winter rather more food is required, and we should put the cost of 100 fowls at 10s. per week, but the eggs, now perhaps only 10 dozen a week, would be worth from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a dozen, and still leave an ample profit. I think if poultry keepers would devote their energies more to this question of supplying the markets with eggs than to rearing chickens, they would find it a more certain profit. There is such an unfailing demand for eggs. Here again, comes the necessity of careful packing and regular supply, but this is no real difficulty, and only requires care and attention.

I think that I may be charged with being an optimist in my view of the various out-of-door

industries open to women, but I have only stated facts, each one of which can be verified; I am sure that it merely needs that many of the women now living at home unoccupied, and therefore unhappy, should see that there is a sphere of work open to them, calling for merely average capacity, although certainly demanding business-like habits and energy, but which offers interest and a good livelihood; and we should have many more embarking in these various branches of work allied, if remotely, to agriculture. Above all I should like to urge upon our Irish sisters the voiceless petition of their richly endowed and beautiful country, that her resources should be called forth. Look at the rich garden land uncultivated, see mile upon mile of sweet pastures, which could support double and treble the number of cows, tread the hundreds of miles of sweet, heather-clad hills and moors, and see where are the bees to gather the honey distilling from the fragrant flowers. Surely Nature calls us not to leave her treasures wasting and uncared for, and richly will she reward those who, in the peaceful scenes of country life, find active employment and interests, and last, though not the least, the blessing of health, which is rarely denied to the worker in fresh air and out-of-door industries.

I have, in what I have said so far, only touched upon life in England and Ireland; but I desire very earnestly to call the attention of all those who are interested in this great question of employment for women to the useful work being carried on at the Leaton Colonial Training Home, near Wellington, in fitting young women in the most thorough manner for life in the colonies. Training in all branches of housework is given, as well as in dairy-work, the care of poultry and bee-keeping. There are many who feel that life in the old country offers a sense of home and rest which cannot be obtained elsewhere. But to those who feel drawn to the wider sphere of work in the colonies open to women, I would heartily commend the training given at the Leaton Home.

HOW WE FURNISHED OUR FIRST HOME FOR £150.

THERE are very few young girls who do not enjoy talking over and planning a possible home of their own.

Let me tell you who I have in my mind in writing this paper. Young people who because they are really in love, are prepared to sacrifice many unnecessary luxuries, who are not afraid while they are full of health and strength of helping to make their hard-worked husband's home lovable even although this result can only be attained by a good deal of hard work on their part.

Those of my readers whose marriage is in the near future may not have the necessary time at their disposal to buy one thing here and another there, until they find out where the most artistic and durable things are to be had for a moderate price. Two months ago when choosing furniture for a friend's flat in London, we discovered how enormously prices vary for the same piece of furniture. At one shop in the West End a Sheraton sideboard bookcase and table, were exactly double the price elsewhere.

Some rooms must be furnished inexpensively, but I have avoided everything which will not last. By all means have a strong kitchen table in the dining-room with a deal top, but it is a great mistake to have a very cheap carpet. Artistic art squares are to be had from 9s. 6d. to 24s. but they will be shabby in two years. Feather pillows can be had for 2s. 11d. each, but what sort of feathers do they contain? I leave one sitting-room unfurnished. The dining-room table and chairs will do admirably for this room when we are able to afford Chippendale ones upholstered in tapestry. Those who have time to look about can often pick up really good furniture for very little at an auction, but it is always safer to buy second-hand things at a gentleman's house rather than at a shop.

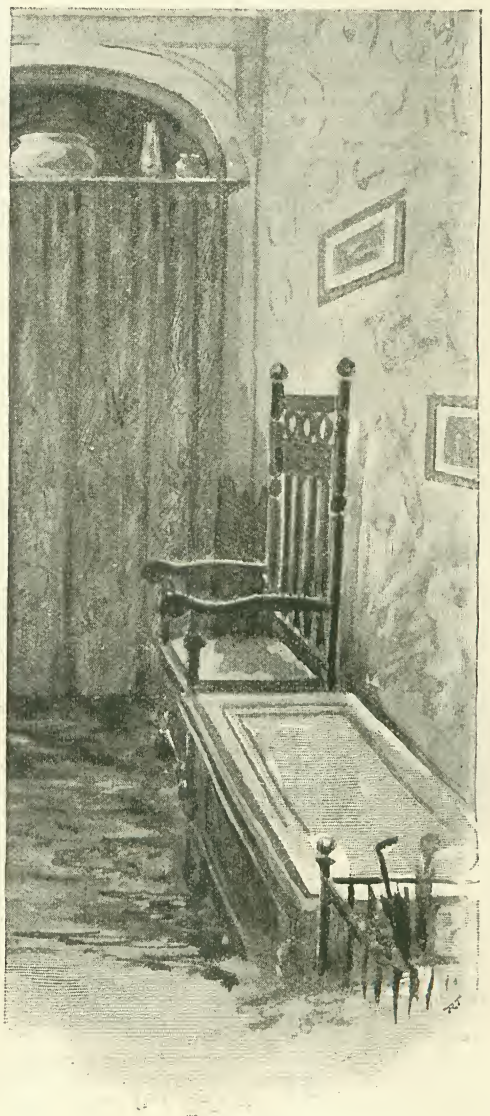
Space prevents my saying much about the all-important question of choosing a house. A vital point is of course the drainage. Ask for a sanitary certificate, and if there is none, it is money saved in the long run to pay a guinea to a competent inspector. Inquire if town's water is laid on. Well-water, where there are many houses near, is pretty certain to be infected. Remember sparkling water is often the most unsafe for drinking purposes. Clay soil means rheumatism to all predisposed to it. Where money is an object, never take a house on a repairing lease. Quite lately a friend took a house in London at £80 a year, and the compulsory papering and repairs, etc., come to that sum every three years. Many people do not realise how much is thus added to the rent. Find out who the previous tenants were, and whether there have been any cases of fever, etc., since it was papered, for germs are well known to remain on wall papers for years. Do not hesitate to go to several agents. The firm known to be the best in the neighbourhood may not happen to have exactly what you want. Calculate the cost of railway journeys to and fro before you decide on a house some way out of town, and recollect that a larger house generally means an extra servant. If possible the principal rooms should face south or west, although an artist must of course have a north light for painting. I must not omit to mention that it is wiser to buy rather than rent a house in a neighbourhood where the demand is greater than the supply, and property is increasing in value, for it is often a very good and safe investment. In any case arrange with the landlord that you shall choose your own papers, for colour is almost everything. Quite recently I went over a house in Kensington, the rent of which was £110 for a long lease, and the paper and paint were so hideous it would have been a constant eyesore to any tenant.

The rent of our house I have fixed at £50 in town and £40 in the country. There are three sitting-rooms, a bath-room and five bed-rooms; if a third sitting-room is wanted it must be up-stairs. We will now proceed to choose the papers, and here I will let you into a secret. Beautiful papers at 2s. 6d. the piece can often be had for 9d. if you are content with last year's patterns, many of which are prettier than the newer ones.

THE HALL.

If we live in the country we may be fortunate enough to find a "cottage residence" with a small square hall which of course makes all the difference to the appearance. These picturesque old houses however are few and far between for this rent, and in town we should only have a passage hall, if we were willing to pay double the amount.

If the house faces south or west, I would suggest pale green or soft china blue for the hall paper with a conventional pattern in a deeper shade, or plain paint would look equally well. Nothing is so restful as plain colour or so fresh and pretty as white paint. A pale olive green with a panelled wood or lincrusta dado painted white or a darker shade of green always looks well. The doors of the sitting-room facing the hall should be mahogany colour. The front door would look best painted a soft olive green. If you like a knocker, have one made for you, after an old pattern; the one I like best, is a thick large ring almost round in shape. There is a new kind of panelling for dados even better than lincrusta or anaglypta, made of very thin wood. I was told it was to be used instead of linoleum for a hall, and would have much the same effect as parqueterie, but I cannot



THE HALL.

believe there is enough substance to make it wear long enough for this purpose. It struck me, however, that it would be capital for a wood-panelled dado, and last week I heard that Messrs. Fraser of Ipswich had for the first time used it in this way, with a most satisfactory result. If your landlord does not think it too expensive I would decide on this for the hall and staircase, and paint it white with a plain lettuce-green paper above it. All the rest of the paint should of course also be white. It does not get dirty sooner than light colours. If however there is much smoke in your neighbourhood substitute a dark olive-green dado, and yellow paper above. The umbrella stand is a very pretty one, and occupies a minimum space: it is of wrought iron with copper knobs.

A Japanese china drain-pipe would of course answer the purpose and cost less, but if you have room for the other I feel sure you will prefer it.

Over each door have a shelf matching the sitting-room door, which I hope may be polished mahogany; on these shelves blue china jars or plates are a great improvement.

On the hall side of the front door hang a thick curtain of dark olive-green sheeting from Burnet's, with a twelve-inch border of Friesland velvet at the bottom. On the small oak table with turned legs there should always be writing materials and a Bradshaw. If you have any family swords, etc., a rack can be made by a local carpenter for a few shillings. Our limited sum will only allow an ordinary carved oak chest. A very nice one can be had at any old furniture shop.

The passage to the right of the staircase can be curtained off by placing across the hall about twelve inches from the ceiling an ordinary shelf. In front of this fix a brass curtain rod. Lovely, inexpensive, striped Indian curtains can be had for a mere song. The shelf should be stained to match the doors. Blue plates or Devonshire art pottery can be added when you can afford a little money for oddments. Pegs for coats can be hung in the passage behind the curtain, although I cannot help hoping that all the necessary things having been bought, we may still be able to afford a delightful piece of furniture which I saw at an old shop in London for £8. The carved back draws forward and has hooks for coats, the seat is a box for holding rugs or hats. Modern ones are to be had for about the same price at most good shops. In any case do not have coats and waterproofs hung in our pretty hall!

The etchings or autotypes for the hall and up the staircase should all be framed alike in narrow black frames. Our only chair is one of Chippendale's best and simplest designs.

One warning with regard to the arrangement of a hall (which I see constantly recommended) I would beg you to avoid: bamboo furniture and bead curtains of any kind. The latter always remind one of a dentist's. They are by no means cheap and certainly very hideous.

In a long, narrow hall the oak chest must of course be the only table. There will be room for two plants and a silver or brass salver to bring notes into the drawing-room.

I hope the hall will be tiled, but as this is not very probable I would suggest a green tiled linoleum from Oetzmann.

The lamp is of wrought iron. This and a gong complete the furniture of our little hall. I have only one parting injunction. Be content with three pictures hung low. Really beautiful sepia photographs of pictures by Romney, Vandyck and Gainsborough, etc., can be had for 2s. 6d. Lithographs of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge which only an expert could tell were not real etchings, can be had for 10d., and plain narrow wooden black frames three feet by two feet can be had for 1s. 9d. You may like to substitute your favourite musicians, painters, poets or statesmen, for it is always more interesting when the house indicates the character and tastes of its owner.

Do not add any bookshelves or small cupboards which give a gimcrack appearance. Although if there is a recess, a number of bookshelves are a distinct addition. Below I give an estimate of the exact cost. You may think the stair carpeting is expensive. I can only say it is very poor economy to buy poor stair carpeting, the wear and tear is so great, also first appearances go a long way: I always imagine that I can judge to a great extent the character of the inmates by the appearance of the hall.

ESTIMATE FOR HALL AND STAIRCASE.

	£	s.	d.
Wrought-iron umbrella stand with copper knobs	0	10	9
One Chippendale chair	1	10	0
One oak chest	2	0	0
Linoleum	1	10	0
Six brown lithographed etchings at 10d	0	5	0
Six frames at 1s. 9d.	0	10	6
Twelve yards best Axminster carpet (Hampton) at 3s. 9d.	2	5	0
Two dozen stair rods	0	15	9
Four dozen stair eyes	0	4	2
Heavy door mat (Fraser, Ipswich)	0	4	9
Three yards art sheeting or serge (Burnet's)	0	5	9
One palm 5s., pot 1s. 11d.	0	6	11
Brass and copper hall lamp	0	12	6
	£11	1	1

During a sale last year's patterns can often be had for nearly half price.

(*To be continued.*)

AN AFTERNOON WEDDING.

By MARY POCOCK.



SINCE it has become the fashion to be married in the afternoon, a "breakfast" is seldom given. Twenty years ago the so-called wedding-breakfast was the rule, though it then was really a luncheon, being generally served between one and half-past one, and frequently commencing with clear soup. I remember about that time a wedding at the Grosvenor Hotel, at which, besides clear soup, two hot *entrées* were handed. I never saw tea or coffee at a wedding-breakfast, but longer ago than that, both of these used to be on table at weddings. Breakfast was then usually at noon, sometimes even earlier. Of course, if the newly-married pair were going any distance, it was necessary to leave much earlier in the day than it is now; express trains did not run fifty years ago at the present rate of speed. It was not possible to start for a long journey after afternoon tea with the expectation of arriving at one's destination in time for dinner! The quickness of locomotion, I think, has had a great deal to do with the change to the more comfortable and convenient arrangement of afternoon weddings, which were made possible by the alteration of the law which formerly obliged people to be married before noon.

A wedding reception now is much the same in most respects as an ordinary afternoon party.

The drawing-room is usually reserved for the display of presents, which are placed with the donors' cards (usually sent with gifts) on them.

If there are many presents, they are placed on tables round the room, jewellery, and small articles of value, being put in glass cases. At wedding crushes in towns, it is necessary to have a detective in the house, for it is impossible that the bride's family should know all the bridegroom's friends, consequently strangers can go in with little risk of detection, and many thefts have been perpetrated in that way. It is only necessary for a well-dressed person to present himself at the door to gain admission to the house.

On the return from church, the bride and bridegroom go to the drawing-room, where the guests follow, and offer their congratulations. After, the newly-married pair go into the tea-room, followed by as many of the guests as can find room. The bride cuts, or, if she cannot cut, she sticks the knife in the cake. The remainder of the guests come in for refreshments, as there is space made for them by others leaving or returning to the drawing-room.

The refreshments are usually in the dining-room; if a very large party, special arrangements must be made. A long narrow table should be provided, and would be placed back, only allowing room for the waiters or waitresses (the latter are generally preferred, and really seem more in place pouring out tea) between it and the wall. On the narrow table a white cloth is used that reaches within eight or nine inches of the ground. Milk and cream-jugs and sugar-basins are arranged along the front of the table, the tea and coffee-pots, urns, cups and saucers, are arranged along the back of the table conveniently placed for the attendants to fill the cups, leaving the guests to help themselves to sugar and cream. The cake occupies the centre of the table, the remainder being covered with flowers, light refreshments, fruit, etc., with piles of small plates, fruit-knives and forks, spoons and glasses for wine and lemonade. Ices are usually served; these the servants hand from the back of the table, the ice-pails being placed on the ground out of sight. Sometimes Neapolitan ices are liked; being in papers ready to serve, they are rather convenient.

In this article I wish to speak more especially of the arrangements for a moderate-sized

reception in a moderate-sized house, than of a crush-party; of one where the whole could be carried out by the servants, with little or no help, except the assistance at the tea-table of one or two of the daughters of the house or other relatives of the family.

In this case one would use the ordinary dining-table, leaving it very nearly in the middle of the room, just a little more space on the door side. Put a rather large cloth on, as the effect of the cloth hanging well down is better when no one is to sit at the table. If the table is square-cornered, fold the corners of the cloth round at each end of the table so as to leave it to hang straight and flat all round the table and fasten each edge with a pin.

A white embroidered centre—I have seen some lovely ones lately—white flowers and green leaves embroidered in silks on very fine white linen, or white china silk or *crêpe*, may be used for the centre of the table; if soft silk or *crêpe* is used, it is placed loosely on the table and pushed up into puffs; around the edge of it place a long trail of smilax or some asparagus fern. Stand the wedding-cake in the centre of the table. This is more elegant decorated with natural flowers than with chalky ornaments and artificial flowers.

Place four medium height glasses to form a square enclosing cake, then two high glasses near each end of the table. All the glasses must be filled with white flowers; then attach the four glasses at each end of the table with eight trails of smilax hung in festoons between them. If needed a strand of the very finest wire may be used to support the green trails.

Should the table be very long, it may be necessary to use two more glasses of flowers half-way down each end of the table, to carry out the idea, or one higher glass in the centre of each half; then the droops would meet half way down each end of the table and make a sort of canopy. It would be very pretty if the smilax could be festooned from the flowers on the cake; but it is not practicable, as they would have to be removed when the cake was cut, and at once spoil the appearance of the table. With the glasses of flowers, which should be very lightly filled, nothing more will be required in the way of ornament except a few loose flowers or ferns to lie on the silk or a few specimen glasses, depending on the size of the table. The tea-service and cups would be placed at one end of the table, the coffee at the other; wine and lemonade glasses on the sideboard. It has been the fashion to serve iced coffee, but it is not usual now, but iced lemonade is liked.

The refreshments consist of sandwiches, for which it is an advantage to have small labels; they can be made in the shape of little flags and fastened on to white-headed pins, or the names simply written on tiny white and silver cards; patties, brown and white bread-and-butter, small moulds of various kinds, biscuits, cakes of all kinds, fruits and sweetmeats.

The twisted wire-plate handles are most useful and also very ornamental when trimmed, as they should be, with white-satin ribbon twisted round and a bow at the top, and one at each side. The wires will fit any plate and convert it into a basket, which is easily handed about. They only cost a few pence each.

Those who are lucky enough to have silver baskets, use the larger ones for fruit or cakes, the little ones for sweetmeats.

With regard to the dishes the following list may be useful to choose from: Sandwiches, ham, tongue, potted meat of any kind, with a little mustard (green) and cress, hard-boiled egg, with or without cress, chicken and watercress, shrimps that have been pounded in a mortar with very little nepaul or cayenne pepper, anchovy paste, or potted anchovies, cucumber, mustard and cress, water-cress, shred celery, guava or quince jelly, or jam of any kind.

While writing of sandwiches, I would like to remind those who have to provide, that their success depends on the sandwiches being nicely cut and evenly buttered, and most important of all, that the bread of which they are made should be suitable and quite fresh, the general complaint being that the sandwiches "are so dry."

I always use newly-baked tin sandwich-loaves, and after they are made lodge a small plate on the top of each pile, then cover with a cloth until wanted. In the course of cutting, the bread loses its newness, but at the same time, when put on table, the edges are never curled and hard, as with dry bread. A variety is made by having some of the tiny rolls made for sandwiches; they are an inch wide, and about three inches long, they are cut open, and what is wished is put in, each making one sandwich. They are convenient and look tempting; the outsides are glazed brown. It is well to have a few dishes of these on table as well as the cut sandwiches.

The following recipe is for a very good cake. Having no fruit in it, it is very suitable for covering with chocolate, coffee, or other fancy icing.

Piedmont Cake.—Ingredients: six yolks of eggs, three whites of eggs, seven ounces of sifted flour, seven ounces of castor sugar, three ounces and a half of melted butter. Mode, beat the yolks of the eggs for half an hour, dredging the sugar in as you beat them; beat the three whites of eggs to a hard froth, add them to the yolks and sugar, then sift the flour in slowly, add the butter, which should be melted, not oiled; beat all the time you are adding the ingredients. Put into a tin that you have lined with buttered paper, put a buttered paper lightly over the top of the tin, and bake in a moderately hot oven. This cake cannot be properly made in less than three quarters of an hour. It is best when made with Hungarian flour.

This recipe for chocolate icing is very simple, and quite suitable for covering the above.

Dissolve over a slow fire two ounces of grated good chocolate in a gill of water, add half a pound of castor sugar, stir until it is the consistence of smooth thick cream, when it is ready for use.

Queen drops, or bars of Genoese pastry, are very nice covered with this icing, which must, of course, be used while it is warm.

Queen Drops.—Beat three eggs ten minutes with two tablespoonfuls of good rose-water, sift in six ounces of castor sugar, beating all the time; add a few drops of vanilla, sift in a quarter of a pound of fine flour, add two ounces of butter, previously warmed and stirred to a cream; finish by stirring in two ounces of currants. Drop a small teaspoonful of the mixture on a well-buttered paper and bake. If they are to be chocolate-iced, omit the currants. Do not make the icing until the drops are cool; it is easier to join them in pairs with the chocolate than to cover the outsides.

Pistachio Cake.—Ingredients, eight eggs, their weight in castor sugar, the weight of three eggs of fine sifted flour, the weight of one egg of pistachio kernels weighed after they are blanched and skinned. Method—beat the yolks of eggs with the sugar until they are quite thick, then add the flour slowly, beat for ten minutes; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir them into the mixture. Last add the pistachio kernels, which must have been previously pounded to a paste in a mortar. Bake in a slow oven. Ice with the following—

Put a tablespoonful of lemon-juice into a basin with the whites of two eggs, work half a pound of icing-sugar into it gradually, using a wooden spoon; work it a long time, until you can break a piece off short from the spoon, when it it done, and should be used at once. If you are obliged to keep it, cover the basin with a damp cloth. Ice the pistachio cake, and cover the top with finely-chopped pistachio nuts, put in the oven a minute to set, then in a cool dry place until wanted. The above cake may be made with pounded almonds instead of pistachio nuts; the icing then would be ornamented with angelica and dried cherries.

Few people now trouble to make biscuits, but some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may like to try the following; they are very simple, and I find them much liked at teas. Make a dough with half a pound of flour, and four ounces of golden syrup; add a quarter of a pound of melted butter, two ounces of brown sugar, a large teaspoonful of grated ginger, and one ounce of candied peel chopped small. When well mixed, roll out thin and cut into biscuits with fancy cutter, bake on greased baking-sheets in moderate oven. They should be quite thin cakes.

The following is a very good lemonade. Take three large lemons, cut off the peel, as thin as possible, put it in a jug and pour a quart of cold water on it, squeeze the juice from the lemons, being careful to extract it all, strain the pips out and pour the juice to the peel and water, sweeten to taste with castor sugar (do not make it too sweet), add a slice of pine-apple (fresh or canned), and let the lemonade stand until wanted, when the peel and pine-apple can be strained out. This lemonade being made with cold water should be prepared at least four hours before it is wanted. Add a lump of ice before serving. Three or four lemons to each quart of water, depending on the quality of the lemons.

While writing of weddings, I am reminded of some that, when I was a girl, were hardly noticed. I allude to silver weddings, the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of a marriage. I have been to several of these lately, and really they have seemed to me to be made almost more of than weddings, and perhaps there is some reason in it, for a silver wedding entails no parting, as a marriage does, where a girl is leaving home for her new life. The day should really be a joyous and happy one when two people can look back on a quarter of a century passed together happily with reason to expect many more peaceful years in one another's company.

For silver wedding festivities the invitations are sent in the names of the husband and wife. If for an afternoon reception the arrangements are the same as for a wedding, though some do not care to have a wedding-cake.

Presents of articles in silver are made and guests offer their congratulations and good wishes to their host and hostess as they would have done on their wedding-day.

At a twenty-fifth anniversary dinner at which I was a guest a few months ago the husband took his wife in to dinner, and sat next her at table as he had done on his wedding-day; but I fancy most English people prefer to adhere to the ordinary dinner arrangement: our insular objection is always so great against doing anything that might be construed into a demonstration of feeling, that we cling by preference to our every-day customs.

However a silver wedding-party is a very enjoyable one, especially as most people like to get together as many of the original guests as they can, even though the missing faces must give one some sad thoughts, one can give one's hearty good wishes to host and hostess and hope to meet them again on their golden wedding-day in good health and with happiness round them.

THE NIGHT IS PASSING.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

I.

Two spirits passed each other in the mist,
That day's sweet eve when God and man had kissed.
One swept along trailing a lovely light,
The other wore the garments of the night;
The one had tasted love, the other hate,
And either bore the strain, content to wait
Till the seven thousand years had killed the world;
Each wore a tangled scroll, which, when unfurled,
Read, as they neared the earth, and mortal eyes—
"The night is passing."

II.

"The night is passing"
Sang out the stars to the heaving sea,
Where wild waves tossed in a fiendish glee,
And the long, low-lying mountain ranges,
With a deep, dark silence that never changes,
Fold the lakes and the valleys sweet,
Till the night and the morning meet.
And a rippling murmur ran up through the land,
And the cold, sad earth seemed to understand
That "the night was passing."

III.

So, too, I hear the selfsame song of light
Flooding th' abysmal chasms of the night;
Where each dark charnel-house and lazar den
Reeks with the passions and the wrecks of men.
O'er silent graveyards, where the willows wave,
And broken-hearted ones have ceased to rave,
Pealeth, like music of some deep-toned bell,
Into the gathering night that "all is well,"
"The night is passing."

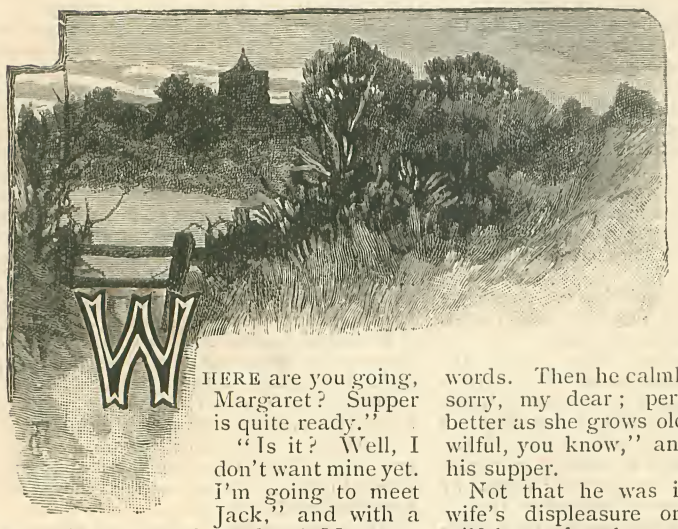
"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER I.

BROTHER AND SISTER.



"WHERE are you going, Margaret? Supper is quite ready."

"Is it? Well, I don't want mine yet. I'm going to meet Jack," and with a determined toss of her head Margaret Harcourt started across the lawn where she had been sitting at work until her step-mother joined her.

"Stay, child! Jack may be half an hour late, and you know how I dislike irregularity at meals. Besides, it is too late for you to go across the fields alone; I wish you to come in."

"I'm sorry," replied Margaret, "but Jack never yet came home without finding me at the stile, and I don't think he will to-night. I don't in the least mind going without supper, so you needn't wait;" and without waiting to hear more, she walked quickly out of sight, leaving Mrs. Harcourt to fume alone.

But that was not that good lady's way. Instead she hastened indoors to find her husband and tell him for about the sixth time that week, that his daughter Margaret was the most ungrateful, disrespectful girl in the world, and to make various other complaints to relieve her mind.

Mr. Harcourt, as usual, listened in silence until she ceased for lack of words. Then he calmly remarked, "I'm sorry, my dear; perhaps she'll grow better as she grows older. Girls will be wilful, you know," and proceeded with his supper.

Not that he was indifferent to his wife's displeasure or his daughter's wilfulness, but he was not sufficiently strong-minded to cope with the matter, and so, after several fruitless efforts, he kept to himself and took no part whatever in these frequent disagreements.

He was naturally a kind man and would have been glad to see both mother and daughter happy together, but had already given it up as hopeless.

He was also a deep reader and a man of intellect, spending most of his time in the seclusion of his own study, for the most part oblivious to household affairs. On the death of his first wife, he had been persuaded by his sister to marry a lady of her choice, whom she assured him was admirably suited to act a mother's part to his little daughter. On her account he had yielded, but a few months only sufficed to show him he had made a great mistake.

From the very first Margaret resented the new-comer, who quickly proved herself unfitted to overcome such resentment. In consequence an invincible dislike grew up in the girl's heart, and had now, at the age of nineteen, embittered her whole nature.

But, although Mr. Harcourt felt he had in some way made a mistake, he remained practically indifferent to the evil consequences resulting from it, and made no attempt to counteract them. When his wife insisted upon drawing his attention to various details, in which, according to her step-mother's version, Margaret certainly did not shine, he would generally comfort himself by thinking it was only the girl's way; she was a little too self-willed, she would grow wiser by-and-by. He did not take into consideration what effect such a narrow-minded, unsympathetic nature as his wife's would have upon the proud, passionate girl, who had inherited from her Italian mother, not only her warm Southern beauty, but the keen sensitiveness and fiery spirit of her race, and, combined with these, the questioning intellect of her father.

But to return; while her step-mother was pouring her grievances into Mr. Harcourt's ears, Margaret made her way quickly to the spot where she expected to meet her brother Jack. She had started off very briskly, with a hard look on her face and her lips together, while the poise of her head gave no slight indication of that rebellious spirit which was such a source of daily grievance to her step-mother.

As she neared the stile, however, the



"LOVE DIVINE—ALL LOVE EXCELLING." [*Copyright* 1896. *Photographische Gesellschaft.*

quiet beauty of the summer evening seemed to soothe her; she slackened her steps and a soft, expectant look dawned in her eyes. On reaching her destination, she leaned her elbows on the top rail, and resting her chin on her hands, surveyed the scene before her.

Madge possessed a deep love for nature, and the remembrance of her step-mother's harsh voice faded for the time being before her beautiful surroundings.

The June sun was just lingering over the summit of the distant hills, shedding one last brilliant glow over all the silent earth around her, before making way for the coming night. It seemed almost as if he were loath to leave a scene so fair, as if he would like to have stayed his course a little to gaze with her on the still beautiful earth. The Cumberland hills stood out dark and soft against the deepening sky, while a gentle breeze swayed the trees and murmured through their leaves, sometimes ceasing, as if afraid to break the wondrous silence. From the little village nestling in a hollow below her, came ever and anon a sound of life. Now it was a boy's shrill whistle; now a child's shout or a mother's call, and mingled with these the blacksmith's hammer or the passing of feet down the village street as the labourers went home to a well-earned rest.

Madge heard the faint sounds, nothing escaped her, but they did not, as far as she was concerned, add any beauty to the scene. It was the hills and the heavens, and the great stillness that appealed to her, not her fellow-man, and as she looked away to where the last rays of the sunlight were fading, a half-stifled sigh escaped her parted lips and she clasped her white hands convulsively. But at this she turned sharply away, and with a resolute expression gazed in the direction from which she expected Jack. She knew from experience what sort of an effect gazing at the sunset would have on her, and to-night there must be no unnecessary sadness in her heart, for was it not the gladdest night in the whole year — the night that brought her Jack? So she banished her usual bitterness and stood there on the hill-top waiting hopefully, her tall, slim, erect young figure and perfect profile rendering her far from the least beautiful object in that beautiful scene.

It was not altogether easy however for her to banish all unpleasant thoughts, for she was still conscious of an angry feeling at the tone in which her step-mother had addressed her. She hated to be called "child," and the result was generally flat disobedience.

"Keep me from meeting Jack indeed, just for a paltry supper," she said to herself, after waiting some time and growing impatient in consequence, "and to talk of being out late at this hour. I expect she'll go and pour a long tale of wrongs into father's ear, and be as cross as a bear when Jack and I get in. No one would think I had been trying to please her all day for his sake. I did want his first evening to be a pleasant one, but it's no use hoping for anything, much less trying to please a step-mother," and she knit her brows with a frown as she gazed anxiously into the dusk.

She was beginning to fear Jack had missed his train, which would have been a bitter disappointment to her, for his visits were the one bright spot on her shadowy horizon, and he the idol of her existence, the object upon which the deep love of her strong nature was almost solely lavished.

And these precious visits of his were so few and far between, for life in the little Cumberland village possessed few attractions for lively Jack. He contrived to pass his time much more happily in London on a yearly income of £500 which his mother and an aunt had left him.

He had studied for the bar with a view to becoming a barrister, but as time passed and no briefs appeared, he changed his profession for the more congenial one of enjoying himself. Of home affairs, beyond anything connected with Margaret, he took little note, his yearly visit being entirely upon her account.

If he did not love his sister with the same devotion she showed for him, at least he loved her better than anyone else in the world; indeed, as deeply as his light-hearted, happy-going nature was capable of loving.

With his step-mother he had always managed to keep friendly; but then Jack was friendly with everybody, and had the happy knack of turning unpleasantness aside and forgetting all about it.

He was very sorry for his sister, for he could not help seeing that she was unhappy, but he was at a loss to discover means for helping her, so he let matters rest.

He had tried to persuade her not to notice their step-mother's fault-finding, but to make friends among some of the neighbouring families on her own account, and to amuse herself in the way she liked best.

But, like everyone else, he totally misunderstood her. He could not realise that the quiet life, with the solitary hours and deep reading which had grown to be her pleasures, had made her vastly different from the girls he knew in London. He was only vaguely conscious that somehow she was different, and on the whole it was a circumstance to be deplored. However, he did not often trouble about it, having come to the conclusion that "Madge was a caution, but would turn out all right when she got married and mixed more with others."

His thoughts were something of this description as he walked quickly from the little station in the direction of their usual meeting-place, and there was a slight shadow on his usually sunny face. It vanished instantly, however, as he turned a sharp curve on the hill-side and came full in view of the anxious watcher.

He whistled the bugle-call, which was their usual signal, but not before Madge had descried him and was half-way over the stile. Another instant and she was in his arms, embracing him with a fervour that those who only knew the silent, haughty girl at home would have believed impossible.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, "it's worth living just to have you again! I am so glad you have come. I was afraid you had missed the train. Let me look at you," and she held his face between her hands and gazed lovingly into his eyes. "You dear old fellow, you're splendid," she said. "You look handsomer than ever."

"Thank you," he replied, disengaging himself and making a low bow. "May I return the compliment?"

"If you really mean it,"—and there was a half-eager questioning look in her face as she drew his arm round her and proceeded homewards.

"Mean it indeed?" he echoed; "I should think I do mean it! Why, Madge, I believe you're one of the prettiest sisters a fellow ever had to be proud of."

A quick gleam of delight shot through Madge's eyes. Not that she cared for the compliment particularly, but to win Jack's praise was one of the sweetest things in life to the lonely girl. If she were beautiful in his eyes, the rest of the world might think what they liked; it was a matter of no concern whatever to her.

"I only wish you were a little more rosy and not so thin," he continued. "I sha'n't be able to call you my little Madge now, you must have grown quite a foot since I was last here! I suppose I shall have to call you 'Margaret,' and treat you with respect now."

"What nonsense, Jack! Just as if I should ever be anything but 'Madge' to you," and the dark glossy head nestled very lovingly on his shoulder.

Jack bent over and kissed her, saying: "Then you shall be 'Madge' all my life, and we'll have a downright jolly time together for the next two weeks."

"Two weeks!" she exclaimed, looking up quickly. "Surely you'll stay at home longer than that?"

"I'm afraid I can't," he replied hastily. He had not meant to approach the subject that evening, but the words had slipped out unawares. "I'm going yachting with some fellows then, and it's too good an opportunity to miss. But I'll tell you all about it another time, Madge; don't let's think of parting directly we have met. Why do you look like that?" he continued, as a bitter smile hovered round the girl's mouth. Anyone would think you were thirty instead of nineteen. Are you angry?"

"Oh, no," she replied, with a hard little laugh. "I was only thinking of the difference between what this visit is to you and what it is to me. There's a little difference, too, between the pleasures we think too good to miss. For instance, when step-mother goes to Coleve to do a day's shopping, I settle myself in the library, to read in peace, the whole day. I refuse to see anyone because it's too good an opportunity to miss."

Jack looked serious for a moment; he did not like his sister's tone, or the look on her face as she spoke. However, he let it pass and remarked, laughing—

"So you still persist in calling your dear mamma 'step-mother'?"

"I don't know what else to call her,

except 'Mrs. Harcourt.' She shall never be 'mother' to me."

"Well, tell me, how is the good lady? I hope you have got her into a good temper for my benefit."

"Indeed, I haven't. I should think she is probably pouring a long tale of complaint into father's ears about my sins and shortcomings at this very moment."

"Now, Madge," he remonstrated, "what have you been up to? I gave you special injunctions to get her into a good humour. You see, I have a favour to ask—I shall want you with me all day long."

"Well, I did try, Jack, but, as I've told you before, it isn't the faintest use. If I pleased her for ninety-nine days and offended her on the hundredth, she would forget the ninety-nine in a moment. I came downstairs this morning full of good intentions. I managed to keep them too, for, although she told me I was late when I wasn't, and that my hair was untidy when it was perfectly smooth, I never said a word. In fact, I was successful all day until this evening. She found me reading on the lawn and told me to go and practice. I declined, as it was the first time I had opened my book all day. Presently she came again and tried to prevent my coming to meet you; as if anyone in the world could do that! Of course, I just came, and you can imagine the rest. I might as well not have tried at all, all day."

"What a tale of woe!" remarked Jack, pulling a long face and heaving an unnaturally deep sigh, "I wonder you *have* survived! Never mind, we'll soon bring her round," and then, to change the subject, he gave her a brief account of his own recent doings, which lasted until they reached home.

"It's a beautiful old place, after all, Madge, in spite of its drawbacks," he said, standing for a moment to gaze at the dark pile of buildings sharply outlined against the sky. "If only it was nearer to London and not in such an out-of-the-way corner, how I should enjoy coming home oftener."

Madge was silent, and her eyes assumed a strangely wistful look, as she too gazed thoughtfully at her home. It made a pretty picture in the dim light, with its bodyguard of giant oaks, and behind them the Cumberland hills stretching away into the far distance.

"Oh! yes, it's beautiful enough," she answered presently, with a little catch in her voice, "but it isn't like home. I should be glad to see the last of it," and she shuddered a little. "Do you know, Jack," she continued in a softer voice, "I often wonder how it looked to mother, and if she ever felt like I do. I wonder if she loved those distant hills, or if they made her feel hemmed in and crushed down, as they do me. If I look at them for a long time I feel like a bird in a cage, beating its wings hopelessly against the unyielding bars. I feel as if all the hoping in the world would not help me to pass those hills and get out of my prison into the big, free world beyond; as if, for me, the hills stretched on and on interminably, and I should never reach a spot where I could see beyond them."

"But you shouldn't think such gloomy thoughts, Madge," he answered. "It isn't likely you're going to stay here all your life. As soon as ever we can manage it, you shall come up to town and have no end of a time."

"Perhaps by then I sha'n't care about coming. I shall always feel I am different from other girls, and that will make me dislike to mix with them. Besides, I don't think gaiety is what I want; but come, we are very late, we must wait until to-morrow for a long talk," and she drew him forward quickly.

"You do think such queer things, Madge," he said, as he followed her; "I don't know anyone else who thinks as you do. Fancy dreaming of not liking London! It's glorious! Wait till you've tried it. You'll forget all about these dull times."

Madge made no reply, but her heart did not feel any lighter at the prospect held out to her. Deep down in that heart she knew only too well that it was not London and gaiety that would take the aching restlessness out of her life.

On reaching the house they found their father and Mrs. Harcourt waiting anxiously for them, for they were very late through lingering on the way. However, as Jack was there, Mrs. Harcourt expressed nothing but anxiety, and after the usual greetings he turned to the table and sat down.

"Aren't you going to keep me company, Madge?" he asked, as she remained standing.

"No, I'm not hungry."

"Nonsense, you must want your supper; where are you off to?"

"I'm going to bed," she replied quietly.

"Don't let Madge go to bed without having something to eat, *mater!*" he exclaimed, turning to Mrs. Harcourt. "It's half-past ten and I expect she had tea before five."

"I can assure you Margaret is quite capable of looking after herself," replied Mrs. Harcourt coldly.

Jack was about to answer, but something in Madge's expression stopped him. Without a word he returned her kiss and let her go.

(*To be continued.*)

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

Local Applications.

The object of poultices, etc. is to relax the skin and the surrounding tissues and to apply warmth and moisture to any one part of the body, so causing a superficial redness to relieve a deeper inflammation causing pain.

Linseed Meal Poultice.—Pour boiling water into a basin, stir quickly with one hand and shake in with the other, sufficient linseed meal to make the poultice of a consistency to spread smoothly on a piece of rag or flannel, the edges of which should be turned over the ends of the poultice in order to make it look neat. See everything is in readiness before beginning to mix the poultice. Warm the utensils, and see that the water boils. Let the poultice be light and not too wet. Change the poultice frequently so that the person never feels it get cold.

A Bread Poultice.—To make this, coarse bread crumbs from stale bread should be stirred into a basin of boiling water, covered up and put to stand by the fire for three or four minutes, strain the water off, and add fresh water, boiling, pour it off and spread the poultice on rag or flannel and apply with muslin or tissue-paper over the surface, otherwise the gluten in the bread is apt to stick on to the skin and form a crust.

Mustard should be mixed with cold water and warmed after being spread on a piece of flannel by the fire; it should have a piece of muslin over the surface next to the skin. A mustard poultice is also made in the same way as a linseed poultice with mustard stirred in, in equal parts, or two parts of linseed to one of mustard.

Charcoal Poultice.—One ounce of charcoal to four ounces of linseed meal or bread crumbs, stir the charcoal in while mixing, and sift finely-powdered charcoal over the surface before applying. Useful in cases of old sores and ulcers.

Bran Poultice.—Make a flannel bag, partly fill with bran, sew it up and pour boiling water over it, wring out, and apply; or the bran may be baked and applied dry. Salt bags may be used in the same way.

Fomentations.—Wring folded flannel out in boiling water and apply with oil silk over it to keep in the heat. *Soda Fomentation.*—Two ounces of soda to one pint of boiling water; useful in some cases of rheumatism.

Poppy-head Fomentation.—Break up the heads of two poppies, and boil them in two pints of water, till the quantity is reduced one-half. Wring out folded flannel in decoction, and apply; useful in cases of pain, when severe.

Laudanum Fomentation.—Sprinkle folded flannel after being wrung out in boiling water with from one teaspoonful to half an ounce of laudanum, according to the size required, and apply with oil silk over it to keep in the heat.

Turpentine Stoup.—This can be made in the same way as a laudanum fomentation, or a better plan is to sprinkle the folded flannel first with from two spoonfuls to one ounce of turpentine, and then wring out in boiling water; by this method the turpentine gets more equally distributed all over the flannel, and is not so likely to cause little blisters.

When carrying poultices from one room to another it is a good plan to put them between two hot plates to keep them hot. Always if possible use a wringer made like a small round towel with a stick run through each end; when wringing out fomentations it saves burning the hands. A patent fomentation heater saves all heating of water or trouble of wringing, and may be bought for about 2s. 6d.; it also warms up poultices, so that they may be used again if necessary.

A Cotton Wool Jacket can be made with cotton-wool tacked inside a calico jacket; it is useful, and often better than a poultice in cases of lung disease. When applying blistering fluid mark out the size the blister is required with oil or ointment to prevent the fluid running down the skin and so causing a blister of too large an extent.



A PAINTED SILK OR SATIN PIANOFORTE FRONT.

THE want of designs among amateur artists is so often felt that this one, which would do admirably for a pianoforte front, may be helpful to some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

There are two ways you can enlarge it if you do not wish to do so merely by the eye. The first is by the "pentagraph," which can be purchased for a few shillings. This is entirely a mechanical method, and as the design is a long one, you would have to enlarge it in sections.

Another plan is to divide the design up into say one quarter or one third of an inch squares by drawing lines lengthways these distances apart and then crossways. If you want to enlarge it to say three or four times the size of the original, you have only to make corresponding squares on fine paper three or four times the size of those dividing the design and then fill these in with the corresponding portions in the original design. This method of "squaring" guides you in getting your proportions correct, but you must go over it afterwards, trusting more or less to your eye if you would avoid the "wooden" appearance the enlargement will have if you merely fill in the various squares purely mechanically.

Having obtained a drawing the size you wish to paint it, you must transfer it to the silk or satin, and as we propose to paint on a very delicate colour, this must be done carefully. The ordinary carbon paper would do provided you do not press your hand on it as you follow the design over with a hard point. A piece of tissue-paper rubbed over with a little ordinary stove black-lead, which must be well rubbed in so that no loose black-lead remains on the surface of the paper, would do almost better, as you only want a delicate outline just to guide you in the painting.

The first thing to do now is to outline the design, and I think diluted Indian ink is the best thing to use, as it is easily applied and is indelible. But it must not be used too strong, as on white silk or satin your painting should be delicate. It should be thinned down to a grey. Use a fine sable rigger for outlining, following the design with feeling and with a certain freedom, as the merit of your work will not lie in a slavish adherence to the original, but in a spirited and spontaneous rendering which is much more to be considered than painstaking accuracy.

The Japanese paint silk in a delightful way, and if my readers could refer to some Japanese paintings it might give them some valuable hints very helpful in their own efforts.

Water-colours are the best for silk painting, as they are more easily handled and are more delicate than oil. Advantage should be taken of the transparency of water-colours, so as to obtain the maximum of fair effect with transparent washes: in fact, treat water-colours as though they were dyes. The grey for white flowers could be obtained by cobalt blue and yellow ochre put on highly diluted, leaving the silk untouched in the lights, which can be heightened if desired with a little Chinese white. The flowers of the may might be very pale rose madder, with deeper rose madder for stamens. The yellows of the polyanthus narcissus should be aureolin for the petals, and Indian yellow for the centres. This colour would also do for centres of ox-eye daisies. The wild anemones should have pinkish stems and pinkish buds.

The leaves of the narcissus in both cases should be glaucous or grey-green, made with cobalt green toned with yellow ochre, and even a little pure cobalt made very thin might be used in the lights. The flower-stems themselves should be dark green, viridian, and Indian yellow. The pansy and anemone leaves should be a cold green, say Prussian blue and raw sienna, while the grass should be varied, washes of yellow ochre, gamboge, cobalt green, blended or glazed one over another, gradually getting lighter and greyer in the distance, so as not to interfere with the positive greens of the foreground. The greens in the hawthorn and ox-eye daisies should be juicy, gamboge and Prussian blue, viridian and aureolin, cobalt green and Indian yellow affording good tones which can be varied infinitely.

The colours should be applied with camel-hair brushes, and should be floated on, as it were—i.e., the brush should always be fully charged with colour; but, of course, be very careful not to drop colour where it is not wanted, for nothing will take the stain out of the silk.

The birds are bullfinches, and it would be as well to refer to some stuffed specimens if possible (if live ones are not to be seen) for the colouring. Many amateurs make the mistake in getting birds too gaudy in colour. They are sufficiently emphatic in the design as not to need having attention called to themselves by garish colour. Warm browns made of burnt sienna and black with yellowish grey for the under side of wings should be the tone aimed at; but do not get them too heavy in colour. Keep the whole scheme light and delicate rather than strong.

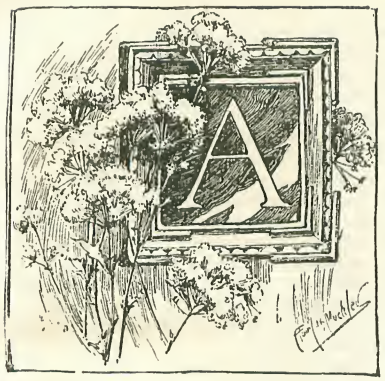
Cobalt used very thinly might be painted on the plain portions of the design instead of leaving it white; but this would require to be done very carefully, as it should be perfectly even and show no brush-marks. It would perhaps be advisable to slightly damp the silk with perfectly clean water where this blue is to go. Then have plenty of the tint, which must be very light, in a saucer, and put it on evenly with a largish camel-hair brush. If this were done, then there would be no necessity to use Chinese white for the lights in the white flowers. The leaves might be touched up in the light parts with a little opaque colour made by adding Chinese white.

If a dark silk, such as dark indigo blue or black, be used, then the colours must all be mixed with Chinese white to make them opaque; but even then it would be well to glaze over the solid colour with transparent washes of colour. Only so much white should be used as will make the colours solid.

A TRICK FOR A TRICK.

By MARIA A. HOYER.

CHAPTER I.



LITTLE thud against the window, a soft fluttering and beating as of some living creature urgent for admittance.

With an exclamation of joy, a girl who sat within rose and ran to the lattice where the fading October twilight came filtering through the thick, small panes of glass. Quickly she unfastened the hasp with quivering fingers, which stumbled a little in their eagerness, and then, as she opened the casement, a bird fluttered in and nestled against her shoulder.

"Sweet little one, my pet, my dove," she murmured, fondling the pretty creature which craned its sheening neck to her caressing hand, "what brings you to me?"

She searched for the string, and there, under the strong yet tender wing, was the little billet she so much desired. With a last caress she put the pigeon on a perch where a little corn and water were ready prepared, and then, kneeling by the fire burning on the hearth, for the daylight was almost gone, she read the missive.

But as she did so her cheek flushed and then paled, and she dropped her hands by her side with a little cry while her breath came quickly. Then she re-read the tiny letter, but now there was doubt in her face. She held the paper to the fire as if expecting further characters to appear; but when nothing responded to the test, a flash of anger came into her eyes.

"It is a trick," she murmured, "a trick to get into the town. Oh, I guess who has done this, but I will meet him on his own ground!"

She sprang to her feet, and fetching a mantle and hood wrapped it round her, and ran down the street. It was nearly dark now, and a grey mist hung like a pall over the little city. The narrow street was almost deserted, save for one or two prowling figures seeking in the gutter for some chance morsel of food, for the siege had lasted some months now and rations were growing very short. The little dark shops were closed, for no business was doing, and people kept indoors for warmth's sake. The air was raw and keen; now and then the heavy boom of a cannon came from the beleaguering lines drawn close round the little Flemish city which had dared to oppose itself to the Majesty of Spain!

The girl hurried along till she reached one of the most imposing houses on the oblong "Place," which occupied the centre of the town. It was built of brick with high stepped roof and much ornament. Here she mounted to the door and asked to see the Burgomaster.

"What is your business, mistress?" said the servant superciliously; "his worship is much engaged. I suppose you have come but to ask for larger rations, but 'tis no use, there are none to have!"

The girl looked at him haughtily.

"Do your business, sir," she said coldly; "Go, tell the Burgomaster that Jacqueline Grootehuis would speak with him on important business!"

The man hesitated; he looked half insolently at her, but something in her manner quelled him. He went away, and after an absence of a few minutes returned, saying sulkily that the Burgomaster would see her.

She followed the lackey into a long, low room, the walls hung with gilded Cordovan leather, and here and there the portrait of some resolute-looking old citizen. The Burgomaster, a tall thin old man, wrapped in a fur-lined robe, sat at a table covered with papers. He glanced up as the girl entered, and signed to her to sit down while he finished the writing he was engaged upon. Then when he had concluded, he regarded her with his keen grey eyes, deep sunk under heavy eyebrows.

"Well, maiden," he said, "you have a matter you would speak of?"

In reply the girl handed him the tiny missive she had taken from beneath the pigeon's wing. He drew a lighted candle nearer to him and read it aloud.

"'I weary to see you,' it ran, 'and there is a chance. One whom I know will get me through the Spanish lines, and if you will be on the bastion to the right of the Gate of St. Andreas, where the guard is badly kept, and bring a rope with you, I can scale the wall. Send back the bird with time and exact place so that there may be no mistake.

'Ever your loving heart, QUENTIN.'"

"Who is this 'Quentin'?" inquired the Burgomaster, after a pause.

"He is my lover; he will be my husband if we live through these dark times. He is the son of Master Alost, of the Guild of Weavers at Ghent, he who died last March."

"And you—are you not the daughter of the minister Grootehuis, who had the Church of St. John? You live with your widowed mother? Surely I have seen and spoken with you before this?"

"Yes; but now my mother is sick—she is paralysed. We live in the Ostenstade."

"And how got you this letter—and why bring it to me?"

"My pigeon brought it; Quentin is at Herrenmonde, and the bird has been between us once or twice. But that is not from him," she went on, and as she spoke her eyes began to sparkle angrily. "That is a trick. Some one has stolen the bird—that is a trick!"

"How do you know?"

"It is not Quentin's writing; besides, he is loyal and true. He would not dare to propose such a thing. Think of the danger if anyone had caught the bird! And, again, he always puts a word in ink that shows not unless it be warmed; on that we agreed so as to be certain that all was safe. It is not there!"

She paused as the Burgomaster held the paper again to the fire, but nothing appeared, and she continued.

"Some one has gained possession of the bird and is using it. They think I will go to the ramparts and let down a rope, and lo, a dozen Walloon soldiers will be up in a trice and the city betrayed!"

"But if you think all this, why bring the letter to me? Why not burn it and take no heed?"

"Because"—she leant forward in her excitement and put out her hands, and the Burgomaster noticed with a curious pang how thin they were; the hunger was beginning to tell then, even among the better class!—"because I would give them trick for trick. I will send back word, and I will be on the wall with a rope, but you shall be there also with your guards, and as they come up you shall seize them; and if you do not catch a prisoner worth having I shall be much surprised!"

The old man's eyes glittered as he began to understand. He looked keenly at the girl, interested, almost amused. He pulled his long grey beard slowly through his wrinkled hand, on which a diamond ring caught the light and flashed back crimson and sapphire rays. Jacqueline sat back half in the shadow, only her white face was clearly to be seen set in the frame of her dark hood.

"Then you guess," he went on slowly, looking at her with those keen and half-amused eyes, "you guess who is trying to play you this trick? Someone you know—someone who knows about you and your sweetheart, and perhaps is a little jealous?"

A wave of crimson passed over the girl's face.

"Yes," she answered shortly—"yes, I do guess, though I may be wrong. I will not tell you who it is—let us wait and see; that is, if you will come with me and bring the guard?"

The Burgomaster sat silent for a while weighing the matter in his mind. Then he looked up and spoke.

"Yes, I agree. Let us now think how best it can be managed!"

CHAPTER II.

"Is this the place, captain?"

The soldier whispered the question hoarsely to his leader, a handsome young nobleman, as they reached the foot of the city wall after having groped their way across the bit of spongy soil which just there intervened between the moat and the fortifications. They had managed to wade across the water, which was somewhat choked by water-plants and decaying vegetation, and now the rampart rose dark and frowning over their heads. Just where they stood a deep shadow was cast by the moonlight from the angle of the bastion and the tower above it; but elsewhere all was full of silvery misty light, almost more baffling than the darkness.

"Yes, this is the place. Crouch down, men, and be silent as death. Then, when I am on the wall, swarm up quickly. I will gag the girl, but mind, no one is to hurt her. Then follow me and we will seize the gate and let the others in. Hush, while I give the signal."

The young man gazed up at the lofty wall. All was perfectly silent; evidently the sentries had not detected their approach; probably they were asleep not dreaming even of danger of attack. Then he began to whistle softly a tune well known in those days.

As he gazed he saw a dark form appear, bending over the parapet.

"Is it you, Quentin?"

"Yes," he replied, in the same low voice. "Jacqueline, my dearest, is all ready?"

Something struck his cap. It was the rope—a rope ladder for greater convenience—and he caught it joyfully. Two of his men held it firmly, and the young Walloon captain climbed it, active as a cat. Near the top a woman's hand was held out to aid him, and in a moment he was over the coping and disappeared from the sight of those below.

But they had no doubts, and one by one they swarmed up. A hand—but now it was

a man's hand—was stretched out to each in turn, which each took to be aid from the comrade gone before. But when the tenth soldier went up, he fancied he heard something like a struggle and a gasp. What was going on? He paused in his climbing, and called in a low voice—

"Is it all right?"

"Yes, yes," whispered someone. "Hush, don't make a noise! Come on, man!"

So they all came up the wall—fifteen Walloon troopers—and once over they found themselves changed to fifteen prisoners. For a dark cloak had been flung over each head, a wet wad stuffed into each mouth, and then arms and legs firmly tied; there they lay, gurgling and choking, and swearing as far as they were able, in the guard-house of the gate, instead of being its masters as they intended, and about to open to the battalion of Spanish troops who were waiting out there in the fog, watching for the signal that their comrades were successful.

Presently someone entered the guard-house with a lantern. The sixteen prisoners turned their eyes and saw a tall old man and a girl. The latter held the light and she stooped and gazed earnestly into each distorted face. When she reached the captain she paused.

"It is he, Burgomaster."

"Who?" he answered, stooping down also.

"It is Captain Maximilien van Artelmonde," she replied, "only son of General van Artelmonde, in command of the Walloon and Spanish troops now beleaguering our town."

The keen old eyes of the Burgomaster began to flash and gleam. Indeed, the maiden had redeemed her promise and given him a prisoner worth having. The only son of the General! Why, his father was said to love him so passionately, that it was believed he would give any ransom to save him from suffering or peril. The Burgomaster could have laughed aloud for very joy, but he kept a grave face, only chuckling down in his beard, "These women, these women; 'tis hard to be up to their tricks." But aloud he spoke courteously.

"I must apologise, Captain van Artelmonde," he said, "for this treatment, but I knew not we had to do with a man of your quality. Here, Jan, Dirck," he called to two of the burgher guard, "loosen these bonds and assist the gentleman to rise. I must entreat you to accept the hospitality of my poor house for the present," he went on. "May I beg of you to come with me?"

The captain stumbled to his feet and went with his captor silently, being perhaps too full of choler for speech. The Burgomaster and Jacqueline accompanied him, but no more words were spoken till they three stood together in the room where Jacqueline had revealed her plot. It was she who spoke first.

"Where is Quentin?" she said, in a quivering voice—"where is he? And how got you the bird?"

"Quentin Alost," said the captain, and his dark eyes gleamed with wrath, "is a prisoner in the camp yonder! Herronmonde has fallen, and there I got him and your white pigeon! But he will die to-morrow!" he added viciously.

Jacqueline gave a faint cry. "Die!" she faltered.

"Yes, die; that is certain," he answered, looking with a sort of grim pleasure at her horrorstruck face, "now that our enterprise has failed."

"Then," said the Burgomaster, and, as he spoke, he laid his hand reassuringly on the shoulder of the trembling girl, "if that is so—if Quentin Alost is to die—so must you and your fifteen troopers prepare for death!"

"I," the young man turned with a haughty stare—"I! Do you know who I am, old man? Do you put the life of a vile mechanic against that of a nobleman! You are talking folly, mynheer!"

"It is folly that has a stout cord at the end of it then, Captain van Artelmonde. I do rank the life of Quentin Alost at as high a value as yours and at higher. And whether you agree with me or not, if Quentin dies, so shall you be hung up on the ramparts where your friends can see the show. So prepare yourself."

The young noble looked hard at the Burgomaster. Did he mean what he said? There was plenty of resolution in the stern old face, and he knew these burghers had most strange ideas on points of rank. He glanced round the room. Was there any chance of escape? No—none. He was completely caught in the trap he had laid for others, and by a girl too, this minister's daughter, with whom he had fallen so foolishly in love that last summer at Ghent, when she had been staying with his lady aunt, who had taken a fancy to the handsome clever girl. He was full of rage and mortification; but still, life was sweet. His eyes rested wrathfully, yet full of passion, on Jacqueline who stood, leaning one hand on the table, her face white and set.

"Then if you would save the life of your boorish lover," he cried, nearly beside himself with spite and disappointment, "you must furnish me with a messenger to the General, my father!"

Jacqueline had a retort on her lips, but the Burgomaster checked her with a curious smile.

"Never mind his words," he remarked; "what he means is that he is willing to save his own life. Yes, sir, write"—he put ink and paper before him—"write as I direct, and I will find a messenger."

Gloomily the young captain obeyed.

"We have fallen into a trap," dictated the Burgomaster, "and are prisoners, and unless you send Quentin Alost safe and well into the city by noon I and the others must die on the gallows."

Here the captain paused.

"You will exchange me for this Quentin, then?"

"Ah, no, noble sir," replied the Burgomaster dryly; "oh, no! I would not do you so great an indignity as to value you alone against a vile mechanic, as you just now termed our friend. No, no—that is only a preliminary. I would beg you to resume your writing."

"The Burgomaster," he dictated, as the captain reluctantly took up the pen, "tells me that there is still food enough in the town to last them some time, but that they have none to spare for strangers, and that therefore unless you raise the siege very shortly I must starve."

The young man flung down the pen.

"I will not write it!" he cried.

"Content," said the Burgomaster; "then you hang to-morrow on the ramparts!"

The prisoner writhed in his chair. "It is too hard," he exclaimed; "you make me a craven and a traitor!"

"And what would you have made of me?" suddenly cried Jacqueline. "If I had not detected your vile trick, what would have been happening now?"

"You would have been safe," he said; "none would have hurt you. We should have been riding now to Antwerp to our wedding!"

"Our wedding—our wedding!" she exclaimed. "Do you think if I would not marry you before, that I would now? My friends would have been betrayed, my own people murdered, the town sacked and burnt, and instead of the quiet sleep that is now round us, the shrieks and screams of tortured, dying men and women. And you—you would have made me do this! Oh, you false, black-hearted traitor! If you had been a Spaniard one might have understood; but you have been bribed by foreign gold to betray your own country-people!"

"Hush, my daughter," interrupted the Burgomaster, "we waste time in these recriminations. Sir, will you write, or will you not? It is no use to remonstrate—you must write or die!"

He did write, and ere noon Quentin was safe in the Burgomaster's house. But what somewhat surprised the old magistrate was that the other conditions were also accepted without hesitation, and that that very night the Leaguer was broken up. Next day, however, when the vanguard of the Prince's army marched into the city, bringing news of a victory won over a large detachment of the Spanish force, he saw that it was possible the General had other motives for his action than the desire of saving his only son.

But the little town rejoiced greatly at its deliverance, for there were not many more sacks of flour left in the magazines, and even the rats were getting scarce, and when two months later Quentin and Jacqueline were married at the "Grootekirche," the burghers gave the bride a handsome dowry to prove that they felt she deserved well of the city.

VARIETIES.

THE RIGHT WAY TO WORK.—Every nail driven faithfully, every room thoroughly swept, every detail performed to the best of our ability, is so much done, not only for to-day or to-morrow, but for all time; not only for our employer, or for those about us, but also for posterity.

BE GOOD.—Remember that no man or woman, even the humblest, can really be strong, pure and good without the world being the better for it—without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of this goodness.

A COURAGEOUS GIRL.—The girl whose yea is yea and her nay, nay, is, we all confess, the most courageous, whether or not she may be the most successful in daily life; and he who gave the precept has left us the most perfect example of how to live up to it.

THE END.

"Various the roads of life; in one
All terminate, one lonely way:
We go; and 'Is she gone?'
Is all our best friends say."
W. S. Landor.

REFORMATION IS NEEDED.—One reason why the world is not reformed is because every girl would have other girls make a beginning and never thinks of herself.

THE COLDS WERE CURED.

"Were those cough-drops beneficial?"

"They worked like a charm. They have such a horrible taste that the children have all stopped coughing."

NECESSARY FOR FRIENDSHIP.—Without steadiness of character in social life there can be no true friendship.

HAND-MADE BUTTONS.

THE linen buttons which we buy so cheaply and can sew on so quickly are, we persuade ourselves, a wonderful convenience and a great saving of time. I believe, however, if we counted up the number of times a button has to be replaced upon the same article, we should conclude that they are not, after all, so economical of time as they appear to be.



FIG 1



FIG 2

The little metal frames upon which they are made seem to have a peculiar fancy for catching on wringers and mangles, and safe indeed we may consider ourselves when some of the material has not been wrenched away with the button, leaving us a hole to darn as well as a button to replace.

The old-fashioned buttons which our great-grandmothers made had not this failing, for in my possession I have some pillow-cases, now frail after years of good service, upon which the original old-style buttons still remain, apparently as good as ever. These buttons are not tedious to make when you practise the work for a little while; and their cost is practically nothing, because they are generally made of small scraps of material, usually consigned to the rag-bag.

The illustrations show how these buttons are made. The material used for the model was flannelette, which is nice and soft to learn upon. Cut two rounds of it exactly the size of a penny; gather one of them evenly round the edge, leaving a margin of less than a quarter of an inch beyond the gathering, and draw it in until the edges meet in the centre. Pull the material into a neat little round, and fasten off the thread. Repeat the process with the second round, but do not break the thread. Place the two pieces together with the gathers inside; hold them between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, and join them together the whole way round by button-holing them along the edges.

Linen buttons are made in much the same manner, but the material being thinner the gathering should be pulled in closer, so that the margins may fill them up better, thus of course making the button somewhat smaller. Should the linen be of a light make, a little extra stuffing may be added by snipping up some small pieces of it, and *slightly filling* the two puckered up rounds; but it is a mistake to stuff them too much, or to make the buttons

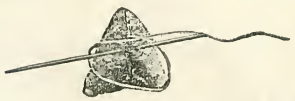


FIG 3



FIG 4

very hard, as they are then troublesome to sew on, and, moreover, they do not wear so well.

Any ornamental work may be added to the upper side of the button, such as satin-stitch dots, if you wish it. When sewing on the buttons you should sew through them, as this prevents their being squeezed crooked in the wash. The buttons may be made larger or smaller, by cutting the rounds of different sizes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN beginning a new year of "Answers to Correspondents" we should like to express our earnest wish to help all "our girls" in their aspirations, whether those lie in the direction of literary work on their own account, of improving their education, of increasing their knowledge of the world of literature, or of, in any way, reaching forward towards that life which affords higher pleasures than the life of sense.

For this purpose we invite our contributors to send us:—

1. Original compositions, in poetry or prose, for criticism.

2. Original music for criticism.

3. Questions of a literary character for solution, *e.g.*, as to the authorship or whereabouts of a quotation, or the meaning of an obscure passage.

4. Any question regarding education, or the choice of a career, for our advice.

5. Requests for international correspondence; *e.g.*, if a French girl wishes to exchange letters with an English girl, each writing for the sake of self-improvement, let her send us her request, with name and address. This international scheme may be developed so as to be a great help to girls of different countries who wish to familiarise themselves with other languages than their own.

No contributor need be ashamed to send a question because it seems too simple. If it is anything that interests and concerns her, that is sufficient title to our consideration. And on the other hand, we will endeavour to grapple with more abstruse and difficult matters to the best of our ability.

Questions can never be answered at once, but the answer is sure to come in due time, and we shall frame it with the interest and sympathy we feel for those who seek our help.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

MADELINE J.—We have read the verses by your blind brother with much sympathy. "A poet" is a term of very high praise; but he certainly has some faculty for versification, and if it is any solace to him in his blindness you should encourage him to express his thoughts in this form.

ABBOTSFORD.—We have read your letter with very great sympathy and interest. The reviews you enclose are most encouraging, and you may well feel that literature is your chosen path in life. But your expectations of immediate and speedy success are evidently too rose-coloured. There is nothing for the young writer but the old rule, "Try, try, try again," and this in spite of disappointment. Perhaps your good reviews have made you too sanguine, or possibly you have overwritten yourself just for the present, and need a rest. As to your relations with your publisher, it is quite possible for a first book to be a success, as far as reviews are concerned, and yet not pay its way. You would certainly not "put the unsold copies of this book in any other publisher's hands." But we should advise you to persevere, not frittering your powers away too much in short stories, but writing another volume when you feel able to attempt to do so. It takes a long time to become known, and if you look at the slow patient work necessary in any other profession before success is achieved, you will see that it is unreasonable to expect in this one avocation to leap into fame at a bound, or indeed, to avoid some expenditure at the outset. In your place we should regard this first book as a venture, and not begrudge the money spent on it, for in all probability the favourable press opinions will help a second book to succeed in every way. We are sorry for the loss of your MS., but if you have the story in print, you could always in case of need have it re-issued at a future date. The one watchword for you is "work" mingled with good reading and judicious rest. We thank you for your kind words about THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER which you say you have taken from the first number. As a farewell we may quote to you the words of Addison:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it!"

ETHEL.—You have chosen a tremendously difficult subject for your poetic effort in "The Creation," and it is no wonder if your pen should falter before such a task. Here and there your rhymes are incorrect, *e.g.*, "throne" and "dome." Your lines are occasionally halting as "During this seventh period;" and you should not use the same word to rhyme with itself, *e.g.*, "power" in the "Sixth Day." We should not like to state confidently that you would never be able to "write real poetry," but we must warn you that it is a gift vouchsafed to very few. First of all, the rules of poetic form have to be grasped, and then there must be musical thought, to be musically expressed. We should advise you to attempt some simpler theme.

L. BOEROW.—You inquired a little while ago for the address of the Excelsior Reading Club. Miss Hathway writes to say that the particulars of the Excelsior Literary Club can be obtained by sending a stamp to her at Anderson's, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

P. VON V.—Your sonnet is superior to the majority of the poems sent us for criticism, but it would not be quite suitable for our columns. We cannot altogether understand the image embodied in the sestet, and though you may yourself know your meaning, the general reader would not clearly grasp it. The symbolism of the morning sunlight streaming over the cross on the altar is plain, and gracefully set forth; but then comes the thought of the reflection in men's lives of the Christian ideal, and the connection of this with the parable of the octett is not evident. We should advise you to try again.

CURLY-WIG.—Your verses are quite up to the average of those we receive, but we are sorry to say you could not hope to earn money by them. You have a good ear and the form of your verse is fairly correct, also your thoughts are pretty. We prefer "Only a Dewdrop" to the other poem. Certainly we think you might do much better "when you are older," and we will with pleasure criticise any stories you may send us.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—1. We are glad you have gained the prizes of which you speak. Your handwriting is legible, but you form your letters a little stiffly, especially your n's and m's. You should not write "Your's," but "Yours sincerely."—2. Your verses may perhaps pass muster as a hymn "for a united meeting of Sunday school teachers," but they do not contain anything original, either in the way of thought or expression. Perhaps it is difficult on such a well-worn subject to say anything fresh.

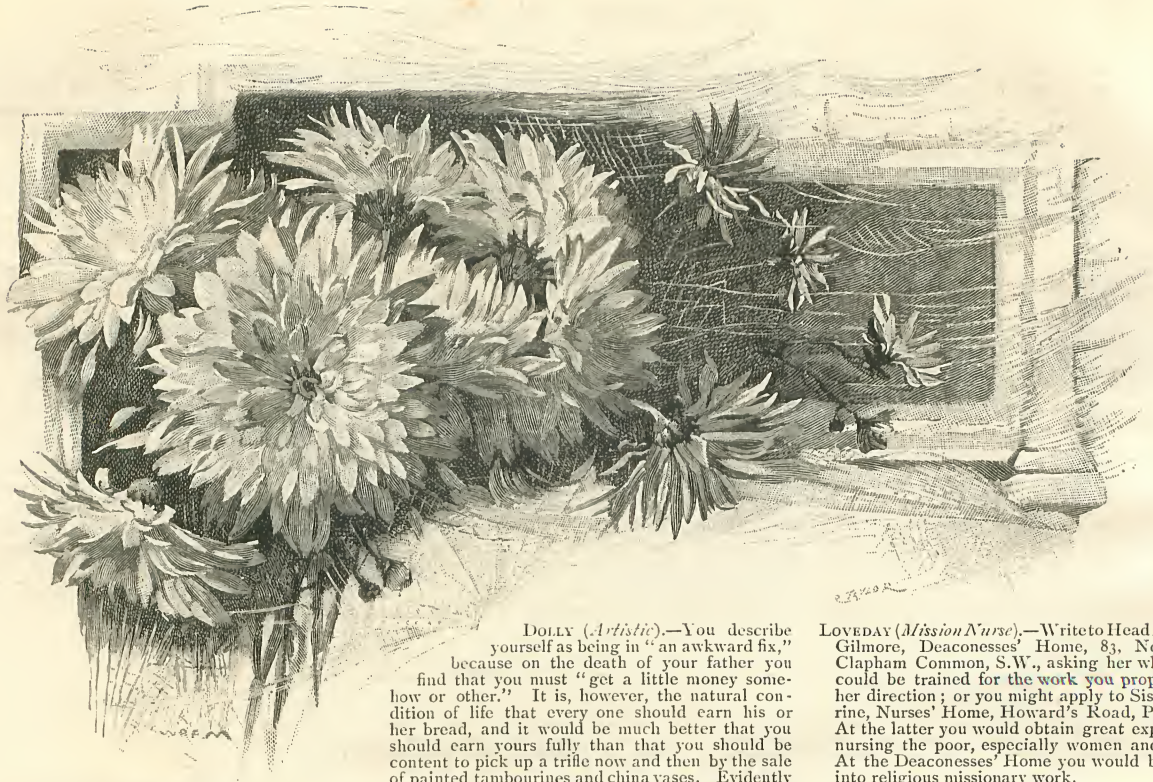
SINCERUS.—You ask us how your lines compare with other productions sent to us by our readers. We can truthfully answer "very well indeed," and if we prepared a graduated scale of excellence, you would be near the top. Your lines on a "Shot Sea-Gull" do you credit, by reason of the feeling expressed in them—the determination

"Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

You have a good deal to learn as to form, and should, if you wish to write poetry, read as much as you can, and that of the best; but you evidently have an observing eye for the beauty of Nature, and a sympathetic heart.

NIGHT BEE.—We are sorry that we are unable to give the names of special firms to whom you could submit specimens of book illustration, but we should advise you to write for advice to the "Artist's Guild," Royal School of Art Needlework, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. We go to press long before you receive your magazine, so can never reply at once.

SNAP-SHOT.—There are some humorous pieces suitable for recitation in the *American Reciter*, edited by Alfred H. Miles, and published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., price 6d. Do you know "The Bishop and the Caterpillar"? You could obtain the part of *The Boy's Own Paper*, in which it first appeared, from 56, Paternoster Row.



GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

ETLANA (*Change of Employment*).—You propose to give up the situation you now hold as book-keeper because the hours are long and you have to work all day with gas burning. Undoubtedly these are drawbacks, yet it always seems to us that to change employment is a course attended with great risk. We have known instances of women who have abandoned the work for which they had been trained, and have certainly not succeeded in bettering their position by such action. At the same time we admit that clerical work is not remunerative, nor is it always permanent in character. You may therefore be right to take the step you propose; only we advise you to give most careful consideration to the matter. You ask whether you should try for a post as stewardess. Yes, you might wisely do so if you have any friends in the shipping interest who would help you. Otherwise you incline to nursing, only that the training is lengthy. How would it suit you to take the short course necessary to qualify you for rural district nursing? You might possibly be trained at Sister Katherine's Nurses' Home, Plaistow, E. Nurses who have been trained by Sister Katherine usually obtain good employment. The Duchess of Sutherland, in particular, speaks in high terms of the value of their services in her own part of Scotland.

E. C.—The distressing circumstances you lay before us are not properly those with which we deal in this paper. Yet we would gladly help you in your difficulty. It would be the greatest pity to let your young brother drift into bad ways for want of proper direction in early life. His mental powers being so deficient, it is manifestly impossible, as you have found, to place him in any business. We think your idea of a country life is much the wisest. Have you thought of the Salvation Army Farm Colony at Hadleigh, Essex? It might be well to write for particulars to the Army's Headquarters in Victoria Street. There are also the Colony for the Unemployed, Starnthwaite, near Kendal; the Farm Colony of the Christian Union of Social Service, Lingfield, East Grinstead (President, the Earl of Meath), and the Training Farm for the Unemployed, near Chesham, Bucks. The Church Army also has what is termed an Emigration Test Farm and Market Garden, at Ilford in Essex. Here young men labour in return for their board, and whatever they earn beyond that amount is placed to their credit and paid to them on leaving. None of these institutions exist specifically to meet such a case as the one you lay before us; but probably some exception could be made in his favour. Emigration, we think, ought not to be contemplated, as his character is evidently not strong enough for it.

BESS (*Children's Nurse*).—Girls obtain highly paid situations as nurses who have been trained at the Norland Institute, 29, Holland Park Avenue, W. You had better write to the Principal for all particulars.

DOLLY (*Artistic*).—You describe yourself as being in "an awkward fix," because on the death of your father you find that you must "get a little money somehow or other." It is, however, the natural condition of life that every one should earn his or her bread, and it would be much better that you should earn yours fully than that you should be content to pick up a trifle now and then by the sale of painted tambourines and china vases. Evidently you possess some artistic taste which ought to be properly educated. Our advice is that you should pursue a thorough course of training in drawing, with a view to becoming an illustrator or a designer. This you could probably do by attending classes at the best technical institute or school of art in your neighbourhood. Another suggestion is to learn photography thoroughly, so that you can take a photograph completely. But do not be content with re-touching, an employment at which you can never earn good wages.

RANJIT.—You wish to earn money, but have never learnt a trade, and apparently home ties prevent you from learning one. We do not see how these difficulties are to be overcome. Of course, if your future is provided for, there is no necessity for you to learn a business, though, even then, you would probably be the happier for knowing one, as you seem to have much unoccupied time; but if the pecuniary outlook is at all uncertain, you ought certainly to be enabled to earn your living. It is not surprising to hear that you have advertised in vain, because, at present, you evidently have no trained services to offer.

MARTHA (*Educational*).—It is exceedingly difficult for English teachers without special qualifications to obtain situations in France. You might, however, apply to the Teachers' Guild, 74, Gower Street, W.C.; to the Girls' Friendly Society's Foreign Registry, 52, Sloane Street, S.W.; the Young Women's Christian Association, 25, George Street, Hanover Square, W.; or to the Anglo-French Guild, 41, Rue Gay Lussac, Paris, through which much useful information about employment in France can often be obtained.

WEARY OF LONDON (*Dressmaking*).—We believe that there are many towns in England where a dressmaker with London experience could build up a good business. We cannot well mention any by name, as to do so might defeat your purpose; but we advise you to make inquiries among friends living in tolerably large towns, especially in the north of England. It would be well to avoid season places, fashionable watering places, and such very large towns as Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Brighton and Newcastle-on-Tyne. You should aim at a town of from 40,000 to 50,000 inhabitants.

FLEMING (*Training for a Teacher*).—You are quite right in thinking that you want more than your present qualifications to obtain a good footing in the educational world. In your case it would be best to prepare yourself privately for the Honour Certificate in the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations. Write for particulars to Dr. J. N. Keynes, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. For this purpose you must take three of the Groups, as you will see specified in the rules. If, having obtained this certificate, you should be unable to go to one of the Universities, you might advisably take a course of special preparation at the Cambridge Training College for Teachers. This would be an immense help to you in your later career.

LOVEDAY (*Mission Nurse*).—Write to Head Deaconess Gilmore, Deaconesses' Home, 83, North Side, Clapham Common, S.W., asking her whether you could be trained for the work you propose, under her direction; or you might apply to Sister Katherine, Nurses' Home, Howard's Road, Plaistow, E. At the latter you would obtain great experience of nursing the poor, especially women and children. At the Deaconesses' Home you would be initiated into religious missionary work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. LEES.—There is a good demand at present for domestic servants (women) in both Canada and Australia, and at the Cape and Natal. A limited number of free passages are given for Western Australia, but none for any other colony. At the Cape assisted passages are only given to female domestic servants by special order of the Cape Government, if contracted to employers in the colony; and at Natal, if such as are relatives of resident colonists, who must be nominated there.

PERPLEXED.—All invitations should be sent in the name of the mistress of the house, whether an invalid or not. If there be a husband their names are generally united in the invitation. The gentleman with whom you are conversing should take you down to supper, unless arranged otherwise by your hostess.

LIVELONG.—We cannot give you any advice, save to keep the plant till thoroughly dried before pressing it or putting it into your book. It is called "livelong," you know, from the fact that it takes so long to die. Perhaps you do not use enough pressure in drying.

MARION can obtain benzine for cleaning gloves for about fourpence a bottle at any ordinary oil-shop, we believe; or even by the half pint. There is nothing better, when carefully used.

FAIRY QUEEN.—The correct dress for a fairy queen would be white muslin or any thin material of the kind, with a scarf-like drapery. A gold star in the hair, and a wand, with a star on the top of it, which is held in the hand.

MAY E. had better purchase a small manual of instructions for doing crochet work, which can be obtained at any shop where fancy work is sold.

VERA.—We are much afraid that there is no cure for mildew spots in kid gloves, because the colour of the glove is injured or expelled. You could perhaps have them re-dyed, or you could try to dye them yourself with some of Judson's dyes.

SERGIUS PAULUS.—You must not show yourself either unkind or ungrateful to your relations. When you are eighteen you should take an opportunity of saying that, as you are not happy and they are not satisfied with your work you would like to find another home. Then tell them of that offered to you, and ask their consent. Be quite open.

UTOPIA.—We think you are making yourself anxious and miserable for no reasonable cause. Strive to please and serve God, and commit all your ways and life to His care and guidance, and then you need fear no evil.

L'ESPERANCE.—You wish to obtain a recipe for producing *a good figure*, and with this no one could supply you. If you have recovered flesh and are in good health, our recommending any course of diet, and exercise or rest, would be unnecessary; and as to producing any merely local addition of flesh such as you desire, no doctor could accomplish that.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XIX.—NO. 928.] OCTOBER 9, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOW WE FURNISHED OUR FIRST HOME FOR £150.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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The Dining-Room and Drawing-Room.

THERE are two classes of people who rarely sit in their drawing-room. Those who live in castles, possessing libraries, studies and boudoirs, and the lower middle class who like to live in a dining-room. As one of my chief objects is to make our house thoroughly comfortable as well as artistic, I preface my description of the drawing-room by saying that no efforts can ever make it home-like unless we sit in it. I flatter myself that the dining-room is too severely simple to make anyone wish to spend their evenings there. It is, I am well aware, quite possible for the pendulum to swing too far the other way, and I should be very sorry to have cutting out, dressmaking, or any litter in the drawing-room. I am considering the furniture for the dining-room and drawing-room in one article for the following reason. If our rooms are small, it is an immense advantage to have them open out of each other. In this case they must be papered alike. Have a white dado of anaglypta or the new parqueterie (thin wood panelling). If the room faces south or west, a plain grass green paper will look well. If north or east I would suggest cream coloured ground (a yellow paper has become too common) with bunches of yellow carnations and green leaves. The panelled dado should be painted white or brown. Rooms in small houses are already too low; it is therefore wiser to avoid a frieze. If money were no object, I would choose a soft, almost self-coloured pile carpet, but to us the price is prohibitive. A green Roman one with a conventional design is equally artistic, or a rich havana brown with unassertive pattern in green.

With regard to furniture, we must try to have a few good things (which can be handed on to our children as possessions), and we must avoid over-crowding. Nothing destroys the restfulness of a room more than a number of meaningless ornaments and small pictures. If you must keep frippery, stow it away in boxes. Have no pictures unless they are really good. The sum we have to spend is so limited that we must economise somewhere. The dining-room table, though covered with a self-coloured artistic cloth, has only a deal top; in a word, it is a kitchen-table with folding leaves which can be easily moved out at any time. If you can afford to pay £2, an old oak one with turned legs is, of course, more artistic. Our illustration shows you the kind I mean. It is not necessary to sketch one with a deal top.

Directly you can afford it buy an old oak Welsh dresser with shelves for china, or a Sheraton sideboard. For the present, the carved oak chest which I picked up for £2 (covered during meals with a sideboard cloth) must do. A low wooden cupboard fills up the recess on the right of the fireplace. This can be stained dark mahogany. Any clever boy who has learnt carving will for 10s. carve some artistic panels. The small writing-table with turned legs on the other side of the fireplace can be bought at most second-hand furniture shops for 4s. 9d. Covered with an Indian cloth which costs 1s. 0½d. (during the sales), with a brass inkstand, candlesticks, and green blotting-book, it answers every purpose. Directly we can afford to replace it with a better one it can be transferred to the spare room. It is only by strict economy that we can afford old Chippendale chairs. They are covered with remnants of quaint green tapestry which I need hardly say I bought during the July sales. For the present I have put some into the drawing-room, but for any occasions when we require more than six (including the two elbow chairs) we have two others to complete the set. It is a good plan to have castors put on to the dining-table. It can then be more easily moved out on an "At Home" day.

The most important piece of furniture is a thoroughly comfortable sofa. Pretty looking ones can be had for £3 10s.; but I have committed the extravagance of choosing the very best pillow-seated Chesterfield. Go where you will, this particular kind is not to be had under £10, although I am well aware that they can often be picked up at a sale in a gentleman's house for £5. A good hair-seated one can be bought new for £7 10s., but ours will last a life-time, and comfort, to my mind, is beauty. Had you ever been, as I have, to an old furniture shop and seen the thin coating of hair covering, the hay and shavings which compose the seats of many chairs, you would realise that "stuffed with the best hair" is to be taken *cum grano salis*.

The most comfortable place for the sofa is on one side of the drawing-room fireplace, jutting out in a straight line with a screen behind it to keep away the draught from the door. In a large room a second Chesterfield sofa exactly facing the fireplace almost touching the rug, always looks cosy.

No room can be lovable without books, so, after many peregrinations to various second-hand shops, I found an ideal piece of furniture at an exceptionally reasonable dealer's, who really understands furniture. It is a Chippendale china cupboard and book-case combined, the latter is below, the china above. The doors have the unmistakable Chippendale woodwork dividing the irregular shaped panes of glass. If you have no old china, real delft can be bought very cheaply nowadays. In any case blue china looks best with this particular wood. Fourteen pounds is a long price to pay, but it a joy for ever, and no less than £22 was charged for a similar one (only less beautiful) in the West End. If you dislike the very cheap temporary writing-table in the drawing-room, a cupboard for china, like the one I have described, is to be had for the same price, with a bureau and drawers below.

Our next purchase shall be a revolving book-table. I was amazed to find I could get a very good one for 25s., and the top makes an excellent stand for a pot of ferns, and a framed photograph of a valued friend. A really good Chippendale screen costs from £10 to £20. The only way therefore is to order one to be made specially for you from a good design. A mahogany frame with glass above, and green tapestry (almost self-coloured) in the lower half can be made for £2. If you are content with a guinea one avoid the inartistic black Japanese screens with gold birds. I prefer the plainest wooden frame (even a light clothes horse) stained mahogany, and fitted in with a very lovely thick paper, yellow or green with purple irises; but I strongly advise the glass and tapestry, though the cost is 27s. more.

In the dining-room, the basket-work couch has good springs, and is thoroughly comfortable. The green mattress is covered with a remnant of tapestry. The cushions should be terra cotta or yellow silk, which depends on the paper you choose. If you are fortunate enough to find a really good Chesterfield sofa at a private sale you can afford two. The basket chair is upholstered in brown. It is treble the price usually given, and six times as comfortable. Without it we must have had a pillow-seated arm-chair costing £5, and dispensed with our Chippendale cabinet. Do you ask why I insist on a sofa in a dining-room. Simply because a young wife often has to rest where there is a fire, and visitors may be shown in at any moment into the drawing-room. Except on an "At Home" day the curtains between the two rooms will be drawn. A folding up tea-table is the most convenient. The estimate of cost together with our sketch will explain any further details.

The curtains are of artistic lettuce green Bolton sheeting with a design of fleur de lis (I have only seen this particular kind at one place in London), but blue or brown Friesland velvet would look quite as well.

I will only add one word of caution. Your furniture may be beautiful and well chosen, yet it is only too easy to spoil the effect by a variety of ornaments given by well-meaning friends. They must find a place elsewhere! I happen to like blue china best, but Devonshire ware, or any other artistic pottery looks well. Avoid multiplying photograph frames. One good copy of an Old Master—a "Morland" engraving, or two genuine Bartolozzi prints are enough pictures for the present. Miniatures, if you have any, always look well hung very low above the chimney-piece. Much is necessarily left unsaid, but I shall be delighted to answer any questions. We cannot yet afford a Chippendale glass, but it is just possible some kind friends may give you a cheque for a wedding-present. Taking this into consideration I have chosen a Chippendale glass to be hung above the chimney-piece.

Estimate, Dining-Room.

	£	s.	d.
Four Chippendale chairs at 30s.	6	0	0
Panels for cupboard and staining	0	10	0
Roman carpet or green Brussels, with a nondescript pattern of a slightly darker shade .	4	0	0
Writing-table 4s 9d., instand 1s. 11d., candlesticks 3s. 11d.	0	10	7
Blotter 4s. 11d., cloth 1s. 0½d. .	0	5	11½
Basket chair with springs . .	1	8	0
Ditto sofa . . .	2	10	0
Iron tripod coal scuttle 2s. 11d., tongs 3s.	0	5	11
Old brass fender 25s., fire-irons 10s. 6d.*	1	15	6
Table with wooden top . .	0	14	6
Four yards art sheeting for curtains, 1s. 11d. . . .	0	7	8
Plain table-cloth in serge or cloth	0	8	0
Eight yards muslin, for curtains.	0	4	0
Brass rod	0	4	0
Four footstools at 10d. . .	0	3	4
Second-hand print . . .	0	10	0
Blue china for chimney piece .	0	6	0
Grandfather clock £2, or corner cupboard oak dresser £8 10s. (later) . . .	2	0	0
Friesland velvet curtains between the two rooms, four yards at 3s. 11d., rod 4s. . . .	0	19	8
	£23	3	1½

Drawing-Room.

Two Chippendale elbow chairs .	4	0	0
One Chesterfield sofa . .	10	0	0
One pillow-seated arm-chair .	5	0	0
One Chippendale bureau and cabinet†	14	0	0
Three stained green chairs 3s. 6d.	0	10	6
One wicker arm-chair with springs	1	8	0
One carriage clock £1, china for chimney-piece 5s. . .	1	5	0
One Roman carpet . . .	2	2	0
One Eastern rug . . .	0	10	0
Two occasional Bavarian carved oak tables, 7s. 6d. . .	0	15	0
One tea-table with flaps . .	1	0	0
One screen to order . . .	2	0	0
Brass fender 25s., fire-irons 10s.	1	15	0
Coal box 2s. 11d., rug 3s. . .	0	5	11
Revolving table for books .	1	5	0
Window-seat (made by village carpenter) and upholstered.	1	0	0

* At a favourite old furniture shop such as, no doubt, my readers have.

† I cannot include these in the estimate unless you are content with arm-chairs at 25s., which are comfortable and look much the same, but cannot last so long.

Drawing-room continued.	£	s.	d.
High plant stand	0	7	6
Two cushions 7s. 6d.	0	15	0
Eight yards book muslin for curtain	0	4	0
Four yards art sheeting for curtains at 1s. 11d.	0	7	8
Brass rod	0	4	0
	£48	14	7

The Bedrooms.

The walls of the best bedroom are hung with an expensive paper. The ground is creamy white, with trails of pink monthly roses in stripes. The curtains are chintz, with pale pink roses and green trails lined with a deeper shade of the same colour. The suite I like better than any I have ever seen for the price—in my many peregrinations to shops all over London. It is stained green wood. The cost is £13. The carpet is olive-green, with a conventional pattern in pale terra-cotta, the bedspread white covered with an olive-green conventional pattern almost touches the floor, thus doing away with the necessity for any vallance. The very lovely bedroom I have in my mind had a green silk eider-down over the bedspread, but this we must dispense with for the present. Perhaps I had better say the carpet in this instance was dark olive-green and terra-cotta. A rich Eastern rug repeated the same colours and the curtains were of Bolton sheeting, the ground of pale terra-cotta well covered with a pattern of a slightly deeper shade. It certainly is a room that rests one's eyes. The arm-chair had a chintz cover with bunches of roses. The iron bedstead is painted white.

	£	s.	d.
Green stained suite	13	0	0
Carpet	2	0	0
Curtains four yards at 1s. 11d.	0	7	8
Four yards muslin at 4½d.	0	1	6
Iron bedstead spring mattress	7	9	0
Upholstered wicker chair	0	8	6
Writing-table	0	4	9
Fender and fire-irons	0	3	9
Side table	0	15	0
Bath rug	0	3	11
Basket for soiled linen	0	3	6
Envelope case and blotter	0	3	6
Brass inkstand 1s. 11d., candlesticks 1s. 11d.	0	3	10
Self-coloured terra-cotta Liberty toilet set	0	15	0
Glass and bottle	0	1	6
Blue china for chimney-piece	0	4	0
Waste paper basket	0	2	11
Iron cauldron for coal	0	2	11
Screen	0	5	11
	£26	17	2
Dressing room	5	8	6

The dressing-room has a paper to match the bedroom. In one corner is a small Sheraton corner wash-stand. It cost 22s. second-hand. The jug and basin are old spode. I picked them up at a bric-a-brac shop at Southwold for 9s. 6d., and the Sheraton chest of drawers was £2 10s. at a sale. The glass is an old Chippendale one, and cost 27s. This room has a small fireplace, having, I believe, been intended for a bachelor's bedroom. The addition of an arm-chair, book-shelves, and a table, would make it a comfortable little study, quite as large as the sanctuary of a friend of mine (a clergyman who manages to read a good deal). The curtains would match those in the adjoining bedroom. The total cost was £5 8s. 6d.

The Spare Room.

The spare room has a very pretty soft pale brown paper with green leaves and a cream-coloured frieze with pink wisteria. Exactly the same things will be required as for the other bedroom. The bedspread is pink, with brown leaves; the carpet a blue Roman one with a brown conventional pattern. The curtains brown serge, lined with pale pink muslin ones. The china on the chimney-piece is Devonshire pottery yellow and blue. The Liberty toilet set can be brown (self-coloured) or yellow, whichever you prefer. The furniture is Sheraton. The wash-stand is a bargain, for it only cost £2. The chest of drawers, £4 10s.,* has delightfully deep drawers, which roll in and out. Happily there is a wardrobe cupboard, but this is not the case everywhere. I therefore allow 25s. to have doors and pegs put in the recess to the right of the fireplace. The Chippendale glass was 27s.* A small low chest of drawers takes the place of a dressing-table. The bath room is used as a dressing-room to this room.

The sum fixed is so very small that we cannot even afford 2s. 4d. for a small table at the side of the bed, unless we dispense with a waste-paper basket. In this case stain the table green, or cover it with a remnant of the tapestry and plain serge. On the whole I think I would rather have only a bag for paper than be without a table for a candle, matches, or cup of tea.

Spare Room.	£	s.	d.
Low Sheraton chest of drawers	4	10	0
Chippendale glass	1	7	0
Hanging cupboard in recess	1	5	0
Washstand	2	0	0
Carpet	2	0	0
Curtains (as in other room)	0	7	8
Muslin curtains	0	1	6
Bed and bedding	7	9	0
Arm-chair	0	12	6
Writing-table	0	4	9
Bath	0	15	0

* From a wonderful old furniture shop.



THE DINING-ROOM.

	£	s.	d.
Fender and fire-irons	0	3	9
Glass and bottle 1s., clothes-basket 3s. 6d.	0	4	6
Ink-stand, candlesticks, one chair, blotter, etc.	0	7	4
Clock 2s. 11d., coal cauldron, 2s. 11d.	0	5	10
Screen 4s. 11d., bath rug 3s. 11d.	0	8	10
	£22	2	8

N. B. A very pretty suite in white wood (with Adams' design) or ash can be had for £5, but this good furniture is worth the extra £4.

Bath Room.

	£	s.	d.
Framed glass 3s. 11d., bath rug, 3s. 11d.	0	7	10
Chair	0	3	6
Wire basket 1s., soap dish 8d.	0	1	8
Curtains, two yards sheeting at 1s. 11d.	0	3	10
Two yards linoleum at 2s. 11d.	0	5	10
	£1	2	8

Young Lady's Room.

A very pretty rug large enough for the centre of this small room can be bought for 9s. 6d. The particularly pretty suite is white with a raised pattern, reminding one of Adams' chimney-pieces. It can be got at many London shops for £5. The wardrobe has a plate-glass door, a dressing-table with glass, a washstand, two chairs and a towel rail. The small iron spring bedstead, mattress and pillows will be £2 2s. Fender and fire-irons 1s. 9d. Clothes basket 3s. 6d. This room with a green paper and frieze of pink wisteria, a pink linen bedspread with green leaves, a

green carpet and pink and green cretonne curtains would make a dainty little room for any girl friend.

	£	s.	d.
Single spring bed and bedding	2	2	0
Clothes basket	0	3	6
White suite	5	0	0
Rug	0	9	6
Fender and fire-irons	0	3	9
Four yards of chintz 6½d. (remnant)	0	2	2
Linen for bedspread and green thread	0	3	6
Coal basket (shaded green)	0	1	0½
Toilet ware pink and green	0	7	6
Bottle and glass	0	1	0
	£8	13	11½

SERVANTS' ROOM.

Fender and fire-irons	0	1	9
Two strips of green druggetting at 1s. 11d.	0	3	10
Glass and water bottle	0	1	0
One chest of drawers	1	2	6
One iron bedstead with spring mattress	0	16	6
One best wool mattress	0	16	6
Two pillows	0	10	0
One glass	0	3	11
One washstand	0	8	6
Bath	0	12	0
Towel rail	0	2	6
Two chairs	0	5	0
Four yards cretonne for curtains at 6d.	0	2	0
	£5	6	0

Pale terra-cotta paper and green curtains and carpet.

My readers may be disappointed that I have only furnished four bedrooms, but it must be remembered that the dressing-room was formerly a bedroom. Most estimates given in catalogues for furnishing omit much that we have included, e.g., baths, coal-boxes, screens, curtains, carpets and pictures, for, strictly speaking, they do not come under the head of furnishing. I do not anticipate that newly-married people obliged to consider every penny in furnishing, will want more than one spare room, but we must take into consideration the probability of a nursery being wanted, hence the wisdom of furnishing our fifth room.

The deficit of 13s. 2d. can be met by ordering two pretty toilet sets at 7s. 6d. for the two best bedrooms instead of the 15s. ones.

Those of my readers who can afford to spend a little more than the sum fixed by our Editor need not dispense with one thing so carefully chosen, for it is no exaggeration to say that I have spent weeks planning how it is possible to buy possessions and at the same time furnish a pretty house for so very little.

It is quite impossible to include linen in the £150, but it is considered the bridegroom's duty to provide this also. Bachelors not living at home may be glad to have an idea of the cost. During the sales two first-rate shops, usually considered (by those who don't know) too expensive for "poor people," have the best and cheapest linen I have ever seen anywhere. I give below the minimum quantity :—

	Usual price. £	s.	d.	Sale price. £	s.	d.
Two pairs of cotton sheets for servant at 7s. 11d.	1	5	6	0	15	10
Four pairs of linen sheets	4	9	0	2	18	4
One pair of servant's blankets	0	17	6	0	10	10
One pair ditto	0	6	11	0	3	5½
Three pairs of blankets at 24s. 9d.	3	13	9	1	16	10½
One pair of under-blankets	0	17	6	0	10	0
One dozen linen frilled pillow-slips at 2s. 9d.	1	13	0	0	11	0
One dozen dinner napkins	0	11	9	0	6	11
One dozen ditto	2	7	6	1	3	6
One dozen huckaback towels	0	6	11	0	4	4
One dozen fine linen	1	1	6	0	8	9
Six bath towels (white)	0	7	9	0	5	3
Two best table-cloths	3	11	0	1	19	6
Four double damask at 22s. 6d.	4	10	0	2	5	6
Three dozen dusters at 2s. 11d.	0	8	9	0	2	10½
One dozen kitchen cloths	0	5	6	0	3	6
Six glass cloths	0	3	4½	0	2	7½
Four roller towels at 1s. 3d.				0	5	0
	26	17	4½	14	14	1

China and glass may be got at one of the best London sales for wonderfully little. A blue breakfast service, in shape and colour very like old Salopian china, a friend bought for 7s. 6d., and a lovely dinner service, the small size, e.g., for twelve people, can be bought during the sales for 25s. The following items were got at a first-rate London shop.

In the estimate I have given for linen I quote the exact prices paid at Hampton's last year during their sale. The cost is almost half the ordinary price. Soiled linen may sometimes be got even cheaper, and of course it is equally good.

CHINA AND GLASS.

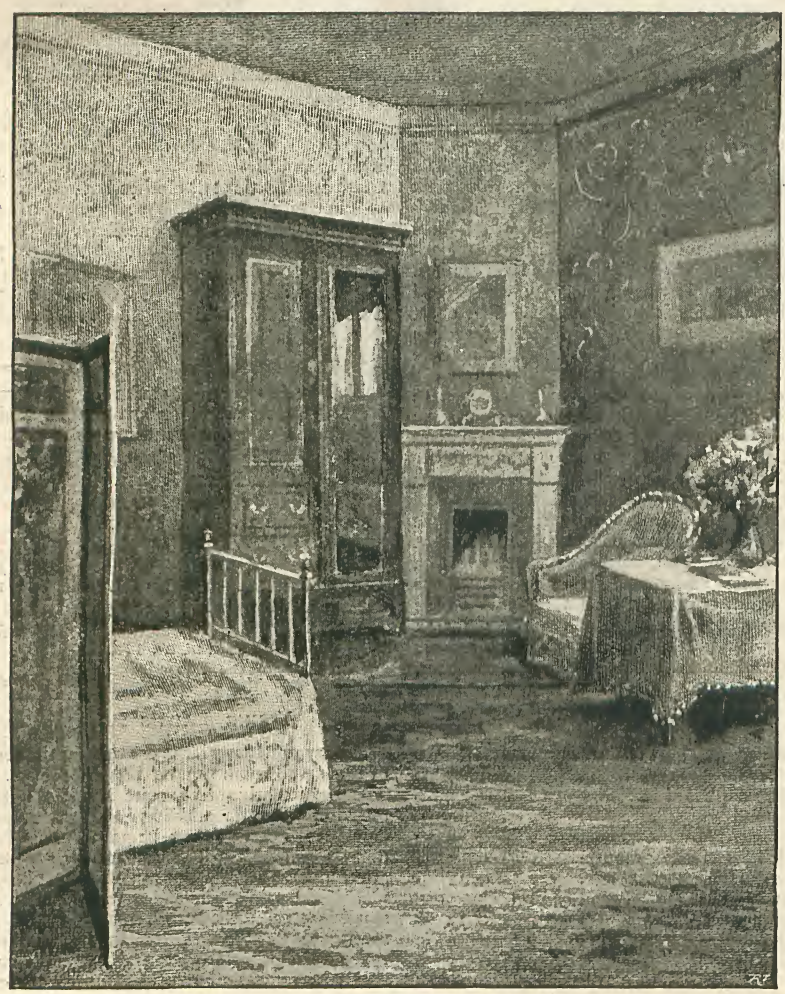
	£	s.	d.
One best dinner service for twelve people (real china)	1	5	0
Dessert service for ditto	2	2	0
One breakfast service for ditto	1	2	6
One tea service	0	7	6
Twelve tumblers	0	3	0
Twelve port glasses 3s. 6d., sherry 3s. 6d.	0	7	0
Twelve claret glasses 4s. 9d., twelve champagne glasses 9s. 6d.	0	14	3
Two sherry decanters	0	4	0
One claret jug	0	3	6
Two water bottles and glasses	0	3	0
Twelve plates for the kitchen	0	2	0
Two meat dishes	0	2	0
Six tumblers	0	1	0
Six cups and saucers (white)	0	2	0
Six plates	0	0	9
Sugar basin and cream jug and slop basin	0	1	2
China cruet	0	0	6½
Two china butter dishes 6½d.	0	1	1
	£7	2	3½

CUTLERY.

Twelve ivory balanced table-knives	1	6	0
Ditto small knives	1	1	0
One pair of meat carvers	0	7	6
Ditto poultry carvers	0	7	6
	£3	2	0

IRONMONGERY.

One wrought iron kettle	0	3	6
One small copper kettle	0	5	6
Four iron saucepans	0	5	0
Two enamelled saucepans	0	2	11
One tin kettle	0	1	6
Two china jelly moulds	0	2	6
Two iron frying pans	0	1	11
Twelve patty pans	0	0	5
Two dust pans	0	1	1
Cinder shovel	0	0	6½
Six kitchen knives and forks	0	5	0
Pair of meat carvers	0	2	6



BEDROOM.

Ironmongery continued.	£	s.	d.
One iron fish kettle	0	5	0
One coal scuttle	0	2	6
Coal hammer	0	0	10
Two trays	0	2	0
Three flat-irons and stand	0	3	6
Toasting fork	0	0	2
Set of scales and weights	0	4	6
Bread pan	0	2	0
Strainer	0	0	6½
Mincing knife	0	0	6
Three pie dishes	0	1	6
Six basins	0	2	0
Coffee mill	0	2	6
Mincing machine	0	3	0
Box larding pins	0	0	4½
Two cake tins	0	1	0
Gravy strainer	0	0	6½
Sugar dredger and flour dredger	0	1	0
Bread grater	0	0	7
Egg-beater	0	0	6
One set of skewers	0	0	2
One frying basket	0	2	6
Three iron spoons	0	0	9
Pepper-box 1d., salt cellars 2d.	0	0	3
Mustard pot 1d., sugar cannister 3s. 0d	0	3	1
Two coffee cannisters	0	1	1
Two tea cannisters	0	1	1
Rice and sago jars	0	1	1
Two sugar jars	0	2	0
One gridiron	0	0	1
Set of dish covers	1	1	0
	£5	0	0

Turnery and Brushes.	£	s.	d.
Two housemaids' pails	0	3	0
Chopping board	0	0	9
Paste board and rolling-pin	0	2	6
Carpet broom	0	2	0
Two scrubbing brushes	0	1	1
Wall broom	0	3	6
Four stove brushes	0	3	6
Flue brush	0	1	0
One furniture brush	0	1	0
Paste brush 1d., crumb brush and tray 1s. 9d.	0	1	10
Saucepan brush	0	0	8
Hair brush	0	1	0
Set stove brushes	0	2	6
Two plate brushes at 10d.	0	1	8
Long carpet broom	0	3	0
Two soft hair brooms	0	2	6
One kneeling mat	0	0	10
Two hair sieves	0	2	6
Flour tub	0	2	0
Salt box 6d., towel roller 6½d.	0	1	0½
Wire sieve	0	0	10
Knife board	0	1	0½
Six wooden spoons	0	0	8
One jelly bag	0	1	6
Four leathers at 10d.	0	3	4
One sponge	0	1	0
Two clothes horses	0	4	6
One pair of seven tread steps	0	5	0
One baize lined plate basket	0	2	6
One cinder sieve	0	1	6
Butler's tray and stand	0	10	6
Knife tray	0	2	6
Six small bedroom hot watercans	0	9	0
Two large ditto	0	7	0
	£4	8	9

	£	s.	d.
Hall and staircase	11	1	1
Dining-room	23	3	1½
Drawing-room	48	14	7
Bedroom	26	17	2
Dressing-room (no schedule)	5	8	6
Spare room	22	2	8
Bath-room	1	2	8
Young ladies' room	8	13	11½
Servants' room	5	6	0
Kitchen	2	14	6
Linen (sale prices)	14	14	1
China and glass	7	2	3½
Cutlery	3	2	0
Ironmongery	5	0	0
Turnery	4	8	9
	189	11	4½
Deduct glass, linen, etc.	34	7	1½
Furniture	£155	4	3

I think I have shown that a house with two entertaining rooms, five bedrooms and a bath-room can be comfortably furnished for £155 4s. 3d. If you are content with four bedrooms or can afford £160 you need not lessen the price of anything chosen for the drawing-room. Should you be able to spend £200 on your house, there will be £9 1s. 11d. which can be spent in small silver, after linen, turnery, glass, china and furniture are paid for. A newly married couple would possibly have small silver given to them.

	£	s.	d.
Half-a-dozen silver tea spoons	1	10	0
Six table spoons	3	0	0
Half-a-dozen silver dessert spoons	2	5	0
One soup ladle (plated)	0	8	6
Two silver pepper pots	2	0	0
Two silver mustard pots	2	0	0
Half-a-dozen silver forks	3	0	0
Half-a-dozen plated forks	0	5	0

A smaller sum is allowed for turnery in some cheap estimates, but every item I have included is really necessary even in a small household, and has been carefully priced at various shops.

Strictly speaking the furniture only comes to £136 4s. 3d., if you deduct cushions, curtains, screens, fenders, coal-boxes, etc., which are not usually included in a furniture estimate.

It is always wise to use silver every day, and keep plated for occasional use.

E. H. Pitcairn.

VARIETIES.

Virtue.

"Riches chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day and dies;
Honour lulls us while we live;
Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care?
Time, and chance, and death our foes?
If our joys so fleeting are,
Are we only tied to woes?

Let bright virtue answer No;
Her eternal powers prevail
When honours, riches, cease to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail."

Book-keeping Made Easy.

A young husband, finding that his pretty but rather extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one day a neat little account book. This he presented to her together with ten pounds.

"Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes, and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."

A couple of weeks later he asked for the book.

"Oh, I have kept the account all right," said his wife; "see here it is."

On one page was inscribed—"Received from Willie ten pounds," and on the one opposite the comprehensive little summary—

"Spent it all."

Artificial Duck-hatching in Formosa.

Artificial duck-hatching is a great feature in the local native industries of Formosa. This is how it is managed:—

A long low shed is built, mostly of wattles and mud, with a thick thatched roof. Along the inside walls are arranged rough troughs, which are filled up with grain and roasted paddy-husk, on which the eggs are placed as fast as they are laid.

In the summer no particular precautions are taken, but in the winter the eggs are covered over with quilted coverlets, and far more care is taken to exclude cold draughts than is ever dreamt of in a native dwelling-house.

The grain, which is sprinkled with a little warm water, sets up fermentation, and that with the help of the warm paddy-husk, which is continually being changed, hatches the eggs in about thirty days.

By this simple and inexpensive process the breeder is enabled to sell young ducklings at about a penny each.

Many flocks of ducks, averaging five hundred to the flock, can always be seen feeding on the mud-banks of the river at low-tide. They are attended by a man in a small boat, who occasionally feeds them with winkles, and guides them about from place to place by his voice, and by the action of his boat.

Character-Building. — Character is made up of small deeds faithfully performed, of self-denials, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty.

"A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath."

The famous Napoleon Buonaparte, who was extremely thin in the early days of his generalship, though he afterwards became somewhat stout, was once present at a bread riot during the last days of the revolutionary period.

The mob was led by an extremely stout woman, who, seeing Napoleon and his staff ride up, called out to her companions—

"Down with the shoulder-strappers! Down with those chaps who feed and fatten, while the people die of hunger!"

"Come, come, my good woman," said Napoleon, "look at me and tell which of us two is the fatter."

The laugh which followed disarmed the mob more completely than a cavalry charge would have done.

No Progress.

Entering the house of one of his congregation, Rowland Hill saw a child on a rocking-horse.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the aged minister, "how wondrously like some Christians! There is motion but no progress."

Hints.

To learn a girl's character, mark how she takes a favour.

To know your ruling passion, examine your castles in the air.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.



CHAPTER II.

A FISHING EXCURSION.

THERE was a glad change in the Manor House next morning. Instead of the usual silence and unvarying routine, snatches of operatic songs and gay whistling were heard, first in one direction and then another, to say nothing of the hurrying feet and general enlivenment on all faces.

Everybody seemed to be brisker, and there were brighter smiles than had been seen for many a day.

It was all Jack's doing.

He was so light-hearted and merry himself that his spirits always infected the whole household.

His yearly home-coming was the signal for a general rousing up. Even Mrs. Harcourt was heard to exclaim, with something like a laugh, "I declare that boy upsets everything. I don't seem to be able to settle to any work at all while he is in the house."

This morning, directly breakfast was over, he had announced his intention of going out to fish, and now everybody available was busy searching high and low to find the tackle.

It was a happy knack of Jack's, that of engaging everybody's services if he chanced to lose anything. The strange part was, nobody ever seemed to be cross when, as was usually the case, the missing article was found put away in his own room.

"Of course, you have all your things together," his step-mother had remarked, in answer to his announcement.

"Not a bit of it," was the gay reply; "I've got nothing but my rod. I believe my hook is in the side-board drawer; you might just turn it out and see.

"And, Madge," he continued, "my line is somewhere in the hall or library, and just tell someone to go and ask the boy to find me some bait. And, Jane," turning to the housemaid, "you might just look for my sandwich bag, and ask cook to fill it, and then bring my boots."

"And, pray, what's your lordship going to do himself?" asked Madge.

"Oh, lots of things. I haven't got my boots on yet. Hurry up and find that line or you won't be ready."

"I don't suppose I shall be allowed to come unless I just please myself."

"Nonsense—I'll arrange it. Mater," he called from the hall, "have you found that hook? It's awfully good of you to take so much trouble, but I know you like it."

"Do you? I wonder when you found that out? I shouldn't like it often, I can tell you. However, there's your hook; what time shall you be back?"

"About four o'clock, Madge won't want to stay longer."

"Margaret going, indeed! I never heard of such a thing! I don't wish her to do anything of the kind!"

"Oh, come now," he replied coaxingly; "you never refuse me anything, you know, and I can't possibly go without her."

"Such nonsense; she's much better at home attending to her duties! I don't wish her to go"

"But her duty to-day is to amuse me. Come, say she can go. I'll take great care of her, and to-morrow we'll do whatever you want."

"I expect it will be the kind of to-morrow that never comes," answered Mrs. Harcourt, "but I suppose she'll have to go, if you've made up your mind to take her," and so saying, she shrugged her shoulders and bustled off, while Jack and Madge made the most of their time and quickly departed.

It was a glorious day, without a cloud in the sky, and a beautiful soft haziness overspread everything.

The very birds seemed too lazy to sing, and, but for an occasional chirping, and humming of bees, with here and there the ripple of a hill-side stream, silence reigned supreme.

"Oh, I do love the summer!" exclaimed Madge, as she threw herself down on the grass beside the lake in which Jack's fishing expectations were centred. "I feel as if I could lie here and dream for days. I'm sure you won't catch any fish, they'll be too lazy to move."

"Wait till they've heard me sing," he replied, "they'll——"

"Never smile again, I should think," intercepted Madge quickly. "If you take my advice, you'll not only silence your voice, but you'll hide your face as well, if you want the fishes to venture out," and the girl laughed merrily. The prospect of a whole day with Jack's company and no step-mother had already worked wonders in the usually hard young heart, and she was prepared to enjoy herself thoroughly.

"That's what you call treating your elder brother with respect, I suppose," remarked Jack, with feigned displeasure. "If I have any more impudence, I shall certainly have to send you in search of the fishes. I must lecture you on paying proper respect to your elders and betters."

"But what if they don't inspire it?" and there was a very roguish expression in the lovely eyes that met his.

"Why, then, I'll——" but he stopped short; the upturned face was too much for him, and, throwing himself down beside her, he passed his arm round her and kissed her warmly. "You little witch, Madge," he exclaimed, "I never saw a girl yet who was a patch on you! I believe if I had you always, I should never want to get married at all."

"Get married, indeed!" she exclaimed—"you're not even to dream of such a thing! You belong to me; I won't share you with anyone!"

"I daresay, and what am I to do when you get married?"

"I get married?" she repeated with scornful emphasis. "There's not the faintest likelihood of that. I don't like men well enough so far as I know them, and I'm quite certain they *wouldn't like* me. Besides, I would rather live with you than anyone else in the world."

But, Madge, just think how delighted the mater would be if you married a meek young curate, or at any rate, someone connected with the church. You really ought to study her a little. Just imagine how she would pride herself all her life on having so nobly done her duty by you," and a wicked twinkle shone in his eyes.

"It will have to be the sexton or grave-digger, or a bell-ringer," remarked Madge. "There's no other eligible church officer in these parts. Which should you prefer for a brother-in-law?"

"The gravedigger, decidedly," replied Jack. "Fancy getting the mater buried free of charge," and he laughed merrily.

Madge laughed too, but she quickly grew serious again.

"But you won't dream of getting married, will you, Jack," she asked pleadingly. "I think I should break my heart if you did."

"You needn't have much fear, old lady," he replied affectionately. "I haven't enough money to pay my own bills, much less a wife's. In fact I want money badly just now; I must get something out of father before I go."

"It'll take you all your time; you'll

have to get round step-mother first. She manages everything. Father doesn't trouble about anything in the world but his books and his walks."

"Phew!" whistled Jack disconsolately, adding, "you'll have to help me, Madge."

"I help you indeed. I should do fifty times more harm than good if I said a word about it,"

"Well, but you can help keep the mater in a good humour."

"How?"

"Why make up to her a bit and we'll manage it."

"H'm! and so you think I can play the hypocrite among my various other accomplishments, do you?" and she turned away from him, a little haughtily.

"You needn't be a hypocrite for a little thing like that. Why, hang it all, one would get on badly in the world if he never made up to anyone a little."

"Then I'd rather get on badly," and Madge closed her lips with a determined air. "I hate flattery and hypocrisy, and I won't be double-faced for anybody. It seems to me more than half the people in the world are hypocrites. They just love each other, or pretend to, for what they can get, and express any feeling that happens to be in their own interest."

"Oh come, Madge, draw it mild. The world isn't half so bad as you would make out. There are lots of people who are very nice even if they don't always mean what they say."

"I shouldn't think them nice," she replied obstinately, "but of course the world naturally looks to you very different from what it does to me."

"Probably I know more about it."

"Why?"

"Because I've knocked about in it for at least seven years, and you've never left this little out-of-the-way village."

"Anyhow I've read a vast deal more than you have, and principally books by men who have spent their whole lives 'knocking about' as you call it. Besides, Jack, you never think seriously about anything. You just get through the day the pleasantest way you can and leave the worries to look after themselves."

"What a mean, selfish fellow you must think me, Madge," and Jack looked a little wistfully, into the serious young face beside him.

"Oh, indeed I don't!" she exclaimed. "I am certain you are no worse than other men; in fact, in my opinion you are a vast deal better. You are just the dearest old boy in the world," and she laid her hand caressingly on his arm. "I'll do anything in the world for you except be a hypocrite, and I couldn't do that, because I can't help saying what I think; it's my nature, you know. I suppose that's why I'm always getting into trouble."

"Never mind; it's a good fault, if it's a fault at all; only I'm sure you'd be happier, Madge, if you humoured the mater a little more. You know you are beginning to look much too old for your years. There is a change in you somehow that I don't quite like. You don't look happy."

"I'm not likely to," she replied bitterly, turning her head away. "Another year you will find me more changed still. I expect I shall be unbearable."

"You'll never be that to me," he said quietly; "but what makes you think so?"

"Because every month I hate my step-mother, my surroundings, and lastly myself a little more," and her voice grew almost passionate in its earnestness.

"I know you have a wretchedly dull time of it," he said, "but you're very young, Madge, and it won't last much longer. Besides, you have a good home and excellent health, for which thousands of girls would envy you."

"Oh, yes, it's all very fine to talk. That's what step-mother says if I chance to make a single complaint in her hearing. She begins in a sanctimonious tone of voice to expatiate on my various blessings, and then preaches a sermon on the wickedness of ingratitude. She pities me for having such an evil disposition, and I—well, I just hate her, and grow a little harder than I was before," and there was a flash of defiance in her dark eyes, and a tremor in her voice, while she ruthlessly destroyed the flowers that were within her reach. And why should I have to live on here, killing time, while you go out into the world and enjoy your life?" she continued, speaking quickly. "It is unjust and unfair, I will never believe otherwise. You have a chance given you to work and do something which you care nothing for; while I, who would jump at the opportunity, am obliged to live a life of emptiness and *ennui*. Why shouldn't I have a real aim in life, as much as you?"

"You can't have the same that I have, because you are a woman, but you have a woman's aims."

"And what are they?" she asked in a tone of unutterable bitterness.

He was silent.

"Well, tell me, what are woman's aims?" she continued. "You don't know? Then I will tell you. She must make herself content to live the life of a dependent all her days, without a murmur. If she has a good home and good parents, she must consider she has all she needs. Whatever her nature, she must never desire anything further; if she does, she is wicked, ungrateful, base. When her brothers go out into the world to fight their way, encouraged by the delight of freedom and independence, she must stay at home and mend their socks and do as she is told, spending each day in the same weary round of little duties and little pleasures. Men tell her it is all holidays and she lives like a queen. She knows otherwise, but she soon learns not to say anything; she finds it is simplest to go with the crowd. It doesn't matter in the least, if the monotony and *ennui* crush her best points and develop instead, irritability, discontent and selfishness. It doesn't matter in the least, if, instead of becoming a gracious, high-minded woman, she becomes a fretful, dissatisfied, disappointed one! There is no sympathy, no escape for her. It is no one's fault. She happened to be born a woman and she must abide by the consequences. If she feels she is capable of something nobler and better than the life assigned to her by custom and society, the sooner she crushes the feeling the better it will be; it is madness to cherish it; there is no place in the ranks for her. She is a woman, and woman's place is at home, be it never so uncongenial and disheartening. What more can she possibly want than household duties; and for pleasures, pretty clothes, tea-parties, and entertainments, with her chief aim to look nice and marry well? It is not an aim to treat lightly either, for if she fails to secure a husband there is nothing for her but the 'martyrdom of spinsterhood.' "Martyrdom, not because she has no one to fight the battle with her, and gladden her life, but because, in the eyes of the world, she has failed in the great essential!"

She stopped short and breathed hard, while her eyes flashed out their scorn.

Jack expressed no surprise at her vehemence; he was used to his sister's flights of eloquence.

"It would be a pretty state of affairs at home, if all the women went out to work and left the house to look after itself," he said. "In fact there would soon be no homes at all, for men hate strong-minded women and would never marry them."

"I am not speaking of women who already have homes of their own to look after. I am speaking of unmarried women and girls, particularly those who see very little prospect of ever being married and have never had a chance to make themselves independent. Why shouldn't they have something to look forward to, better than waiting on their more fortunate sisters? But that's the argument everyone uses," she continued. "I wonder someone does not invent a new one; it could not be much poorer. If a woman has genuine, because useful, occupation in life, it does not follow that she loses her womanliness. She might lose a few traits such as spending several hours a day before her looking-glass and regarding every man as a possible husband. For the rest her mind would be enlarged and widened, and when the time came for her to have a home to look after, she would have had more time to make a wise choice and fulfil her mission better. If girls had something more satisfying in their lives, there would be none of that frantic haste to get married and have homes of their own. It isn't the girls reared in comfortable homes and shielded from every anxiety who make the best wives, Jack. It is those who know what it is to struggle and persevere. Those who have made their lives real instead of being content with mere butterfly existences. You talk disparagingly of strong-minded women, but the strong-minded woman you mean is a mere bubble of the age, who lost her womanliness, if she ever had any, before she went out into the world. You are no better than other men, Jack; you are all selfish, every one of you. You are afraid if you help us in our efforts to be freer, you will lose your



THE YOUNG MOTHER.

home comforts and perhaps some of your pleasures too."

She clasped her hands round her knees, and looked hard into the water, while the cynical expression on her face deepened as she continued: "No, you would rather keep us as we are. We may share your anxieties and worries; we may nurse you when you are ill, and in return you give us comforts and occasional treats. But it would never do to let us do anything for ourselves, there is no telling where we should end! You think you are wise, but you are really foolish. As the average woman is now, she will never love you or be worthy of your love, as she might be if you helped her to rise out of herself and her own petty pleasures. We have only a counterfeit of love abroad in the world now. A love that can be bought and sold; taken and cast aside at pleasure. There are very few rocks in the ocean of humanity where real love finds a resting-place."

She paused and looked past him, to the far-away hills, while a sad expression and that old wistfulness crept into the dreamer's eyes.

"What do you call real love?" he asked, picking up a stone and tossing it idly into the lake. He liked to hear her talk, and purposely encouraged her by questions.

For some minutes she remained silent, gazing always over those distant hills. Then she said slowly, "The love that is not afraid of sacrifice; that shines brightest when the strife is fiercest and grows stronger with the passing years. The love that sees the weaknesses as well as the beauties in the object of its devotion and still loves on—time cannot change it—cares cannot lessen it—and death will not end it."

She ceased speaking and both were silent.

Her beautiful eyes still gazed dreamily beyond him, into a strange, dim, ideal world of her own pure imagination.

At last Jack spoke, and his voice sounded harsh and matter-of-fact. It was as if he would feign expel the softening influence of her words; as if they made him "think," which was just what he did not want to do.

"You look for too much," he said, rising on his elbow and throwing another stone into the water. "You will never find love like that, it doesn't grow nowadays."

"I know that and I don't expect to find it," she answered. "In my own imaginary future I have left no place vacant for it. I don't intend ever to get married. I expect to live and die a sour old maid. In any case, it would be almost sure to come too late. The life I am leading now is turning me into stone, another year or two will about complete the work. By that time I shall be too callous to think of love as anything but a fraud and a delusion—an impossible dream I had once when I was a girl."

But here Jack turned to her quickly and said half-impatiently, "Don't talk such nonsense, Madge. I hate to hear you say those sorts of things. You really are the very oddest girl I ever came across. I wish you would try to be more like other girls; I shall go back to town quite miserable about you, if you don't brighten up and look happier."

"Oh, no! you mustn't do that," she said quickly. "I will promise to try and make the best of things. I couldn't bear to make you unhappy, Jack."

"That's right," he replied cheerfully. "Look on the bright side, and when the mater's cross don't take any notice of her. Think about the good time coming, when you're of age and your own mistress. I'll get father to let me take you on the continent and we'll have no end of fun. Don't think so much, it only worries you."

Madge wondered what he would have her do instead, considering how little choice she had, but she did not say so. She only kissed him and promised to try, but her heart was very heavy.

Little as she knew what she really wanted she felt at least that satisfaction would not follow on the means suggested by her bright but careless brother. The young heart, in its loneliness and bitterness, felt no throb of delight at the idea of mixing in the gay world, which it had already learnt to distrust. There was indeed one true and lasting satisfaction to be had but, clever as she was, she would not find it yet.

(To be continued.)



THE YOUNG MOTHER.

By EDWARD OXENFORD.

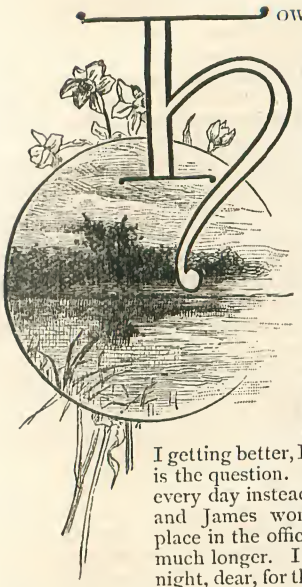


In a far-off land is my love to-day;
I know not when I his face shall see;
From the morning's dawn to the twilight grey
I count the hours he is lost to me!
On their silent journey they come and go;
To each that passes my hopes are sighed,
And I bid them listen, and whisper low
My words to him o'er the ocean wide—
"O love! though parted is hand from hand,
My heart is with thee in that far-off land!"

From a far-off land in my dreams I hear
A voice that thrills with a joy untold,
And it bids me trust to the past so dear,
For perfect still is the love of old!
In the spirit then he is near, I know,
And souls are joined by a mystic tie,
Or his words would never so clearly flow,
Repeating my own in the sweet reply—
"O love! though parted is hand from hand,
My heart is with thee in that far-off land!"

"A GIRL OF GRIT."

CHAPTER I.



"How much have we left for next week, Helen?"

"Only fifteen shillings, dear, but don't worry. Go to sleep. I can manage very well on that, now that you are getting better."

The figure on the bed moved uneasily.

"But am I getting better, Helen? That is the question. I feel weaker every day instead of stronger, and James won't keep my place in the office open for me much longer. I can't sleep at night, dear, for thinking about what will happen to us both if he gives some other chap my place, and you can't expect him to wait for me indefinitely."

The girl, who was sitting in the well-worn rocking-chair by the window, got up from her seat, and went to her brother's bed-side. They were strikingly like each other in cast of features, but the girl was dark and superbly healthy, whereas the youth was fair, and, in his present state of health, looked weak and effeminate.

"Oh, Harold, don't say that! The doctor said you were getting on quite nicely, and with a little fresh air you would be quite strong in a few weeks."

Harold took his sister's hands in his, which were dry and feverish.

"You're a brick, old girl, for trying to cheer a fellow up, but where is the fresh air to come from? I'm too weak to walk, and if we open the window the draught makes me cough."

"That's because this window faces due north. I'm going to have you moved into the front room to-morrow, and we can open the window almost all the morning."

"You're going to have me moved into the front room to-morrow?" A look of joy came into his poor tired eyes. "But, Helen, the front room is two shillings a week more; how can you manage that?"

A flush crept over the girl's face, but she answered bravely—

"Never mind. I'm boss of the situation at present, and you've only got to obey—invalids mustn't ask questions."

As she turned away from the bed to hide her confusion, her purse fell on her brother's shoulder. He lifted it as if with a great effort of strength and handed it back to her; but in so doing he felt how empty the well-worn little green pouch was. His sister held out her hand impatiently to take it from him, but he pushed her fingers aside and looked up into her flushed face.

"Chum, dearest, there isn't fifteen shillings here. Why did you say there was?"

"I didn't say there was fifteen shillings in that purse, you dear old silly! Do you suppose I carry our entire fortune in a purse that leaks? Look, there's a hole in it!"

The boy's face lost its look of anxiety, and he gave a sigh of relief.

"What a fool I was to think you'd deceive me, dear; but I always carry all the money I possess in my pockets, and I never thought you had a private hoard. Our purse always did leak, didn't it, Chum?"

The girl stooped and kissed his heavily-veined forehead with tears in her own eyes.

"You didn't think there was a miser in our spendthrift family, did you, dear? But, go to sleep, Harold, do, while I go out and do some shopping, or the doctor will be saying that you have a high temperature again to-night."

As she closed the door of her brother's room behind her, she found herself face to face with their landlady who was on the point of entering the room to demand a week's rent—not a very unjust demand on her part, for they owed her three weeks' rent, and she, poor woman, had to support a worthless husband and two children.

Before she could say a word, Helen had emptied the contents of her little purse into her hands, and put her firm capable fingers over her mouth.

"Don't speak loud, dear Mrs. Larkin, or my brother will hear, and he is just going off to sleep."

The woman looked at the two-shilling-piece and the few coppers that the girl had thrust into her hand, and said:

"Is that all you have to give me? And you know that letting rooms is my only source of livelihood for myself and for my children! I'd be ashamed to rob innocent children of their daily bread, I would!"

While she was speaking a pair of strong young arms were clasped round her portly waist, and she found herself standing, breathless and panting, at the other end of the narrow passage.

"Do come away from the door, Mrs. Larkin, and scold me as much as ever you like; but, for pity's sake, don't let my brother hear! I have given you every penny I have in the world—what can I do more?—and I promise you that to-morrow evening I will pay you the remainder of this week's rent."

Mrs. Larkin's outburst of anger had been more assumed than genuine. She had braced herself up to be stern.

"Haven't you got any relations you can apply to, miss?" There was a degree of tenderness in the woman's voice, and her attitude was less defiant.

"Not one in the world that would give me a farthing. You are the best friend I have, indeed you are, Mrs. Larkin."

The beautiful, well-bred girl laid her head down on the dusty, work-stained shoulder of the woman who was dunning her for money, and something like a sob escaped her proud, resolute lips. The woman heard it, and her mother's heart smote her.

"There, dear, there; don't take on so! I suppose you would be a bit too proud to help me with some ironing I have to do? I would take something off the rent for it if you'd help me to get it done this evening."

The girl's sob was quickly followed by a happy laugh.

"There, I knew you were the best friend I had! Too proud? Indeed, of course, I'm not! I'm too proud to owe you money and not do what I can to repay it. Give me the things up here and I'll do them the best way I can."

"Not up here, my dear. It would only be costing you coal and making your brother's room too warm. If you'll come down to the kitchen when I have tidied it up a bit there will be nobody to interfere with you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Larkin, and, please, you must not take anything off our rent! Only let me help you when you are busy to iron or mend the children's clothes by way of return for your kindness. I'll pay you everything when I get the money. I know you haven't bought any meat for Sunday's dinner all on account of not getting our rent, and I feel so ashamed."

"And who told you that, I'd like to know! What we have for dinner is my business and nobody else's until Mr. Larkin chooses to pay for it!"

The assumed anger didn't frighten the girl; she only laughed softly.

"You needn't be angry because I know. Little Victoria Maud told me, but she didn't mean to hurt me; and my heart is too sore to feel much more, Mrs. Larkin. It's beginning to get hardened."

"Indeed it ain't, my dear; it's a deal too tender, and I'll teach Victoria Maud to talk to her betters like that. In an hour's time I'll be tidied up a bit downstairs, and you'd best be going out now while your brother's asleep."

Just at that moment the postman's knock shook the front door.

"It's sure to be for you, dearie, do you mind picking it up? I'm that bad at stooping."

Helen ran down the stair and eagerly picked up the letter. A look half of fear and half of anger spread over her face as she read on the envelope the name of the business house in which her brother was employed as one of the junior book-keepers. She hastily tore it open and read the contents of the letter, which were type-written and autographed with her cousin's signature.

"What a mean cur the man is; and he is our nearest and, in fact, only relation in the world. So Harold was right, he cannot wait for him any longer. Now, indeed, we are absolutely penniless."

She put the letter into her pocket, and went out into the street. Suddenly, as if inspired with a way of getting out of the difficulty, she hastened her footsteps and walked on. In less than half an hour's time she was standing in the manager's private room of the large business house belonging to her cousin. Her heart was beating, and her eyes were bright with excitement. It was not a pleasant errand she had come upon. In a few moments the door opened, and her cousin came in. When he saw who it was, he started, and said—

"Good afternoon, Helen. To whom or what am I indebted for such a pleasant surprise?"

"Good afternoon, Mr. Churchill. I am here to answer your letter to my brother in person. You may think perhaps that such a letter scarcely demanded an answer, but I do. I have come to ask you to give me the post of book-keeper, which my brother has lost through his ill-health."

Her cousin had a weasel type of face, and a falsetto voice. He laughed scornfully, as he answered—

"My dear Helen, I do not employ any women in my firm—the idea is absurd."

Helen tried to speak calmly, but her voice shook as she answered him—

"Pray do not address me as 'dear Helen.' I am here on business, not in the light of a relation."

"Come, come, not so high and mighty. If you are here in that light, the sooner you go the better, for the idea is absurd."

"Why is it absurd? I have learnt book-keeping, and am much quicker at it than my brother, for I have all the business capacity in my family, while he has the artistic temperament of our mother."

"More's the pity, as he can't make a living off it. Do you mean to tell me you would come here amongst all my clerks and work at the post your brother held? It's absurd—the idea is madness!"

"Nothing is madness, sir, if you have not a penny in the world, and there is no one to help you."

"I can help you, if you will marry me? I have made you the offer before, and you scorned it. You are old for your years, why not marry?"

"Because under the circumstances, I prefer to remain penniless. I will not marry you, sir, because I do not love you."

"Isn't love rather an expensive luxury for a beggar? But there is nothing more to be said. Wife of the owner and manager of the firm is the only position you shall ever find in my business, so good-morning."

Helen sprang after him, and called out—

"Stop a minute, you must hear me. All our life you have bought us up. As children together you bought every treasure I possessed, for even then money was horribly scarce, and mother was ill. Ah, how well I remember the day you bought my rabbit with the red eyes, and my canary, my carving tools and paint-boxes, and you paid me a few pence for my childish treasures, when you would not have missed a few pounds. When father died you bought our home, and now you want to buy me. But even for my brother's life I will not sell myself to you; but if he dies, you will have his death at your door, and all your thousands a year will not chain his ghost in your strong room; it will haunt your footsteps——"

"Indeed; so this is the character you give me. It is true, when we were children I was rich and you were poor. What you had of childish treasures to sell I bought and paid for. Was there anything unfair in that? Your old home I took over as a bad debt. What more could I do?"

"You could let me have my brother's post for a few months, and I promise you the work will be well performed!"

"I have already offered you the only post I wish you to fill, and you have refused it. You say a few months. What does your brother propose doing while his sister keeps him."

"My brother, as you know, is an extremely clever black-and-white artist. He studied in Paris for a year before he came here; if he had only a little spare time he would soon make a good position for himself."

"Then why has he not already done so?"

"Because he has had no time, he dared not give up a certainty for an uncertainty." Helen's eyes had lost their anger, and were full of entreaty, but the falsetto voice said slightingly, while he bowed her good-morning: "Then he will have plenty of time in the future. I wish him great success," and there was nothing left for the girl to do but to accept her *congé*.

On her way back to her lodgings, she stopped at an odd-looking block of buildings, and turned down a dark passage which had rooms opening off it on one side only. At number 28 she stopped and knocked twice. A pleasant voice quickly answered "Come in," and Helen opened the door and entered a comfortably-furnished studio.

"Oh, you're the very person I wanted to see, Miss Churchill. Can you come to-morrow at ten o'clock; it's rather a difficult position for you, but you are very strong, I know, and you've got just the figure to suit me."

A flush mounted to the very roots of the girl's glossy curling hair, and she stood before the critical eye of the artist.

"I shall be very pleased to come, sir, but you know I have never stood in a difficult position. You have only painted my hair and complexion before."

"Well, I won't tire you out, I promise you, and you must come, for I can't find a suitable model. I want someone who will look a lady in a simple frock, and that's what is so impossible to find. I've only six weeks before the Academy opens to paint the picture in, and my mind is full of it at the present time."

Helen smiled at his impetuosity, and said brightly: "Then I'll come, sir, and I'll try and stand properly."

He was going to ask her to stay and make a cup of tea for him, as he would have done to an ordinary model, but he checked himself and let her out of the studio with the same ceremony as he would have shown to a wealthy visitor to his studio.

Just as he was saying good-bye, Helen mustered up courage and faltered out—

"Would you mind paying me for my last two sittings, sir; I am sorry to trouble you, but you had no change the last time, you remember, and I want some money very badly just at present."

When Helen walked down the long dark passage with the money safe in her pocket, the artist's eyes followed her.

"Poor little girl, I should think she's jolly hard up. I wonder what her story is. I wish I could get Nan to call on her. I'm sure she's in awful trouble, and Nan's such a brick." Nan was his young wife, who was also his devoted friend and lover.

When Helen got back to her lodgings, her brother was awake and asking for her. She adroitly evaded his questions as to where she had been by busying herself in making him a cup of tea.

"And now I must leave you again, dear, for I have promised to go downstairs and see Mrs. Larkin on business. Harold thought that the business meant making arrangements for shifting him into the front room. He stroked her hand gently, and drew her face down to his.

"Chum, darling, you're such a brick. I don't know how to thank you, and I don't know where you get the money from, for when I try to think my poor head aches so, and I just give it up. I'm so selfish, dear, and you're so good; but I'm going to write and ask James to lend us ten pounds."

Helen promptly sat down on the bed.

"Promise me you won't do that, Harold. He wouldn't lend us a red cent, and it is no good humiliating ourselves. Promise me, Harold."

The girl's earnestness startled him, and as he was accustomed to obey her he acquiesced, and she went away downstairs to help Mrs. Larkin.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By A GIRL-PROFESSIONAL.

CHAPTER I.

A TURN IN THE TIDE.



IF Necessity calls out Invention it is certain that there is nothing like it for showing up our true colours and the real value of the attainments we may pride ourselves upon possessing.

For instance, I had taken credit to myself for some small skill with paint brush and pencil, and my modest literary efforts had met with unqualified encouragement, but when it came to deciding whether these could be relied upon for rent, for daily food and clothing, as well as for the other expenses which make up what we call "living," I must confess that I first hesitated, then decidedly said "no." The more decidedly, perhaps, that another's maintenance, besides my own, depended upon such earnings.

Then came the question "what can I do?" "Well," suggested someone, "you can cook!"

"Yes, but cookery lessons are not a very paying undertaking—that is, they pay well for a period but the appointments do not last long."

"True, but why not make your cookery pay in a home of your own, by cooking for others at the same time as for yourself. A good cook is a *rara avis* in these days, despite the cookery schools, and as much of the comfort of life depends upon cooking, there are many people who will pay well to ensure their comfort in this respect."

I pondered over this advice; there was common-sense in it certainly, and Necessity was ever at my elbow urging me to remember that she might soon teach me a difficult lesson.

A few days later a letter came to me in our little country home, which we must soon vacate, from my sister, a typical girl-bachelor who lived in the "dwellings" that typify London Bohemian liberty. She wrote, "'that very desirable residence,' which you and I have so often envied is actually To Let, I wish we could take it."

"Now is your chance," said a voice within me; but yet I hesitated. Visions of rent, taxes, rates, and what not loomed large before me, besides the possible repairs that might be required inside, although outside the residence was attractive enough.

Was it chance again, that, while waiting for a local train the next day, a bill announcing "excursion to London" caught my eye, and reading it, I found it to be for the next morning, returning the same day. Surely the Fates were conspiring together!

It was true that to avail myself of this projected trip meant leaving home at the early hour of six, on a November day, and the return three-mile-walk would be at the still earlier hour of three o'clock the next morning, but that was no great deterrent.

Therefore, not knowing what good thing might be missed if this chance was lost I did not hesitate here, but when the next morning dawned, set out post-haste over the deserted fields, in the grey light, to meet the train which all but waited for me, as if determined to take me whether I would or no. By ten o'clock we drew up in St. Pancras station; a cup of hot coffee there raised my courage again,

and a wash in the waiting-room helped to complete a somewhat hasty morning toilet. Out in the road the maze of traffic seemed bewildering, but the right "bus" was soon hailed; once on that I felt secure, and gave myself up to half-an-hour's enjoyment of a busy London scene. Who has not felt the fascination that this thronging city holds? A fascination that is particularly attractive to country birds.

The sun was breaking through the grey gloom of the morning fog, glinting on the harness of the horses, reflecting itself in the shining windows of the shops which were undergoing their process of "dressing." Costers were bringing along their carts of produce fresh from the markets, and street stalls were being set out. In Piccadilly it was brighter still; hansoms going briskly by, few carriages as yet, but several riders on their way to the Park, everywhere a bustle of life—the West-End type of life. Involuntarily Frederick Locker's lines came into my mind:—

"Piccadilly! Shops, palaces, bustle and breeze,
The whirring of wheels and the murmur of trees;
By day and by night, whether noisy or stilly,
Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly!"

The neighbourhood of Sloane Square was the direction I sought, a neighbourhood whose quaint landmarks are rapidly being improved away by the modern builder. Here old Chelsea ends; if we want to find Carlyle's Chelsea we must follow the King's Road and work our way towards the Embankment through one of the old-fashioned streets which the sage must often have trod. Even now, in spite of the modern builder, Chelsea appeals to one's sense of the picturesque, and seems to link one with past generations as no other district of London does; the scarlet-coated pensioners belonging to the Royal Hospital meet one at every turn, and the bugle calls from the Military School close by keep the hours of the day as punctually as the chimes of the Greenwich clock. I am happy to think that the "desirable residence" I have come to visit is strictly within this parish, still happier to find that it overlooks the broad court that stretches to either side of the avenue leading to the main gateway of the Pensioner's Hospital.

My "Bachelor Girl" greeted me with surprise; this was a more rapid move than she had quite calculated upon, but I did not think it any the less necessary when I noted the effect that bachelor living was making upon her health. It was plain that another three years of Bohemian life would effectually banish all remnants of youth.

It was close upon the luncheon hour when she was able to set out with me to inspect the house we sought; we were both in a frame of mind that we meant to be critical, anxious not to be "taken-in," and not to let pass any details that might be important afterwards; but as it was our first experience of the kind we very likely looked as nervous as we felt. Looking back after a three years' trial of London life, I think it was a special Providence that gave us an honest man and a kindly one to deal with.

This man—the then tenant—opened the door to us himself, and we briefly explained our errand. We learned that there were others in the field before us, although there was still a possibility of our securing the lease if we could decide quickly. Then we made a free inspection of the premises, the fixtures, etc., and, as far as we were able, of the drainage. Everything seemed satisfactory, and the price of the fixtures, which comprised spring blinds and cords to every window all nearly new, gas brackets, curtain poles and rings, a splendid linen cupboard, and several other things, was a very moderate one. What pleased us even more than all was to find the wall-papers in every room clean and fresh and in excellent taste, the paint too only needed to be washed to come up like new. Some of the ceilings would need to be whitewashed, and the kitchen walls would need fresh distemper, but this was not a great outlay.

The house was a comparatively modern one, that is it belonged to a time when houses were well and solidly, if somewhat plainly built. The doors were thick and fitted easily, heavy window-frames and deep-skirting boards, good pantries and cellarage, and marble mantelpieces in every room, showed sound workmanship. But the charm was its outlook, and with every floor it grew better.

The grey-roofed buildings that reminded one strongly of Hampton Court Palace faced us, the fine trees surrounding them, and the stretch of green grass adding to their quaintness. From the upper windows one saw the columns of the beautiful suspension bridge over the Thames, beyond that the trees of Battersea Park, and a faint outline of Surrey hills. It was a lovely view indeed. At the back too we were open, having a long line of back gardens, with here and there a fine tree growing, and a glimpse of the lime trees of the royal avenue.

"It's worth an effort to secure a house like this," I whispered to my companion, and she assented, as anxious as I was to clinch the bargain.

The lease, we ascertained, had still eighteen years to run; a decided advantage in a neighbourhood of rapidly-increasing rents; it could be taken on transfer and there was no premium to pay.

We explained that in the event of our taking over the lease it would be with the object of sub-letting a part of the house, as we could not afford to occupy the whole of it.

"That is precisely what I do myself," said our cicerone, and gave us substantial evidence as to what his own success had been with such attempts; they amounted to the fact that applications had always been more numerous than he had accommodation for. A rapid calculation showed that it was possible, granting that all circumstances were favourable, to make the house pay well.

"We must think it well over," we said at last, having completed the tour of inspection, and we left, promising to send in our final decision by the end of the week.

Together, in the bachelor's bed-sitting-room, we went over every detail afresh, planning, calculating, weighing the pros and cons of our project.

The little furniture that we could count upon was far from sufficient, although it included such essential things as a fair supply of house and table linen, plate and cutlery, with some china, still it was a hopeful beginning. Even counting that we let some rooms unfurnished, we must still lay out some twenty or thirty pounds in the purchase of carpets, mats, curtains, beds and tables, to say nothing of stair-rods and other minor items. Besides this we must pay for the fixtures, any law expenses over the transfer of the lease, and we ought to have a quarter's rent ready.

"And we have absolutely no capital!" we groaned. We thought of the alluring advertisements put out by the loan offices, and decided that a loan of fifty pounds, repayable by monthly instalments, was not an impossible thing in view of the success we were going to ensure.

"I think I must first tell Uncle B. all about it," I said. And this was agreed. Uncle B. was a good friend and kind to us girls.

My train left St. Pancras at midnight, so at eleven o'clock I bid good-bye to my bachelor girl.

"I don't half like turning you out of doors at such an hour," she said regretfully.

It did seem eerie truly, but ten times more so to be set down at the lonely country station at 3 A.M., where all was dark, no moon, no lamps, only a few pale stars lighting faintly the black sky. However, I shook myself together and set out as boldly as I could; there was one cloud in the sky that caught a red glow from somewhere, it outlined the tops of the trees, and I thought of the pillar of cloud and fire which guided the Israelites of olden times.

The wind whistled and rustled the branches of the trees and hedgerows, bringing down showers of dead leaves, and startled rabbits shot across my path, making me give a frightened jump—they seemed uncannily big in the dark. But the longest journey comes to an end at last, and, as the last wicket gate closed behind me I heaved a deep sigh of relief; a few moments more and I was inside our own garden and a lamp shone through the window.

A lamp's light, a cosy bit of fire, a singing kettle and a supper (or breakfast) tray soon banished the last trace of nervousness, and I barred the door and went to bed glad and grateful, only pausing to whisper as I passed one door:

"All right, mother, safe and sound," and to hear her answer, "Thank God, dearie."

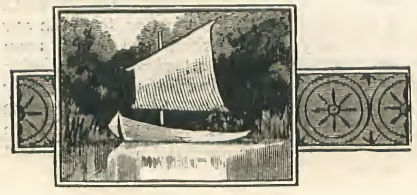
About one o'clock I awoke to find the sun flooding my room, and someone saying, "Are you ever going to get up to-day?" then remembered the duties that lay before me.

The first thing to be done was clearly to consult Uncle B.; he might think I had been on a fool's errand and my project a wild one; men—especially business men—have but a low opinion of women's capabilities.

But when instead of ousting my scheme and putting it to ridicule, Uncle B. said, "Well done, lassie, I'll stand by you!" I was too glad almost to properly express my gratitude; and especially when he offered to be surety instead of allowing us to have recourse to any loan office whatsoever.

And that very day a telegram went up to London with the fateful words, "Secure house at once without delay," and then, for good or ill, the die was cast.

(To be continued.)



SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER II.



THERE was a simultaneous exclamation of dismay as the three girls leapt from their seats, and flew round the room in different directions. Hilary lighted the tall lamps, Norah drew the curtains across the windows, while Lettice first gave a peal to the bell, and then ran forward to escort her father to a chair by the fire.

"Tea will be here in a moment, father, come and sit down. It's New Year's Day, you know, and we have been so busy making good resolutions, that we have had no time to do anything practical. Why didn't you come down before? You are a regular old woman about afternoon tea. I believe you would miss it more than any other meal."

"I believe I would. I never get on well with my writing in the first part of the afternoon, and tea seems to give me a fresh start. So you girls have been making good resolutions? That's good hearing. Tell me about them," and Mr. Bertrand leant back in his chair, clasping his hands behind his head, and looking up at his young daughters with a quizzical smile. A photographer would have been happy if he could have taken a portrait at this moment, for Mr. Bertrand was a well-known author, and the books, which were written in the study in Westmoreland, went far and wide over the world, and made his name a household word. He had forgotten his beloved work at this moment, however, at the sight of something dearer still—his three young daughters standing grouped together facing him at the other side of the old-fashioned grate, their faces flushed from the heat of the fire, their eyes dazzled by the sudden light. How tall and womanlike they looked in their dark serge dresses! Lettice's hair framed her face in a halo of mist-like curls; Hilary held up her head in her dignified little fashion. Mischievous Norah smiled in the background. They were dearer to him than all his heroines; but, alas, far less easy to manage, for the heroines did as they were bid, while the three girls were developing strong wills of their own.

"I believe you have been plotting mischief, and that is the beginning and the end of your good resolutions?"

"Indeed, no, father; we were in earnest—but it was a reaction, for before that we had been grumbling about—— Wait a moment—here comes tea. We'll tell you later on. Miss Briggs says we should never talk about disagreeable topics at a meal, and tea is the nicest meal of the day, so we can't afford to spoil it. Well, and how is Mr. Robert getting on this afternoon?"

Mr. Bertrand's face twitched in a comical manner. He lived so entirely in the book which he was writing at the time, that he found it impossible to keep silent on the subject; but he could never rid himself of a comical feeling of embarrassment in discussing his novels in the presence of his daughters.

"Robert, eh? What do you know about Robert?"

"We know all about him, of course. He was in trouble on Wednesday, and you came down to tea with your hair all ruffled, and as miserable as you could be. He must be happy again to-day, for your hair is quite smooth. When is he going to marry Lady Mary?"

"He is not going to marry Lady Mary at all. What nonsense! Lady Mary, indeed! You don't know anything about it! Give me another cup of tea, and tell me what you have been grumbling about. It doesn't sound a cheerful topic for New Year's Day; but I would rather have that, than hear such ridiculous remarks! Grumbling! What can you have to grumble about, I should like to know?"

"Oh, father!" The three young faces raised themselves to his in wide-eyed protest. The exclamation was unanimous, but when it was over, there was a moment's silence before Hilary took up the strain.

"We are dull, father. We are tired of ourselves. You are all day long in your study; the boys spend their time out of doors; and we have no friends. In summer-time we don't feel it, for we live in the garden, and it is bright and sunny; but in winter it is dark and cold. No one comes to see us, the days are so long, and every day is like the last."

"My dear, you have the housework, and the other two have their lessons. You are only children as yet, and your school-days are not over. Most children are sent to boarding-schools, and have to work all day long. You have liberty and time to yourselves. I don't see why you should complain."

"Father, I should like to go to school—I long to go—I want to get on with my music, and Miss Briggs can't teach me any more."

"Father, when girls are at boarding-schools they have parties, and theatricals, and go to concerts, and have all sorts of fun. We never have anything like that."

"Father, I am not a child; I am nearly eighteen. Chrystabel Maynard was only seventeen at the beginning of the book!"

Mr. Bertrand stirred uneasily, and brushed the hair from his forehead. Chrystabel Maynard was one of his own heroines, and the allusion brought home the reality of his daughter's age as nothing else could have done. His glance passed by Norah and Lettice and lingered musingly on Hilary's face.

"Ha, what's this? The revolt of the daughters!" he cried. "Well, dears, you are quite right to be honest. If you have any grievances on your little minds, speak out for goodness' sake, and let me hear all about them. I am not an ogre of a father, who does not care what happens to his children, so long as he gets his own way. I want to see you happy . . . So you are seventeen, Hilary! I never realised it before. You are old enough to hear my reason for keeping you down here, and to judge if I am right. When your mother died, three years ago, I was left in London with seven children on my hands. You were fourteen then, a miserable anæmic creature, with a face like a tallow candle, and lips as white as paper. The boys came home from school and ran wild about the streets. I could not get on with my work for worrying about you all, and a man must work to keep seven children. I saw an advertisement of this house in the papers one day, and took it on the impulse of the moment. It seemed to me that you would all grow strong in this fine, mountain air, and that I could work in peace, knowing that you were out of the way of mischief. So far as the boys and myself are concerned, the plan has worked well. I get on with my work, and they enjoy running wild in their holidays; but the little lasses have pined, have they? Poor little lasses! I am sorry to hear that. Now come—the post brought me some cheques this morning, and I am inclined to be generous. Next week, or the week after, I must run up to London on business, and I will bring you each a nice present. Choose what it shall be, and I will get it for you if it is to be found in the length and breadth of the city. Now then, wish in turns. What will you have?"

"It's exactly like the father in *Beauty and the Beast*, before he starts on his travels! I am sure Lettice would like a white moss rose!" cried Norah roguishly. "As for me, there is only one thing I want—lessons from the very best violin master in London!"

"Three servants who could work by electricity, and not keep me running after them all day long!"

"Half-a-dozen big country houses quite near to us, with sons and daughters in each, who would be our friends."

They were all breathless with eagerness, and Mr. Bertrand listened with wrinkled brow. He had expected to be asked for small articles of jewellery, or finery, and the replies distressed him, as showing that the discontent was more

deep-seated than he had imagined. For several moments he sat in silence, as though puzzling out a difficult problem. Then his brow cleared, and he smiled, his own, cheery smile.

"Hilary, pack your boxes, and get ready to go up to London with me on Monday week. If you are seventeen, you are old enough to pay visits, and we will stay for a fortnight with my old friend, Miss Carr, in Kensington. She is a clever woman, and I will talk to her and see what can be done. I can't work miracles, but I will do what I can to please you. May I be allowed to have another cup of tea, Miss Seventeen?"

"Poor, dear, old father! Don't look so subdued. You may have a dozen if you like. Monday next! How lovely! You are the dearest father in all the world!"

Mr. Bertrand shrugged his shoulders.

"When I give you your own way," he said drily. "Pass the cake, Lettice. If I have three grown-up daughters on my hands I must keep up my strength."

Lettice and Norah had a little conversation on the stairs as they went upstairs to change their dresses for dinner.

"It's very nice for Hilary going up to London, but it doesn't do us any good. When is something going to happen for us?"

"I suppose we shall have to wait for our turn," sighed Lettice dolefully; but that very evening an unexpected excitement took place, though the Mouse's prophecy was fulfilled, inasmuch as it could hardly be callled an incident of a cheerful nature.

(To be continued.)

HERCULES.

"Oh, it was grand to hear
Of how he went, the champion of his race
Mighty in war, mighty in love, now bent
To more than human tasks, now lapt in ease,
Now suffering, now enjoying. Strong vast soul,
Tuned to heroic deeds, and set on high
Above the range of common petty sins
Too high to mate with an unequal soul
Too full of striving for contented days."

Epic of Hades.

MANY years ago, how many hardly matters now, the writer of this article heard Ruskin lecture on the myths of the Greek legends.

That lecture was a revelation; the old mythological character so familiar in school books came forward dressed in new fashion and beauty; fables read in other and stranger lights revealed new wisdom; under the ideal lurked the real.

What depths of meaning lay hidden and many-folded under those quaint legends.

The lapse of time that has passed since then has hindered full recollection, but one sentence still stands out clearly in my memory: "Every time you open your window to the fresh morning air you are admitting Pallas Athené;" and in Ruskin's skilful word-painting the cold, wise daughter of Zeus was presented to us under a new aspect.

The study of mythology to a thoughtful mind is pregnant with the deepest interest, we can drink deep draughts of wisdom out of these classic wells, nay, more, some of the truest lessons of humanity can be learned from those old fables.

Who amongst the youngest of us has not heard of Hercules, the most celebrated of all the heroes of antiquity? Hercules son of Zeus (Jupiter), the strong and much-enduring man whose mighty labours were rewarded by immortality. Hercules or Heracles as he is called by the Greeks is the hero of heroes; he is the impersonation of strength and energy, his life is the life of effort; he is the brave, strong, loving servant of humanity, the leveller of abuses, the champion against evil, the destroyer of monsters. What fairy story is so interesting as the life of this Greek hero; even in his cradle the wondrous babe strangles the serpent with his infant hands. In his eighteenth year while watching his father's oxen he slays the huge Nemean lion, and from this time his life is one recital of marvellous exploits.

There is a marble at Naples that represents him slaying the Hydra; this is one of the twelve labours that he undertook for Eurystheus, he was his servant for twelve years, after which he was to become immortal.

The Lernean hydra was a monster with nine heads that ravaged the country of Lernae near Argos, and dwelt in a swamp near the well of Amymone. Its middle head was immortal. A prodigious fight ensued. Hercules struck off its heads with the club that he had cut for himself, but alas in the place of each head he cut off two new ones grew forth each time.

The old myth tells us that he was obliged to have recourse to the assistance of his faithful servant Iolaus, and that together they burnt away the heads of the monster and buried the immortal, never-dying head under a great rock.

What a strange story you say with a half smile, what a monstrous fable! who cares to read about Hercules nowadays!

Wait a moment, there is a lesson to be learned here, there is something to us unutterably pathetic in the picture of this strong but weary man, whose whole life was spent from the cradle to the funeral pyre in overcoming difficulties, who sinned but repented, who had brief moods of madness, who suffered and worked and lived and loved and did mighty deeds of good; Hercules the patient toiler, the destroyer of monsters!

What, shall the fearless arm and strong club teach us nothing? Has girlhood no difficult toils,

"Labours endured and hard-fought fights with ill
Now vanquished now triumphant,"

is there no hydra, no misshapen growth of evil to encounter and overcome?

Hercules was young and ardent, but for a long time his efforts were vain; the strong arm, the thick club availed nothing; for every severed head sprang up two others; the monster must be burned, utterly destroyed, not mutilated; the living head buried under a rock.

The hydra is the embodiment of evil, Hercules is the impersonation of youth.

In the old mythologies the heroes of antiquity are represented in perpetual combat; impossible tasks are appointed, impossible actions achieved; to do and to suffer is the aim and object of their life; to win golden fruit, to slay monsters, to cleanse the foul abuses of the past, is the work of the young Hercules.

And herein lies a noble lesson.

The Book of books teaches us that life is a battleground, a perpetual combat from the cradle to the grave; the infant Hercules strangled the serpent, but in the flush of his youth the Nemean lion met him, later on the monster hydra towered in his path.

So do evil habits stretch their misshapen heads before our eyes in every life, in yours and mine, dear girls, is the old story of Hercules and the hydra enacted.

We overcome sloth, we rise perhaps a little earlier than our wont that our devotions may be less hurried, or some necessary work be done, we do it unwillingly but still we achieve it; that is striking off one of the heads of the hydra.

Perhaps sloth or want of energy is our besetting sin; conscience tells us this, and the grace of God in our hearts leads us to a fervent resolve to wage war against this enemy of our peace.

We arm ourselves with our club, a very tough and weird resolution, we will perform such and such a task, we say there shall be no more idleness, no more half-hearted pretence at work.

Ah, take care! Hercules had to summon assistance; the head may be struck off, the task done, but what if two more heads, pride and self-pleasing, spring up in its place; the lesson may be learned, the work done, but if we have relied on ourselves, if we have inconvenienced others in our mode of doing it, it will be the old story of the hydra again.

There is one specious form of temptation common to girls of an imaginative and impulsive temperament, the longing to do something great—something out of the common order of things. Dickens has embodied this idea very cleverly in his never-to-be-forgotten character of Mrs. Jellaby, whose eyes were ever directed to Africa and missions, while her husband and children were neglected at home.

These sort of star-gazing, far-looking natures would willingly lead a crusade to the end of the earth, when perhaps their mission is a sick mother or a tiresome younger sister at home; they would rather pick lint for hospitals than mend their own stockings. There is a quaint old poem called "Doe the nexte thynge" that touches finely on this thought and seems to clear up doubt, for if we "do the next thing" we shall surely do our duty.

Yes dear girls,

"Do it immediately
Do it with prayer,
Do it reliantly
Casting all care,
Do it with reverence
Tracing His Hand
Who hath placed it before thee
With earnest command,
Stayed on omnipotence
Safe 'neath His wing
Secure all resulting
Do the next thing."

Little duties lovingly undertaken, petty offences patiently borne, kind words blunting the edge of hasty ones, a gentle welcome to the weary father and mother at the end of a toilsome day; cheerfulness cultivated as a duty and selfish gloom repelled as an enemy, tiny seeds of daily virtue dropped broadcast into the soil of life; these seem little things, but as we do them we are burning out and reducing to ashes one of the many heads of the hydra, for as exercise braces the muscles so effort strengthens the moral fibres of our nature and gives us force for the Herculean labour of our lives, the overcoming our bad habits and the evil habits and the evil tendencies of our own natures.

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "ON A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY."

SOLUTION.

ON A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

I went forth into the kitchen to make a cup of tea
And nearly died of terror, or as nearly as could be,
It only proved to be a bird attempting liberty.

And then I went into the air, and sat upon a seat,
But presently the ground did rock, rise up, and then retreat;
But it turned out to be a mole in search of things to eat.

But, O my nerves! when from the ground a lump of earth was shot,
And out there sprang a frightened worm, with wriggles quite a lot—
A dragon come to eat me up, and coming at a trot!

Then Mary brought the cup of tea before I scarce could scream,
I drank it down, and then confessed, with penitence extreme,
That yesternight with currant tart I overdid the cream!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Murray Jardine Bell, Keig Manse, Aberdeen.
B. Bryson, Ponton Lodge, Staines Road, Sunbury, Middlesex.
Elizabeth M. Caple, 1, Prospect Place, Beechen Cliff, Bath.
Miss M. Hodgkinson, 2, Feversham Terrace, York.
Carlina V. M. Leggett, Burg Hall, Burg, Lincolnshire.
Ellen M. Price, 38, Eleanor Street, South Shields.
Lucy Richardson, 1, Bootham Terrace, York.
Kate Robinson, The Laurels, Claybrooke, Rugby.
W. Fitzjames White, Albert Drive, Low Fell, Gateshead.
Elizabeth Yarwood, 110, Bramhall Lane, Stockport.

Very Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Mary E. Ball, Elsie Bayley, N. Campbell, Ethel Dickson, Edith E. Grundy, Ellen H. Kemp, E. King, Mrs. W. and Robert Murdock, Rosa Oliver, Gertrude Peace, Ida Rafford, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, M. Short, Ellen R. Smith, Gertrude Smith, Mrs. Isabel Snell, Mary E. Spencer, Ellen C. Tarrant, Emily M. P. Wood.

Highly Commended.

A. J. Batchelor, M. J. Champneys, Helen M. Coulthard, Dr. R. Swan Coulthard, R. D. Davis, Cecil Dawes, E. S. Dickson, C. M. A. FitzGerald, M. J. F. FitzGerald, Thomas Gordon, F. M. Haines, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Lily Hawley, Edith M. Higgs, E. A. Knight, E. Mastin, F. Miller, Ida Seabrook, Edith Shakespeare, A. C. Sharp, Ethel E. Spencer, Mary M. Tanner, Constance Taylor, Mary J. Taylor, Bettie Temple, C. E. Thurgar, Violet C. Todd, G. S. Wilkins, Emily C. Woodward.

Honourable Mention.

Maud L. Ansell, Mrs. Ashby, S. A. Baldwin, Ellen Baron, Rev. S. Bell, Lydia Belling, A. W. Blott, Eliza Blunt, Mary Bolingbroke, Amy Briand, E. I. Brideaux, Louie Bull, Edith M. Burr, Ethel F. Burr, A. C. Carter, Rev. F. T. Chamberlain, Rev. J. Chambers, Mary I. Chislett, Rebecca Clarke, Constance H. B. Cook, Mrs. Crossman, Ellie Crossman, E. G. Dalton, Edith A. Davies-Cook, S. F. Edmond, Amy G. Fasham, Mrs. F. Farrar, A. and F. Fooks, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Florence Graves, Mrs. Grubbe, Mary Howard, Dorothy Hoult, J. Hunt, Alice E. Johnson, E. M. Le Mottée, Florence J. McDermid, Ethel M. Morris, Mrs. Musgrave, Mrs. Nicholls, Annie Page, Phyllis Pearson, Mildred Richardson, Ada Rickards, Gertrude Saffery, M. Saffery, Annie Saunders, Eliza J. Scarle, Alfred Scott, Janet Scott, M. Shadforth, A. A. Lucy Shave, M. H. Shepherd, Anthea M. Stevenson, Ellen Thurtell, Ethel Tomlinson, Annie L. Trendell, Alice M. West, Frances Whitelocke, Florence Whitlock, M. Wilkins, Mrs. E. A. Wilson, Mary Woodcock, Alice Woodhead.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

That is the worst of visiting the country. You think you are so invigorated by the fresh air that you can do anything with impunity. Some portion of your newly imagined strength is sure to be devoted to fruit and cream and other unwholesome things, and hysterical indigestion follows as a matter of course. Now in London no one ever thinks of eating too much cream, but whether that is because of the eater's lack of strength or the cream's is a question we need not discuss. The moral is the same in either case, "Stay at home." And let us say that to be able to point such a pleasing moral at the close of a long holiday affords us much peculiar satisfaction.

Now for the puzzle. It was clearly a difficult one and the number of solutions was much smaller than usual. But in spite of the difficulties ten perfect solutions were sent in, most of them by experienced solvers; and there was no need to hesitate as to the destination of the prizes. For once in a way, solutions having a good honest mistake receive honourable mention, and far be it from us to say that they do not deserve it.

Several solutions unaccountably omitted the "or" in line 2, but the first real difficulty proved to be the "tempting" picture in line 3. Of the alternative readings "longed for" was the favourite and it was presented in two ways—"*th*at longed for liberty," the th being evolved out of nothing, and "at longed for liberty." The first can be dismissed as unwarranted, while as for the second we may say that the freedom of a kitchen is not the kind of liberty desired by most birds. On the other hand, assuming that the bird had escaped from a cage, the reading is not hopelessly absurd, and we allowed as much credit for it as possible.

All kinds of words were substituted for "rock" in line 5, but not one of them was so acceptable as the original. In the following line the thinness of the g was generally recognised though a few competitors wrote "geese" (gs=geese!) instead of "things." What expression does a mole assume when it is hunting for geese, and how much cream would an ordinary mortal have to devour before being in a condition to discern it?

Several solvers asked if there was not a superfluous a in this line. It all depends upon how you spell arch; the puzzle editor (in his professional capacity) spells it rch, and who shall say he is not justified?

"Snake" was a very common substitute for "worm" in the eighth line; the picture might do duty for either, but the story loses something of its point by the introduction of a snake. People who are not the victims of indigestion are often frightened at the appearance of a snake.

The tenth line proved to be a very troublesome one, but the true rendering occurred to many solvers who failed at less difficult points. It is strange that in all the puzzles there has not been one point which has baffled every competitor. There is still something left for the "puzzle editor" to live for.

A. W. H.—Avril should be spelt with a small a, and we had to adjudicate accordingly. Obviously we cannot take the mistakes of others into consideration though your contention is natural enough.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

POISSON D'AVRIL.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Florence E. Bapty, Farnley Hall, Pedder Road, Cumballa Hill, Bombay.
Miss D. R. Wates, Elmwood, Priestman's River, Portland, Jamaica.

Very Highly Commended.

Philippa M. Kemlo (Cape Colony), Hilda D'Rozario (Bangalore).

Highly Commended.

Sadie Barrat (Canada), M. Browne (S. India), Mrs. Catford (Barbados), Dagmar Hentsch (Paris), Anna I. Hood (Pas de Calais), Gertrude Hunt (Auckland), F. G. B. King (Barbados), Cecilia Nicolay (Western Australia), Maud C. Ogilvie (Deccan), Frank and Ruth Ondatje (Ceylon), Nina Reid (New Zealand), Florence Stephenson (Cape Town).

Honourable Mention.

Evalyn T. Austin (Victoria, Australia), Winifred Baker (Dresden), Florence L. Beeckman (New York), Ethel Bever (Ceylon), Winifred Bizzey (Canada), C. H. Cather (Malta), Annie I. Cunningham (Demerara), Victoria E. Drake (Victoria, Australia), Mrs. Hardy, Clara J. Hardy, and Edith Hardy (Melbourne), M. Heath (Cape Colony), Mrs. T. Hill (Victoria, Australia), D. H. Lyall (near Cape Town), D. Muecke (South Australia), Nellie B. Muir (near Cape Town), Mary Ruttonji (Deccan), Ethel Sanderson (Barbados), Mrs. Sprigg (Cape Colony), Ruth Sutherland (South Australia), Herbert Traill (Bombay), Gladys Wilding (New Zealand).

STILL-LIFE.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Miss Marryat c/o Mrs. Lynall Thomas, 5, Rue Danehouden, Bruges, Belgium.
Gladys Wilding, Opawa, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Very Highly Commended.

Mrs. A. D. Edwards (Bloemfontein), Violet Hewett (Canada), W. K. Smith (Brisbane).

Highly Commended.

Sadie Barrat (Canada), Mrs. Catford (Barbados), Annie Hunt (Victoria, Australia), F. G. B. King (Barbados), M. V. Miller (New Zealand).

Honourable Mention.

Jean Andrew (New South Wales), Mrs. H. Andrews (Canada), Florence F. Bapty (Bombay), Elsie Bethune (Canada), Miss Bhabba (Mysore), Charlotte Brown (Victoria, Australia), Victoria E. Drake (Melbourne), Hilda D'Rozario (Bangalore), John A. Fitzmaurice (Victoria, Australia), Mrs. Gartshore (Jamaica), Flontilla Greaves (Barbados), Clara J. Hardy (Melbourne), Constance Ingpen (South Australia), A. Lincoln (Madras Pres.), Kate Moore (Victoria, Australia), Maud C. Ogilvie (Deccan), L. Plunkett (Poona), Evelyn Russell (Melbourne), Helen Shilstone (Barbados), H. L. Thomas (California).



Answers to Correspondents.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

TRINITY.—Your idea of the snowdrop as an emblem is quite your own. That flower has, as doubtless you know, been consecrated to the Virgin Mary, since it appears on or about the Feast of the Purification, and is spotless in aspect. We consider this a better association of thoughts than the one you embody in your lines, as the distinction between the "Threes" is not sufficiently marked in the flower to carry out your comparison. As for the lines themselves, it would be better to keep them all alike, either of seven, or of eight syllables in length. But apart from these criticisms, we can say that your thoughts regarding "Faith, Hope, and Charity" and the snowdrop are pretty, especially in one verse—

> "Love, that bids thee to the earth
> Prophesy the sweet Spring's birth,
> Though thou art denied its mirth."

PHŒNIX OF DEAD-MOUNTAIN.—What a very delightful letter you have written us! If you have no girl correspondents it is a great pity, for you certainly have an unusual talent for letter-writing. We have no corrections to make, save that it would perhaps be better to say "I have never stayed" rather than "I have never been staying;" and it is not strictly correct to say that one thing is "more perfect" than another—perfect, not admitting of comparison—while "but which" (page 3) is inadmissible in its connection. These are rather far-fetched criticisms, and we must repeat that the reading of your letter, word by word, has been a very great pleasure to us. We wish you success in your examinations. There is no English degree exactly corresponding to that of the French "Bachelier." The Matriculation Examination of the University of London is a usual one for girls and boys of about the age you name. You might certainly prepare for that, or for the Senior Cambridge; but the B.A. (London) requires two successive examinations, at a distance of time from each other, and you would need to matriculate in one year, take your first B.A. in the next year, your second B.A. in the third year, under the most favourable conditions. You can obtain all particulars respecting the entrance examination to Girton from Miss Kensington, 83, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, London; and respecting the "Senior Cambridge," from Dr. Keynes, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. We should be glad to hear from you again. Perhaps when you are older you will revert to the exercise of your pen which caused you such delight in early youth, and translate the unusual experiences and varied scenery of your life into poetry or prose.

STUDENT.—Only two questions may be answered at once.—1. The subjects in which the candidate passes are set forth at the foot of the first class certificates of the College of Preceptors we have seen.—2. The London University Matriculation is a far more difficult test than the first class College of Preceptors' examination. Address for particulars of either, College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.: Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W. The fee for the Matriculation is £2, for the College of Preceptors' examination 10s.

TOPSY.—We are interested in your wish to improve yourself, but the choice of subjects for home study depends largely upon taste and inclination, as well as upon previous acquirement, so that we find it a little difficult to suggest any particular books to guide you. You could educate yourself, really, in almost any subject, at your age, by application. The history of your own or other countries, the French, German, or Italian languages, the history of art (Renaissance period), different branches of science, the art of essay-writing and composition, all are useful and attractive subjects that you could study alone. Perhaps if you wish more definite guidance in any one of them you will write again; and no doubt you have observed the numerous references in this column to societies for the help of home students.

L. K. N.—We asked the origin of the quotation you give, "'Tis life to love but it is a double life to be beloved," for another correspondent last month, and we hope to receive some answers in "Our Open Letter Box."

VIOLET HORSLEY.—Do not apologise for writing to us. We are glad to hear from you, and are sure you will improve in the direction you speak of, since you are so much in earnest. Our rules, however, preclude us from answering more than two questions at a time.—1. "Ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew," is from the "Defence of Lucknow," a poem by Tennyson.—2. The 25th of September, 1857, was a Friday.

SAMANCO.—1. There are Moravian Schools at Bedford; Fairfield, near Manchester; Fulneck, near Leeds; Gomersal, near Leeds; Lower Wyke, near Bradford, Yorks; Ockbrook, near Derby; Tytherton, near Chippenham; also at Neuwied on the Rhine, Germany.—2. We do not understand if your second query is separate from, or identical with, the first, but if separate, we could highly recommend Miss Wills' Maison Fleurie, Lausanne, as an excellent school for a delicate girl. The education and influence at the Moravian Schools are said to be excellent, but we know nothing as to their suitability for delicate children.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—1. Any good encyclopædia will give you a brief history of your church. In England it dates from the time of Wickliffe and the Lollards, in the XIVth and XVth centuries; the first separate congregation was formed at Wandsworth in 1572. In the U.S. of America the first (English speaking) was formed in Maryland.—2. To mount maps or prints on calico or linen, get a smooth deal board and tack the cloth firmly and closely upon it, taking care that the grain or threads of the cloth run perfectly straight, not in wavy lines. Then coat it with strong size and leave it till nearly dry. The back of the map must then be evenly covered with good paste (not very watery), that called "gloy" is, perhaps, the best. Let the first coat have time to sink into the paper, say for about ten minutes, then apply another and lay it on the cloth, and dab it all over with a clean cloth, smoothing out the edges and expelling any superfluous paste, and when perfectly dry cut off the waste cloth margin.

LILY inquires why wives take the surnames of their husbands. We think you need only reflect a little to find some good reasons; but we may tell you that the custom is a very old one, and obtained amongst the ancient Romans, whence we derived it. The wife of Pompey was distinguished from other Julias by the addition "of Pompey." Our married women only omit the word "of." In some foreign countries—notably in Switzerland—the case is reversed, and the man takes the wife's name, but in addition to, and following his own. Thus, the well-known Genevese historian, Merle (blackbird), married an Englishwoman of the Daubeney family, and styled himself Merle-D'Aubigné, having Frenchified the English name; and English people unacquainted with this fact, have fallen into the error of calling his work D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*. He died in 1872.

CORA.—No; Van Eyck was not the inventor of oil-painting, but he revived the art. He was born and died between about 1319 and 1440, whereas paintings of some kind are traced back to about 2100 years B.C., when Asymandias, a great King of Egypt, had his acts recorded in painting and sculpture on his own magnificent statue at Thebes. Polignotus, the earliest known Greek painter, who flourished about 422 B.C., decorated one of the public porticoes of Athens, and depicted the remarkable events of the Trojan war. Apelles (B.C. 332) is the next on historical record as a painter, and is said to be the first who produced perfected specimens of oil-painting; and then the art seems to have disappeared and was not revived till the end of the XIIIth. century.

LOVER OF HISTORY should endeavour to obtain the *Egyptian Research Report for* 1895, and read what Profesor Flinders Petrie says on the subject of the late wonderful discoveries made by Mr. J. C. Quibell. The former says that "no greater mystery existed in the ages of Egypt than the space between the VIth and the XIth dynasties, which has been cleared up by the discovery that a foreign people had occupied Upper Egypt during this period. In the tombs (excavated) were burials of a wholly un-Egyptian character belonging to the invaders, who afterwards succumbed to the rising power of the XIth dynasty. We need not hesitate to term this 'new race' the Lybyan invaders . . . . a people who inhabited some yet undefined region of northern Africa. That these people were a branch of the 'Neolithic Race' of Europe, is also agreed by those most familiar with prehistoric man, although these Lybyans were just beyond the neolithic state of culture at the date of their invasion of Egypt."

MILLY.—The origin of the name "cab" is found in the French word *cabriolet*, of which it is a contraction; *cabri* means a kid (which is a quick traveller going by skips), and a public hackney coach was jokingly called a cabriolet, while a private carriage was called a *cabie à la crémie*. The term "fly," by which in country towns the cab or hackney coach is designated, is also a contraction—*i.e.* of "Fly-by-nights"—instituted in 1809 by one John Butcher, a carpenter. At that time there were only "sedan chairs" for the use of ladies by night. The labour entailed on two carriers was then reduced by setting them on wheels, which increased the speed, and after that a horse was employed. On the panels of this small vehicle the owner painted an owl, and around it the motto *Nocte Volamus* (We fly by night). Very small *vis à vis* chairs, or carriages, are in use in some of our watering places significantly called "midges," carrying out the original idea of a fly.

IDIOT.—1. If your friend introduced you to her *fiancé*, you would, of course, shake hands and greet him in a friendly manner for her sake. You must wait for an introduction.—2. On entering a room you should speak first to the lady of the house, if possible, but you are wise enough to see that in a crowded gathering you may be obliged to speak to many people before you can reach your hostess. This does not alter the rule. It is quite immaterial who speaks first, the guest who has already arrived or the last comer, we should say the latter.

CONSTANCE S.—If your cat suffer from fits, she is not safe, and rabies might ensue. Let a veterinary surgeon see her, and put her under treatment.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART I.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

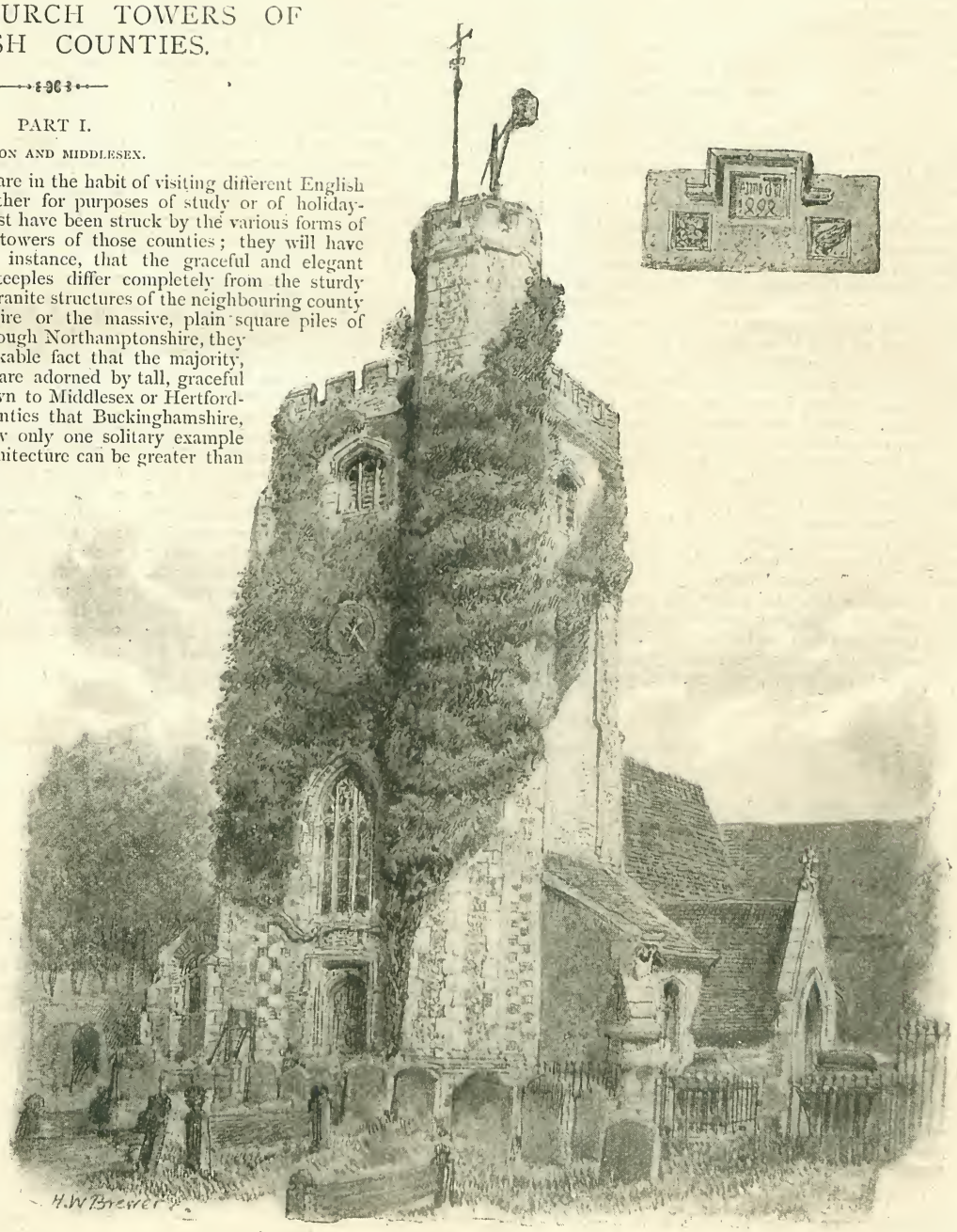
OUR girls who are in the habit of visiting different English counties, either for purposes of study or of holiday-making, must have been struck by the various forms of the church towers of those counties; they will have noticed, for instance, that the graceful and elegant Somerset steeples differ completely from the sturdy embattled granite structures of the neighbouring county of Devonshire or the massive, plain square piles of Wiltshire. If they passed through Northamptonshire, they will have observed the remarkable fact that the majority, even of the village churches, are adorned by tall, graceful stone spires, a feature unknown to Middlesex or Hertfordshire, and so rare in other counties that Buckinghamshire, Berkshire and Essex can show only one solitary example apiece. What contrast in architecture can be greater than that which exists between the quaint and humble low towers of the Essex churches and the stately towers of those of the adjoining county of Suffolk?

Now without going so far as to assert that every county in England has but one type of tower, which is peculiarly its own, yet the marked and striking contrast between the steeples of adjoining counties is so singular as to demand careful study, and, if possible, explanation.

Before writing these papers we consulted a very eminent ecclesiastical architect upon the subject, and we give his opinion in his own words. "I consider the very distinct variations, to be noticed between the church towers of different English counties, the most interesting and singular fact in the whole history of mediæval architecture, and any explanation of the causes which have led to such a startling result would be highly valuable."

We must caution our readers against concluding that every tower in each county follows the "local type," but where it does not some reason for the variation can usually be assigned. Perhaps the architect came from some other county,

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MIDDLESEX: OLD HADLEY CHURCH.

possibly he was a foreigner. It might be that the clergy or the patron, who was subscribing liberally to the work, had seen a church some distance off, which, for the sake of association, he desired to see copied. At Lostwithiel, in Cornwall, is a spire so thoroughly unlike anything in this country, and so exactly similar to some German spires, that the nationality of its design cannot be doubted; and other examples of a similar kind may be pointed out.

We must not expect to find the local characteristics so distinctly displayed in city churches as in country ones, because, of course, local influences are always more strongly felt in the country than in the city, neither shall we find them so apparent in monastic, as in parochial churches, and the village or market-town church tower will often display them to a much stronger degree than will that of the cathedral. In fact, as a rule (exceptions there are), the cathedrals do not exhibit much county influence. It would almost appear as if a special distinction was attempted to be gained for the cathedral, by making it as different as possible to the parish churches of the district; thus we find that in a county like Norfolk, peculiar for towers, the cathedral has a tall stone spire, and the noble spire of Salisbury is almost alone in Wiltshire, whereas Lincolnshire, which is remarkable for its beautiful church spires, has only towers to its cathedral.

It is to the parish churches, and more especially the country parish churches, that we must look for the solution of this question. The parish church was, of course, essentially the church of the people, they only shared the monastic or cathedral churches with the clergy of those establishments to which they were attached, so that if we want to know about the people in the Middle Ages, the ecclesiastical edifices which will naturally afford us the most certain instruction are the parish churches. It will be understood that our observations extend only to mediæval churches, because, after the introduction into this country of the Italian or "Revival Classic" style, all local peculiarities vanished.

We now propose to consider each English county separately with a view to discovering what is the special type of each, and how it originated. We must begin with Middlesex, or rather London. Of course, we know that London and Middlesex are different counties, and to speak of London being "in Middlesex" is absolutely a geographical error, yet, for the purposes of this article, we must deal with the two in one paper. It is difficult to speak of the old church towers of London, because but one solitary example has escaped destruction or modernisation, and that is the small and unimportant one of Allhallows Staining. The church itself was pulled down some years back, but the old Gothic tower was allowed to remain. It had nothing ancient or remarkable about it except a curious traditional observance: the churchwardens used to dine off a boiled leg of pork on the 17th of November in honour of Elizabeth's accession. It is said that the curious custom came about from Elizabeth's remarkable generosity in "tipping" the clerk when she visited the church, which so astonished that worthy man, that he asked a number of friends home with him to dine off a leg of pork which his wife was boiling. The tower is a very ordinary example of the Middlesex type. The tower of St. Sepulchre's Church, Snow Hill, is old, but so much modernised that it is not quite possible to say for certain what its original design was, but probably the ancient outline is preserved; if so it was a tall embattled tower with four very lofty pinnacles at the angles; judging from ancient views of London before the fire, this was a very common type of tower for large parochial churches in the city. St. Michael's, Cornhill, was the most magnificent example. Wren considered it "so noble," that he attempted to copy it when rebuilding the church, but the result can scarcely be pronounced satisfactory.

When we leave London and come to examine the country churches of Middlesex, we find that they possess a very marked character, and that they tell us in a most interesting manner what was the condition of the county at the time they were erected; they generally consist of a rather low but solid square structure embattled at the top round a lead flat, with a turret at one angle rising above the parapet, also embattled; the belfry windows are small, and the whole presents rather the appearance of a castle than of an ecclesiastical structure. In point of construction they are somewhat plain, not to say rude, a fact which at first strikes one as singular, as they are close to the capital city of a great nation. When, however, we come to examine into the former condition of the county, we shall find that it was for the most part covered with wood and forest, with small clearances here and there sparsely inhabited and poorly cultivated. There were few castles to which the people could fly for refuge when the district was invaded by robbers or other vagabonds who infest the purlieus of a vast city, so that they built their church towers as much for purpose of defence as for holding the church bells. The tall turret at the angle was intended to hold a beacon for the purpose of conducting the traveller through the forest or undrained swamp; to those forced to proceed by the crooked paths and primitive roads, the beacon high up upon the distant church tower must indeed have been welcomed "As a cresset true that darts its length of beamy luster from a tower of strength guiding the traveller." Those who, like the writer, have lost themselves in Hadley Wood with the shades of evening closing in around must have wished that the old beacon of Hadley were still lighted up of a night.

Do our girls know Hadley Wood? If they want to gain an idea of Middlesex in olden times, nothing will bring it more vividly before them, but they should put on strong boots and leave their bicycles at home. Close at hand is old Hadley Church, with its weather-worn and ivy-clad tower, the perfection of the Middlesex type of church tower, with its ancient beacon still surmounting its turret, the only one now existing in England.

Another very interesting feature is the slab over the western doorway bearing the date 1494 and two little rebuses, one with a rose carved upon it, and the other with a wing. Some very far-fetched explanations of these have been given, but we believe they stand for "Rose Wing." Who was Rose Wing? We know not: did she build the tower, or restore it, or did she give the beacon? She has long, long back gone to her rest, and let us hope she has received her reward for this and other good deeds.

The similarity of Middlesex towers is quite remarkable, and the exceptions very few. Some of the smaller and poorer churches have miniature wooden towers and squat little spires crowning them, placed astride the nave roof and supported internally upon rude axe-cut beams.

The towers of Harrow and Stanwell Churches are crowned with lofty spires, but as they are absolutely plain and constructed of wood, they were probably intended as landmarks or guides; just as the Israelites of old were led to the Promised Land by a pillar of cloud during the day and one of fire by night, so were the weary wayfarers of later times led through dangerous paths by the church tower in the day and its beacon through the night.

(*To be continued.*)

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE old grandfather's clock was just striking six o'clock when Raymond and Bob, the two public schoolboys, came home from their afternoon excursion. They walked slowly up the drive, supporting between them the figure of a young fellow a few years older than themselves, who hopped painfully on one foot, and was no sooner seated on the oak bench in the hall, than he quietly rested his head against the rails, and went off into a dead faint. The boys shouted at the pitch of their voices, whereupon Mr. Bertrand rushed out of his sanctum, followed by every other member of his household.

"Good gracious! Who is it? What is the matter? Where did he come from? Has he had an accident?" cried the girls in chorus, while Miss Briggs rushed off for sal volatile and other remedies.

The stranger was a tall, lanky youth, about eighteen years of age, with curly brown hair and well-cut features, and he made a pathetic figure leaning back in the big oak seat.

"He's the son of old Freer, the Squire of Brantmere," explained Raymond, as he busied himself unloosing the lad's collar and tie. "We have met him several times when we have been walking. Decent fellow—Harrow—reading at home for college, and hates it like poison. We were coming a short cut over the mountains, when he slipped on a bit of ice, and twisted his ankle trying to keep up. We had an awful time getting him back. He meant to stay at

the inn to-night, as his people are away, and it was too dark to go on, but he looks precious bad. Couldn't we put him up here?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Better carry him straight to bed and get off that boot," said Mr. Bertrand cordially. "It will be a painful job, and if we can get it done before he comes round, so much the better. Here, you boys, we'll carry him upstairs between us, and be careful not to trip as you go. Someone bring up hot water, and bandages from the medicine chest. I will doctor him myself. I have had a fair experience of sprained ankles in my day, and don't need anyone to show me what to do."

The procession wended its way up the wide old staircase, and for the greater part of the evening father and brothers were alike invisible. Fomentations and douches were carried on with great gusto by Mr. Bertrand, who was never more happy than when he was playing the part of amateur surgeon; then Miss Briggs had her innings, and carried a tray upstairs laden with all the dainties the house could supply, after partaking of which the invalid was so far recovered that he was glad of his friends' company, and kept them laughing and chatting in his room until it was time to go to bed.

The next morning the ankle was much better, but, at his host's instigation, the young fellow dispatched a note to his mother, telling her not to expect him home for a few days, as Mr. Bertrand wished him to stay until he was better able to bear the long, hilly drive.

The girls discussed the situation as they settled down to finish the much disliked mending in the afternoon. "It's very annoying," Hilary said, "I do hope he won't be long in getting better. We were going to London on Monday week, but if he is still here we shall have to wait; I hate having things postponed."

"I wish he had been a girl," said Norah, who came in for so much teasing from her two brothers during the holidays that she did not welcome the idea of another boy in the house. "We could have had such fun together, and perhaps she might have gone home, and asked us to stay with her. I should love to pay visits. I wonder if father will take us up to London in turns, now that he has begun. I do hope he will, for it would be great fun staying in Kensington. I remember Miss Carr when we were in London; she was a funny old thing, but I liked her awfully. She was often cross, but after she had scolded for about five minutes, she used to repent, and give us apples. She will give you apples, Hilary, if you are very good!"

Hilary screwed up her little nose with an expression of disdain. Apples were not much of a treat to people who had an orchard at home, and she had outgrown the age of childish joy at the gift of such trifles. Before she could speak, however, the door burst open, and Raymond precipitated himself into the room. He was a big, broad fellow of sixteen, for he and Lettice were twins, though widely different in appearance. Raymond had a flat face, thickly speckled over with freckles, reddish brown hair, and a pair of brown eyes which fairly danced with mischief. It was safe to prophesy that in less than two minutes from the time that he entered the room where his sisters were sitting, they would all three be shrieking aloud in consternation, and the present instance was no exception to the rule. It was very simply managed. He passed one hand over the table where lay all the socks and stockings, which had been paired by Hilary's industrious fingers, and swept them, helter-skelter, on the floor. He nudged Norah's elbow, so that the needle which she was threading went deep into her fingers, and chucked Lettice under the chin, so that she bit her tongue with a violence which was really painful. This done, he plunged both hands into his pockets and danced a hornpipe on the hearthrug, while the girls abused him at the pitch of their voices.

"Raymond Bertrand, you are the most horrid, ungentlemanly, nasty, rude boy I ever knew!"

"If you were older you'd be ashamed of yourself. It is only because you are a stupid, ignorant little school-boy that you think it funny to be unkind to girls."

"Very well, then! You have given me all my work to do over again, now I won't make toffee this afternoon, as I promised!"

"I don't want your old toffee. I can buy toffee in the village if I want it," retorted Raymond cheerfully. "Besides, I'm going out to toboggan with Bob, and I shan't be home until dark. You girls have to go and amuse Freer. He is up, and wants something to do. I'm not going to stay indoors on a jolly afternoon to talk to the fellow, so you'll have to do it."

"Indeed, we'll do nothing of the kind; we have our work to do, and it is bad enough to have two tiresome boys on our hands without having to look after a third. He is your friend, and if you won't amuse him, he will have to stay by himself."

"All right! Nice, hospitable people you are! Leave him alone to be as dull as he likes—it's no matter to me. I told him that you would look after him, so the responsibility is off my shoulders." Raymond paused, pointed in a meaning manner towards a curtained doorway at the end of the room, tiptoed up to the table, and finished his reply in a tragic whisper. "And I've settled him on the couch in the drawing-room, so you had better not speak so loudly, because he can hear every word you say!"

With this parting shot, Mr. Raymond took his departure, banging the door after him, while his sisters sat paralysed, staring at each other with distended eyes.

"How awful! What must he think? We can't leave him alone after this. Hilary, you are the eldest, go and talk to him."

"I won't—I don't know what to say. Norah, you go! Perhaps he is musical. You can play to him on your violin!"

"Thank you very much. I'll do nothing of the kind. Lettice, you go; you are not shy. Talk to him *prettily*, and show him the photographs."

"I daren't; I am horribly shy. I wouldn't go into that room now, after what he has heard, for fifty thousand pounds!"

"Norah, look here, if you will go and sit with him until four o'clock, Lettice and I will finish your work between us, and we will all come and have tea in the drawing-room, and help you out for the rest of the afternoon."

"Yes, Norah, we will; and I'll give you that pink ribbon for your hair. Do, Norah! there's a good girl. You won't mind a bit after the first moment."

"It's all very well," grumbled Norah; but she was plainly softening, and after a moment's hesitation, pushed back her chair and said slowly, "All right, I'll go; but mind you are punctual with tea, for I don't bargain to stay after four o'clock." She brushed the ends of cotton from her dress, walked across to the door, and disappeared through the doorway with a pantomimic gesture of distaste. At the other side she paused and stood facing the invalid in silent embarrassment, for his cheeks were flushed, and he looked so supremely uncomfortable that it was evident he had overheard the loud-toned conversation which had been carried on between the brother and sisters. Norah looked at him and saw a young fellow who looked much older and more formidable than he had done in his unconsciousness the night before, for his grey eyes had curious, dilating pupils, and a faint mark on the upper lip showed where the moustache of the future was to be. The stranger looked at Norah and saw a tall, slim girl, with masses of dark hair falling down her back, heavily marked eyebrows, and a bright, sharply-cut little face, which was very attractive, if it could not strictly be called pretty.

"How do you do?" said Norah, desperately. "I hope you are quite—I mean, I hope your foot is better. I am glad you are able to get up."

"Thank you very much. It's all right so long as I lie still. It's very good of you to let me stay here. I hope I'm not a great nuisance."

"Oh, not at all. I'm sure you are not. I'm not the eldest, you know, I'm only the third, so I have nothing to do with the house, but there are so many of us that one more doesn't make any difference. My name is Norah."

"And mine is Reginald, but I am always called Rex. Please don't trouble about me if you have anything else to do. If you would give me a book, I'd amuse myself."

"Are you fond of reading?"

"No, I hate it—that is to say, I like it very much, of course, but I have had so much of it for the last two years that I sometimes feel that I hate the sight of a book. But it's different here, for a few hours."

"I think I'll stay and talk to you, if you don't mind," said Norah, seating herself on an oak stool by the fire, and holding out a thin, brown hand to shade her face from the blaze. "I'm very

fond of talking when I get to know people a little bit. Raymond told us that you were reading at home to prepare for college, and that you didn't like it. I suppose that is why you are tired of books. I wish I were in your place, I'd give anything to go to a town, and get on with my studies, but I have to stay at home and learn from a governess. Wouldn't it be nice if we could change places? Then we should both be pleased, and get what we liked."

The young fellow gave a laugh of amusement. "I don't think I should care for the governess," he said, "though she seems awfully kind and jolly, if she is the lady who looked after me last night. I've had enough lessons to last me for the rest of my life, and I want to get to work, but my father is bent on having a clever son, and can't make up his mind to be disappointed."

"And aren't you clever? I don't think you look exactly stupid!" said Norah, so innocently, that Rex burst into a hearty laugh.

"Oh, I hope I'm not so bad as that. I am what is called 'intelligent,' don't you know, but I shall never make a scholar, and it is waste of time and money to send me to college. It is not in me. I am not fond of staying in the house and poring over books and papers. I couldn't be a doctor and spend my life in sick rooms; the law would drive me crazy, and I could as soon jump over a mountain, as write two new sermons a week. I want to go abroad—to India or Ceylon, or one of those places, and get into a berth where I can be all day walking about in the open air, and looking after the natives."

"Oh, I see. You don't like to work yourself, but you feel that it is 'in you' to make other people exert themselves! You would like to have a lot of poor coolies under you, and order them about from morning till night—that's what you mean. I think you must be rather lazy," said Norah, nodding her head in such a meaning fashion that the young fellow flushed in embarrassment.

"Indeed, I'm nothing of the kind. I am very energetic—in my own way. There are all sorts of gifts, and everyone knows which has fallen to his share. It's stupid to pretend that you don't. I know I am not intellectual, but I also know that I have a natural gift of management. At school I had the arrangement of all the games and sports, and the fellows would obey me when no one else could do anything with them. I should like to have a crowd of workmen under me—and I'll tell you this! they would do more work, and do it better, and be more contented over it, than any other workmen in the district!"

"Gracious!" cried Hilary, "how conceited you are. But I believe you are right. It's something in your eyes—I noticed it as soon as I saw you—a sort of commanding look, and a flash every now and then when you aren't quite pleased. They flashed like anything just now, when I said you were lazy! The poor coolies would be frightened out of their senses. But you needn't go abroad unless you like. You could stay at home and keep a school."

"No, thank you. I know too much about it. I don't want the life worried out of me by a lot of boys. I could manage them quite well though, if I chose."

"You couldn't manage me!" Norah brought her black brows together in defiant fashion, but the challenge was not taken up, for Master Rex simply ejaculated, "Oh, girls! I wasn't talking about girls," and laid his head against the cushions in such an indifferent fashion that Norah felt snubbed; and the next question came in a subdued little voice—"Don't you—er—like girls?"

"Ye—es—pretty well—the ones I know. I like my sister, of course, but we have only seen each other in the holidays for the last six years. She is sixteen now, and has to leave school because her chest is delicate, and she has come home to be coddled. She don't like it a bit—leaving school, I mean—so it seems that none of us are contented. She's clever, in music especially; plays both violin and piano uncommonly well for a girl of her age."

"Oh, does she? That's my gift. I play the violin beautifully," cried Norah modestly, and when Rex laughed aloud she grew angry, and protested in snappish manner, "Well, you said yourself that we could not help knowing our own talents. It's quite true, I do play well. Everyone says so. If you don't believe it, I'll get my violin and let you hear."

"I wish you would, please forgive me for laughing. I didn't mean to be rude, but it sounded so curious that I forgot what I was doing. Do play! I should love to hear you."

Norah walked across the room and lifted the beloved violin from its case. Her cheeks were flushed, and she was tingling with the remembrance of that incredulous laugh; but her anger only made her the more resolved to prove the truth of her words. She stood before Rex in the firelight, her slim figure drawn up to its full height, and the first sweep of the bow brought forth a sound so sweet and full, that he started in amazement. The two sisters in the adjoining room stopped their work to listen, and whispered to one another that they had never heard Norah play so well; and when at last she dropped her arms, and stood waiting for Rex to give his verdict, he could only gasp in astonishment.

"I say, it's wonderful! You can play, and no mistake! What is the piece? I never heard it before. It's beautiful. I like it awfully."

"Oh, nothing. It isn't a piece. I made it up as I went along. It is too dark to see the music, and I love wandering along just as I like. I'll play you some pieces later on when the lamps are lit."

"I say, you know, you are most awfully clever! If you play like that now, you could do as well as any of those professional fellows if you had a chance. And to be able to compose as well! You are a genius—it isn't talent—it's real, true, genuine genius!"

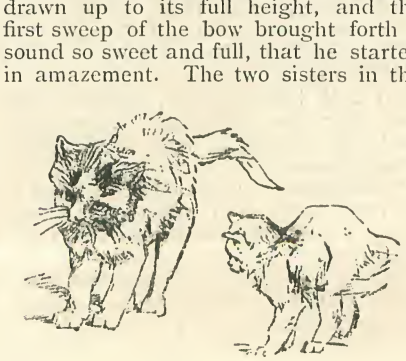
"Oh, do you think so? Do you really, truly think so?" cried Norah pitifully. "Oh, I wish you would say so to father! He won't let us go away to school, and I do so long and pine to have more lessons. I learnt in London ever since I was a tiny little girl, and from a very good master, but the last three years I have had to struggle on by myself. Father is not musical himself, and so he doesn't notice my playing, but if you would tell him what you think——"

"I'll tell him with pleasure; but if he won't allow you to leave home, I don't see what is to be done—unless—look here! I've got an idea. My sister may want to take lessons, and if there were two pupils it might be worth while getting a man down from Preston or Lancaster. Ella couldn't come here, because she can only go out on fine days, but you could come to us, you know. It would make it so much more difficult if the fellow had to drive six miles over the mountains, and we are nearer a station than you are here. I should think it could be managed easily enough. I'll write to the mater about it if you like."

"Will you, really? How lovely of you. Oh, it would be quite too delightful if it could be managed. I'd bless you for ever. Oh, isn't it a good thing you sprained your ankle?" cried Norah in a glow of enthusiasm, and the burst of laughter which followed startled the occupants of the next room by its ring of good fellowship.

"Really," said Hilary, "the strange boy must be nicer than we thought. Let us hurry up, and go and join them."

(To be continued.)



BE WARNED IN TIME!

OR,

WALKING THE HOSPITAL WITH "THE NEW DOCTOR."

All About the Ear.



HERE is a widespread belief that nothing is known about the ear, and that it is a waste of time and money to look after the trivial ailments of an organ which can well take care of itself.

If you will take a walk with me to the nearest London hospital, I will show you how thoroughly wrong is this view of the trivial character of ear affections.

As we are walking to the hospital we may learn much, if we look about us, as many affections of the ear can be told by the appearance of those suffering from them.

Commencing our walk in a busy city suburb, before we have gone more than a few steps, we see two city men talking together; one holds in his hand an instrument which looks like a cross between a French horn and an old-fashioned stethoscope. This is an ear-trumpet, no doubt a new and special kind, invented the other day, but which will be considered old-fashioned and useless in a few weeks. He will then exchange it for some later and more improved, though probably not more valuable instrument. We may presume that the bearer of this appliance is deaf, and this is the variety known as nerve deafness. Further, we may be certain that the deafness is incurable, for no one would use an ear-trumpet if he could possibly avoid it and had not given up all hope of cure. This is, however, one of the very few forms of deafness that cannot be cured.

Passing into a by-street we see a nurse with three children. One of them, a little girl, has her mouth open, the bridge of her nose sunken in, and the inner corners of her eyes drawn downwards. Moreover, her nose is thin with small oblique nostrils. She looks a delicate child, and if you were to ask her mother about her, you would hear that she never was strong, that she snores terribly and often wakes up in the night screaming; she will also tell you that her daughter is very deaf. Looking now at the other children we see the same general aspect, though less marked, in both.

You will perhaps wonder why I stopped to look at these children, for you see nothing extraordinary in them, and will say that a large number of children have the same look and snore at night. Precisely so; but do you know what that means? Those children have "adenoids." As I have elsewhere told you what that mysterious condition of "adenoids" is, I will not enter into it here. But there is one thing that I wish you to notice, that is, the girl who shows the typical expression most plainly is also deaf. Her deafness is due to adenoids. This is an example of the second form of deafness, namely, throat deafness.

By this time we have left the main thoroughfares and entered a back street. There we see half-a-dozen children with dirty frocks and still dirtier faces playing in the gutter. One little fellow looks the picture of health, and, judging by the noise he makes, we conclude he is in the best of spirits. But if you look closer you will see a pellet of dirty wool in his left ear. You know as well as I do this means that he has a discharge from his ear. His mother now comes up to him, and we take the liberty to ask her about her son. She at once replies that he is in perfect health, and when we mention the condition of his ear, she says, "Oh, that's nothing; he has had a discharge from his ear ever since he had scarlet fever; but it does not do any harm, for he seems none the worse for it." Perhaps you have formed the same opinion as the boy's mother, but I see something very different. In the discharge that is described as "nothing," and which, obviously, is not being treated, I see many ways by which that "nothing" may destroy the boy's life. But when we get to the hospital I may be able to show you clearly what I mean by saying that discharge from the ear is a very dangerous condition if left untreated.

We have now entered the hospital and taken our places in the ear department. The first thing that strikes one on entering the room is the enormous number of instruments of all shapes that are laid out on the table. It seems as though Germany had sent to this department every useful and useless surgical instrument that her inventive genius has produced. Nearly all the instruments are German, and the great majority of them are absolutely useless.

The first person that enters the department is an old man from the country. His complaint is that he has been deaf for the last twenty years. The surgeon tells him to sit down and proceeds to examine his ears. But immediately he pulls back the shell of the ear he says "wax," and scribbling something on the patient's case-book, tells him that he has ordered some drops to be put into the ears every night for a week. He is then to come to see him again.

We look at the prescription and see the following: "℞ sodæ bicarbonatis gr. x.; aquæ ad ℥j. To be mixed with an equal part of hot water and dropped into the ear every night for a week."

The surgeon also tells the man that he will probably get a little deafer during this treatment; but, when he comes next time, his ears will be syringed out and his hearing restored. The man then goes out, not altogether contented, because most patients, especially country people, think they have been slighted unless some mixture is ordered to be taken internally.

Perhaps you are rather disappointed with this case, because, as we do not intend to come here next week, we will not be able to judge the result. But never mind, in the course of the afternoon some patients are sure to come in for the second time with wax in the ears, and we will then see the result of the treatment.

Two or three other patients come and go, with various affections of hearing; but, as they do not interest us as they do the surgeon, we will pass them over.

But now a woman enters, who at once begins to abuse the surgeon because instead of getting better she has got worse. The surgeon quietly tells her to sit down, and says, "I told you that you would get deafer during the week whilst you were using the drops, but to-day I hope to cure you completely."

Here we have what we were waiting for. This woman came last week with wax in the ear, and is going to have her ears syringed out to-day. The surgeon washes out her ears and some pieces of dirty brown substance come away. You will be surprised at the amount of wax that will come out of one ear.

Let us see how the surgeon syringes out the ears. He fills the syringe to the top so that no air is left in the barrel, and directs the nozzle towards the upper wall of the passage and syringes gently and steadily. After he has finished he carefully examines the ear to see that no wax is left behind. He then wipes out the ear with a piece of wool and proceeds to test the woman's hearing. He finds that she can hear his watch ticking at three feet away from her. Looking at her paper he sees that last week she could not hear the same watch at a distance of more than three inches from her ear. The woman declares that she has not heard so well for the last five years, and after profusely thanking the surgeon, leaves the room.

We cannot stop to examine all the cases that come to the ear department in an afternoon, so we will pick out those that more particularly interest us.

Here is a child with exactly the same look as the girl we met in the street. She has adenoids, and has come to this department because she has lately become deaf. Her mother, who accompanies her, is told that her daughter's throat must be seen to and that she must therefore attend the throat department.

Of the large number of patients with discharge from the ear that attend this afternoon, we will pick out three typical examples. The first is a little girl who has had a discharge for three days. She is ordered to wash out her ears four times a day with the following lotion: ℞ acidi boracis, gr. v., aquæ ad ℥j.

No doubt in two or three days she will be quite well again.

The second is a lad who has been attending for some weeks, and who has had a discharge since he had measles two years ago. He has been using the same lotion that was ordered for the first patient, and he is steadily improving.

The last patient with a discharge from the ears is a servant who has not been getting any better. The surgeon examines her ear and sees a little red mass inside the passage. He tells her that she has an aural polypus which must be removed before she can expect to be cured. Having put some cocaine solution into her ear he proceeds to remove the polypus. As you have never before seen a surgical operation, we had better leave the department. But before we go let us take a look round the hospital.

It is tea-time, and there is no better time to visit a ward than when the inmates are having their tea.

We will go to the children's ward first. This is always my favourite ward in a hospital, for children bear disease wonderfully well and make very much better patients than adults. Doubtless they do not feel the mental suffering that is the most distressing feature in illness; but still, it seems strange that they should not cry more than they do.

As we enter the room we see seven or eight children sitting round the table anxiously watching a nurse handing round the bread and butter. They all seem to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, and as we watch them we can see that they are uncommonly hungry.

There is one little boy, who however is not at the table, but is sitting up in one of the beds, who has already demolished a pile of slices of bread and butter, and is eagerly calling to the nurse for more. You would think that there is nothing much the matter with him; but you are mistaken, for he is in a very precarious condition.

We glance around the ward and a bright face is seen peeping out of every cot. But in an obscure corner there is a bed surrounded with curtains, and on approaching we see a nurse watching a child, who at first glance we take to be asleep. We look again at the child's face and notice that the features are fixed, save that every now and then she opens her mouth and utters a faint, short cry. Her head is drawn backwards till it almost touches her shoulders. What we took to be sleep is the last stage of inflammation of the brain. We take up the notes that are hung upon the cot, and there we read that the patient had had a discharge from her ears for three years, but was not treated until she complained of severe and constant headache, when at last she was brought to the hospital. Alas! too late. The matter from her ears has found its way into her brain and now nothing can save her.

We turn from this dismal scene and enter the women's surgical ward, and there a middle-aged woman with her head bandaged up arrests our attention. The nurse tells us that she has just been operated upon for disease of the bones of the skull following a prolonged discharge from her ears. More fortunate than the child we have just seen, she has come in time and will probably recover. But if she had not neglected to have had her ears seen to she would never have required the operation.

Having now seen as much as we care to, let us leave the hospital, and while walking home talk over what we have just done. It would be impossible to discuss all our experiences of the past few hours, so let us confine our conversation to two conditions which have been forcibly brought before our notice, namely, wax in the ear and discharge from the ear.

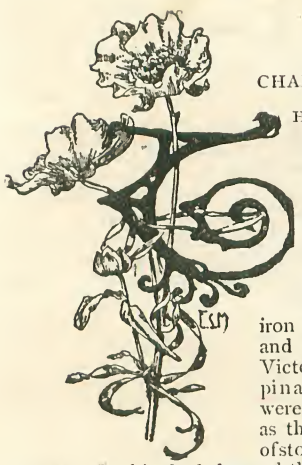
We saw that wax in the ear was cured without much difficulty. The fluid that I have described above was dropped into the ears every night for a week, and the ears were then syringed out and the cure completed. To be successful you must pay attention to the following points: always direct the nozzle of the syringe to the upper wall of the passage. This is a most important detail to remember. If you forget this point, you will do no good by syringing. Be careful to let the water flow gently and evenly. If you inject the water forcibly or in jerks it will produce giddiness or fainting. Lastly, always syringe until no more wax comes away and the water returns quite clear. If you leave any wax behind it will act as a nucleus round which more will be deposited and so the trouble will recur. For wax in the ear the best fluid to use is warm water.

The other affection that we will discuss is discharge from the ear. We have already seen this condition in some of its most common varieties and with its worst complications. I may have frightened you by showing the fearful severity of some of the results of this affection. It was to impress upon you the extreme importance of having discharge from the ears immediately seen to that I showed you the two unfortunate victims of neglect in this respect.

Remember that if you ever have a discharge from your ear, gently syringe out your ear with a weak antiseptic fluid, such as we saw used in the ear department, and do not put in any wool, as this keeps back the discharge, which may burrow into the skull or brain.

You see there is very little trouble or expense in this treatment, and if it is carried out carefully you will be saved from the severe affections that not uncommonly arise from neglecting this so-called trifling ailment.

"A GIRL OF GRIT."



CHAPTER II.

THE pile of clothes ready for ironing was placed at the end of the kitchen table, and Helen without any word took the hot iron from the fire and started upon Victoria Maud's pinafores. They were easily ironed as they were made of stout, plain linen, and Mrs. Larkin had damped them when she had folded them down, so Helen had the satisfaction of seeing the large pile quickly disappear before Mrs. Larkin came in to help. But it was hot work, and she was beginning to look flushed and tired, so Mrs. Larkin told her to sit down and rest while she folded down another bundle from the line in the back-yard. As Helen was sitting there she thought—What would poor Harold say if he knew I am laundress to-day and model to-morrow? And I have to go on deceiving him, as he would worry himself to death, but I'm so glad I've got the rent safe and sound in my pocket, and by doing this I am wiping off some of my obligation to Mrs. Larkin. At that moment Mrs. Larkin reappeared behind a huge bundle of clothes. Helen jumped up from her chair and helped her to put them on the table.

When they were both busily engaged in ironing, Mrs. Larkin's husband came in and settled himself in a comfortable arm-chair by the fire. He was very respectful to the pretty young laundress and thanked her for helping his wife. He had an evening paper in his hand, and he regaled the two women with snatches of news. Mr. Larkin's idea of news was principally taken from the column dealing with the police courts, and he also had a partiality for facts which came under the heading of News in a Nutshell.

"Now, missis, would you believe this," he said, "that there are some folks who have no more to do with their money than to give £3000 for a pictur', and here's one man as I should think wants putting in a lunatic asylum, has paid £250 for an egg?"

"Well, Mr. Larkin, there's something wrong with your specks to-night, for you won't get me to believe that. Give me the paper, and I'll believe it when I see it myself."

Mrs. Larkin took the paper out of her husband's hands in a rough but not ill-natured way, and found the paragraph. It gave the prices paid for a few articles belonging to some private collection which had been sold at Christie's sale rooms, and the prices Mr. Larkin quoted were quite correct—a fine Turner, £3000. And one of the other items quoted was "A Great Auk's Egg, £250."

Mrs. Larkin handed Helen the paper.

"May I keep it and show it to my brother, Mrs. Larkin?"

Helen's face had suddenly flushed and then turned deathly pale.

"I will give it back to you in the morning."

Mr. Larkin responded readily; "Certainly, missie, how's your brother to-night?"

"He's getting on nicely, thank you, Mr. Larkin. But it's getting late and I must go up to him again."

She slipped her hand into her pocket and drew out her past two weeks' rent and laid it on the ironing table.

"There, Mrs. Larkin, that's yours, and thank you so much for waiting. I will be able to pay you the rest early in the week, and I would like my brother to be moved into the front room to-morrow. The doctor says he would get better much quicker if his room looked south, and," she added with a reassuring smile, "I won't keep you waiting for the rent again."

Mrs. Larkin took the money, and gazed at the girl in open amazement. "Sakes alive! Has the sky fallen? This afternoon you couldn't pay for the back rooms and now you're wanting the front one, but there, it ain't no business of mine, and if you can afford it I'll be real glad to shift your brother, for there's a bit more life in that room. And I'll tell you what it is, miss, I'll charge you the same rent as you pay for the back one, until I get an offer of a let for the front, and then you see, miss, I must think of the children and accept it."

Helen thanked her but sternly refused the offer. "You've been very good to us already, Mrs. Larkin, I really couldn't accept it, besides," she continued with the same confident little smile, "I have just heard this afternoon of a good opening—I think I can make some money."

"Well, and you deserve it, miss," broke in Mr. Larkin, "for you're made of the right stuff. Oh, I knows all about you, you ain't accustomed to this way of living, for it's mighty strange how small the world is when you come to look at it." Mr. Larkin spoke as if he had taken a birdseye view of the globe. "My mate at Brookfields was stable-boy to your pa, and he says he never served a truer gent. Bill says as how your pa spent money like a duke."

"If he hadn't, there might have been more left for me, Mr. Larkin; but I must go to my brother now, so good-night."

When Helen got out of the hot kitchen, she flew up to her tiny bedroom and threw herself down on the bed. But in a moment she was up again and in a state of nervous excitement; she paced up and down her room like a caged lion.

"Oh dear, oh dear, if I had only someone to help me. I don't know where to begin; what shall I do? In the first place, I must get someone to look after Harold, and keep him from worrying, and then I must go and pay my dear cousin another visit."

She smoothed her hair and bathed her

flushed face in cold water. "It's time I went to Harold now," she said; "but how am I to tell him. I daren't raise his hopes on so small a ground. I must let him imagine that I want to go into the country for a day. Dr. Harvey meant more than he said when he advised a change of air. If he only knew how hopeless it all is. I could have screamed when he said, 'Your brother hasn't any chance of getting better in this dark room'—just as if I didn't know it, and just as if even I, who am not artistic, didn't find myself crying sometimes for a breath of country air, for the sight of rain on a turnip field, for the blue haze over the dear woods.

* * * *

In Harold's room Helen tried to talk naturally and brightly; she told him that she had made all arrangements with Mrs. Larkin for his removal the next day to the front room.

"And, dear boy, I want a breath of fresh air. I wonder if you would think me very selfish if I went into the country for a long day, the day after to-morrow. I would gather you some real country flowers, and bring back a whiff of the country in my clothes; could you spare me, dear?"

"Why, Helen, how rich you have suddenly become! How can you manage it? Spare you?—of course I could; I'd be a selfish brute if I couldn't, after all you've done for me. Now sing something, dear, for I'm too tired to talk."

Helen did not admit that she felt too excited and overstrung to sing, but instead she drew her chair near her brother's bed and sang softly some quaint nigger ditties, with a droning, sleepy refrain, and in less time than she had expected Harold was fast asleep.

The next morning Helen saw her brother safely moved into the front room. It made her heart ache, and filled her with a horrible sense of loneliness when she saw how weak he really was. Mr. Larkin had to carry him in his arms like a child from the one room to another. It was then Helen realised how little she had on earth to cling to, and how urgent was the necessity of getting her brother into a more bracing atmosphere. When he was comfortably settled, and had fallen into a quiet sleep, Helen dressed herself hurriedly and started off to the studio to keep her appointment as model. She took a number of her brother's sketches with her, to show the artist for whom she was sitting if a suitable opportunity occurred. "He will give me a candid opinion, I feel sure, for he is delightfully outspoken," she said to herself with a smile. The walk to the studio had brought a brilliant colour to Helen's cheeks, with the result that when her double knock was answered with a short "Come in," she entered in her usually buoyant fashion, looking like a veritable young Hebe. The artist gazed at her in only half-concealed wonder. Her elastic step, and her smiling radiant face, was such a direct contradiction to her penniless position. She was just the sort of girl who looked as if she wore old clothes from pleasure, not from necessity.

"I hope I'm in good time, sir. I've been so busy all the morning, and the time has flown." Helen made a point of addressing him as "sir," as she desired no footing of intimacy between them.

"You are in good time, Miss Churchill, and you look as if your work had been pleasant. What a comfort it is to meet a happy fellow-worker, and not a grumbler; but let us get to work."

At the end of twenty minutes' standing, Helen had an interval of rest. She was glad of it, as her arms were beginning to ache horribly, for the position necessitated her holding them out. She sat down in a comfortable easy chair, and was soon lost in thought. The artist watched her keenly, and was astonished at her power of concentration. When she was standing, her whole attention had been given to her work as his model, and now that she was at rest, she appeared scarcely conscious of where she was. Her mind was so deeply engrossed in her own concerns. He tried to draw her into conversation about herself, but it was useless. What she meant to tell him, she would tell him of her own accord, and rather abruptly, it must be admitted, she unfolded her brother's sketches on her knee, and asked his opinion on their marketable value.

"Who has done these—not you?"

"No, my brother; but why not I? Do you think I couldn't sketch."

"I'm sure you couldn't; you're too practical. You lack the nervous temperament of the artist who has done this." He tapped the sketch he held in his hand with his palate knife.

"What does your brother work for?"

"Nothing," was the faltering answer; "that is why I showed them to you. Do you think he could get work?"

"That depends on what sort of a man he is. He can certainly do good work, but that is no criterion that he will get it; that's where the artistic temperament comes in. You must get it for him."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I'll give you a letter of introduction to a man who is starting a new weekly illustrated paper. He wants work like this; you must take some of your brother's work and show it to him. He's a very exacting man, and he likes having a say in the matter. He fancies he knows a bit about art; but he is a good chap and has asked me to recommend him some fresh work. Don't lose any time about going, for these sort of things get filled up directly."

"I'm sorry, I can't go for a day or two, sir! I have some very important business to do; but I'll go directly I can."

"What a busy person you seem to be!" he said, smiling. "You quite put me to shame! But pray don't thank me so much; I'm really doing nothing but granting the request the editor made to me. I'll send him these sketches if I may as specimens of work which I think will just suit, and I'll let you know the result as soon as I can."

With more thanks and charming smiles unconsciously born from happiness at the bright prospect, Helen said good-bye, and this time the artist did not forget to pay her. So, with a light heart and a fuller purse, she hurried home.

"Seven-and-six for a morning's work isn't bad," she said to herself; "but what trying work it is! My arms felt as if they would break."

When she got home it was time for their frugal mid-day meal, so she busied herself in laying the table, and this prevented Harold questioning her as to where she had been.

Directly after lunch she made herself as neat as her poor wardrobe would admit, and started off to see her cousin. When she was shown into his private office, he looked up from the pile of letters that lay in front of him and smiled condescendingly.

"My dear Helen, you here again? What a ray of sunshine you are in a dismal office! Please sit down!"

Helen writhed inwardly at every word of his flowery speech and remained standing.

"I shall only interrupt you for one moment," she said in her coldest voice. "I have once more come to ask a favour."

"Which, my dear cousin, I hope is in my power to grant."

"I should not ask it otherwise, sir. May I go home, to your home, I mean" (there was a quick little catch in her voice almost like a sob of pain when she corrected herself), "and get something I left there—something that as a child I hid there, and now I want it."

"Perhaps you forget that when I took over the house I took over all that was left in it. What you left there as a child now belongs to me."

This was said half in chaff, half in earnest, and Helen answered in the same spirit.

"No, it does not. Forgive me for contradicting you, but what I left there was given to me by my godfather; it could not be sold without my permission."

"Then why did you not take it with you!"

"Because I forgot it was there."

"Then it cannot be of much value."

"Then I may go and get it?"

"I am glad the request was one I could grant so easily, pretty coz. Yes, you may go and get it; but, pray, where is this treasure? I have never seen it."

"It is between the floor of the lumber-room that was our play-room and the ceiling of the pink bed-room. Do you remember our old hole in the floor?"

Her cousin roared with laughter.

"I should think I do, don't I just! On a wet day you would go and put your hands in as far as ever you could reach and pull out all sorts of treasures, and when they came out I made you shut your eyes and offered you a penny or twopence for whatever you had found. It was a regular treasure-trove. I remember the day I hid Harold's best pocket-knife in the hole, and the next day when he went to see what had been swept into the treasure-trove he pulled out his knife wrapped up in paper. I bid twopence-halfpenny for whatever he had in his hand, and I'll never forget the rage he was in when he found it was his knife."

Helen's eyes were flashing.

"You remember it all," she said, "how you bought everything we possessed—we had never seen money until you came. I sold you all I had for eightpence-halfpenny to pay for the rabbit with the red eyes."

"Not quite everything, dear coz, if you are going there to-morrow to get something. Stop, I've half a mind to come too and see what it is."

"You will be sadly disgusted. It is not beautiful."

He groaned.

"I suppose not, or I should have had it long ago. You were always a trifle mercenary, Helen."

Helen winced.

"You never bought it from me, because I hid it from you. I determined never to part with it, because my godfather left it to me, so I laid it in a box and put it in the hole in the floor. I lay face downwards and pushed the box as far back as I could with father's walking-stick, beyond the reach of your arms or the nursery poker. But I am keeping you; I will not interrupt you further. Good-bye."

She held out her hand and smiled.

"Thank you for granting my request. I am really grateful!"

When she was safely out of the office her heart began to beat naturally again, and she hummed a little tune under her breath.

"It's always darkest before the dawn," she said, "and I believe our dawn is breaking. If Harold could get a change of air he'd be able to work, and if the box is still there the clouds will indeed have broken!"

(*To be continued.*)



MRS. HARCOURT.

LE ROI EST MORT.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

ONE day I crowned you King in my heart,
You seemed so true and so strong,
That from other men I set you apart,
For "my King could do no wrong."
But now you are standing a King uncrowned,
You do not care if you fling
Your crown aside, and to-day I have found
That the King has slain the King.

My faith was so strong in humanity,
Because I believed in you;
But now you have fallen, it seems to me,
That the human race falls too.
I wish you had broken my heart that day!
The pain would have hurt me less
Than to see you walk on a lower way—
It is deepest bitterness.

Ah! King, my King, will you rise once more
To your kingly place of old?
For surely the crown that I thought you wore,
Was not *all* of tarnished gold?
Give me back my faith in the pure and true,
Be again as straight and strong
As I thought you once—let me say of you,
That "My King can do no wrong."

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER III.

THE LONG-LONG THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

WHEN Jack at last settled himself to his fishing, Madge lay back against a bank, with her hands behind her head, and remained silently gazing into the blue sky.

She was trying to think what it was she wanted and why she was different from other girls.

They were sad, longing thoughts, and an intensely wistful expression rested on her young face, as she lay still, listening to the drowsy hum of the bees, and to the song of a skylark just above her.

Half unconsciously she repeated to herself the verse in Shelley's beautiful poem, to that sweetest of songsters, which runs:—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those
Which tell of saddest thought."

Oh, how happy, how madly happy, this little creature seemed; was it possible God loved it more than He did her? After all, it would not be so very strange, for this little bird never grieved its Creator as she did. Madge's idea of God was not a very clear one, but at least she felt that her habits and thoughts were not of a kind likely to be pleasing to Him. To her He was chiefly the great Creator, and she did not, in her heart of hearts, think her personal interests were of much consequence to Him. She had read so much, and her literature had been of such a strangely varied and mixed description, and mostly of such a speculative nature, that it was small wonder her mind was in a state of chaos. She had dabbled, more or less, in various "ologies," to say nothing of metaphysics and philosophy, and having never known the luxury of a companion with whom to talk things over, she had deduced her own views without any helpful influence whatever.

Jack was quite right when he said she thought too much. He was right too when he said she was "odd." She had already thought more in her eighteen years than many girls think in a lifetime; and she had succeeded in weaving into her mind a collection of fantastical, tangled ideas, which certainly did not tend to secure her peace of mind. As she lay there, on the green sward, with peace breathing all around her, she could not, even for that brief space, let her mind partake of the general restfulness.

Her thoughts soon soared beyond the gay songster, and, as she lay, gazing upwards into space, strange deep questionings stole into her soul.

That feeling, which Carlisle has described as "a murmur of eternity and immensity,- of death and life," crept over her, and the words themselves passed through her mind.

"Eternity and immensity!" Oh, what did it all mean? What was man, in the midst of the vast universe? What was she lying there? Surely a mere atom, of no value perhaps; just one of millions of similar phenomena, as was even the very world she was on. How strange to think that above her and around were myriads of other worlds, whirling for ever and ever in their appointed courses.

How strange to think that beside her were myriads of little living creatures, each with an individual existence. The thought of it all—the thought of everything that ever was, seemed to crush her with its awful magnitude.

The sense of her own insignificance and littleness oppressed her. Up there, above her, in that smiling blue vault, of a distance so appalling that man could not even express it, were there not other worlds, other suns, other wonders utterly beyond man's comprehension? And then the duration of it all!

The distance to which "time past" stretched! The æons that might lie before!

In remote ages gone by, had not the earth existed and sped in the same unwearying course; and in remote ages to come, would it not still speed on? And what then of the little creatures called human beings, who strutted and fretted for a paltry three-score years and ten on its surface?

They came and they went—did any man know more? Was there any more to know? Was it possible that the Creator of so stupendous a marvel as the universe could have time or inclination to think for a moment of anything so utterly minute as herself? Why should she presume to be any better than the countless myriads of tiny, life-holding phenomena, that abounded on every side?

They came and they went—did she do any more? The thought of all the mystery and complexity of everything seemed to make her mind gasp, though she was but going over old ground. She felt sometimes as if she could not bear the strain of her own thoughts, and yet she could not rest; not even now, with Jack and the sunshine and no one to bother her.

"What of *this* wondrous story, of the only Son of the Creator coming to be a man to die on this little planet," she mused. "Why should He come to this particular globe; were there no other creatures elsewhere? Why should God place human beings on one planet more than another, when there were possibly countless myriads of precisely the same nature. And, if others were inhabited, did this Son of God die for them too?"

It seemed to her so presumptuous, considering the vastness of creation, to attach so much importance to the existences of the little creatures who "came and went" on this one little insignificant planet.

But *then again*, the question arises, what of man's mind? What of this strange inexplicable power he possesses to dive into the heart of things and find out so much? What of this undeniably inrooted expectation of a larger and fuller life to come? After all, could man possibly be so insignificant, since he possessed such wonderful powers and capabilities? Did not this strange mysterious soul of his, actually and indeed, place him first, amidst all this majesty and grandeur? Was she, in spite of her seeming littleness, in reality one of the most wonderful of God's creations? If so, why was she also so weak and helpless and seemingly useless?

She drew her hand wearily across her eyes. She would feign have given it up, but the wondering and the questioning still plied her, and her mind rambled on.

This will of hers; was it part of her soul or a separate wonder? If a part, why did not the two work more in unison? Why was her soul always, always longing and yearning for something which she could not express? Why, when she gazed away over the hills, and upward into space, did that great craving possess her, which made the earth and everyday life seem so common-place and unsatisfying? Why could not she force her soul to rest, by the might of her will, for with all her heart she longed to do so; longed to still her fevered imaginings and questionings and live through the day in peace.

But she could not.

Day after day in her solitary rambles, the girl's heart swelled with the passion "to know," and day after day the monotony and seeming littleness of her life grew ever more oppressive.

Even in the night she could not rest, and many were the hours she spent at her window, gazing earnestly up at those silent worlds, wondering about it all. Wondering sometimes what was her particular mission in life, for, since everything in creation appeared to have a definite work of some kind, surely she too must have been created for some special purpose.

And yet, as far as she could see, she was absolutely useless. And the thought hurt her grievously, for away among those lonely Cumberland hills, this solitary girl was panting to be doing. Anything so that it made her life a reality, and took from it the aimlessness and torpor that were so galling to her fearless, energetic spirit. She had read books in search of knowledge and enlightenment, and what had she gained? How had they helped her? Alas! had they not rather harmed her, for in her bitterness she had chosen books congenial to her feelings and fed on literature that only heightened her cynicism and plunged her deeper into scepticism.

But amidst all this chaos of mind, there was one feature in the girl's heart that never changed, and which maybe saved her from growing up a misanthropic atheist. It was the deep, passionate love which burned in her strong young heart for those dear to her.

True that wealth of love was lavished almost solely upon three, but her loyalty and love for those three was very truth itself. One she had already lost, the beautiful young mother, whom she remembered so tenderly and longed for without ceasing.

The others were Jack and little Helen Liston, the schoolmistress's invalid child.

These three stood alone in her heart, the rest of the world she regarded chiefly as a large collection of human beings and "nothing more."

Meanwhile the time passed, and at length Madge discovered she was getting hopelessly bewildered and that her head ached. Finally she came to the wise conclusion that she had thought quite enough for one day, and so she raised herself on her elbow and turned to Jack.

How bright and happy he looked, seated there, leaning back lazily against a tree; it seemed to Madge quite refreshing to see him, and for a little time she watched him in silence.

Suddenly he turned to her, and their eyes met.

"So you've come back, have you?" he asked laughingly. "It was awfully mean not to offer to take a fellow with you."

"I wasn't aware that I'd been away; you must be dreaming."

"I dreaming indeed; well, I like that! It's you that's been dreaming, you've been to the Land of Nod, and to *dolce far niente* to see Alice in Wonderland."

Madge laughed. "I'm sure I haven't been to sleep," she replied. "You settled yourself as if you didn't mean to be disturbed for about a month, and so I had a long think to pass the time."

"Well, don't tell me what you thought about and I'll say no more. My brain-power isn't at its best just now, and I daren't risk any extra strain. Food is more in my line than anything at present; let's have lunch."

"What? have lunch before you've caught a single fish?"

"A single fish indeed! what do you call that?" and he tossed a good-sized minnow to her feet.

Madge laughed merrily. "I'll call it a small whale if you like," she said. "It would be a pity to call it a minnow, as it took nearly two hours to catch."

Jack laughed too and threw down his rod.

"We'll leave them in peace for a while," he said. "It's too bad to catch them quickly, they haven't time to say good-bye to each other. What is there for lunch. I'm ravenously hungry."

"Then you'd better eat your fish first," remarked his sister slyly, "for there's only sandwiches."

"Thanks! but I thought perhaps you'd like to take it home to the mater."

"I would, only she might want me to take it to someone in her district," and so saying, Madge tossed the little thing back into the water and proceeded to unpack their luncheon. When they had finished Jack settled himself for a chat, lying with his head in Madge's lap. He had decided that that particular spot was not good for fishing and that further efforts would only be waste of time.

For fully two hours they stayed thus, enjoying thoroughly the June sunshine and perfect idleness and a long talk without fear of interruption.

Jack was the chief spokesman this time, Madge merely asking questions. She loved to hear of all that he had been doing and with such an interested listener he could not choose but speak.

Both were sorry when at last they had to start homeward, Madge especially, for she grudged anyone a word with Jack during his short visit.

"Well, if I enjoy the rest of my stay as much as I have done to-day," he said, as they drew near the manor, "I shall not want to go away again."

"Well, don't go, Jack," and Madge looked pleadingly into his face. "I'm sure your friends won't mind much if you give up the yachting."

"Yes, but they would. I've promised such a long time to make up the party. I'm going to superintend the cooking, don't you pity them? Fawcett's too good a fellow to disappoint, and it's all his arranging. I'm going shooting in Scotland with him when we get back."

"Why is he such a good fellow?" asked Madge, for she was inclined to be jealous, Jack had spoken of this friend so often.

"Because he is, I suppose," replied Jack, smiling at her clouded face. "I hope to bring him here next year and then you'll see for yourself. I wanted him to come now, but he couldn't."

"And I sincerely hope he won't be able to next year either," was the unexpected reply.

"Why on earth not?" asked Jack in surprise. "We'll have no end of fun together."

"You two will, I've no doubt," she replied bitterly, "but two's company, three's none, and I don't want him. It's too bad of you, Jack," she continued hotly, "you only come home once a year, and now you talk of bringing a friend. I shall see scarcely anything of you if you do. Besides, you can see him nearly every day in London, surely that's enough without taking him about with you."

"My dear girl, you are talking nonsense. As if I should be likely to bring him if he'd be in the way. He'll be just like one of ourselves, and you'll like him immensely. I thought it would be a pleasure to you; he's no end of a joke and a real good fellow all round."

"I shall hate the very sight of him," replied Madge obstinately. "I don't care if he's the nicest man in the world; I don't want him here and I hope you won't bring him."

Then, seeing a vexed expression on Jack's face, she quickly changed the subject, and in a few minutes they reached home.

(To be continued.)

OUR BEAUTIFUL FURS, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

PART I.

FROM many a chat I have had with girls concerning the beautiful furs they were wearing, and from the errors generally exhibited in such matters, I thought of writing these little articles, and I trust they may be of some help.

Many of the young people I have conversed with never appear to have given a thought to the enormous amount of slaughter annually required, and the consequent great privation to the sable hunters, to procure them those handsome and warm coverings our girls enjoy so much.

Now a sable skin is of no value except caught in winter, which means long and exhausting tracks, through many inches of snow and deep snow-drifts. The fur when caught in early spring is valueless; although the animal may still be retaining his winter coat, the skin thus procured, when dressed, would shed all its hair. An ordinary skin is considered to be worth from £1 to £6; but if it should be of the best quality it will fetch from £12 to £15. It takes two skins to make a lady's fashionable tie, and you can have a one skin tie which is very pretty; perhaps a hint or two will be useful in the selection of a sable fur if you buy one. Firstly, see that the skin exhibits a watering appearance, and above all look for whitish hairs sparsely scattered all over the fur; they are not very observable, so you require to examine the fur well, because this is an important matter, as a dyed fur of any other animal could not display these sparse hairs. So if a fur be ever so like in colour, if it does not possess this peculiarity it is not sable.

We have to thank our sable hunters also for our nice water-colour and oil brushes.

Now it takes twelve sables to make one of those beautiful Victoria fur boas with four tails, and a cape three or four times the quantity, and will cost at a furrier's from £25 to £50 15s.; you can get a good boa for £7 7s.; three skins will go to one muff, placing the largest and best in the middle.



THE SABLE.

THE SKUNK (*white-backed*).



ALTHOUGH this is not so expensive a fur, great dexterity is required in procuring the animal, for it has to be killed at one stroke before it has time to defend itself in its natural way, as, like most of this genera, when irritated it emits an unpleasant odour, so much so that the skin would be destroyed, and everything it comes in contact with. The white-backed skunk, as it is more rare, is consequently more valued. Although a nocturnal animal, according to Darwin, conscious of its powers, it roams by day about the open plains, and fears neither dog nor man. Skunk muffs are much worn at the present day; it takes about four animals to an ordinary muff, and a good collarette three skins, so you see what a quantity of little animals one lady can wear about her.

THE STOAT OR ERMINE.

It is generally called ermine in its winter dress and is a valued fur. Ladies now wear the skin in the shape of an opera or travelling hood. The animal changes its colour from brown to white in the autumn, the tip of its tail only retaining its colour; but in the more northern parts of its habitat, the stoat invariably assumes the well-known white winter dress which constitutes the valuable ermine of commerce. In the highlands of Scotland these changes take place, but not always so in England; you may find it in Durham and Northumberland, and not in Lincolnshire, while in Cornwall and Hampshire it is almost unknown; this change from dark to white has given rise to much discussion; but, in spite of all that is said, there is little doubt that the change is really due to the necessity of the colour of the animal being adapted to its natural surroundings. The British fur is not so valued as those obtained from more northerly regions, the importation of ermine into England at one time, I think about 1834–5, was 104,000 skins. It would take about six skins to make a muff, and twelve or more to make an opera hood, so the destruction yearly is enormous.

THE SEA BEAR OR FUR SEAL.

Now we come to one of the most valued and favoured skins of this and other countries, but it appears that very few people know from which animal this beautiful fur comes. It is generally supposed that the common seal (Phoca) furnishes all the furs, but that is not the case. The family Octariiaœ, or eared seals, but not all of those, because some are called hair seals, and do not possess that underclothing of soft fur called seal skin. But the sea bear, really the smallest of the genera, is the seal which furnishes us with that valuable article of commerce, the under fur, from which the long hairs of the onter coat have been removed. The way they do this is very simple, the inner layer of skin being shaved away with a sharp knife, causes the long hairs, which are deeper rooted than the under fur, to fall out. There are nine known species, of which five are hair seals, four fur seals, and they are up to this date included in the single generic title Otarid, the sea lions or hair seals being the largest of all. Fur seals when young are black, but they become lighter with age. The best skins are offered by young males and females. The northern sea bear, as shown in the accompanying illustration, is distinguished at first sight by its short and straight face; in profile this animal measures eight feet in length, so it would take four or five skins to a cloak, and cut into two for a cape.

The otarid are easily distinguished from the



THE STOAT OR ERMINE IN WINTER DRESS.

common seals by their erect position, their fins being more like limbs and not useless fins by the side of the animal, and only of use to them when in the water.

The otarid therefore are less fish-like, the back fins coming forward like feet when in an erect position.

At the close of the last and during the early part of the present century fur seals existed in countless numbers in many parts of the world, but the greed and stupidity of men have succeeded in reducing their numbers in most regions. Fortunately, both for science and for commerce, the seal rookeries of the Prybeloff Islands in Behring Sea have been placed under such restrictions as to render the animal slaughter compensated by the number of births.

It appears that of the total number of sea-bears about half are males, and the other half females, but all of these do not mix with the females, as they are kept off by the stronger males, and herd by themselves; it is these bachelor seals which are alone allowed to be killed in the Prybeloff.

(To be continued.)



THE SEA BEAR OR FUR SEAL.

LIFE IN WOMEN'S CHAMBERS: A MOTHER'S IMPRESSION.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is no doubt about the growing fascination of the life described in our title, especially for the imaginations of many of our younger lassies whose lines have been lain hitherto in undeniably pleasant places.

As lately as the spring of last year it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to stay for a fortnight with an old school-friend whose eldest daughter had just finished her three years' course at the University, and was generally supposed to have come home now "for good." And assuredly hers was a home in which any gentle, bright-natured woman might have felt it good to be.

An old, sun-warmed Shropshire Hall, with the gables and black, crossing timbers that declare its near kinship to the homes of picturesque Cheshire, far enough in the country to secure the young green of the trees and hedgerows from all contamination of smoke, near enough to the town to admit easily of attendance at lectures or concerts, and for those unemancipated enough to desire it, of shopping, both pleasant and profitable.

The home within walls, moreover, was as attractive as its outward surroundings. Its master and mistress were never more content than when their house was filled with young people, whose number often doubled their own contingent of five; three boys and two girls, if Hetty and Jack, who were twenty-two and nineteen respectively, may be included under that heading.

The dignity too that can only come to a household whose head is deservedly honoured by the community of which it forms a part belonged to it in no scant measure. On all hands it was acknowledged that among the landowners of the country-side few interpreted their public and private duties in as generous a spirit or fulfilled them more conscientiously than Major Bramston. His gentle wife also, my Nita of the old days, aided and abetted his every kindly scheme, and with her children had been wont to throw herself heartily into all the best activities of the villages in the valley.

When Hetty at eighteen had elected to go to College, there had been much pleading against it on the part of her younger friends, and many useful openings for work, of necessity, set on one side at least for the time. But her father and mother had stood by her in her desire for a better equipment for life, and had spared her bright presence in the home as ungrudgingly as they could.

But when I arrived at the Hall to begin my visit in the proud capacity of "Auntie"-elect, if not actual, of all the younger people gathered under its roof, I found Hetty, with the honour of her diploma still fresh upon her, in a flushed and determined mood that allowed little or no room for persuasion. Her father was perplexed and grave, her mother almost tearful, and the rest of the family generally in distracted opposition.

She had been offered work through a College friend under the auspices of one of the many semi-scientific, semi-charitable associations bent on the redemption of the East End of London, and had set her heart on accepting it forthwith, and on "living in chambers."

Half an hour's quiet talk with her, however, easily revealed the fact that, kind-hearted lassie as Hetty was, it was the latter part of her programme that had especially fired her imagination.

"Just think, auntie! Two dear little rooms of my own, four storeys up on the lift, to manage them just as I choose, to be absolutely free to come and go, to live my own life!"

She drew a deep breath and threw out her arms with a swimmer's motion as if she already felt herself instinct with new powers of being.

I could hardly help laughing. Hetty's curly fair hair, dear dimpled little face and radiant blue eyes, seemed so strangely out of place in the solitary surrounding she desired so earnestly. I knew it. She did not. But as the days went by I began to realise, as did her mother, that nothing but that knowledge would ever bring back to her her old content in her home and the much good work that lay ready to her hand there, or even enable her to give herself to it in any way sufficiently to secure her her own self-respect.

So it was decided that Hetty should try her plan for a year; but as I watched the change that came over her mother's face when the decision was made I wondered if ever the younger generation will appreciate the length and breadth and depth and height of the love, faith and self-sacrifice which they are continually demanding and often richly receiving from the elder.

No. 17A, St. Edward's Chambers, W., was to form the direction of Hetty's letters henceforward. Her father provided her with thirty pounds for her furnishing, and smiled a little sadly at her eager petition "to be compelled to live on my own earnings." In the first excitement of her victory she had no thought but of securing it to the last straw.

"Let me go up by myself, mother. Mary," her college friend, "has promised to take me into her den until I have made my own fit to live in; and I want to manage everything for myself and then to have you come and see me when I'm settled."

"Mary," while the chief instigator of Hetty's new and unwelcome ambitions had, notwithstanding, been a frequent and favourite guest at the Hall. And although her heart was heavy "mother" said "yes" bravely to this request also.

"Why do Mary and Hetty always speak as if a den were the most delightful-sounding place in the world?" asked practical Bessie, who was sixteen and abhorred nonsensical notions.

"I expect Hetty's room will look just about as much like a den as Hetty looks like a wild beast," replied Jack with a grim twist of the corners of his mouth. "Now if she had seen some of our fellow's places at Rugby! Bird's nests and snakes in bottles on the window-sill, live mice and a hedgehog, and perhaps a tame toad or a tortoise crawling about the floor, half a chemical laboratory in one corner and a muddle of geological specimens in another, ink, crumbs, papers, dust over everything and not a clean rag, or a handkerchief even, two days after a fellow's washing had come in—she might talk about a den. But, bless me, a girl couldn't let herself be comfortable if she tried! I can just imagine what Hetty's show will be like. Not a chair strong enough to bear sitting down on, tables that upset the first time you go near them, with a lamp on one and half a hundred tea-cups on another, curtains enough to smother a fellow, pictures that can't or won't stay straight on the walls, cushions to take up all the available space left, and foot-stools kicking about on purpose to trip you up—bah!——"

Jack stayed his enumeration for want of breath, and for once Bessie forbore to take up the cudgels on behalf of her fellow-womenkind.

It must be confessed that Hetty's den when fully equipped would have gone far to justify her brother's sarcasms, although irrational as he would have declared it, its essentially feminine weaknesses afforded her, if not physical comfort, an exquisite mental satisfaction that far out-balanced any other consideration.

St. Edward's Chambers for women loomed large as a red brick pile even in the wide and many-mansioned street of which it formed a part. It probably contained nearly a hundred inhabitants, as eager and self-conscious in their quest of life as ever Hetty had been.

A large proportion of them were young, a larger, perhaps, were growing old rapidly in spite of a pathetic clinging to youth; one here and there had white or grey hair which they were inclined to wave as a banner when everything else failed them. For to live in St. Edward's Chambers was popularly supposed to involve the impressing of a distinct individuality upon your friends and neighbours. The distinctiveness being the matter of the most moment.

And yet with hardly an exception to an old-world mother's eyes as well as to those of the "mere male," their rooms or chambers presented an almost monotonous collection of similar oddities. Early in their existence a clever woman writer pointed out the fact that the inhabitants appeared to clothe their own persons, their walls and their sofas indiscriminately. The "Art Serge" that appeals with curious certainty to the would-be free women of our time as at once economically and æsthetically worthy of their patronage, if it hang in limp folds over a draughty door one day, may be impounded for the making of an equally limp cloak on the next, and finally end its career as a "beautiful patch of colour," concealing a shabby table or even a dilapidated coalscuttle. Art muslin again has a refinement lurking in its penny-halfpenny lengths that is inconceivable to the Philistine mind; while amazing posters, the evolution apparently of Japanese nightmares, are becoming the essential accompaniment of "black and whites," after Whistler, or autotypes of the most extreme Burne-Jones, Rossetti school.

Carved oak bureaus stand out amazed at their own substantiality from a few rush-bottomed chairs, usually manifestly painted or "japanned" by amateur hands, and the tables continually do justice to the masculine maledictions hurled at them. A sofa bed would be comfortable if it were not for the elaboration upon it of cushions and hangings supposed to conceal its identity, and a hammock chair or two invite to cigarettes and midday snatches of unrefreshing sleep—a consequence of work or excitement pursued mainly by lamp-light.

Hetty's particular art serge was peacock blue, her art muslin a delicate yellow and her floor rejoiced her eyes with a (for St. Edward's Chambers) unusually costly drugget of a rich moss green. Three or four little bookshelves with dangerously slender supports bore their burden of "favourites" proudly, and coloured pots on brackets, photographs of the home folk, and pictures framed, or "drawing-pinned," covered most of the convenient wall space.

At St. Edward's Chambers there were no little kitchens or sculleries such as are attached to many of their kind, to allow of the inhabitants indulging in any very substantial cooking on their own account. Few, if any of the women had any time for such employment of their energy even if they had had the inclination. Luncheon and dinner could be ordered at certain specified hours from the housekeeper's rooms below, and tables were laid and cleared with restless precision by maids who, alas! had little time to rest in, much less waste. What they must often have thought of the surroundings of their deftly set out cover were perhaps best left undetermined. But Hetty at any rate on the first day that I was invited to inspect her little domain had it radiantly ready for admiration.

It was still spring-time, and with the help of a box of daffodils and lilies-of-the-valley from the "Hall" garden, she had turned her little study into a veritable bower. Her friend Mary, who made her dwelling in rooms on the topmost floor of all, had descended to act as assistant hostess, and a merrier, kindlier or more completely light-hearted couple of lassies never made an old auntie more welcome.

Already Hetty had begun to take an absorbing interest in her work and to speak of us and our and we as if the association of which she was the newest and probably the youngest recruit was infallibly the reforming agency of the century. Mary was perhaps quieter in her faith, but seemed a no less devoted adherent; and I went away to write a long letter of description to Mrs. Bramston to tell her that, perhaps, after all, the young folks could see further along the road of life than we, whose eyes were growing a little near-sighted and too apt to be sensitive only to the lights and shadows of our own immediate circle.

For nearly six months after that I was absorbed in sorrows and anxieties that had arisen nearer my own home-life. Then I heard quite unexpectedly that Hetty had had an accident in getting in or out of her lift that had resulted in a badly broken ankle. At the same time I learnt that her mother had spent some six weeks up in her chambers nursing her, and that now they were both home again together for Christmas at the Hall.

From a rather guarded sentence towards the close of Mrs. Bramston's letter I gathered that there was little fear of Hetty's desiring a longer lease of life in chambers. But it was not until I again accepted an invitation to watch the spring making its welcome conquest of the Shropshire valleys that I heard "all about it."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Foolish Listeners.

It is told of Bishop Aylmer that when he observed his congregation inattentive he would repeat some verses of the Hebrew Bible, at which the people stared with astonishment. He then addressed them on the folly of eagerly listening to what they did not understand while they neglected instructions which were readily comprehended.

The Newspaper nearest the North Pole.

The paper that is published nearest the North Pole is one edited by a Mr. Moeller among the Eskimos of Greenland. He set up his office in a place called Godthaab, among a people that did not know how to read. Twice a month he makes a long trip on skates through the country to sell his paper.

At first his paper consisted of nothing but pictures; then he put in an alphabet, then added a few words, and at last came to sentences, until now his journal contains long articles on important topics.

And so this little paper of his has taught the Eskimos of that neighbourhood to read; and what great paper in the world can point to a piece of work more useful and enterprising?

The Wise Girl.

"How foolish is the pessimist,
Despondent and forlorn,
Who always when she gets a rose
Goes hunting for a thorn!
The optimist has better sense,
The charm of life she knows,
She doesn't mind a scratch or two
If she can get the rose."

The Disadvantage of having White Hands.

When Mary Queen of Scots made her first attempt to escape from the Castle of Lochleven, she entered the boat in the disguise of a laundress. She carried a bundle of clothes, and had a muffler over her face.

They had not gone far when one of those who rowed said in a joke—

"Let us see what manner of dame this is."

With that he tried to pull down her muffler. "In defence," says a contemporary account, "she put up her hands, which they spied to be very fair and white; wherewith they entered into suspicion whom she was."

The Queen was much put out, and entreated them to row her to the shore, but they paid no attention and just "rowed her back again."

The Cheerful Philosopher.

"'Twere easy told
That some grow wise and some grow cold,
And all feel time and trouble:
If life an empty bubble be,
How sad are those who will not see
A rainbow in the bubble."

Patience and Perseverance.—Patience is very good but perseverance is much better. While the former stands like a stoic under difficulties the latter makes it its business to vanquish them.

Think this Over.—By all means, girls, go on learning, but remember that knowledge is worse than ignorance if it does not lead us to live wiser and better lives.

He saw He was Blind.

"Well, John, did you take the note I gave you to Mr. Smithers?" asked a gentleman of his rustic servant.

"Yes, sir," said John; "I took the note, but I don't think he can read it."

"Can't read it! Why so?"

"Because he is so blind, sir. While I was in the room he axed me where my hat was, and it war on my head all the time."

Definitions.—The "complete angler," as a definition of "a flirt," is particularly happy. Beauty has been called "a short-lived tyranny," "a silent cheat" and "a delightful prejudice;" while modesty has been declared "the delicate shadow that virtue casts." Love has been likened to "the sugar in a woman's teacup and man the spoon that stirs it up;" and a "true lover's knot" has not inaptly been termed a "dear little tie."

Alchemists.—"In their search for gold the alchemists discovered other things—gunpowder, china, medicines, the laws of nature. There is a sense in which we are all alchemists."—*Schopenhauer.*

The Speed of Thought.—"It takes about two-fifths of a second," says a scientific writer, "to call to mind the country in which a well-known town is situated or the language in which a familiar author wrote. We can think of the next month in half the time we need to think of the name of last month. It takes on an average one-third of a second to add numbers containing one digit, and half a second to multiply them."

Odds and Ends.

THERE seems to be no limit to the uses to which the bicycle may be put. The cowboys in a cattle ranch near the Cheyenne River, in America, have been using the machines during the past summer in place of the horses with which they used formerly to collect their masters' herds. When the owner of the ranch first suggested that the cowboys should ride bicycles instead of horses for the work amongst the cattle on the level parts of the ranch, the men looked upon him as being little short of insane. But he persisted, and, the experiment being tried, was found so successful, that the men now declare that they have done better work in some cases than they would have done with horses. When the deep snow renders the use of the bicycles impossible, the horses will again be called into requisition, but not before.

THE national flower of England, the rose, is the oldest flower of which the world has any record. Its origin has never been stated, and it is not mentioned in the Bible before the reign of Solomon; but then it is spoken of in such terms as to indicate that it had already been well known for a long time. It is found drawn upon some of the earliest Egyptian monuments, and upon the tomb of an Egyptian princess being opened only a year ago, several vessels, hermetically sealed, were found, which contained attar of roses. From the Egyptians the manufacture of attar of roses or rose-essence was doubtless taken by the Greeks and the Jews, as it was common to both peoples. It is an extraordinary fact that wild roses grow upon every continent on the globe with the exception of Australia, and even in the Polar regions, where the summer is only of two months' duration, they are to be found, travellers in Greenland, Kamschatka, and Northern Siberia constantly gathering them, as well as at Spitzbergen.

BY some extraordinary oversight there is absolutely no public official record of the birth, baptism or confirmation of Queen Victoria. As the Queen was only three degrees removed from the throne at the time of her birth, it would be thought that some document setting forth the fact of her entrance into the world would have been found amongst the mass of public archives, but it appears that the announcement of the birth was all that was deemed necessary by the State officials, whose duty it was to be personally aware of the fact; consequently there is nothing in our public records to show the birth of one of our greatest sovereigns. Of course, there are the private entries of birth, baptism and confirmation in the royal registers kept for the purpose.

A NATURALIST who has been observing ants very closely for some years, and who has written much about them says that each ant of one particular species is regularly washed by another ant who for the time being acts as lady's-maid. They were examined beneath a microscope, and on an ant waking up the assistant ant began by washing its face and then going over the whole body, the insect expressing all the signs of extreme pleasure and gratification during the process. These particular ants, the naturalist found, slept for three hours at a time in relays, the toilet operation being performed upon each set as it awoke.

"TO know how to learn, so that when need arises knowledge may be quickly attained, is a better provision for the business of life than is afforded by the largest or richest store of information packed away in the memory—perhaps so packed as to be inaccessible when wanted."

"IF ever the happy time should arrive when we are more interested to discover the excellences of our friends and neighbours than their defects, and more anxious to study their ideals than to insist upon our own, a great impetus will be given to moral progress and to the true and cordial brotherhood of man."

A VERY wise edict has lately been put in force in Massachusetts. This entails a penalty upon the wearer of the skin or feathers of any bird which is protected by the laws of that State, as well as upon the person who kills it. Thus any girl or woman who buys these feathers or birds from a milliner to decorate her hat or bonnet runs the risk of a fine or imprisonment as much as the man who has shot the bird. The law is certainly drastic, but the indifference of women to the total extinction of certain species of birds in order that they themselves may be adorned is so great and so increasing, that it needs restrictive measures to bring them to a proper sense of kindly feeling and humanity.

WE are not generally aware that whilst we are awake we are continually winking. Every five minutes or so the upper eyelid suddenly drops down, and each time it does so a tear is swept across the eye and washes away any speck of dust or dirt that may have lodged upon it. This action on our part is quite unconscious; but this moisture is perpetually clearing the vision. The eyes themselves frequently become weak from improper use, such as reading by too bright a light, or not sufficient light. Women often ruin their eyesight over fancy work in which the colours are dazzling and the designs intricate. Happily fancy-work is no longer so fashionable as it was, but that, and fine embroidery and lace-work have much to answer for with regard to the short-sightedness of many women, for whose eyes the strain necessitated by the keen attention to minute stitches has been too great.

IN China everything is done backwards. The men wear skirts and the women wear trousers; the Chinese compass points to the South instead of to the North, and whilst the men wear their hair in a pigtail, the women coil theirs into a knot, and oddly enough the dressmakers are men and the women act as labourers. The written language is not spoken, and the spoken language is not written; books are read backward, and they write from the right to the left-hand side of the paper, instead of from the left to the right. White is the colour of mourning, and black is the colour for bridals, the bridesmaids being old women. When a Chinaman meets a friend he shakes his own hand, and he commences his dinner with dessert, ending with soup and fish. Their vessels are launched sideways and they always mount their horses on the off side.

FINLAND is a country of which comparatively little is ever heard, but its women are much more advanced in education and social progress than those of almost any other country in Europe. During the past twenty-five years the schools have been free to both sexes, and in the University of Helsingfors—the capital—there are now two hundred women-students. Two flourishing clubs in the country are solely supported by women, whilst over a thousand women are engaged in the public service, such as post-offices, railroads and telegraph offices. Nearly another thousand are teachers in schools of various grades, it being no uncommon thing to see young men of eighteen who are preparing for a commercial or academic career amongst their pupils. Business engrosses the time and attention of three thousand of the Finnish women, and out of the eighty poor-houses in the country, fifty-two are managed by women superintendents. The population of Finland being small, the total of these figures represent a large percentage of the women of the nation.

THE Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia has become better known to Europe during the last two or three years, owing to the disastrous Italian campaigns against him and the missions that both France and England have sent to his court. Most of the Biblical manuscripts which have passed into the possession of European countries have come from Abyssinia, and it is said that there are still large quantities remaining in the Emperor's keeping. When Ethiopia was invaded by the Mahomedans in the sixteenth century, the Abyssinians placed all their manuscripts in an island of Lake Zana called Debra-Sina, where they were carefully guarded by the inhabitants, who looked upon the books as tutelary deities. The Emperor of Abyssinia has now conquered these "holy islands," and has built a great library in his capital for the safe keeping of the mass of manuscripts he found. The time may come when European savants will have free access to these treasures, many of which are supposed to bear directly upon the earlier history of the Christian religion.

IT is just a hundred years ago since the art of lithography was discovered. Mozart's opera, *Don Juan*, had been most successfully produced at Munich, and after the performance a man named Sanefelder, whose duty it was to stamp the tickets of admission to the opera house, began to stamp the tickets for the following day. When he went to his room he had three things in his hand, a polished whetstone for sharpening razors, a ticket-stamp still wet with the printing-ink, and a cheque for his week's salary. As he placed this cheque upon the table, a draught of wind caught it, and, carrying it up almost to the ceiling, finally deposited it in a basin of water. Sanefelder dried the cheque and then pressed it flat with the whetstone, upon which he had before carelessly placed the ticket-stamp. When he took the cheque from under the stone the next morning, he found that the letters of the stamp were printed upon it with faithful accuracy. It then occurred to him that by this means he could probably simplify his work of copying out the parts of the chorus of the various operas, so he purchased a large stone, and, after making several experiments, discovered the art of lithography, or, in other words, the art of printing from stone.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

POMONA.—Goître or "Derbyshire neck" is an enlargement of the "thyroid gland," which is placed in front of the neck just under the larynx or voice box. The causes of this condition are not fully understood, but locality is undoubtedly a very important factor. Derbyshire and parts of Cornwall and Wales are the districts where the condition is most prevalent. It is supposed by some authorities to be due to impure water-supply, especially to drinking water strongly impregnated with lime salts. As regards the treatment: the first point, obviously, is to remove from the district where the condition prevails. Iodine, both internally and externally, is warmly recommended by some physicians. The progress of the affection is very slow, and when formed it often tends to slowly disappear on leaving the place where it originated.

JOAN.—The condition you mention is a symptom which often accompanies heart-disease, but as the term is very loosely applied to any form of difficulty in breathing it would be impossible to say what the condition was without examination. We therefore advise you to have the girl's chest examined by a physician, who will be able to set your mind at rest on this point.

"FLO" AND "ALBERTA."—Moles on the face cannot be cured except by removal. They are best removed with scissors. Afterwards the sides of the wound are stitched up with horsehair. A minute scar is left after the operation.

LOTTIE.—The following is the best method to cure warts and is perfectly free from danger. Having washed the wart and surrounding skin with warm water smear vaseline over the skin round the wart, but do not let it touch the wart itself. Then drop on to the wart two or three drops of strong acetic acid, and after waiting for ten seconds rub well into the wart solid nitrate of silver (lunar caustic). If one application does not cure repeat the treatment. We have never known this method to fail.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

MANNA (*Asylum Attendant*).—Your project of becoming an asylum attendant is a good one, and you are likely to find the previous experience of children's nursing you possess valuable. Efforts are being made by the Medico-Psychological Association (address, Hanwell Asylum) to improve the intellectual status of asylum nurses by instituting a system of training and examination. Those who have passed this examination would undoubtedly have a better chance of obtaining appointments than others without special qualifications. There is a large Poor Law Asylum for children at Earlswood, and you would do well to write to the matron asking whether there are likely to be any vacancies in the staff. Ordinarily the payment of asylum nurses begins at £16 a year and rises to £25.

LES YEUX (*Civil Service, Post Office Department*).—Your short-sightedness might not actually hinder you in the discharge of your duties as a Post Office clerk; but, with the high medical standard now enforced, we think you would run a considerable risk in selecting a Civil Service career. There is, as we have pointed out before, the painful possibility of being thrown out of employment at the end of a two years' engagement.

LAUREL (*Lessons in Hairdressing*).—Advertise your intention to give hairdressing lessons in the papers principally read by ladies. It is not however a good time of the year for such an undertaking, as fashionable ladies and their maids are out of London during the early part of the autumn.

STEWARDESS (*P. and O. Liner*).—We have recently given information on this subject. The principal companies usually engage as stewardesses the widows and relatives of their own officers. Possibly your cousin, who is in the service of a Transatlantic company, might be able to further your wishes. We hardly think, however, that the companies would be willing to appoint a very young woman to such a post.

TINIE (*Copying at Home*).—We are obliged to repeat that copying at home is work which can scarcely be obtained in London, much less in a country village. People do their copying now by means of various mechanical appliances, and if they wish it done for them, they send to some well-known office where the work is certain to be done expeditiously and satisfactorily.

A CONSTANT READER (*Cookery*).—You do not give your address, so we are unable to tell you what would be the best means for you to take to learn cookery in your own neighbourhood. Probably, however, you will find on inquiry that some County Council classes exist, and those you could attend with profit, as you object so much to beginning your career as scullery-maid. You would do better to become a cook, as you have some talent for the work, than to go into a draper's shop, or become a children's nurse, though the last-named occupation is an excellent one for those who are clever in the management of children.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHARITY BATE. — The motto *Pugna pro patriâ*, "Fight for your country," is that of the Tichbourne family; but the crest is not the same as yours. *Pugno pro patriâ*, "I fight for my country," is the motto of one branch of the Ogilvy's, the crest also being different. We do not understand the inversion of the motto, and cannot find out anything about either it or the crest you send, except the above. Many crests and mottoes are the composition of the heraldic stationers.

FIREFLY.—1. The summer season at Bournemouth lasts from the beginning of July to the end of September, and as there is a winter season, we think that October might be a cheaper time, as well as April, May, and June for a visit. They have greatly overbuilt the place, and the price of lodgings and boarding-houses has much gone down of late. Cromer has a very different climate and is bracing, but warmer and drier than Lowestoft and Yarmouth. There is only a summer season, beginning in June and closing by October. Both of these places have a sandy beach, that of Bournemouth is five miles in length.—2. Wedding-cake presentations are not usually acknowledged.

SANDOWN.—We have inquired about the home but can hear of nothing of the sort. It is probable that you would obtain information of something of the same description at the Y. W. C. A., Central Institute, 316, Regent St., W. But, observe, we do not approve of the plan, and think you should consider well before you go. You should have the full consent and free permission of your *fiancé's* father and mother.

LOVER OF THREE.—The plant from which Indian hemp is obtained, grows in various parts of Hindustan, where it is called *sunn*. It is used to produce intoxication in India, and the drink of which it is a stimulant is called *bhang*. The extract is only used in England for medicinal purposes, and it is considered to be a cure for whooping cough; but as its properties are very powerful it would be highly improper to administer it unless by a medical prescription, made for that particular sufferer. You appear to be reading a number of unhealthy books; quite unsuitable for so young a girl. Don't! you will be sorry when you are older and wiser.

ANXIOUS.—You do not give any information as to the social condition of the person for whom you wish to find an inexpensive home. Is she a retired governess? or a domestic servant, or has she been in trade? There are "St. Andrew's Cottage Homes" at Clewer, near Windsor, in which are some free rooms, which, however, may not be vacant. Others are at 15s. and others at 20s. weekly. At Blackwater, Hampshire, there is a Cottage Home for a few ladies from 12s. 6d. weekly. Apply to Miss Hillman, Woodbine Cottage. You had better write all particulars to the Secretary of "The Governesses Benevolent Institution," 32, Sackville Street, London, W. Or, perhaps, still better, to the Hon. Superintendent of the "Y. W. C. A.," Kent House, 91, Great Portland Street, London, W., stating that you want a permanent home for a person past middle age and past work; saying to what class she belongs.

H. LACEY.—1. A George III. half-crown, dated 1817, obverse small bust without shoulders, and reverse, arms on a plain shield, surrounded by the garter, the collar omitted, valued at from 3s. 6d. to 6s. A George III. crown piece obverse laureated bust to right, reverse St. George and Dragon, dates 1818–19–20, valued at from 7s. 6d. to 15s. Take them to some silversmith, who, if he do not take them, would advise you as to where else to offer them.—2. Your spelling is more than usually bad. You write "persevation" for "preservation," "peice" for "piece," "as" for "has," "mecellinous" for "miscellaneous," amongst other words.

A TWELVE YEARS' READER OF "G. O. P." (Liverpool).—Beeswax only, or a mixture of yellow soap and beeswax melted together, is the proper thing for the inside of a feather bed, not soap alone, which soon dries, and becomes powder. It is better to use very little even of the beeswax and soap, but instead, to purchase a very stout good ticking, so close in texture that the feathers cannot get through it.

SAY AND SEAL.—Miss Elizabeth Wetherall (Susan Warner) died in 1885. The date of her book, *Melbourne House*, is 1864; *Say and Seal* was written in 1860 by the two sisters, Susan and Anna. The latter wrote under the name of "Amy Lothrop." The last book that we know of by her was *Stories of Vinegar Hill*, published in 1871; but there are books by the sisters which are dated in 1880–1882. The unfinished nature of many of their books leads to constant inquiries about sequels to them.

PENN HALIFAX.—1. The "spade guineas" (of George III.) of 1787, but were discontinued after 1799. A proof spade guinea of this reign issued 1787, with plain edge, is worth £1 18s.—2. The works of Swift, published in 1766, 18 vols. 12mo., to which edition there is sometimes added *Letters*, 6 vols., and *Supplement*, 3 vols., forming altogether 27 vols., are valued at about £4 4s.

STAR.—The offering of incense in the Jewish Church was not a special and distinctive ordinance of their religion only, because it has formed a part of the religious ceremonies of most ancient nations. Doubtless, it had a symbolical significance, as well as an offering to the Deity (real or suppositious), such as rendered to none but the Deity. But, over and above this, it was of hygienic importance and value; as in a great concourse of persons of all conditions of life, some with infectious breath, and some with old and soiled clothing from houses where there had been contagious disease, such fumigation was not only hygienically desirable, but agreeable to the other worshippers. There is an allusion to incense in Rev. v. 8., where the "vials full of odours," are described as typical of "the prayers of saints," also in chap. viii., 4. See also Malachi i. 11.

GLORIA.—Dr. J. Eadie, in the *Bible Cyclopœdia*, says, "The Second Temple did not contain the ark. Whether it was seized among the spoils when the city was sacked, or whether it was secreted and afterwards destroyed, does not appear. The Jews think it will be restored when their Messiah appears." Dr. Sir W. Smith, in his *Smaller Dictionary of the Bible*, says "the Ark was probably taken captive or destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar." Prideaux's argument that "there must have been an Ark in the Second Temple," is of no weight against express testimony, such as that of Josephus. "PEREAUT QUI ANTE NOS NOSTRA DIXERUNT" is from Donatus, a learned grammarian, the instructor of St. Jerome. It is translated, "Would that those persons had never existed who give utterance to the very same thoughts that occur to ourselves." An exclamation to which many people give utterance in the present day, no doubt, and which finds its best analogy in our English adage, "There is nothing new under the sun."

A ROLY POLY PUPPY (Moscow).—1. Your English is wonderful for twelve years old. You may make your bad temper much better, if you will invariably count twenty before you attempt to speak. If you can control yourself so far, the victory will be half won. Pray to God for His grace to help you.—2. We should always give cats cooked meat when domesticated; but you must remember that in their wild state they would eat it raw.

GRAFF REINET LASS.—You give no idea of the tastes nor the vocation of your intended husband, which we should know, to give you a good suggestion for a present. If fond of horses and riding, a silver-mounted whip or gold horse-shoe cravat pin. If a reader, a book on his favourite studies; or else some nice articles for the toilet—a brush and comb in a leather case, or a small leather travelling bag, sufficient for an absence of a day or two. Your acquaintance with his habits and pursuits must render you a better judge than an utter stranger.

E. W. G.—There are farmhouses in Kent and Sussex and elsewhere, prepared for the reception of boarders. The Great Eastern Railway has, for some years, issued yearly a printed list of farm-house-lodgings, which may be obtained at any of their stations and offices in London. We have heard that other railways had done the same, and as you have plenty of time, you might inquire at their various offices.

E. M. H.—We should hope that this feeling of shyness will wear off in time and give place to a happy confidence and pleasure in each other's society. You will need much love and trust to enable you to bear the test of marriage.

S. C. A. L.—It would not be "rude" to speak to a man—"a widower"—who is unknown to you except by sight; it would be very forward and intrusive to force your acquaintance on a stranger, especially a man. How could you be "really fund of him?"—we suppose you mean "fond." There is no e terminating the word "speak."

WILD IRISH GIRL.—1. March 7th, 1879, was a Friday. —2. Birds should have covers over their cages to keep them as dark as possible when they go to roost: but there should be some aperture for ventilation.

AGNES.—MS. has been read, declined and returned to you. The question is not one of etiquette but of wisdom and propriety. An exchange of letters, or a correspondence between a young man and a girl, who are not betrothed to each other, should be begun only with the knowledge and consent of parents or guardians, who are able to judge how far it would be wise to permit it. Such letters should be always open to inspection, and in no sense private. Platonic friendships have been found, by long experience, to be dangerous.

MARGUERITE.—A situation as lady nurse, or children's maid, where an under nurse is kept, is comparatively rare; and much experience in the physical care, as well as moral training of infants and young children is an essential qualification. At only seventeen and six months you could not be thus qualified. It is a situation of great trust, and only persons, say from twenty-five to thirty years of age, could inspire sufficient confidence for such a position. But you might advertise, of course.



COFFEE AND SCANDAL.



VOL. XIX.—No. 930.] OCTOBER 23, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TWO-ACRE ESTATES, OR VILLA FARMS.

THE HOMESTEADS OF THE FUTURE.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THERE are two weighty questions much debated at present, in every family where there are young people of both or either sex growing up, and needing some provision to be made for their future living and maintenance. If the family fortune be not enough to supply more than a certain amount of education, or a few hundreds of pounds for an outfit and settlement, the questions of "Where shall we send him? What shall we do with her?" become even more puzzling still. Formerly it was only the boys who had to be thought of, now the girls also claim their share of education; which, if not professional, must be one of an advanced and excellent kind, or they cannot expect to compete with their fellows in life. Every girl does not want to be a doctor, and the profession of a nurse is much overstocked; the Civil Service will not provide for every one; and though music and the arts take some, perhaps, off our hands, we are still confronted with the question, for boys as well as girls: How can they make a living in the world of to-day? What a relief from these anxieties it would be were it once demonstrated without a doubt, that an opening exists at our very doors, without any very great expenditure of money, which would answer equally for ourselves, if we needed it, or for our children; and that the training is one both inexpensive and not difficult to obtain.



VIEW OF FOUNDER'S HOUSE, WITH OUTSIDE SEAT FOR WAYFARERS.

A book-cupboard is fixed above it, over the doors of which are these words—

"*A quiet resting-place—*
Refreshment for the mind."



LARGE FRUIT AND VEGETABLE STOREHOUSE WITH DWELLING-ROOMS OVER.

Now one of the things which has been talked of for years, discussed from every possible point of view, and finally recommended by a Prime Minister of England, as a panacea for the distresses of the farmer, has been, what is known as *La petite culture*, the cultivation of fruit, flowers and vegetables, in fact, any and everything which can be grown in a small way by personal supervision and personal labour on a small amount of ground. Only a few weeks ago, as you have probably seen in the daily papers, at a Horticultural Show held in the grounds of Hawarden Castle, Mr. Gladstone spoke on this subject, and read a letter which had been sent to him by a farmer who had adopted his advice about small culture, and had found it useful and profitable too. I have cut out the letter because it is valuable as proving the case from the farmer's side. The letter is as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—Some years ago, in a speech made at Hawarden, you suggested that, under

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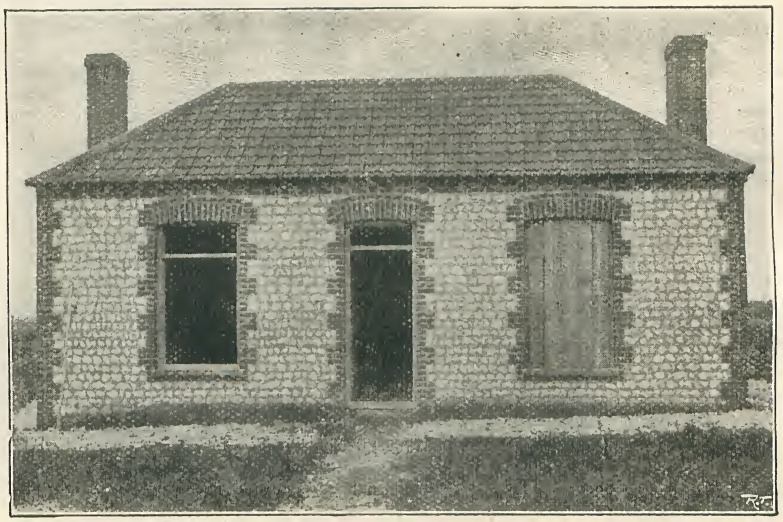
certain conditions, farmers should devote a part of their land to the culture of fruit and flowers. I am pleased to say that I took your advice, especially with regard to flowers, and that for the past three years, although I have largely increased my growth, I have received many more orders than I have been able to supply. You will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that I send cut flowers to dwellers in our large towns at a cost to them of something like fifty per cent. under what they formerly had to give; also that I am able to pay my workpeople twenty per cent. higher wages than they used to receive when the land was worked for purely agricultural purposes. In addition to this, I put by a very substantial profit for myself."

The side of the question that interests us at this moment is not the farmer's, however, but how and where we ourselves can manage to see and hear enough on the subject from people who have tried the experiment, to convince us that here, indeed, lies the land of promise for any one fond of out-of-door pursuits, and gifted with industry, perseverance, and a small amount of money. About eight years ago a London tradesman, Mr. R. K. Goodrich, thought he would like to go back to the country, make a home there, and live a more natural and probably a happier life. Being active and industrious, he also thought he would try to do a little profitable market-gardening and fruit-growing; so he got hold of a bit of land at Methwold, two and a half miles from Stoke Ferry Station on the Great Eastern Railway, and built a house and set to work; and then so prospered, that he told his story to several interested listeners, and soon found many who wished to do as he had done; and so arose the Methwold Fruit Farm Colony, a co-operative community, numbering at present about fifty settlers who own in all about one hundred and sixty acres in plots of from one to ten acres each. Field was added to field, beginning with two acres, then ten acres, then successively ten, thirteen and a half, two, nineteen, forty-two, thirty, and twenty-eight. None of the settlers would have embarked on the work of fruit farming or any other form of *petite culture* in an isolated situation, and it is probable they would have failed in it if they had; while failure in a colony, Mr. Goodrich thinks, is impossible. Some people, of course, may discover their unfitness for the new life, and may leave it; but not if they be educated and personally fitted for it.

All sorts and conditions of men and women are found amongst the settlers; all of them having left the city in search of a healthier and better life. Everyone is perfectly free, and yet it is practically a co-operative community. Each settler buys what land he likes and does what he likes with it; and at the base of the whole thing lies, I think, the English love for a freehold, and freedom with it. The land costs £30 an acre, and I was told that there is a scheme in consideration whereby a person can buy even a foot of land at a time just as he is able to earn the money, a kind of penny in the slot scheme applied to land!

The colony, as at present working-out, is on the lines of freeholding by small capitalists; which means, people who have either saved or owned sums from £250 to £500. For the first-named sum you can purchase two acres of ground, plant and stock it, and build a good and pretty house, which means a rent of about £10 or so. What has been done at Methwold could be done in a hundred other places; and here is an opening for our boys as well as our girls.

With 1,200,000,000 eggs being laid all over Europe, as Mr. Gladstone says, it would be a very good thing if six hundred millions of them could be laid in England. The same history of foreign importation is told of butter, of apples, and of everything eatable that we consume. This latter is a crop so extremely well suited to all parts of this country, and it was so celebrated for the best kinds of apples, that it seems as if we ought to do more for ourselves. But alas! the English farmer who owns an orchard is quite the exception; and if there be one, the apples grow just as they will; little science is expended on the trees to ensure a good crop, and few farmers understand even the A B C of fruit-growing.



Cottage of limestone and bricks, with a well of good water, two hundred fruit trees planted on two acres, worth about £250, which can be paid in instalments.

And now I must tell you what the Methwold colonists do to make a living. They grow vegetables, fruit and flowers; they keep cows, pigs, poultry and bees. They make butter and jam, sell eggs, and supply beehives, poultry-houses and rustic furniture, and send to all parts nice little parcels of honey, jams, apples and vegetables priced from 5s. to 10s. carriage paid. Here the co-operative system comes in, for in making up these parcels, many settlers contribute, for one has an article which another has not; and here is the advantage of collective small proprietorships. There is now quite a large trade done between Methwold and London, and hundreds of packages are sent up weekly. In fact the colony is unable to supply its many customers, and it is hunting the surrounding country for produce that could not find a market. There are about a hundred agricultural labourers in the parish of Methwold; and the colony not only works itself, but employs much labour; indeed, it is said that if the whole parish were worked in the same mode of intense cultivation, a thousand labourers would be wanted; and what prosperity this would mean for all England it is not difficult to foresee.

And now I feel sure that the question is coming, Can a living be made upon small estates? and this is exactly the question Mr. Goodrich thinks is answered at the Fruit Farm Colony. When brains are united with the virtues of the soil, and clever and enlightened men and women with scientific knowledge set to work, they have, and will produce marvellous results from small areas. Beside covering their own tables with food, they have in addition grown as much as possible for sale. New ideas are constantly being taken up, and lately osier beds have been planted, and workshops for many village industries are being erected, such as the making of jams, grinding and storing peat, for preserving apples, potatoes, onions, etc., and the colony is even attempting to make its own homespun cloth, and, in addition, will undertake tailoring.

An Institute and Reading-room is proposed; the institute being for technical instruction and lectures on all subjects connected with the objects of the colony, to which the library and reading-room will be attached. The lecturer of the Norfolk County Council gave lectures on Horticulture last winter, and this summer has been appointed to give object lessons to the residents in the colony; nor must I forget to mention, that the National Thrift Society have arranged to open, if they have not already done so, a Thrift Industrial Home for the education of boys. In this school, which has a staff of practical instructors, all branches of work will be taught, so that two or three years will suffice to teach all that is requisite for the management of a small combination farm, with a fair prospect for the future. The entire cost for one year's training is to be £25, including board and lodging. After this it is expected that a boy will be able to earn his own living in the colony.

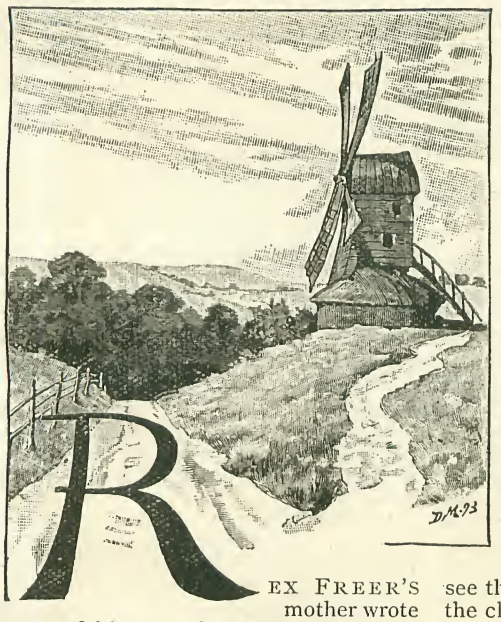
Girls have a provision also made for their education in Horticulture, besides the lectures at Methwold and other places; in the college at Swanley in Kent; bee-keeping, poultry-farming, dairy-work, etc., can be learnt; terms inclusive about £70 per annum. There is also a course at the Crystal Palace School of Science.

Methwold has already started its small newspaper, called *The Methwold Express and Village Industries Gazette*; and here one may read the opinions and ideas of the colonists. I find that there are lady farmers as well as gentlemen, and that many more are expected to take up their residence on their estates of two acres.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER IV.



REX FREER'S mother wrote a grateful letter to Mr. Bertrand, thanking him for his hospitality to her son, and arranging to drive over for Rex on the following Saturday afternoon, so that Hilary's anxiety was at an end, and she could enjoy the strange boy's society with an easy mind. After Norah had broken the ice, there was no further feeling of shyness. When Rex hobbled downstairs at ten o'clock in the morning, he ensconced himself on the old-fashioned sofa in the sewing-room, and remained there until he adjourned into the drawing-room for the evening. The boys came in and out as they pleased. Miss Briggs coddled him and brought him cups of beef tea, but it was upon the girls that he chiefly depended for amusement. In the morning they were busy with their household duties; but, as regular lessons had not begun, afternoon was a free time, and while Norah drew, Lettice carved, and Hilary occupied herself manufacturing fineries for the London visit, a brisk clatter of tongues was kept up, in which the invalid took his full part. The sound of five-finger exercises would come from the schoolroom overhead, but so soon as four o'clock struck, the Mouse would steal in, in her little white pinafore, and creep on to the corner of the sofa. She and the "strange boy" had made friends at once, and were on the best of terms.

"I wish you lived with us for ever!" she said one afternoon, looking lovingly in his face, as he stroked her wavy locks.

"And I wish you lived with me, Mouse," he answered. "I should like a little sister just like you, with a tiny pointed chin, and a tiny little nose, and big dark eyes. You are a real little mouse. It is exactly the right name for you."

"No, it's my wrong name. My true name is Geraldine Audrey. It's written that way in the Bible."

"Dear me! that's a big name for a small person. And who gave you that name," asked Rex, laughing. But the child's face did not relax from its characteristic gravity as she replied—

"My godfathers and my godmothers, and a silver mug, and a knife and fork in a case, with 'G. A. B.' written on the handles. Only I mayn't use them till I'm seven, in case I cut my fingers."

Dear little Geraldine Audrey! Everyone loved her. She was always so desperately in earnest, so unsuspicious of fraud, and her little life was made a burden to her in the holidays by reason of the pranks of her big brothers. They sent her into village shops to demand "a halfpenny-worth of pennies," they kept her shivering in the drive staring at the lions on the top of the gate-posts, to see them wag their tails when they heard the clock strike twelve; they despatched her into the garden with neat little packets of salt to put on the birds' tails, and watched the poor mite's efforts in contortions of laughter from behind the window curtains. The Mouse was more sorrowful than angry when the nature of these tricks was explained to her. "I fought you told the trufh," she would say quietly, and then Raymond and Bob would pick her up in their arms, and try to make amends for their wickedness by petting her for the rest of the day.

On the third day of Rex's visit, the weather was so tempestuous that even Raymond and Bob did not stir from the house. They spent the morning over chemical experiments in the schoolroom, but when afternoon came they wearied of the unusual confinement and were glad to join the cosy party downstairs. Norah had a brilliant inspiration and suggested "Chestnuts," and Master Raymond sat in comfort, directing the efforts of poor red-faced Bob, as he bent over the fire and roasted his fingers as well as the nuts. When half a dozen young people are gathered round a fire, catching hot nuts in outstretched hands, and promptly dropping them with shrieks of dismay, the last remnants of shyness must needs disappear; and Rex was soon as uproarious as any other member of the family, complaining loudly when his "turn" was forgotten, and abusing the unfortunate Bob for presenting him with a cinder instead of the expected dainty. The clatter of tongues was kept up without a moment's intermission, and, as is usual under such circumstances, the conversation was chiefly concerned with the past exploits of the family.

"You can't have half as many jokes in the country as you can in town," Raymond declared. "When we were in London, two old ladies lived in the house opposite ours, who used to sit sewing in the window by the hour together. One day, when the sun was shining, Bob and I got hold of a mirror and flashed it at them from our window so that the light dazzled their eyes and made them jump. They couldn't see us, because we were hiding behind the curtains, but it was as good as a play to watch first one, then the other, drop her work and put up her hand to her eyes. Then they began shaking their fists across the road, for they knew it was us, because we had played some fine tricks on them before. On wet days we used to make up a sham parcel, tie a thread to the end, and put it on the side of the pavement. Every one who came along stooped down to pick it up, then we gave a jerk to the string and moved it on a little further; they gave another grab, and once or twice a man overbalanced himself and fell down, but it didn't always come off so well as that. Oh, it was capital sport!"

"You got into trouble yourselves sometimes. You didn't always get the best of it," Norah reminded him. "Do you remember the day when you found a ladder leaning against the area railings of a house in the white terrace. Father had forbidden you to climb ladders, but you were a naughty boy, as usual, and began to do it, and when you got to the top, the ladder overbalanced, and you fell head over heels into the area. It is a wonder you were not killed that time!"

Raymond chuckled softly, as if at a pleasant remembrance. "But I was not, you see, and the cook got a jolly fright. She was making pastry at a table by the window, and down we came, ladder and I, the finest smash in the world. There was more glass than flour in the pies that day!"

"But father had to pay for new windows, and you were all over bruises from head to foot——"

"That didn't matter. It was jolly. I could have exhibited myself in a show as a 'boy leopard,' and made no end of money. And I wasn't the only one who made father pay for new windows. When Bob was a little fellow, he broke the nursery window by mistake, and a glazier came to mend it. Bob sat on a stool watching him do it, and snored all the time—Bob always snores when he is interested—and as soon as the man had picked up his tools and left the room, what did he do but jump up and send a toy horse smashing through the pane again. He wanted to see the glazier put in another, but he hadn't the pleasure of seeing it mended that time. He was whipped and sent to bed."

"We—w—w—well," cried Bob, who was afflicted with a stammer when he was excited, "I didn't c—c—ut off my eyelashes, anyway. Norah went up to her room one day and p—played barber's shop. She cut lumps off her hair wherever she could get at it, till

she looked like an Indian squaw, and then she s—s—snipped off her eyelashes till there wasn't a hair left. She was sent to bed as w—well as me."

"They have grown again since then," said Norah, shutting one eye, and screwing up her face in a vain effort to prove the truth of her words. "I had been to see Lettice have her hair cut that day, and I was longing to try what it felt like. I knew it was naughty, but I couldn't stop, it was too fascinating. Oh, Lettice, do you remember when you sucked your thumb?"

Lettice threw up her hands with a little shriek of laughter. "Oh, how funny it was. I used to suck my thumb, Rex, until I was quite a big girl, six years old, I think, and one day mother spoke to me seriously, and said I really must give it up. If I didn't I was to be punished; if I did I was to get a prize—I forget what it was now. I said, 'Well, may I suck my thumb as long as ever I like to-day, for the very last time?' Mother said I might, so I sat on the stairs outside the nursery door and sucked my thumb all day long—hours, hours, and hours, and after that I was never seen to suck it again. I had had enough!"

"It must be awfully nice to belong to a large family," said Rex wistfully. "You can have such fun together. Edna and I were very quiet at home, but I had splendid times at school, and sometimes I used to bring some of the fellows down to stay with me in the holidays. One night I remember—hallo, here's the Mouse! I thought you were having a nice little sleep on the schoolroom sofa, Mouse. Come here and sit by me."

Geraldine advanced to the fireplace in her usual deliberate fashion. She was quite calm and unruffled, and found time to smile at each member of the party before she spoke.

"So I was asleep, only they's a fire burning on the carpet of the schoolroom, and it waked me up."

"Wh—at?"

"They's a fire burning in the miggle of the carpet—a blue fire, jest like a plum pudding."

There was a simultaneous shriek of dismay, as work, scissors, chestnuts, were thrown wildly on the floor, and the Bertrand family rushed upstairs in a stampede of excitement. The schoolroom door stood open, the rug was thrown back from the couch on which the Mouse had been lying, and in the centre of the well-worn carpet, little blue flames were dancing up and down, exactly as they do on a Christmas pudding, which has been previously baptised with spirit. Bob cast a guilty look at his brother, who stuck his hands in his pockets and looked at the conflagration with smiling patronage.

"Phosphorus pentoxide P^2O^5," he remarked coolly. "What a lark!"

"It wouldn't have been a lark if the Mouse had been stifled by the nasty, horrid fumes," said Lettice angrily. "Get some water at once, and help us put it out, before the whole house is on fire."

"Water, indeed, don't do anything so foolish. You mustn't touch it with water. Here, it's only a square, pull the thing up and throw it through the window into the garden, that's the best thing we can do," said Raymond, dropping on his knees and setting himself to pull and tear with all his strength. Bob and the girls did their best to assist him, for the Bertrands were accustomed to help themselves, and in a very few minutes the carpet was lifted, folded hurriedly in two, and sent flying through the window to the garden beneath. After which the tired and begrimed labourers sank down on chairs, and panted for breath.

"This is what comes of chemical experiments," said Hilary, severely. "I shall ask father to forbid you to play with such dangerous things in the house. I wonder what on earth you will do next."

"Have some tea. This sort of work is tiring. I'm going downstairs to ring the bell and hurry Mary up," said Raymond, coolly. It was absolutely impossible to get that dreadful boy to realise his own enormities!

(*To be continued.*)

BICYCLING TO HEALTH AND FORTUNE.

By LAWRENCE LISTON, M.D.

PART I.

THE MACHINE.

CERTAINLY one of the most remarkable and important additions to our lives during the past ten years has been the pneumatic bicycle. In town and in country alike go where we will when we will, the ever-present bicycle is to be seen in the roads, in the streets, at railway stations and even on board steamers. The large majority of present-day girls ride, and the object of these articles is to point out, if possible, the way of getting the greatest benefit from the exercise, and of avoiding its pitfalls and dangers.

The bicycle was a closed book to any but hardy men until the introduction of the pneumatic tyre, which immediately rendered propulsion easy and stopped nearly all the old injurious and uncomfortable vibration; fortunately also at about the same time many County Councils adopted the use of the steam-roller on country roads, and nowadays it can only exceptionally be the case that a girl of ordinary physical endowments cannot ride a bicycle. That this exercise has exerted a favourable influence on the health of those who indulge in it, with discretion, there can be no shadow of doubt; the increased appetite, the ability to sleep soundly, the banishing of dyspepsia, the reddening of poor pale cheeks, the feeling of well-being and increased physical strength tell loudly the tale of restored and perfected health. It must be always remembered, however, that these much desired ends are only to be attained by care and discretion in riding, and that results the very reverse may be suffered through ill-directed over-exertion. So great are these benefits which the bicyle brings that the toy of fashion has become a necessary element in the life of most girls in the country, and a never-failing source of recreation to those who live in towns. Let us see then how we can best make use of this wonderful health-giving mechanism, and think over the points that have to be considered in its use.

First of all the machine; this thing which is going to be your *alter ego* must be chosen with care. Don't be in a hurry to buy any bicycle which the seller may first bring to your notice, but wait and think over the pros and cons quietly. You cannot go far wrong if you buy one of the high-grade standard manufactures of English renown, and if cost be a grave consideration, you will often do better to buy a second-hand last year's machine of well-known make, rather than a new one of unknown or inferior manufacture. Be sure that the machine is of the right height for you; it is positively harmful to ride a machine, the pedals of which you can only just reach with effort, and it is absurd and may be dangerous to have the saddle pillar and handle-bars raised to a great height on a machine which is too small for you. In a machine which is of the right size, you should be able, with the saddle at its lowest, to ride comfortably, and there should never be any occasion for dangerous elevation of the handles on which the hands should rest comfortably, the elbows being only slightly bent. The weight of the machine should not exceed thirty pounds with all "extras" for ordinary girl riders up to nine stone; a heavy machine means greater fatigue in riding, though often a very light machine conveys vibration from inequalities of the road with greater intensity. No standard English maker is likely to supply a "ladie's safety" built so lightly as to be dangerous. It is of first importance that a suitable saddle should be fixed to the machine, one which gives rise to no sort of injurious pressure or sense of discomfort at the end of a long ride. Considerable ingenuity has been expended to meet this want, and it is an open question whether it has been thoroughly satisfied even yet. It is a pity that the word "saddle" was ever applied to this particular part of the bicycle, "seat" would be much better, and those forms of apparatus which are "seats" rather than "saddles" are as a rule to be preferred. As regards the position of the saddle, the point or most forward part of the saddle should be in the same vertical line with the hindmost pedal when the pedals are horizontal; the height should be such that the under

part of the lowest pedal can be just touched by the upper surface of the foot, the pedals being vertical.

The pedals themselves should be "rubber" pedals and not "rat-trap" as it is termed, and it is important that they should have a reliable fastening to the cranks.

The tyres must, of course, be pneumatic; in a really good bicycle the tyres are always of a standard make and quality; but especially for girls it is important to have tyres that are little liable to puncture, or those which, in the event of injury are repaired easily and without the use of any great force. Mud-guards are a necessity, as is a dress-guard and gear-case in a woman's machine; these three important adjuncts should be perfectly satisfactory in size and adjustment; the mud-guard should be sufficiently large to keep all mud off, and the dress-guard should efficiently protect the dress from the hind wheel; the gear-case which covers the chain and chain-wheels should allow of free movement of those parts, and be, as nearly as possible, dust and water-tight. In many machines, more especially the American varieties, absurd little useless mud-guards are fitted, and in lieu of a gear-case an open string-work is stretched over the chain and chain-wheels. As the splashing of a modern bicycle chain with mud tightens it, such machines are only of use in fine weather, and our English girls will very likely not be satisfied with that. Avoid such machines.

Now I come to speak of the most important piece of mechanism in the bicycle, and that, curiously enough, is the one which prevents it from running. I mean the anchor of your ship, the brake. No girl should ever, in any conceivable state of things, ride a machine unless it is fitted with a powerful and efficient brake in perfect working order and requiring but little force to apply it effectually. This important piece of machinery will be your mainstay in crowded thoroughfares, your salvation down steep hills, it is the only part of the machine that permits of your "altering your mind" in a moment, and it greatly helps you should you wish to dismount suddenly and safely. Very many indeed of the dreadful accidents of which we read are due either to the absence of a brake on a machine or temporary oblivion of its existence on the part of the rider.

The next point which will demand careful attention is the "gear" of the machine. It may be as well, perhaps, to have a clear understanding as to what is meant by a high or low gear. In the old days of high bicycles the front wheel of course made one revolution with each corresponding revolution of the pedals, and as the rider desired to obtain as much speed as possible in his machine, he invariably rode as high a bicycle as he could in comfort bestride, for it is evident that a wheel of a diameter of 63 inches would cover more ground in one revolution than one say of 56 inches diameter.

When the safety bicycle was invented, with its small (26 to 30-inch) wheels, it was of course necessary to attain a reasonable speed with the small wheels, and to do this the driving-wheel was made to revolve more than once to one stroke of the pedals. If, then, in pedalling once, the driving-wheel is forced round sufficiently frequently to cover the same ground as say a 56-inch wheel, that wheel is said to be "geared to 56." Nowadays 54 would be regarded as a low gear, and anything over 63 as a high one.

For girls, and particularly for those who are bicycling to regain health, the gear should never be high, because a high gear, though implying greater speed, involves much harder work; for in gearing, what you gain in speed you lose in power. Many considerations have to be taken into account: the strength and physique of the rider, and the character of the roads which she will for the most part ride. A low-gear machine will mount hills more easily than a high one should the rider not be very strong. I do not think that a woman's machine should ever be geared above 56—this is a good average gear for a country with steam-rolled roads and moderate hills. Much pitiable nonsense is written about the graceful appearance of a girl on a high-geared machine, with the slow revolutions of the feet and the resulting high speed. People say that it looks so easy. It is not easy unless you are very strong, and the girl who rides a machine geared too high for her merely does herself a little harm every day, until at last there is a final collapse. Those who cycle to regain or maintain health will choose a low gear. These then are the main matters of importance which you should attend to in the purchase of your machine. All your wants can be satisfied, and you should not bring away from the shop any machine which does not absolutely fulfil all your requirements.

Having purchased your machine, the next thing is to learn to ride it, on another. Never mount your own new machine until you are proficient in riding, mounting and dismounting. It is idle to theorise about learning to ride a bicycle. I never met any one yet who, having tried, could not learn, and I have met very few indeed but those who, as the result of their first day's experience, thought it impossible ever to learn. It seems so hopeless and it comes so suddenly. Do not let your instructor tire you by taking you for too long a time; one hour's lesson a day is quite enough, and each lesson will involve frequent rests. When you have learnt all he can tell you, you will come home and ride your own machine. Now the good to be got out of bicycle-riding depends, as many other things do, on attention to what seem trivial details. How these "trivial details" affect our lives. What a dreadful thing a slight friction is anywhere in our bicycles; the whole harmony of the running is disturbed, and slight lack of attention to little details may mar the whole experience of cycling, and the incessant little annoyances do much more harm than the mere physical exercise does good.

Some people seem to take a sort of insane pride in loudly attesting the fact that they know nothing of the structure of their machines; this is a difficult mental attitude to appreciate, and the attainment of such profound ignorance is attended with undeniable experiences on the occurrence of accidents to the machine. Look well after your machine; attend to its wants and it will serve you faithfully, and by its beautiful smooth running will give you health and strength instead of incessantly annoying and irritating you. Let us now consider a few of the very easily understood things which make all the difference.

This steed of yours is not a very exacting creature, but certain things constitute your duty towards him, and if you fail in it you will suffer. All delicate machinery requires lubricating with oil to insure its smooth working, and the bicycle, as an excellent example of delicate mechanism, exhibits this same want. At various parts of the machine there are oil-holes or lubricators. When the machine is ridden regularly every day it will require oiling once in every hundred miles traversed. It is almost as harmful to use too much oil as to use none, so only give each hole a few drops at a time. Always oil the machine when it is clean, and not during a dusty ride, *or you will* perhaps enable dust to work into the bearings with your oil. I don't think that anyone can thoroughly clean her bicycle in less than an hour; if you have been out in the mud it is best to clean the machine before the splashes are dry. If by any chance the cleaning has been put off until the mud is dry, you should wash it off by means of a sponge frequently dipped into warm water. If you do not thoroughly soften the mud before removing it you will injure the enamel. Remember that the source of that wonderful spontaneity of movement in a bicycle is the perfect state of its bearings; the bearings are the things which above all you must jealously guard from all enemies—more particularly web and dust. You will always know where bearings are in a good bicycle, for at each "bearing" there is an oiling-place. Be very careful, then, in cleaning the bicycle with a sponge and warm water that none of the water trickles over the bearings, and in cleaning the edge of any part containing bearings, be particularly careful not to wipe dust or damp into the bearing. I have known of an instance of a groom, who, regarding the cleaning of a bicycle as comparable with that of a carriage, turned on a hose over the machine, with the result that it was almost completely ruined.

In cleaning the spokes of the wheels, then, wipe from the hub to the rim always from above downwards, that is to say, always keeping the spokes you are cleaning with its distal end towards the ground. Carefully dry the enamelled parts with a soft dry cloth or wash-leather. The plated parts are best cleaned with whiting or any good plate-polish. Having cleaned the whole machine, see that it is stood in a dry place.

Whenever you oil your machine, if any drops remain outside the bearing wipe them carefully away, for they have a great affinity for dust and may take it into the bearings. If the machine is only ridden infrequently, it should be oiled on each occasion before starting out.

Though oil is a very good thing for the bearings, it is an uncommonly bad thing for the tyres of a modern bicycle. Oil acts harmfully on rubber, so you must be especially careful not to let any get on your tyres. Before riding, it will always be necessary to see that your pneumatic tyres are properly pumped up; they should be pumped so hard that, in the case of the back wheel, you can just dimple them with your thumbs, and in front a trifle less hard. If the tyres are pumped too hard you get no advantage as compared with a solid tyre; if they are pumped too soft they are much more liable to injury from stones or glass in the road or street, and the machine is more prone to slip sideways or "skid," as it is termed. For girls a very useful form of pump is the "stirrup" pump, as it entails very much less work on the user than the ordinary form of pump. The main points in the care of the machine are these: 1. Keep all parts clean. 2. Oil regularly all bearings. 3. Keep dust and water out of the bearings. 4. Keep oil away from the tyres. 5. Keep the tyres blown up. 6. Store the machine in a dry place.

Do all these things, and never lose sight of your bicycle for any lengthened period, and your steel steed will serve you swiftly and silently. Having thus run over the main points in the choice and care of the machine, it remains for us to speak in the future of the rider who would bicycle to health and fortune.

(*To be continued.*)



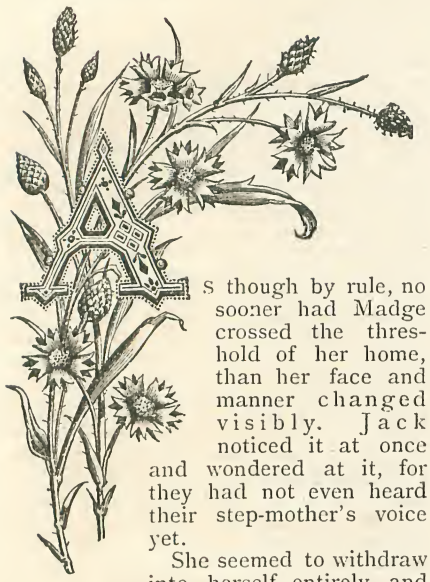
"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER IV.

JACK TRIES TO IMPROVE THINGS IN GENERAL.



As though by rule, no sooner had Madge crossed the threshold of her home, than her face and manner changed visibly. Jack noticed it at once and wondered at it, for they had not even heard their step-mother's voice yet.

She seemed to withdraw into herself entirely and become almost taciturn, while a hard expression crept over her features.

All tea-time she remained silent, except for a few commonplace remarks, and as it seemed her wish to be unnoticed, Jack took the conversation upon himself and chatted gaily throughout the meal.

After tea they all went out on the lawn, and Jack settled himself for a lazy evening Madge prepared to do the same, but, as she expected, she was not destined to go unmolested.

"I am surprised, Margaret, to see you settle yourself in that manner," remarked Mrs. Harcourt severely, "after spending the whole day on pleasure. You had better practise for an hour first and then get your work."

"If I have spent the whole day on pleasure I am sure I have earned it," was the somewhat bitter rejoinder. "Surely when Jack is at home I might have a few holidays."

"Holiday indeed!" replied Mrs. Harcourt, "why, it's all more or less holiday for you. It's a very bad thing for a young girl to pass a whole day in amusing herself. Jack doesn't want you for an hour, and you know I never allow you to neglect your practising."

"Not when I ask?" he inquired, with good-natured emphasis. "I always want Madge every minute when I am home."

"Then it is very absurd of you," replied Mrs. Harcourt tartly, without relaxing, adding, "come, Margaret."

For one instant Madge hesitated, then drawing herself up with a haughty air, that ill became her age, she went indoors without a word.

Jack watched her and there was a glow of pride in his eyes. He turned to his step-mother, who was knitting vigorously beside him, her thin lips tightly compressed in their habitual manner, and remarked—"Don't you think Madge is growing into an uncommonly handsome woman?"

"Woman indeed!" was the short reply, "what nonsense, she's a mere child."

"At any rate she doesn't look a child, nor act and think like one."

"No, she takes far too much upon herself, and has altogether too high an opinion of her own abilities. It's all those ridiculous books she reads, I can't think why her father allows it. If he would but let me choose her reading for her!"

"But surely a girl of eighteen is old enough to choose her own books?"

"Certainly not, especially when she has such tastes as Margaret has. In fact she reads too much altogether. I have the greatest difficulty to get her to take any interest whatever in household or village matters."

"It isn't her nature, you see," said Jack thoughtfully, watching the smoke from his cigar with a perplexed look on his face. "What's the good of trying to make a girl do what she evidently isn't suited for, it only bothers her; anyone can see she isn't happy."

"H'm! and I suppose you think it's my fault," said Mrs. Harcourt sharply. "Why don't you go and complain to your father that I ill-treat your sister?"

"Because I'm not such an idiot," was the cool reply. "I didn't say it was your fault at all, I merely made a remark. Do you yourself think Madge is happy?"

"I think if she isn't she ought to be, with such a good home. If she would only think a little more of others and less of herself it would be better for her. I'm sure I try to do her good, but she's as obstinate and hard as a rock; moreover she thinks she knows best."

Not wishing to increase his step-mother's ill-temper, Jack let the unkind speech pass and again pressed his point.

"What I mean," he said, "is, that this place is so dull for a girl; it's enough to drive anyone melancholy mad. Why can't she visit with the neighbouring families and see a little life?"

"Because neither I nor her father consider her old enough. When she is the proper age she may go into society, but at present she is best learning her home duties. It's absurd of you to make yourself uneasy about her, for she's a most thankless girl. I sincerely hope you won't put any fresh notions about being dull into her head."

This was too much for Jack, and in a quick voice he exclaimed, "Oh, hang it all, I'm not going to sit still and hear Madge abused by anybody. She is anything but a thankless girl, and if you'd try and understand her a little instead of worrying her so, you'd soon find I am right."

"Thank you for your advice," was the sarcastic reply. "You are wonderfully generous with it. Times are indeed changed if young men are to dictate to their parents, and they to give way to obstinate daughters' whims and fancies. I was not aware that I was speaking in abusive language of my husband's child."

"Oh, all right," quoth Jack hastily, shrugging his shoulders. He was far too indolent to care to raise a storm, and quickly tried to appease it. "I didn't mean any offence, I'm sure, I humbly beg your pardon," and he stooped to pick up her ball of worsted which had rolled to his feet.

Mrs. Harcourt relaxed somewhat, remarking, "You're a wonderfully cool young man, Jack."

"So I'm often told," he replied laughingly, "and to prove it, what do you think I'm going to do now?"

"I don't know that I should be surprised at anything," was the rather dry reply.

"Well, I'm going to fetch Madge for a stroll," and as he spoke he stretched his long legs, yawned lazily and proceeded to get on his feet.

"You will utterly spoil her," snapped his step-mother, "I expect she will be completely unmanageable by the time your visit is over."

"Well, well, young folks will be young," he replied merrily, and went in search of his sister.

"Stop that wretched strumming, Madge, and come out, do," he exclaimed, as he entered the drawing-room. "There's going to be a ripping sunset, just your kind, all blue and red and yellow and dreamy. I shouldn't wonder if it didn't start you writing poetry. My word," he continued, as Madge rose and shut the piano with a malicious little bang, "just fancy if you were to turn poetess and want me to listen while you read your verses, you'd drive me crazy; you're not likely to do it, are you?" and he put on an expression of unspeakable anxiety.

Madge slipped her arm through his and led him off, saying gaily, "If I do, I shan't waste my genius on an intellect like yours. You'd never understand a line."

"Never mind, you can't smoke a pipe," he laughed, "and I don't believe you'd know which end to hold a gun."

Just then Madge remembered her step-mother's injunctions and stopped short. "What about that work?" she asked, with a slight frown.

"Oh, never mind about that, I've made it all right with the mater."

"I don't know that I should have bothered about it, if you hadn't," she answered coolly, "unless it were for

peace and quietness. I've made up my mind to be docile while you're here, Jack, in order to keep her in a good humour."

"That's right, it's much the best way," he answered, adding, as they strolled leisurely out of the grounds, "I've been having a rare old time while you were practising."

"You haven't been talking about me, have you?" she exclaimed anxiously.

"Yes, and we both got angry."

"Oh, you shouldn't, Jack. You'll be certain to offend her and you'll never do any good. You won't get that money out of father unless you are very careful. You really mustn't mention me again, promise you won't."

"I don't know, Madge," he answered seriously, "I want to do something for you. I want her to let you go out a bit and have more life."

"It's no use and you mustn't say any more," she replied with emphasis. "If you get into trouble for interfering and spoil your visit, what shall I feel then, do you think? I should be wretched about it; indeed, Jack, you must leave me to fight my own battles. I'm not really so badly off as you think," she added with a little effort. "I don't let myself care about things, it's much the simplest way. All I want you to do is just to love me better than anyone else in the world."

"It's easy enough to do that," he said affectionately, "but I hate to think you are unhappy."

"I'm not always unhappy," she said, looking away from him, "and when I am, maybe it's often my own fault. Don't think about it," and as she spoke she determined to try her hardest to be gay all through his visit, that he might go away with a different impression of her.

She began that very evening, and chatted away bravely as if her heart were as light as a feather.

She even watched the sun sink silently behind those lonely, far-away hills in magnificent splendour, without a sigh, or, what Jack would have called an outlandish remark.

As they entered the house, however, a little later, a slight shudder passed over her, for she seemed to realise more fully the difficulties of the task she had set herself, and she felt her heart sinking as they joined their parents.

Their reception was not encouraging. "You seem exceedingly gay this evening, Margaret," remarked Mrs. Harcourt, looking up. "It is a poor compliment to your father and me, that Jack's visits should be the only occasions upon which you condescend to be cheerful."

Madge bit her lip and with an effort smothered the quick retort that rose to her mind, taking up some fancy work and sitting down in silence.

But Mrs. Harcourt would not let the subject drop. Her step-daughter's silent indifference was far more aggravating to her than a quick answer; she could not take things calmly herself and she disliked anyone else to do so.

"I hope you feel highly honoured, Jack," she said with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Not at all," he replied gaily. "Why, it's the easiest thing in the world to make Madge laugh. Tell her a good joke and there you are. You should try it sometimes, mater. I expect you know no end of capital jokes, if you would only tell them."

A slow smile fluttered round Madge's mouth for an instant and she bent lower over her work.

"Don't talk nonsense, Jack," said Mrs. Harcourt quickly, trying to look severe. "I declare, you never grow a day older or wiser; you're a deal more like a silly schoolboy than a grown man."

"Talk nonsense, indeed! well, that's nice, when I was trying to help you out of a difficulty. I'm quite sure, if you two started joking with each other, the effect would be ludicrous in the extreme," and he looked at his sister with a desperately wicked twinkle in his merry eyes.

"Very impracticable help you suggest too," answered Mrs. Harcourt, ignoring the last part of his speech. "The fact is, Margaret bestows her smiles where she bestows her love, and that is with those she happens to fancy, instead of those who do the most for her. One would almost fancy she thought ingratitude a virtue."

Jack flushed up hotly in an instant and looked at Madge, but she, with her lips tightly compressed, stitched on in silence and seeming unconcern.

"Someone else is talking nonsense, now, I fancy," he remarked, quickly turning on his heel and walking to the window, too much annoyed to think what he was saying.

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Harcourt haughtily, "I must say your fine London friends have made you exceedingly polite."

"Oh come!" he exclaimed, shrugging his shoulders resignedly. "Let's have a game. Come and play Folly *v.* Wisdom, eh?"

Madge rose slowly, but she did not break through her sudden reserve, and spoke little for the rest of the evening, going to bed as soon as the game was finished.

There was no light in her room, and without getting one she quietly closed the door, and walked straight to the broad, low window-seat, where she usually sat to read or think.

It was a glorious night, and the girl leaned her head back wearily against the window frame and gazed up at the stars. Such a proud, bitter young face it was, pale and tired, yet beautiful, in spite of the cynical curve of the delicate lips and the stony glance of the dark eyes.

It was not to weep that Madge sat there in the darkness, neither was it to pray, though a womanly touch, or a word of true sympathy might have called forth a flood of tears. For the time had not yet come when she had ceased to feel—as yet she was only striving after it, believing, in her restless unhappiness, that such a fatal opiate would be balm. The aspect of absolute indifference with which she received her step-mother's cutting remarks was but an assumed one at present; in reality they cut deeply, and she was but learning at an early age to act.

It is a lesson we all learn sooner or later, some more and some less. Not all the cleverest artistes are on the boards of the world's big theatres. There is one theatre, bigger than all, where the actors come and go, do their part, then vanish; and though they act, as no professional ever acted before, and though they spill their heart's blood with very earnestness, when the curtain has once fallen they are never recalled.

And often no faint gesture nor word of applause encourages them; no adulation nor admiration helps smooth the difficult path; no touch of sympathy drives the bitterness from tears; and no sense of "something achieved" pierces the gloom of declining powers. With aching hearts and tired eyes they make their bow and retire in silence, and ere their footsteps have well died away, another has taken their place and acts with the same grim earnestness and desperate reality, only to pass in their turn out through the dark night to The Silent Land.

But as Madge sat alone, gazing into the night, hard, bitter thoughts swelled in her heart and she let them throng in upon her and wrap her round, for it was dark and there were no spectators, so what need to act?"

She did not tell herself she didn't care, she only clenched her white hands, bit her lips, knit her brows, and gazed hard at the stars. She let herself be her real self, as we do sometimes, when it is dark and we are alone.

Presently she rose with a sigh and proceeded listlessly to light her candles and prepare for the night.

The dread clouds of mystery and all the great inexplicables of life were beginning to fold in, with a cruel relentless grasp, on the lonely girl, and she had, or thought she had, no one to go to and no one to guide her footsteps into the only path that leads to rest. One could see by the quiet hopelessness in her eyes that she had already gone some way down into the dark valley of doubt and scepticism.

But there was one thing she made up her mind to, more firmly than ever, before she finally lay down. It was that, whatever happened, while Jack was at home she would be gay, even before her step-mother, if possible. Afterwards—well, no matter at present.

Neither did she fail, for, hard as the struggle proved, her love was stronger and carried her through.

During the coming fortnight, day after day, her laugh was heard mingling with Jack's; and, day after day, she received her step-mother's hard speeches in silence, and made an effort to please her.

And night after night, as she sat in her old seat on the window-sill, her young heart grew harder and yet more hard.

(To be continued.)

THE GENTLE LEADER.

By The Rev. CANON WILTON, M.A.

LIKE Christiana with her little band
  Of gracious children round about her pressing—
  The model of a mother, blest and blessing,
Amidst her little ones I see her stand.
Onward she leads them with a gentle hand,
  Wisely commanding, tenderly caressing;
  Her life-long happiness in them possessing,
She gives the life-long labour they demand.
Thus as she moves about her path serenely,
  Training those fresh young hearts for God and Heaven,
I hold her office to be more than queenly:
For to the glorious angels who stand nighest
  The Almighty's throne, such "little ones" are given
To tend on earth for service of the Highest.



THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

PART I.

"THE Sorrows of Girlhood! What a sentimental title!" we may imagine some adult reader exclaiming.

Girls, in the heyday of youth, with life in its infinite possibilities stretching far before them, with all the beauty of the world of nature, of literature, of art, of love, waiting to reveal itself in the bright future—what business have they with sorrow?

The association of ideas does, in truth, seem an incongruous one. Charles Dickens, whom many superior people now are beginning to despise and declare they cannot read, has sketched a delightful picture of an afflicted maiden in Miss Julia Mills, the confidante of Dora in *David Copperfield*, and "comparatively stricken in years—about twenty, I should say." This young lady is "understood to have retired from the world on her awful stock of experience, but still to take a calm interest in the unblighted hopes and loves of youth." We smile at her repeated allusions to the Desert of Sahara, and her journal with its parentheses, kept to console David Copperfield in his separation from Dora . . . "Quoted verses respecting self and young Gazelle, ineffectually. Also referred to Patience on monument. (Qy. Why on monument? J. M.) . . . Drew ideal picture of D. C. on verge of tomb . . . Fainting of D. and glass of water from public-house (Poetical affinity; chequered sign on doorpost; chequered human life. J. M.)."

All the story of this young lady is deliciously amusing, and it is so, of course, chiefly because of her youth. It would not be particularly funny for a woman of fifty to write in her diary about "chequered human life," but the incongruity of a girl of twenty doing so strikes the reader at once, and the woes are seen to be of the sentimental kind. Sentimentality is the exaggeration, or it may be, the feigning of emotion. It arises from a wish to indulge or display that feeling of which it is the abuse, merely for the sake of the idle luxury to be found in such indulgence.

There are not so many sentimental girls now as there were half a century ago. A healthier tone of feeling has come into vogue. Outdoor exercise and rational mental training have done much to banish melancholy and morbid imaginings from girlhood, and I may say at once that it is not of such fancied or petted sorrows that I wish to speak. Any girl who feels a tendency to sentimental griefs about nothing in particular had better try to brace herself by cold bathing, vigorous outdoor exercise, and sound mental work, and above all, not seek consolation in the indulgence of her emotions.

When all this has been said, the truth remains that there are sorrows and troubles peculiar to girlhood; all the more keen, perhaps, because they are not taken into much account by other people. There is nothing more trying than to suffer when you know you are expected to be very cheerful, and when no ground is supposed by others to exist for anything but happiness. And it is strange, perhaps, but true, that there are many troubles of which a girl does not care to talk even to her mother. There may be different reasons for this. It is not always easy to express one's inmost feelings to the nearest and dearest of the home circle, perhaps by very reason of the familiarity that exists; or an unselfish daughter knows that her mother has enough to worry about, without any additional distress on her account. So, dear readers, let the writer try to "mother" you if you have any sorrow in which she can help you a little, and no one shall be the wiser for the comforting.

First, then, there are the sorrows which may have a physical basis, and of these let us take "plainness" first of all.

What a source of distress "appearance" is to many a girl who reads this page! And how keenly she is aware that to mention her grief would make her ridiculous! What sympathy does a girl receive who frets because she is plain? She would, if it were known, be rebuked for her vanity, and informed that "Beauty is only skin deep," and "Handsome is that handsome does." These two remarks have never seemed to me at all to the point. Beauty may only be "skin-deep," but what of that? It is a most desirable possession all the same; and right acting will not supply to a girl the coveted treasure she does not possess. It is a terrible trial to be passed over, to lose what makes life bright and happy, because of the turn of a feature, the trick of a glance; and if this be true in the case of ordinary plainness, what must it be when any actual deformity exists?

It is absurd to ignore the fact that it is important to be able to charm. Friendship, success in life, love, are all greatly dependent on the power of attracting others. We need not fall back here on the outworn theory that a girl's one business in life is to "get married:" for whether she wishes to marry, to be a hospital nurse, a High School teacher, a clerk, a private governess, a fixture in her father's home, it is of no slight consequence for her, and for those with whom she comes in contact, that she should not be repellent in aspect.

"This makes my case all the harder," the girl who is distressingly conscious of plainness may say.



"THE GENTLE LEADER."

(From the painting by W. A. Menzies.)

By no means. There are consolations, and I am going to try to administer them to any girl who, strictly between ourselves, is inclined to confide her grief to me.

The first consolation is that, as a means of attraction, beauty is not all-important, as the girl who is not beautiful is apt to suppose. The best-loved women are often plain. The author of *John Halifax* wrote a story—perhaps not a very great success—called *The Woman's Kingdom*, in order to prove this. Fiction cannot prove such a point; but in sober fact I have known plain girls—and very plain girls—succeed everywhere in social life. They were never neglected for an instant in gatherings of young people; they married happily and soon, and enjoyed troops of friends.

"They were rich," says some cynic. They were nothing of the sort. They were simply of the kind described by the misused adjective "nice;" bright, unselfish to a degree, full of the tact that wins confidence, never self-conscious, never at a loss, and always able to talk pleasantly. They could at once outshine any beauty of the "icily regular, splendidly null" type. This is literally true, and I could give names did I choose.

The form of one's features is outside one's own control; but matters of more consequence to personal charm are within one's own control.

Once again I disclaim the theory that a girl's happiness depends upon her marrying. But it does depend on her being able to gain affection in whatever walk of life she selects. Both men and women are influenced by appearance, but both, I repeat, are more susceptible to the charm of manner and disposition I have described. Nothing can be more disastrous to a plain girl than to say in effect: "I am too ugly: nobody cares for me," and enfold herself in a sullen gloom. She is avoided then, it is true, but in nine cases out of ten the avoidance is due to her unpleasant behaviour rather than to her personal defects.

Very few faces are so plain that there is no charm anywhere about them, and I have known even a sadly-marred countenance sweet to look upon by reason of its beautiful expression.

It is every girl's duty to make the best of herself, and girls who think themselves plain, ought to be, if anything, more careful in every little detail than their sisters of acknowledged beauty. How often one is sorry to see a girl who evidently has so poor an idea of her appearance, that she thinks it not worth while to take any trouble about it! She may have one good point but she omits to make the best of it. If, for instance, she has abundant hair, it is screwed up anyhow. Then she holds herself ill. There are few girls who could not cultivate an erect and graceful bearing if they chose, but one of the first results of the consciousness of plainness is an awkward, ungainly carriage.

Too often the "plain girl's" hat and dress are chosen with no view whatever to the tints of her complexion and colour of her eyes. There is an art in all these little matters which is worth studying, but she has not thought it necessary to give any attention to it. What a marvellous difference this makes! The plain girl, of all girls, cannot afford to neglect the make and the hue of her frock, the shape of her hat, her gloves and her boots. These apparent trifles may make all the difference as to whether she is attractive or repellent in her personal appearance; and I am not ashamed to reiterate, this is a matter of importance. No matter how learned, how highly educated, how conscious of inner superiority, a girl may be, she has no business to neglect her looks. They are, as Aristotle said, the best credential, "better than any letter of introduction."

I need not explain how absurd it is to devote too much time and thought to exterior details, for after all they are but the herald of the inner nature; if that is poor and mean, it is a commonplace to say that the most fascinating aspect will pall and prove a bitter disappointment.

This side of truth has been so much insisted upon that perhaps the other side has been a little overlooked—that the most estimable and worthy young woman finds it difficult to impress other people with her good qualities, unless she has something about her of personal charm.

So, while I sympathise sincerely with girls who are weighed down by a consciousness of their own plainness, I can honestly encourage them, and urge them above all things not to sink into a state of discontent, but to "make the best of themselves" in every possible way, avoiding morbid self-consciousness, but trying just to be as kind, and unselfish and agreeable as they know how. The rest will take care of itself.

Ill-health—the second half of our subject—is a far more serious trouble. Here again we can rejoice in a more rational tone of thought in modern days. There used to be a sort of unexpressed idea abroad that there was something "unladylike" and unfeminine in robust health, and that it was interesting to cultivate a delicate pallor and have a small appetite. A certain class of religious fiction, in which the heroine was wont to wear a hectic flush and sweetly fade away to an early grave, promoted this nonsense, and many young girls liked to imagine themselves prone in their last sleep, on a white couch thickly strewn with lilies, hands crossed upon their breast. This rubbish—mischievous rubbish too—is happily being swept away. Tennis, rowing, and swimming, even cricket, bicycling, outdoor exercise of every kind, is creating a different ideal. If I chance now to address a girl hovering on the borders of invalidism, let me urge her to take care of her health by every means in her power. There is so much advice on this subject given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that I need not enlarge; only suggesting the thought to a would-be unselfish girl, that it is the truest kindness to other people not to overtask strength, and neglect hygienic laws.

"If I be dear to someone else
Then I should be to myself more dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea, ev'n of wretched meat and drink?
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else."

This advice needs emphasising; and it may be said, in passing, to London girls, that tea and white bread and butter do not form a properly nutritious meal!

If there be one surviving of the class of girl who is inclined to be hypochondriacal, to lie about on sofas, to be continually taking her own temperature by a clinical thermometer, to assume languishing airs, I must beg her to fight against the tendency before she becomes an invalid in real earnest.

Setting aside the girlish *malade imaginaire*, now happily fast becoming extinct, let me acknowledge at once that to inherit a weakly frame, to be handicapped in the journey of life by some physical defect one is unable to help, is a most terrible trial, and calls for the exercise of the very strongest self-control, devotion, and patience. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." No one, not even the kindest and tenderest nurse, can quite enter into the feelings of an invalid; can understand how long the hours are when sleep is impossible; how weary the confinement indoors becomes, day after day, nor how occupations pall; how hard it is to avoid letting drop the peevish word, the bitter complaint, when other girls are carrying on their free and happy life all around, and some—perhaps not very serious—physical ailment is ever present to fetter and disable. Is it not hard to repress the bitter inward outcry, "Why hast Thou made me thus?"

It is hard. But again there are compensations; and it is well to remember that when one is young there is more hope of recovery than often appears. Then again we must try to grasp the fact, especially important in this very material age, that, valuable as physical health may be, it is not everything. Some of the best work of the world has been done by delicate and suffering women. The greatest women poets of England—Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti—were both physically frail, and the former, before her marriage, was a prisoner to her couch, contemplating death as her only deliverer. The greatest—or one of the greatest—women novelists, Charlotte Brontë, was of poor health, and the story of her sisters is well known. The exquisite lines of Anne Brontë may be quoted here—

"I hoped that with the brave and strong
My portioned task might lie,
To toil amid the busy throng
With purpose pure and high:
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my breaking heart
When first this trouble fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, tempest-tost,
Can I but turn to Thee,
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be,
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee;
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow:
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
O let me serve Thee now!"

These words express far better than I can do the "sweet uses of adversity" found in frail health.

"But Anne Brontë and the others you have named were women of genius," some one may reply. "Of what good can I be?"

The great temptation besetting the girl-invalid, especially when hope grows dim, is to feel bitterly "I am of no use. I am only a trouble to those about me." Often the secret repining goes on so far as to say, "I wish I were dead."

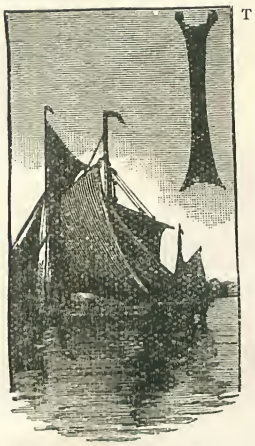
The very greatest good possible for man or woman to accomplish may be wrought by an invalid who turns her suffering to the account of character-discipline; who presents to others the lovely spectacle of a nature purified by pain, heroic in self-sacrifice. No active work in the world can be of half so much consequence as this; to reveal to those around one something of the Divine grace and might. "Can religion do this?" they ask; and honour in silent reverence its power, which by Divine alchemy can so transform base metal into gold.

Is not this worth while? It is a difficult task; but the sufferer who sets her whole nature to it, trusting in a strength higher than her own, and never yielding to despair, may yet be able to deserve the exquisite praise given to Caponsacchi by Browning's "Pompilia."

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by."

"A GIRL OF GRIT."

CHAPTER III.



IT is not necessary to tell how Helen went the next day to her old home, or how tactful she had to be with Harold not to arouse his suspicions. She had many difficulties to contend with, but she had surmounted difficulties, such as an eight-mile walk under a midday sun before now, for their old home was eight miles from the nearest railway-station, and she could not afford a cab.

When she reached the village which lay in the valley which Mount Rule House overlooked, she stopped at a little white-washed cottage and knocked. The door was wide open, so Helen walked in before the woman, who was washing at a tub which stood on a chair, had time to answer. When the woman saw her, she dropped the shirt she was washing, and held on to the tub as if she had been shot.

"Well, Miss Helen, if that isn't your sweet self. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I saw you standing there; but, sakes alive, how hot and tired you look! Sit down, miss, sit down!"

She dusted a chair for Helen with her apron and asked her if she would like a glass of milk. Helen gladly accepted the offer, and in a minute or two she was making a good lunch off some fresh girdle cake and milk. After answering a marvellous flow of questions, Helen got to the point she had come for.

"Is Davis in, Mrs. Leith?"

"He'll be here in less than five minutes, miss, he always comes home for a bit of something hot at one o'clock."

The words were no sooner spoken than Davis appeared at the door. He was as much astonished to see Helen as his wife, but, manlike, he was less eloquent.

"And what may you want, miss?"

"I want you to come up to Mount Rule House with me, Davis."

"And what can I do for you there, Miss Helen?"

"Davis, do you remember a hole in the floor of the lumber-room that you mended about a year before we sold Mount Rule? It was a big hole made by the rain dropping through the skylight that was always open."

"Indeed I do, miss, and I remember how angry Master Harold was when it was mended, young man though he was. He said that that there hole had been his best friend when he was a little chap. All sorts of things used to get brushed in that hole, and what a child is tired of one day, he thinks a powerful lot of two days after."

"Well, Davis, it's one of the things that got put in that hole that I want to get now. Will you come up as quickly as you can and open the floor? You can do it, can't you?"

"Yes, miss. I can do it, but what about the master?"

"Oh, I have got his leave! I asked him yesterday."

"Then I'll come, miss, for I'm right glad to see you back in the old place."

As Helen passed through the village with Davis, her progress was impeded by kindly greetings from all the villagers. There was a word to be spoken here, and a friendly handshake there, and Helen's impatience to get to work was so great that she had no little difficulty in hiding her desire to hurry on. One thing she gladly accepted, a large bunch of flowers from a well-stocked cottage garden.

"It will be a bit of country to take back to Master Harold," the woman said as she gave them to Helen, who was still in their eyes the daughter of the "big house." When Davis and Helen passed through the gates of her old home they stopped talking. The rough working joiner saw and understood, with the fine feeling that often lies under rough clothes, the girl's emotion. There were the dear apple-trees she had climbed as a child, and there the smooth grassy lawns stretching as far as the eye could reach, and over yonder to the left the cherry orchard ripe with Kentish White Hearts. Helen clenched her hands tightly and closed her eyes a moment, for the sight of her mother's bedroom window had blinded them with tears. At last they came to the front door, and the great bell pealed through the desolate house. When the caretaker came—she was a stranger to Helen—she showed her cousin's card with his permission to go where she pleased and do what she liked.

"Come straight upstairs to the lumber-room, Davis," Helen said. "I have no time to spare, though I should like to look over the dear old place." As she walked up the wide oak staircase followed by Davis, she noted the old familiar landmarks of her childhood. There was the patch on the stair-carpet that no amount of clever manœuvring would hide. How well she remembered her poor mother twisting it and turning it at every spring-cleaning to bring the best pieces to the front of the stairs, and there was the post still out of the bannister which had suddenly given way when Harold was hanging his legs through them. Not a single thing was altered, and there was the same horrible stillness in the big house that there had been the morning her mother had died. A little shiver passed through her, and she hurried up the long top flight of stairs. When they reached the old lumber-room which had been her play-room as a child, the room of all others which held all her happy childish memories, she stopped and told Davis to go first.

"It's like taking a step back in one's life, Davis," she said. "This room was made into a lumber-room when I was at college, and I've scarcely been in it since; but it was my castle when I was a little child."

When Davis turned the key in the door and opened it, a breath of fresh air greeted them. It came from the little opened skylight, right over the spot where the old hole in the floor had been. The new wood which had been put in to mend the hole was beginning to discolour, and a few dead leaves were lying on the floor.

"These come from the old copper-beech, Davis; they always used to blow in when the wind was this way."

She sat down on the top of a packing box and watched Davis begin his work, and while she watched him her mind travelled back to the day she had hidden her treasure in the floor. She had suddenly learnt that she possessed, unknown to any one, an object of some value, but of what value she did not understand.

A fear lest her cousin should see it and desire to possess it, seized her, and so prevented her telling anyone of the trophy she had found amongst the things which were handed over to her as of no value in the legacy her uncle had left her.

Her meditations were suddenly broken by Davis exclaiming,

"There now, miss, I think I've done that there job pretty sharp, and I hope you'll find what you want."

Trembling with excitement Helen jumped down from her perch and knelt down on the floor. "Hand me that stick, please, Davis, I can't reach it with my arms." He handed her a stout walking stick she had taken from the hall downstairs for the purpose.

"There, I can't reach it even yet, I must get down as I used to when I was a child—flat on my face, or I shall never reach it."

Davis smiled kindly at the girl who was trembling with excitement, and wondered what on earth she had hidden in the floor all those years, and had only remembered now.

"It must be quite six years ago," he said, "since I mended this hole."

"Ah, I remember it was on this side I put it," and Helen pushed the stick along the opening, but she felt nothing.

"Can I do it for you, miss."

"No, thank you, Davis, I know my position isn't a dignified one, but only I myself know where it is. Ah, there, did you hear the stick knock against something tin, that's it!"

With a good deal of skilful handling of the stick Helen at last managed to draw the tin box to the opening in the floor, and with trembling hands she lifted it out. She sat up with the box on her lap, and commenced untying the string with hot nervous hands. Just for one moment she looked up to the blue overhead, which showed through the skylight, and prayed that she might find her treasure safe. Quietly she sat beside the big hole in the floor with the treasure she had drawn out of it clasped in her hands, just as she used to sit when she was a little child. Even at that moment she remembered the day she had put in her hand and had drawn out the beautiful fair-haired wig off her favourite doll. She recalled how bitterly she had cried when one day she found her elegant lady doll minus her hair. Her cousin had skilfully dislodged the beauty's fair wig from her waxen head, and the wig was nowhere to be found.

"Now, Davis, you must share my secret. Come and see!"

The lid of the tin box was a tight fit, and Helen's fingers were too nervous to unfasten it, so Davis took it from her. When it was opened Helen lifted off some paper and looked in.

"Ah, Davis, thank God, it's all safe and sound! Look, that's what was hidden here all these years!"

Davis looked, and an expression half of pity, half scorn, came into his eyes. "Well, miss, I did think as it would be a piece of jewelry, or something of that sort. But I never see'd such a thing to take on like that about. It ain't no interest to me, miss, but I'm glad I've done the job for you, and now I suppose I must fix up the hole again."

Helen thanked him and offered to pay him, but he refused to take any money. "It's been real pleasure, Miss Helen, but I wish it had been som't of more value." Helen smiled and said to herself—"Ah, he doesn't know, he doesn't understand, but I had to show it to him, and now I'm free to keep the real surprise for Harold." So with a kindly farewell she left Davis to do over again the job he had done six years ago.

(*To be concluded.*)

PLAITED RIBBON WORK.

WORK with plaited ribbons enjoys such constant favour that readers to whom it is little known may well be glad to hear of it.

There is no doubt but that the growing popularity of the work is largely owing to the beautiful and tempting ribbons which are now to be found in so great a variety. No great expense is entailed by pursuing this fascinating little craft, as in patterns which need many yards of ribbon, a plain material is sufficient, brocaded and fanciful varieties being employed but scantily, since they are themselves so decorative that extra elaboration seems superfluous.

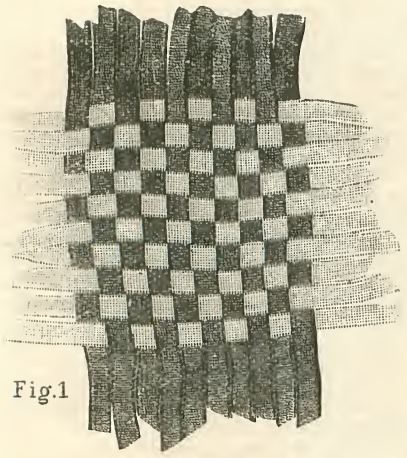


Fig.1

Some of the easiest plaiting patterns are also the most effective. A check or draught-board design can be made with two colours only of ribbon of the same width and make. The weaving can be done either in an embroidery frame, the rim of a slate whence the inside has been removed, or even on a board. Whatever support is chosen must be covered with braid lashed over and over, or, for a board with any soft thick fabric to which the strands can be pinned. Many pins must be provided, especially for a large piece of work, as each strand of ribbon used needs pinning down at both ends.

Having ready then the frame and two colours of ribbon, the next thing is to cut the latter into lengths suitable for the piece of weaving to be done. A little extra must be allowed than will be required for the finished work, as the ends have to be cut away, it being impossible to weave quite up to the limits of the ribbon.

For the chequer design as many strips as will be required for the width are to be cut from one coloured ribbon and stretched in the frame side by side, fastened at each end with a pin as before mentioned.

To perform the actual weaving a special needle is to be bought, but where small quantities only of the work are likely to be done a large-eyed flat bodkin or no-crease ribbon threader answers well.

To continue the chequer-pattern, thread each one of the other strands of ribbon through the bodkin in turn, and pass it alternately over and under the first set of ribbons to form the weft. The second ribbons should be placed side by side, touching one another, just as were the others, and they should be fastened down to the frame at both ends in the usual way. This pattern is the easiest of all to execute, all that is necessary to remember being that the weft ribbon must in every line be passed under the warp ribbon which it passed over in the preceding row, and *vice versâ*. Fig. 1 shows a small piece of the pattern worked.

The result of the weaving should be a firm interplaited (and therefore double) piece of work, which can be released from the frame

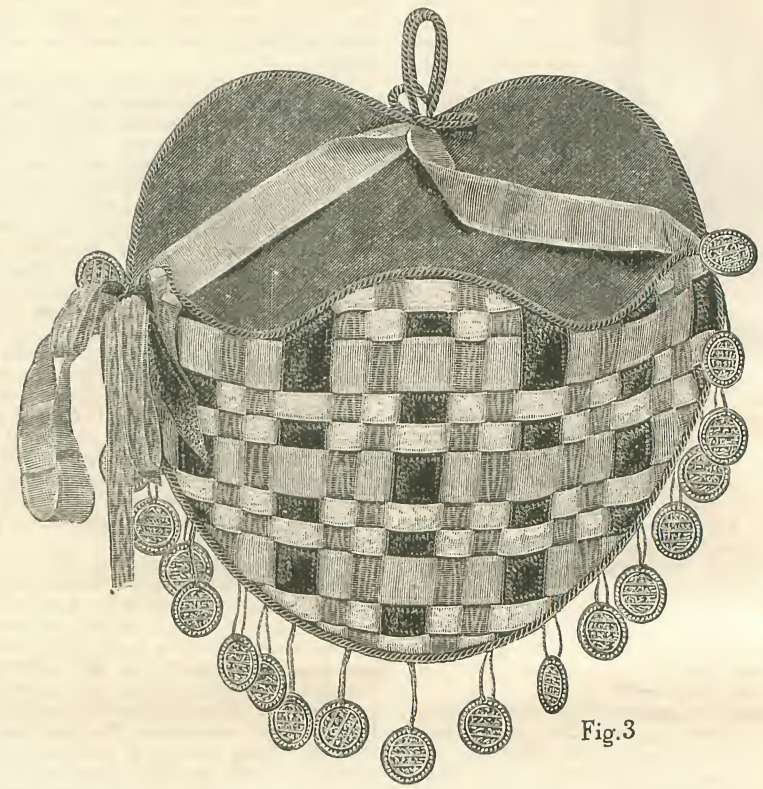


Fig.3

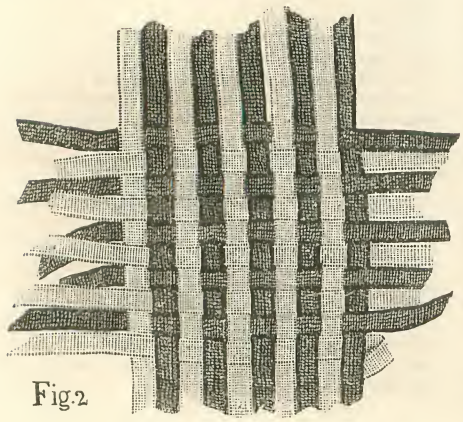


Fig.2

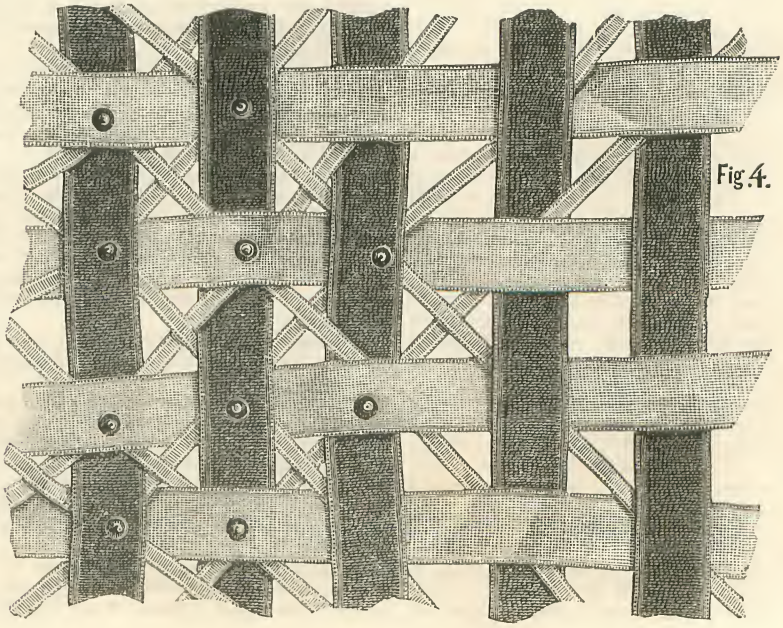


Fig.4.

by removing the pins and made up much as is any ordinary piece of silk or satin.

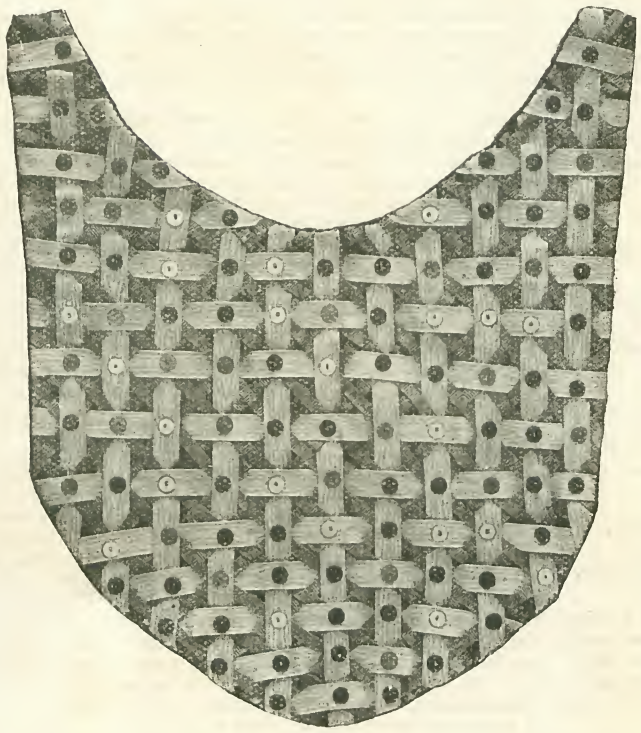
A stripe (see Fig. 2) is as easy as a check to make. For this also two colours of ribbon are necessary. Cut these into lengths as usual and fasten them into the frame, but this time let the coloured bands which form the warp be used alternately, and not be all of one hue. The weft also consists of first a ribbon of one colour, then one of the next all down, these being always passed over the warp-ribbons which are of the same colour as themselves. If they are passed under these the result will be a chequer like the first one shown, though obtained in a slightly different way.

So far it has been taken for granted that squares have been woven, and for these a frame of suitable size has no doubt answered well. But for tiny or irregularly-shaped pieces the use of too large a surround means a considerable waste of ribbon. There is a special make of frame intended for such weaving, the size of which can be altered, but the same result can be obtained by a home-worker, either by nailing a flat piece of wood across, or even by very tightly stretching a length of stout braid over the frame. For fanciful shapes a board is convenient, though the weaving is less easy to remove from it if loosely done than from a frame. Open weaving (to be mentioned later) needs mounting on silk or some other fabric, and it is easy to tack the ribbons down to this before taking them from a surround, but difficult to insert it between them and their solid background.

Close weaving on a board can be most economically managed, when a fanciful shape is required, by cutting the outline from paper, pinning this to the board and laying the ribbons over it, extending them but a little way beyond it and there pinning them down. When the work is lifted the paper is easily moved. Study the wall-pocket shown at Fig. 3 as an example of close and fancy weaving. The front is mounted over stiff buckram and the back is a heart-shaped piece of card, covered and lined with brown silk.

For the weaving were used: seven strands of black-ribbon velvet three-quarters of an inch wide, twelve of green moiré nearly half-an-inch, the same amount of white moiré, and three lengths of deep orange ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide. Begin with the centre warp (upright) strand of black velvet, and on each side of it pin down two green, a black, two green, a black, two green, and, lastly, a black strip.

For the weft threads orange and white are to be used; thread the top white over the centre black stripe, under the next and over the last green on each side of it. The second white ribbon passes over the threads passed under before, and under those which were



covered; this band is seen in the side curves also. The orange bands which come after every pair of white ones pass also over and under, alternating with the last ribbon threaded; in fact this simple rule suffices for the entire work, which results in little squares formed by the green and white ribbons and bolder details added by those of greater width. The completed weaving should be carefully laid on silk-lined buckram and stitched to the heart-shaped back.

A cord is carried all round the wall-pocket, and sequins, threaded on gold tinsel, dangle round the bottom of it. Bows and ends of the ribbons are arranged at the back of the pocket.

The second form of plaiting (open-weaving) deserves a few words. In this the ribbon strands are put more widely apart, permitting a background of silk to show between them. A specimen of this style of weaving is seen at Fig. 4, where wide and narrow ribbons are used transversely as well as down and across. The white warp threads should be secured each its own width distant from the next, and the weft ribbons are threaded over and under these. The first set of narrow ribbons passes right across the work diagonally, under the weft but over the warp lines.

The second narrow set crossing with these is arranged to come also under the weft and over the warp lines, and falls naturally over one of the former set of diagonal ribbons in every open space. A sequin keeps the strands together at each spot where they all meet. The last illustration shows the same pattern worked more closely as embellishment for the front of an open coat. The background is black satin, the wider ribbons and sequins are heliotrope, while the diagonal strands are pale green.

It has been shown that ribbon work is adapted for small articles of dress as well as to fancy trifles. The colourings can be greatly varied, and a bold or delicate effect be secured at will. The variety of patterns is quite bewildering, as a few trials and a study of fancy-straw weaving will soon show. Squares, diamonds and zigzags can be made of many kinds both in close and open weaving. In the latter the pattern of an ordinary cane-bottomed chair works out effectively.

As the finished work, lined if necessary, is equal in texture to a thick make of silk or brocade, it follows that it will serve in many cases for which these fabrics are also used: for mats, belts, covers for books, caskets, or fancy baskets; for *bonbonnières*, sachets, book-markers, pot-covers and a thousand other purposes it answers well.

It is pretty and modern, and readers are again advised to try it for themselves, and see how far better is the look of the real work than that of pictures into which colour cannot be introduced.

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

Food

is required for two purposes. 1. To replace loss. 2. To supply warmth. All food for invalids must be carefully served, in as tempting a manner as possible. Milk is a perfect food and contains all the elements necessary to keep the body in health, and therefore frequently forms the staple article of diet ordered in sickness. It is more easily digested if boiled and less likely to contain germs of disease. A small pinch of bicarbonate of soda, or a little soda water added takes off from the cloying sour taste in milk, so disagreeable to some invalids. If allowed the milk may be thickened with gruel, arrowroot, cornflour, or Benger's food may be made in the following way: one tablespoonful of the Benger and four tablespoonfuls of cold milk, stir into a smooth paste, add one pint of hot milk and place to stand for fifteen or twenty minutes. It should be then boiled, stirring all the time, and is ready for use.

The White of an Egg

in half a pint of milk makes a nourishing drink, or white of egg and one ounce of cream to half a pint of water is very nourishing, and can often be retained where ordinary milk causes diarrhœa and sickness.

Tea

made with milk poured over it when quite boiling instead of the boiling water generally used, and only allowed to stand for three minutes, will often be allowed to a patient who is getting tired of a milk diet.

Beef Tea

must be carefully made, and the best way to make it is to take one pound of lean beef to one pint of water; cut the meat up into small dice, removing at the same time any pieces of fat or skin, place the meat in a stone jar, and allow it to simmer on the stove or in a cool oven. The beef tea must not be allowed to boil, it should stew slowly for about three hours, and then be strained. When cool any grease that may rise to the surface should be removed before being taken to the invalid.

Effervescing Lemonade.

The juice of two lemons to one pint of water. One level teaspoonful of soda bicarb. will cause this to effervesce when required for use.

OUR NEW "G. O. P." YEAR.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D. ("MEDICUS").



MOST beautiful old Scottish love song keeps ringing in my ear as I sit down to write this paper. It is published by Cameron of Glasgow, in a beautiful wee five shilling book containing hundreds of the most charming of Scotch songs and music. The name is "The Lyric Gem of Scotland." The name of the song is "Time Wears Awa'." I wish, girls, I could give you the music. Never mind, the first verse I must quote—

"Oh, but the hours rin fast awa',
Like Kelvin to the Clyde,
Since on its bonnie gowany* bank
I woo'd thee for my bride.

My ain dear love so sweet and young,
So artless and so fair,
Then love was a' the grief we knew,
And you my only care.

The voices o' those happy days,
Steal on our dreams by night,
And cherished memories rise and glow
Wi' their departed light.

CHORUS.

Time wears awa', time wears awa',
And winna let us be,
It's stolen the roses from your cheeks,
The blythe blink from your ee."

Isn't it bonnie, girls? Ah, what a thing music is! Without my fiddle and my guitar by my side, I should never write a story. Music cheers one, and somehow my guitar is always in exactly the same frame of mind that I myself am.

But that song is also sad and plaintive. Never mind, if you but take the advice I am going to give in this simple paper, time will be in no hurry to steal the roses from *your* cheeks, nor the blithe blink from your eye either.

Much of what I am now about to say I have said before at one time or another, but at the commencement of a new volume, we always have a host of new readers, and my advice to them, I flatter myself, will be interesting.

The rules of health are indeed very simple, and happy indeed are those girls who obey them. It is a bit of a struggle at first, and you may fail for a time to get into the straight path, but persevere. Remember King Robert Bruce and the spider. Should you fail and fall back a score of times, just start up and try again, and shortly habit will become second nature.

I never yet knew a girl, who, strictly obeying the laws of health, needed either medicine internally, or cosmetics to face and hands. Of course I do not say a word against any attempt a girl may make to aid beauty, if the applications are simple and not injurious, and during the new "G. O. P." year, I hope to give many hints on beauty and strength.

And now for the rules of health:

Food or Diet.—It is a fact that good blood is made from good food, and never from physic. Those who advertise medicines to cure all ills, by so-called blood purifiers, should be looked upon as arrant and impudent quacks. For health's sake, reader, avoid them and all advertised quackeries. No doctor advertises. If he did so his name would speedily be removed from the register.

The blood must be purified, and *can* be purified, only by eating a sufficient quantity, at stated times, of just that sort of food which suits the system best. If any particular article of diet, or a meal of many dishes produces drowsiness, irritability, head symptoms. discomfort, eructations, or acidity, it must be avoided in future. A healthy girl should not even feel that she possesses either a stomach or liver.

Proper Mastication.—Only birds really bolt their food, because they have no teeth. It is ground up in the stomach by the stones they swallow, and nature provides them also with stomachic juices, that act upon their food as do our own gastric and salivary juices combined. If human beings do not eat slowly and masticate well, dyspepsia is sure to be the result sooner or later. It is important not only that the food should be well broken up, but mingled freely with the salivary juices before it enters the stomach.

Hints for the Dyspeptic.—Indigestion is one of those troublesome ailments that it is as much in the power of a person himself to prevent as of the doctor to cure. The symptoms are innumerable, and, unfortunately, they are mental as well as physical. Let the dyspeptic take these hints:—1, eat less; 2, masticate well; 3, avoid soups and sloppy food; 4, meat only once a day; 5, fresh air with exercise, and plenty of milk; 6, N.B., if little exercise, little milk; 7, no fatty fishes, no pork or veal; 8, white fish, fowl, game, tender mutton, or a slice of beef from a juicy joint; 9, eggs lightly boiled, raw or poached, not fried; 10, cold sponge bath before breakfast; 11, half a pint or more of hot water some minutes before the two principal meals. A squeeze of lemon may be taken in it; 12, a glass of soda water before going to bed, or plain water with the juice of half a lemon.

About Vegetables and Health.—It is the generally received opinion among scientists, that the day is not far distant when much less animal food will be used in this country than is now, and that as a nation we will be stronger, calmer, and happier for the change, and all the richer. There are people—and their name is legion—who live almost wholly on animal food. Well, we shall always have those wehr-wolves amongst us, but that ten or twenty years hence people will know more of the relative health-giving and tone-giving values of vegetable and animal diet, I have not the slightest doubt.

A change of vegetables should be used almost every day. The greener sorts, as well as mashed turnips, parsnips, and carrots, all help to cool the system and calm the mind. Stimulants will hardly be craved for if vegetables in abundance be eaten. Nuts are most nutritious, but as a rule they are oily, and therefore they must be avoided by the dyspeptic. Fruit in season, ripe and good, should be eaten before breakfast and after dinner. Oranges may be used with benefit all the year round. Best from March to June. Tomatoes always.

Ablution and the Bath.—People as a rule think too much about their livers and too little about the skin and lungs, especially those who live too freely. One cannot have any single internal organ in good working order if one neglects ablution. A girl may carefully wash the face and hands a dozen times a day, and still be, as regards perfect ablution, little better than a Hottentot. Pardon the comparison.

A warm bath should be taken every week.

A cold bath every morning.

Tub or not Tub.—Should I take my cold sponge bath in hard frosty weather? This is a question I have been asked by a correspondent. My reply is "Most certainly, if you have vital energy enough in you to obtain gentle reaction by the time you have finished towelling." I do not, however, advise anyone to commence the practice of matutinal tubbing in the dead of winter. Begin in spring, and let nothing prevent you from having this glorious tonic every day of the year. There are those, of course, whose circulations are so feeble and their hearts probably so flabby that the tub might be unsafe. There are others who lack the moral courage to take it, and others again who are too lazy, bodily and mentally. This cold sponge bath, after an experience of over twenty years of it, I consider eminently tonic and bracing, not only to the muscles, but to every organ of the body. It also strengthens the appetite, improves the digestion, and accords an almost entire immunity from catarrh, and probably other chest complaints.

Clothing and Bed-clothes.—In one of my books I wrote as follows:—I do not care a deal what outer clothing is worn so long as it is not made from non-ventilating waterproof. India-rubber mantles, and foot-rotting goloshes are highly injurious. I prefer wool, and all wool, however, and I myself wear Dr. Jaeger's. The under-clothing, light in summer, thicker in winter, *must* be of wool if health is to be retained.

Keep the head cool and the feet warm, but do not muffle up the neck too much. The neck should be as hardy as the face. If it is so one avoids the risk of catching cold and sore throats.

Never sit in damp clothing, nor with damp, cold, or wet feet.

Avoid damp beds. If travelling, and you suspect the bed is damp, roll yourself in a rug or plaid, or pull off the sheets entirely.

The socks or stockings should be wool, warm and dry. Clothes damp from perspiration are even more dangerous than clothes that have been rained upon.

The bed-clothing should be light but warm, and the bed itself a soft even mattress.

Recreative Exercise.—Without this no one can enjoy perfect health. You may tell me that, being a working girl, you get too much of it, but I reply that hard work is not exercise.

Healthful, health-giving exercise must be taken in the open air. That is a *sine qua non*. It must be of a kind to gently stimulate the mind, and if possible it should be actually pleasurable, and calculated to banish for the time being all care and sorrow and worry whatever.

Walking exercise is very good, but your walk must have some object in it, if it be only to look at the shop windows or visit a friend. But a visit of ceremony to a distant milestone is of little value.

Everyone cannot afford to ride in a carriage or on horseback, but the latter is splendid exercise.

A course of dumb-bells taken in a judicious and scientific manner does excellent service. The irons must not be too heavy, else they stretch the joints and weary muscle and nerve. Regular motions ought to be gone through, so as to bring group of muscle after group into play. This drill should be continued *half* an hour at a time, morning and evening.

* The gowan is the wild daisy.

Boating, if spurting is not indulged in, is another good form of wholesome exercise.

Games such as lawn-tennis, football, cricket, bowls, etc., are most health-giving, for three reasons: they exhilarate the mind, exercise the muscles, and the player is breathing fresh air while engaged in them.

Being myself an enthusiastic cyclist, I can confidently recommend the tricycle or bicycle as the best form of exercise ever invented. It lightens the mind, and strengthens muscles and nerves, and throws open all the secretions, not excepting the skin. But beware of spurting up hills, which induces heart disease. Beware also of sitting in a damp skirt after coming in from a long ride. Go and change at once if your underclothing is damp. I myself always carry a change to put on at my journey's end; and if I have to ride back the same day, I change again when I get home, after taking a cold bath, and finishing up with a cup of tea or delicious coffee.

Fresh Air.—It is very sad to think that thousands die every year, slowly asphyxiated, although this might easily be prevented, even by those who are compelled to work indoors, if they would but look upon fresh air as their best friend, keep the windows open, and make it a rule to spend as many hours out of doors every day as possible.

"Remember," says Professor Ransome, "that every breath of impure air endangers the health, and takes away energy from the body; that we cannot breathe any portion of the air that has already passed through the lungs without harbouring the seeds of that fearful disease, consumption, and that a close unozonised atmosphere necessarily weakens our powers and debilitates our systems."

Pure Water and Warmth.—Both are most important to health. As regards the water I have to warn the reader that, with the exception of two or three, all the filters at present in the market are worse than useless, because they give people a false sense of security.

As to warmth: I myself should prefer fresh air without heat to living in a badly ventilated room, however cosy, but in winter people should endeavour to so arrange their rooms as to combine the two.

The proper ventilation of the bedroom is of the greatest importance, so too, is the airing of the bed-clothes. If you can possibly stand it the window should be partially open night and day.

And now I have done. I sincerely pray that my advice may do many good, and just as sincerely do I wish all my girls, young or not young, a happy and healthy New G. O. P. Year.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

EVANGELINE.—Chopin's music certainly belongs to the romantic school and is dreamy enough to delight you, but it is rather difficult. You might, however, try some of his nocturnes or waltzes. We should also recommend you the following: Schumann's "Kinderscenen"; a "Berceuse" by Schütt; "Melody in G♭," Paderewski; "Lyrische Stückchen, Op. 12," Grieg; "Three 18th century Studies," Arthur Somervell. You can buy Chopin's pieces bound up together in separate parts; for example, "The Chopin Album," vols. 1 and 2, each containing fifteen celebrated pieces, nett price 1s. 1½d.; or the "Nocturnes," price 1s. 6d.; the whole list is too long to give here.

COURAGE.—We are much gratified by your letter of thanks, and by the information that you are enabled to win praise for your skill in cookery and home management, which you say you owe entirely to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We can recommend you the following songs which you can obtain set in keys suitable for either tenor or baritone: "I Arise from Dreams of Thee," Salaman; "One More," and "A Song of May," Lord Henry Somerset; "Still wie die Nacht," Carl Bohm; "Bois Epais," Lully; "The Devout Lover" and "Absent yet Present," Maude Valérie White; "O Promise Me," by Reginald de Koven. Some of the above are also suitable for soprano and mezzo, but we should advise you in addition to choose a book of Edward Lassen's songs, one of Maude Valérie White's, one of F. H. Cowen's, and one of Rubinstein's. A song we think you would like, for mezzo or baritone, appeared in the January number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, entitled "Longing," by Ethel L. Watson.

MADELINE.—We have never heard (although we have known many foreign schools) of the arrangement you suggest, by which students take part in the household work instead of paying fees. But an arrangement that is frequently made is for an English girl to enter a French, German or Swiss school and teach her own language in return for joining the usual classes. This is called being *au pair*. We have known the plan work most happily and satisfactorily for all parties in Switzerland, at such places as Neuchâtel and Lausanne. If you have no friends who would inquire for you, would you like to insert an advertisement in a foreign paper, for example, the *Journal de Genève* (Geneva), *Feuille d'avis de Vevey*, or *Gazette de Lausanne*, Switzerland, stating your requirements? You could write first on a 1d. postcard to the office of the journal, asking the fee for insertion. In Switzerland you would be able to learn both French and German, and the bracing air and beautiful scenery lend attraction to the sojourn there.

EIN SCHÜLMÄDCHEN.—There are Scholarships connected with Queen's College, Harley Street, London, W., for girls over fourteen. Write for particulars of these; and also read Mrs. Watson's recent articles in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on "What are the County Councils doing for Girls?" You might apply to C. H. Bothamley, Esq., Somerset County Education Committee, Weston-Super-Mare, or to the Secretary of the Technical Instruction Committee, Taunton, for details of Scholarships tenable at High Schools, etc., in your own county. We wish you success.

LARGO.—The sol-fa "words" for the scale are—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do; the vowels being pronounced in the Italian fashion—ray, mee, fah, etc. "Do" is the key-note. Many thanks for your kind words in praise of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A STUDENT.—1. We should advise you to consult the authorities of the school where you are studying. You give us no clue as to the grade of education concerning which you wish information.—2. We cannot advertise any special preparations for the hair.

W. SMITH.—In addition to Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," and Bohn's publication, which you mention, we can recommend "Dictionary of Quotations" (English), Dalbiac; and "Dictionary of Quotations," Rev. James Wood. These contain prose as well as poetical extracts. We do not think you will find "longer quotations" given anywhere, unless you get one of the collections of miscellaneous verse of which there are so many.

EVANGELINE.—There are many instruments far more easily learnt than the piano. Have you ever heard of the auto-harp? (price, from 12s. 6d.). It is very sweet, suited to accompany the voice, and so easy to learn that you could probably teach yourself; or you might try the guitar, or mandoline. A *ne plus ultra* auto-harp (the very best) costs £5 5s.; a mandoline, from £1 1s.; a guitar, from 10s. 6d. The harp itself is easier than the piano. You could no doubt hear of a second-hand one by inquiring at any music shop; but we should hardly advise you to buy so large an instrument to begin with, as you might find you did not care to learn it after all. We sympathise with you, and thank you for your letter

AUTUMN.—We think you must intend your communication as a joke, as such doggerel is seldom sent us, and you must be perfectly well aware, if you are fourteen, that it is nonsense—not clever nonsense either!

AN OLD READER.—Your thoughts are very sweet, but, we fear, hardly original enough for publication. The "qualifications for a nurse" are good, but the subject is familiar.

AN APPRECIATIVE READER.—We sympathise with you in the feelings expressed in your verses. "Every Need Supplied" is the best of the four poems. Your lines, "I need Thee every hour," and "I cannot do without Thee," are to be found in other familiar hymns, and have doubtless been unconsciously reproduced by you. "Divine Alchemy" and "Death" are not written in any known metre. "Tame" and "again" do not rhyme; and the line—

"O wondrous love, any grace"

is too long. The rules of form are very important in writing poetry. We do not wish to discourage you, as you probably find it a comfort thus to express your inmost thoughts.

ISABEL.—Your lines are not original enough for publication; and though we are sure you are sincere, the same things have constantly been said by others. Your metre suddenly changes in verse 3 of "Come Unto Me." Your ear will surely tell you that.

"And 'neath the shelter of his wings"

is a line of different cadence from

"Ye shall enter where all sorrow."

We do not think it wise to devote a "great part of your time" to composing poetry, as at your age you should read the work of illustrious writers and store your mind with treasures.

MARY.—Your lines do not rhyme and yet are not in any metre suited to blank verse. You should not write "what you think *to* it," but "what you think of it." The French use the former mode of expression, but not the English. To write lines of different lengths below each other is not to write poetry, or even verse.

TOPSY.—1. Your verses show that you need to study the rules of poetic form. "A Sketch" is not written in any recognised metre so far as the first verse is concerned, but improves later on. The lines of "Sunset" ought, considering their length, to rhyme. In "One Summer Evening" the rhymes are often incorrect, *e.g.*, "deaden" and "reddened," "planted" and "demanded," "broken" and "open."—2. Your work would not at present be accepted for publication in any quarter. The one consolation we can give you is that "Sunset" shows you have an observing eye and some power of description. You might succeed better in prose.

GILGHIT.—The only way to obtain "reviewing work" is to apply to the editor of any periodical for which you wish to write. But, as you invite our judgment, we must candidly inform you that the specimen you enclose "would never do." "The-within-reach-of-all-sum of 1d" is not an English mode of expression; you use the words "little work" twice consecutively, and your praise is quite indiscriminating. Reviewing is a difficult art, and the critic needs to be, as far as possible, above criticism in his *technique*.

PERSÉVÉRANCE.—1. We have read "A Dream-Journey" with much pleasure. Certainly do not "stamp out your impulse to write," but encourage and foster it by every means in your power, taking care, however, to read meanwhile "the best," not as your letter suggests, good, bad, and indifferent. Life is short, and you cannot afford to waste time. Cultivate your brain and your literary taste in every possible way.—2. The faith that would be endangered by reading Carlyle and Emerson must be of a very feeble kind, and likely, sooner or later, to collapse. We should consider that their thoughts were helpful to the growth of character in the best direction, though it is not necessary to take all they say for granted. Emerson, however, is immeasurably the greater of the two. He is a "seer," and cannot be studied too earnestly. We wish you success worthy of your name.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAGGIE could purchase a fairly good silk for about 3s. 6d. to 4s. a yard, perhaps less. It would be better to have a little trimming of white lace at the neck and wrists, and a full bodice with satin sash and ribbons.

H. M. W.—For the removal of copying and marking inks, wash the stained parts with a strong solution of bleaching powder, then apply a cold solution of oxalic acid, not too strong, and rinse repeatedly in cold water afterwards.

F. E. W.—We could not possibly give a testimonial or certificate of merit to any trade association, nor say that "they are all they represent." But we think you would probably act wisely in taking some lessons at the place you name.

NORTHERN EVERGREEN.—1. We do not care for green toilet-mats nor covers, and should prefer them of white with an embroidery in green silk on them. Everything connected in this way with the toilet table should be of washing materials. The "bed-spread" may be of green cretonne to match the covering of the furniture. You had better purchase mats and table-covers ready outlined and prepared for working.—2. Indigestion arises from so many causes, you had better go back for a year or two of the "G.O.P.," and read the articles by "Medicus" on the subject. Eating too fast without sufficient mastication, or when over-fatigued, are all causes of discomfort. Perhaps taking a pint of hot water half an hour after a meal might do you good.

CONSTANT READER.—1. Residing in such a city as Edinburgh there must be many excellent corset-shops within easy reach of you where you could be fitted satisfactorily.—2. You had better fulfil the divine command without delay. It is wrong that you should have grown up and still continue in such a course of rebellion against your Divine Master's command. — 3. On the question whether having had your name registered as Eliza, you could have it changed to Elizabeth, with a second annexed to it, you should consult a lawyer, or perhaps you could obtain information from the rector of your parish.

MALVERNIA.—Such paintings can be advertised in the *Bazaar Exchange and Mart*, and through that useful paper you can obtain an opinion as to the value from an expert. You had better obtain a copy and see. The painter's name is not to be found in any of our biographical dictionaries, and you must have made some mistake; but there are many painters unknown to fame, or only locally-known men of course.

LENT LILY.—The most fashionable material at the present moment seems to be cashmere, and nothing could be prettier than a grey one, for a wedding, with white satin trimmings for your dress. Also a grey hat, or bonnet, with white and grey feathers, and chiffon or tulle. A bolero jacket would be pretty with a white satin, or a white muslin with satin ribbons for a blouse or front. This would be useful afterwards.

YOUNG COOK (Nijni Novgorod).—We are pleased to hear our young Russian "Constant Reader" enjoys our paper so much. To make "cross buns" you will require 1 oz. of fresh German yeast, 3 lbs. of fine flour, 8 oz. of good butter, and a small pinch of salt. Rub the butter and salt well into the flour. Turn the yeast into a basin, and beat it up well with a tablespoonful of moist sugar till it be a liquid. Add a pint and a half of milk (or water) and two well-beaten eggs. Then mix all with the flour so as to make a batter. Sprinkle a little flour over the dough, cover the bowl with a cloth, and let the dough rise before the fire for a couple of hours. Then knead it up well with 10 oz. of sugar, ½ lb. of washed and dried currants, and spice it with grated nutmeg The mixture may then be divided into buns, to be laid in rows on a baking-tin, flatten them a little on the top, and make two cross-cuts on each, and let them rise before the fire for ten minutes and then bake in a quick oven. The quantity, as given above, will make about three dozen buns.

K. M.—There is a Home of Rest, at 8s. a week, at Broomfield, Lindfield, Hayward's Heath, apply to the Lady Superintendent. There is another at 7s. per week, Holly Cottage, Witley, Godalming, apply to Miss Hall-Hall, Witley Manor, Godalming; and another at Brighton, at 8s. a week, for two weeks' residence, Hampden Cottage and Home of Rest, 11, Mighell Street, Dorset Street, apply to Mrs. Scott, 15, German Place, Brighton. One specially for young women in business is at Bickley, Kent (Buckingham Cottage), also at 8s. a week, and no special limit of residence. Apply to Miss Lyell, 9, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.

ANXIOUS.—You do not give any information as to the position and private means of the young couple who propose to emigrate to Canada. That country offers very many advantages. For gentlemen there are few appointments open, as there are so many young men native-born who secure such, and the banks are full of them. But respectable young people, taking out good testimonials and introductions from their clergy and others, may find employment in shops, manufactories, on railways, and other places. The locality you propose to select seems well chosen.

SHEILA and B. B.—First wash the ivory with warm soap and water. If there be spots from wine or fruit scrape off carefully with very fine sandpaper. Immerse in a weak solution of chloride of lime and water, place it under glass, and expose it to the sunshine. "Sheila's" writing is good for her age. For taking wine stains out of linen, refer to our Indexes. Try holding the article in boiling milk while boiling on the fire, or spread the stained part of wine-marked tissues over a bowl or basin, rub some common salt into it, and pour boiling water through it.

A DUTCH GIRL.—There is an excellent Baedeker for Great Britain; you could not have a better guide, and you will find plenty of small and inexpensive local guides to most of the tourist's haunts in England and Wales.

THESPIS and FLORA.—We do not answer such questions as yours Our advice would be select a different occupation, one less full of temptations and dangers of all kinds. "Thespis" should remember that she is only a minor, and it should be regarded as both a sacred duty and an important object in her daily life to give some return and proof of gratitude and love to her parents, and to conform to any wish of theirs, even when costing some self-sacrifice, remembering that such an act is pleasing to God also, for they are "over you in the Lord."

M. R. E.—There seems to be much misconception about the meaning and scope of the word "Mahatma." Professor Max Muller in the *Nineteenth Century*, in an article called "A Real Mahatman," says it is a very common Sanskrit word, meaning, literally, "high-minded," "great souled," "noble." Thus it does not represent an adept, nor one possessed of supernatural powers, as has been imagined.

CARRIE.—1. The Yeomen of the Guard are called "Beefeaters," because it was a part of their duty to wait at the royal sideboard, *buffet* being the French term for the latter; and *boufitiers*, in Norman French, denoting waiters at the sideboard; "Beefeaters" being a corruption of *boufitiers*. It is said that the Anglicised term has been no less than three hundred years in use.—2. Feed your tortoise on vegetable food. Try him with different kinds and let him select for himself, such as lettuce, dandelion and cabbage. The people from whom you bought it could tell you how they fed it themselves. There are several species; many varieties of land, sea, and fresh-water tortoises, and some are carnivorous. It is the green turtle of the sea that is so valuable as food.

FERN-LEAF.—That you may be only between fifteen and sixteen does not signify in the matter of wearing long frocks, if you be so abnormally tall. Certainly a girl of 5 feet 9 inches should wear them as long as any grown-up person. We thank you for offering to write stories for our paper, but we only employ old and experienced writers.

J. L.—1. "The Freedom of the City" is obtained in different ways. By patrimony, if born after the admission of the father, and having obtained their majority; by free presentation; and by purchase (with or without the interference of a company). But, if the person desiring the "freedom" be carrying on no business, nor holds any premises within the City or its liberties, would have to pay upwards of £27 fee.—2. The origin of the sum charged as a solicitor's fee fixed at 3s. 4d., 6s. 8d. and 13s. 4d., is to be sought for several centuries ago; and the explanation seems to be found in the representation respectively in those sums of the money then current, *i.e.*, the mark, half-mark and quarter-mark.

SUNSHINE should certainly leave her father's and mother's cards, when she pays a visit on an "at home day," unless with very intimate friends, when it may be omitted sometimes.—2. Visitors staying in your house may accompany you, if you like to take them. You must be careful in introducing them to the lady of the house when you go in, and make any explanation of who they are, that may make the visit acceptable to her.



NOVEMBER SPRAY

FOR SHOULDERS AND FRONT OF DRESS.

Single dahlia, bouvardia, and maidenhair.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 931.] OCTOBER 30, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

PERFECT FREEDOM.

HE is not free who serves himself—
His lower self that clips his wing,
And numbs him that he cannot sing
Of praise or joy.

But he who bows his will to God's,
And opes his heart to other's woe,
And lives for Christ his life below,
He, he is free!

This is true freedom—not *my* way
But His who ever chooseth best,
Whose yoke means liberty and rest
To heart and soul.

REGINALD
CALLENDER.



BEREAVEMENT.

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SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.



CHAPTER V.

ON Saturday afternoon Mrs. Freer drove up to the door in an old-fashioned carriage. She was a thin, little woman, not at all like her big son, whom she evidently adored as the most wonderful specimen of his sex, and she was full of gratitude for the kindness which had been shown to him. Rex's letter had evidently been of a descriptive nature, for his mother recognised each of the three girls, addressed them by name, and referred to their special interests.

"How do you do, Miss Hilary?" I hope my son's illness has not interfered with the arrangements for your journey. How do you do, Miss Lettice? How do you do, Norah? Rex has told me of your wonderful playing. I hope you will let me hear something before I go."

Norah was never loath to play, and on this occasion she was anxious to make a good impression, so that Mrs. Freer might gain her father's consent to the proposed music lessons. At the earliest opportunity, therefore, she produced her violin, played her favourite selections, and had the satisfaction of seeing that Mrs. Freer was unmistakably impressed.

The little head in the large black bonnet approached Mr. Bertrand's in confidential fashion. Norah watched the smile of pleasure on her father's face, followed by the usual pucker of the brows with which he was wont to receive a difficult question. Mrs. Freer was evidently approaching the subject of the professor from Lancaster, and presently, oh, joy! the frown passed away, he was leaning forward, clasping his hands round his knees, and listening with an air of pleased attention.

"Mr. Freer is quite willing to allow Edna to take lessons, even if they should be rather expensive, for the poor child frets at being separated from her friends, and she is not strong enough to remain at school. She could not come here to have her lesson, I am afraid, for she is only allowed to go out when the weather is mild and sunny; but if you would allow Norah to come to us for the day once a fortnight—(fortnightly lessons would be quite enough, don't you think so?)—it would be a pleasure to have her. She would have to stay for the night, of course; it is too far to come and go in one day. Edna would be charmed! It would really be a charity to the poor child!"

"You are very good. It sounds feasible. If you will be kind enough to make inquiries, I shall be most happy to fall in with your arrangements. And now let me give you some tea."

Half-an-hour later the carriage was brought round again, for the nights grew dark so soon that it was necessary to make an early start on the ten-mile drive. Rex hobbled down the hall on his sticks, escorted by the entire Bertrand family, for the week of his visit had seemed to place him on the standing of an old and familiar friend, and the Mouse shed tears when he kissed her in the porch, while Lettice looked the picture of woe. Norah was the most cheerful of all, for Rex whispered in her ear, "I'll keep them up to the mark about the lessons. We will have some good times together when you come over, and—I say! I impressed upon your father that you were awfully clever; you'll have to do as much for me, and convince mine that I am too stupid to do any good at college!"

"Oh, I will!" said Norah emphatically. "I will! Good-bye. I'm most fearfully obliged!" She stood on the path waving her hand and nodding farewells so long as the carriage remained in sight. It seemed as if her wish were to be fulfilled indeed, and the thought of the new friends and the fortnightly visits to Brantmere filled her with delighted expectation.

For the next few days Hilary was as busy as a bee preparing for her visit to London. She gathered together all her nicest things, and, not content with her own, cast a covetous eye on the possessions of her sisters. Half-a-dozen times in the course of the morning the door of the room in which the two youngest sisters sat would burst open, and Hilary's sleek little head appear round the corner to make some new request.

"Lettice! you might lend me your new muff!"

"Oh, Hilary! I only got it at Christmas, and I need it myself in this cold weather."

"Don't be so selfish. I'll leave you my old one. It doesn't matter what sort of a muff you wear here, and you know quite well mine is too shabby for London. It's only for a fortnight."

"Oh, well, I suppose you must have it. It's very hard though, for I do like nice things, even if I am in the country."

"Oh, thanks awfully. I'll take mine to your room." Then the door would bang and Hilary's footsteps be heard flying up the staircase, but in less than ten minutes she would be down again with another request. "You don't mind, I suppose, if I take your silver brushes?"

"My silver brushes! I should think I do mind, indeed. What next!"

"But you never use them. You might just as well lend them to me as leave them lying in their case upstairs."

"I am keeping them until I go away visiting. If I don't even use them myself, it's not likely I am going to lend them to anyone else."

"Lettice, how mean! What harm could I do to the brushes in a fortnight? You know what a grand house Miss Carr's is, and it would be horrid for me to go with a common wooden brush. I do think you might lend them to me!"

"Oh, very well; you can have them if you like, but you are not afraid of asking, I must say. Is there anything else?"

"Not from you; at least I don't think so just now. But, Norah, I want your bangle—the gold one, you know! Lend it to me, like a dear, won't you?"

"If you lose it, will you buy me a new one?"

"I won't lose it. I'll only wear it in the evening, and I'll be most awfully careful."

"You have a bangle of your own. Why can't you be content with that?"

"I want two, one for each arm; they look so nice with short sleeves. Thank you, awfully. I'll put it in my jewel-box."

"I haven't said I would lend it to you yet."

But Hilary ran away laughing, and gathered brushes and bangles together in triumph.

It was on the evening preceding the journey to London that Mr. Bertrand came upon his second daughter standing alone in the long upstairs corridor, which ran the whole length of the house, pressing her forehead against the panes of the windows. Lettice had been unusually quiet during the last few days, and her father was glad to have the opportunity of a quiet talk.

"All alone, dear?" he asked, putting his arm round her waist and drawing her towards him. "I was thinking about you only a few minutes ago. I said on New Year's Day, you remember, that I wanted to give each of you three girls some special little present. Well, Hilary is having this trip with me, and Norah seems in a fair way of getting her wish in the matter of lessons; but what about you? I'll take you with me next time I go away, but in the meantime, is there any little thing you fancy that I could bring back from London town?"

"No, thank you, father. I don't want anything."

"Quite sure? Or—or—anything I can do for you here before I go?"

"No, thank you, father. Nothing at all."

The tone was dull and listless, and Mr. Bertrand looked down at the fair face nestled against his shoulder with anxious eyes.

"What is it, dear? What is the matter, my pretty one?"

He was almost startled by the transformation which passed over the girl's face as he spoke the last few words. The colour rushed into the cheeks, the lips trembled, and the beautiful eyes gazed meltingly into his. Lettice put up her arm and flung it impetuously round his neck.

"Do you love me, father? Do you love me?"

"Love you! My precious child! I love every one of you—dearly—dearly! But you"— Mr. Bertrand's voice broke off with an uncontrollable little tremble—"you know there are special reasons why you are dear to me, Lettice. When I look at you I seem to see your mother again as I met her first. Why do you ask such a question? You surely know that I love you, without being told?"

"But I like being told," said Lettice plaintively. "I like people to say nice things, and to be loving and demonstrative. Hilary laughs at me if I am affectionate, and the boys tease. Sometimes I feel so lonely!"

Mr. Bertrand drew his breath in a short, stabbing sigh. He was realising more keenly every day how difficult it was to bring up young girls without a mother's tender care. Hilary, with the strain of hardness and self-seeking which would ruin her disposition unless it were checked in time; beautiful Lettice, longing for love and admiration, and so fatally susceptible to a few flattering words; Norah, with her exceptional talents, and daring, fearless spirit—how was he to manage them all during the most critical years of their lives? "I must speak to Helen Carr. Helen Carr will help me," he said to himself, and sighed with relief at the thought of sharing his burden with the kind-hearted friend of his youth.

It was nearly six o'clock when the travellers drove up to the door of the white house in Kensington, and Miss Carr came into the hall to meet them, looking far less altered by the lapse of three years than her young visitor, who had developed from a delicate girl of fourteen, into a self-possessed young lady of seventeen.

"And this is Hilary. Tut, tut! What do you mean by growing up in this ridiculous manner, child?" Miss Carr pecked the girl's cheek with a formal kiss, and turned to hold out both hands to Mr. Bertrand. "Austin! how good to see you again. This is a pleasure—a real pleasure." There was no doubting the sincerity of the tone, which was one of most affectionate welcome, and the plain old face beneath the white cap was beaming with smiles. Miss Carr had been Austin Bertrand's devoted friend from his youth onwards, one of the earliest believers in his literary powers, and the most gratified by the fame which he had gained. Hilary was left out in the cold for the next ten minutes, while the old lady fussed round her father, inquiring anxiously if he were cold, if he were tired, and pressing all manner of refreshments upon him. Even over dinner itself she received scanty attention. She had put on a pretty blue dress, with a drapery of lace over the shoulders, arranged her hair in a style copied from the latest fashion book, and snapped the gold bangles on her arms, with a result which seemed highly satisfactory upstairs, but not quite so much so when she entered the drawing-room, for Miss Carr put up her eye-glasses, stared at her fixedly for several moments, and then delivered herself of an expressive grunt. "Deary me! seventeen, are we? Don't be in too great a hurry to grow up, my dear. The time will come when you will be only too thankful to be young!"

At this rate Hilary began to feel that it was not uninterrupted bliss to be in London, and this suspicion was deepened when at nine o'clock her hostess looked at her stolidly, and remarked—

"You are tired, my dear. Go to bed, and have a good night's rest."

Hilary bridled, and held her little head at the angle of injured dignity which her sisters knew so well. Nine o'clock indeed! As if she were a baby!

"Oh, thank you, Miss Carr, but I am not tired. It was such an easy journey. I am not sleepy at all."

"My dear, all young girls ought to get to bed and have their beauty sleep before twelve o'clock. Don't mind me. Your father will manage to entertain me. He and I have always plenty to say to each other."

After such plain speaking as this, it was impossible to object any further. Hilary rose with a flush on her cheeks, kissed her father, and held out a stiff little hand towards Miss Carr. The old lady looked at her, and her face softened. She was beginning to repent, in the characteristic manner to which Norah had referred. Hilary felt herself pulled forward, kissed lovingly on the lips, and heard a kindly tone take the place of the crisp, mocking accents. "Good-night, dearie, good-night! We must have some good times while you are here. Sleep well, and to-morrow we will talk things over, and make our plans."

The door shut behind the girl, and the two occupants of the room looked at one another in silence. Miss Carr's expression was self-conscious and apologetic; Mr. Bertrand's twitching with humorous enjoyment.

"Too bad, Helen, too bad! I can't have my poor little lass snubbed like that!"

"My dear Austin, it will do her all the good in the world. What a little Miss Consequence! What have you been about to let the child think so much of herself?"

"Put a woman's responsibilities on her shoulders, I'm afraid, before she was ready to bear it. My dear Helen, that's the very thing about which I am anxious to consult you. These girls of mine are getting on my nerves. I don't know what to do with them. Hilary has the audacity to be seventeen, and for the last eighteen months she has practically done all the housekeeping. Miss Briggs looks after the Mouse—Geraldine, you know; gives lessons to Lettice and Norah, but beyond that she does little else. She is a good, reliable soul and a great comfort in many ways, but I fear the girls are getting beyond her. We had a conference on New Year's Day, and I find that they are tired of present arrangements, and pining for a change. I promised to think things over, and see what could be done, and I want your advice. Hilary is a conscientious, hard-working little soul. She has been thrust into a responsible position too soon, and it is not her fault if she is a trifle overbearing, poor child. At the same time it will be a terrible misfortune if she grows up hard and unsympathetic. Norah is a vivacious young person, and they tell me she is developing a genius for music. She is afire to go abroad and study, but I think I have settled her for the time being with the promise of the best lessons that the neighbourhood can produce. Lettice——"

"Yes—Lettice?"

"She is a beautiful girl, Helen. You remember what Elma was at her age. Lettice is going to be quite as lovely; but I am more anxious about her than any of the others. She is demonstrative herself, and loves demonstration and flattery and appreciation. It's natural, of course—quite natural—but I don't want her to grow up into a woman who lives only for admiration, and whose head can be turned by the first flattering tongue that comes along. What would be the best thing for a girl with exceptional beauty, and such a disposition as this?"

Miss Carr gave one of her comical grunts. "Small-pox, I should say!" she replied brusquely; then softened into a laugh at the sight of her friend's horrified face. "I see you are like most parents, Austin, all your geese are swans! Norah is a genius, Lettice a beauty, and Hilary a model housewife. You seem to be in a nest of troubles, poor man; but I can't undertake to advise you until I know more of the situation. We will have a pleasant time while you are here—take Miss Consequence about, and let her see a little life; and then, as you're an old friend, I'll sacrifice myself on your behalf, and as soon as the weather is anything like warm, pay you a visit, and see how things are for myself."

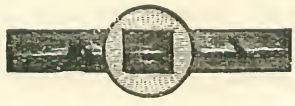
"My dear Helen, this is really noble of you. I know your dread of the 'North Countrie,' and I assure you I appreciate your self-sacrifice. There is no one else in the world who can help me so much as you."

"Well, well, I have an idea; but I won't say anything about it until I know the girls better. Would you be willing to——"

"Yes, what?"

"Nothing at all. What a silly old woman I am to be sure, when I had just said that I wouldn't speak of it. It's something for the good of your girls, Austin, but that's all you will hear about it until I come to Cloudsdale. and see them for myself."

(*To be continued.*)



RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

PART I.

It is quite possible to take a walk in the country, through the most beautiful scenery, in lovely weather, with everything to conduce to our enjoyment and invigoration of spirit, and yet to return feeling bored and weary and half inclined to say how dull the country is! That is one side of the picture.

On the other hand I have known young people come back from a ramble in a quiet and rather unpromising country lane, their faces beaming with pleasure, and their hands filled with an odd collection of specimens, leaves, mosses, stones, anything in fact which had taken their fancy as curious or interesting. Then eager questions are poured forth with bewildering rapidity, and it is easy to see that keen enjoyment has been derived from even this commonplace little stroll. May I point out that the difference between these two results simply arose from acquiring or not acquiring the habit of seeing intelligently what lies around us. If we pass everything by with our mental eyes shut, our physical eyes observe nothing.

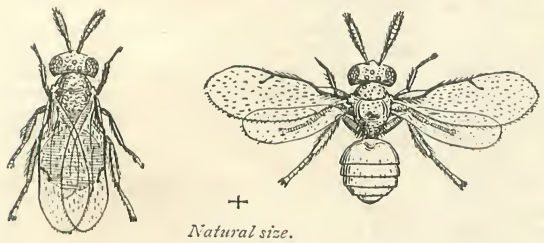
I am going to take for granted that a large number of our Girl's Own Paper readers belong to the former class, that they are intelligent observers and yet are in need of a guide to help them to understand the thousand and one things that they may see in a country walk.

The curious objects in hedges, trees and fields all have a purpose and a meaning, but very often these need interpretation for those who never have had the opportunity of acquiring facts in natural history.

The practice of putting down the results of each day's ramble, making notes of things seen or obtained, the first appearances of birds and insects, the flowering of trees and plants, will result in the course of a few months in a record possessing a certain value. We can thus compare one year with another and note the differences in each, and the effect of temperature in hastening or retarding the appearance of flowers and insects and the arrival of migratory birds.

The remarks I shall endeavour to make upon all these and other points will be the result of my own actual observations made from day to day and noted down at once, so that any readers who may like to follow this plan can do so with ease if they happen to live in the country or have access to it from time to time.

The first appearances of birds, insects and flowers may vary somewhat as to date, according to the mildness or severity of the winter, so that I cannot promise that every object that I write about will be found upon the same day in the following year, but probably within a short period earlier or later each object will be discovered.



Natural size.

PTEROMALUS.

It need not be thought that one must be far away from cities in order to learn about nature. I live only twelve miles from Charing Cross, and yet I find abundant subjects for study in my own place and the adjacent common. I think it is especially interesting to try and find treasures in most unlikely localities.

Having on one occasion to wait a whole hour on a pouring wet day at Bedford railway station, I determined to see if I could collect anything to while away the time. Things looked very unpromising outside the station; new houses in the act of being built, heaps of sand and mortar and plenty of mud everywhere seemed hopeless enough; but a bare patch of common, across which ran a newly-gravelled road, caught my eye; there might be possibilities in the gravel, so I made my way to the new road and before long I had the pleasure of finding there several rare fossils, pieces of chalcedony and jasper, a shell impression and sundry other treasures; so in spite of rain and wind, my waiting hour passed, not only without weariness, but in positive enjoyment.

I believe I have heard of as many as fifty species of wild flowers being found in a single field, and a well-known scientist discovered an equal number of wild plants in a piece of waste ground in the outskirts of a large town.

It is a little discouraging to begin our natural history diary in November, just when all animal and plant life seem going to sleep for the winter, but as our magazine commences its annual round in this month it has been deemed advisable to begin now. Perhaps we shall find to our surprise that there is hardly a day in the blankest season of the year which will not afford us some sources of interest and much that will lead to pleasant thought and study. The limits of space will not admit of a daily ramble, and bad weather sometimes hinders outdoor study, so for a little variety I have sometimes discoursed upon objects taken from my own museum.

Pteromalus.

Although the weather is very cold I see a quantity of little hardy flies upon the window-pane. Apparently they are unaffected by a temperature which paralyses almost all other insects in the depth of winter.

This special little fly, *Pteromalus*, has a very curious life history, for it lays its eggs in living caterpillars, chrysalides, or hybernating blue-bottle flies. The eggs hatch into very minute grubs which feed upon but do not kill the unfortunate insect until they are full grown, then they emerge from the creature they have preyed upon, turn into tiny chrysalides and in due time appear as perfect flies. They are so excessively small that they can creep through a mere crevice at the back of a picture-frame and make their way under the glass. Thus I have frequently found thirty or forty of them spread over the inner surface of some valuable print and there was no getting at them but by removing the picture and re-framing it.

These flies perform a very useful office in reducing the number of caterpillars and other noxious insects which would otherwise abound in our gardens.



The Holly.

The hollies are reflecting the bright morning sunshine which glistens on their polished leaves.

These are, as far as I know, the only trees which have sharply-spiked leaves on the lower branches only, to defend the foliage from the attacks of browsing cattle. Higher up out of reach, the leaves are perfectly smooth and unarmed, resembling those of the camellia. It is difficult to believe such differing leaves can belong to the same tree.

Southey's well-known lines refer to this peculiarity in the holly leaves.

"O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree? [ceives
The eye that contemplates it well per-
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointed leaves appear.

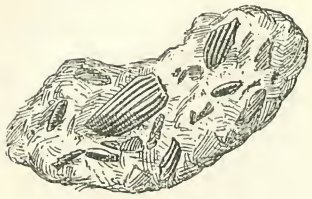
I love to view these things with curious eye
And moralise;
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere; [intrude
To those who on my leisure would
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree."

Owls.

We are constantly hearing the brown owl's hoot, both in the daytime and in the dusk, and occasionally I see it and the White Barn owl flitting across the lawn in the twilight.

These birds are of essential value in ridding the land of mice; they are like winged cats always on the watch for their prey, and very successful they are in catching, not only mice but young rats, sparrows and beetles.



OWL PELLET.

Owls like to roost on certain trees which afford them a thick covert during the day, and beneath those trees I often find large grey pellets consisting of the fur and bones of rats and mice which it is the habit of the owls, as they cannot digest them, to reject each morning after their nightly feast.

When owls are kept as pets, their raw meat diet should include a mixture of small feathers, or fur of some kind, else the birds will not continue in a healthy state.

The frequent occurrence in their pellets of the wing cases of the dark blue dung-beetle shows that this is a favourite article of diet with the owls.

In order to ascertain the number of mice and other rodents destroyed by these useful birds, seven hundred and six pellets of the Barn owl were carefully examined, and in them were found the remains of sixteen bats, three rats, two hundred and ninety-three voles or field mice, one thousand five hundred and ninety shrews and twenty-two small birds.

We thus see that without their aid the farmer would find it very difficult to save his crops from devastation, and that these useful birds should be protected and encouraged by every means in our power.

A few years ago, when the crops in southern Scotland were threatened with complete destruction by field-rats or voles, great flocks of owls appeared on the scene, and corrected a plague which human science had proved quite unable to deal with.

Leaf-Scars.

Now that the trees are leafless, we can readily observe the marks upon the branches called leaf-scars, which show where leaves have been.

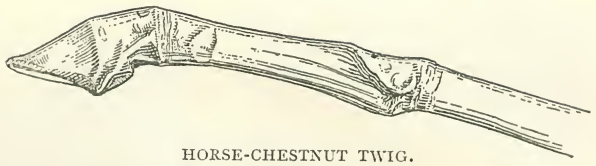
Some trees, such as the sycamore, the wayfaring tree and others have opposite leaves; others produce them alternately or at varying distances and in a variety of ways; the study of leaf position is known in botany as Phyllotaxis, and it is to the individual differences in bud-growth that we owe much of the beauty of our woods.

Each tree has branches varying in form, in lightness and density, and hence arises the exquisite play of light and shade which we cannot fail to admire when trees are grouped together.

One curious fact about the horse-chestnut may easily be noted at this season. Amongst the smaller branching twigs some may be found which are almost exact counterparts of a horse's foot and leg. As shown in the illustration, there are the hoof and six or eight nail marks of the shoe, the fetlock joint and part of the leg.

According to the angle at which the twig is growing will depend its resembling a fore or hind leg. There appear to be three suggested derivations of the name of this tree. The word "horse" is a common prefix denoting anything large or coarse, such as horse-mushroom, horse-radish, horse-parsley, and so it may have been applied to this tree which grows vigorously and has large leaves. One writer, however, explains the name as being a corruption of the word "harsh," as the horse-chestnut fruit is harsh and austere compared with the sweet chestnut with its eatable nuts. There remains the third derivation arising from the curious mimicry we find in the twigs and branches, which seem to be quite a likely reason for bestowing a name alluding to the fact.

A little ingenuity in neatly cutting and trimming the mimic horse's leg will result in a woodland curio which will surprise those who have never happened to notice the shapes which horse-chestnut twigs assume.



HORSE-CHESTNUT TWIG.



WITCHES' BROOMS ON HORNBEAM.

Hornbeam.

Some Hornbeam trees are attacked by a kind of parasitic fungus (*Exoascus Carpini*), which so seriously interferes with the flow of the sap that a multitude of small interlacing shoots are the result. These give to the tree in winter the effect of being laden with birds' nests.

Each year these tufts increase in size until the branches become weighed down with their unnatural burden. These "witches' brooms," as they are popularly called, occur also upon the birch and several species of pines, larches and spruce firs.

It is still, I believe, a moot question whether these unusual growths may not be the work of a gall fly instead of a fungus, and here is a field for the ingenuity of a young observer to exercise itself upon.

Ventriculites.

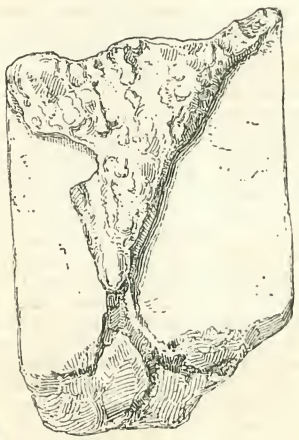
Those who have access to a chalk-pit may like to know that the long slender flints so often to be found there are singularly resonant.

If two flints are attached by a piece of string and struck against each other whilst held suspended in the air, they emit a sweet ringing sound almost like that of a bell.

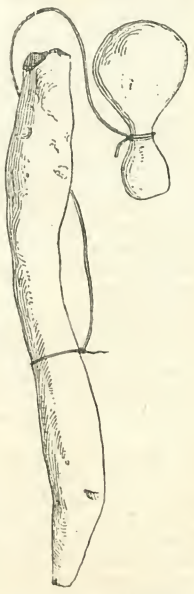
Certain fossil sponges called ventriculites may also be found amongst chalk *débris*; they are usually met with in two pieces, having snapped asunder at the narrowest part; but by putting the upper and lower halves together we may easily imagine how they looked when growing on some sea-shore countless ages ago.



VENTRICULITE IN FLINT.



VENTRICULITE IN CHALK.



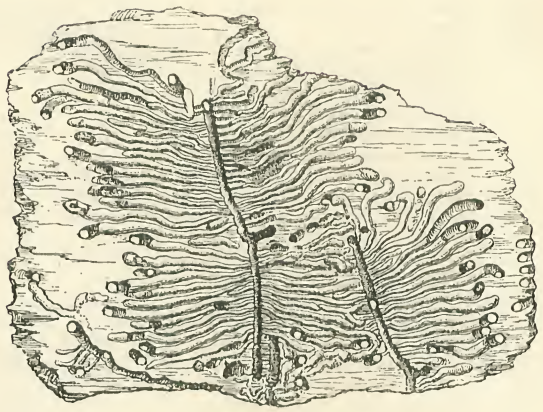
RESONANT FLINT.

I pick up flint ventriculites in my garden amongst other stones lying on the surface of the ground, and this fact, taken in connection with the existence of our rounded pebbles, shows that in early days the sea must have rolled over this part of Middlesex, although now it is the highest ground all round London.

Another proof of this fact was afforded by our finding a fossil crab, which was discovered about ten feet below the surface by some men who were digging a well.

ASH-BARK BEETLE (*Scolytus*).

A piece of bark has fallen off an old gate-post and has revealed some markings on the wood beneath. These I find are the work of a small beetle which burrows under the bark of the ash-tree and there lays her eggs. When the grubs come out each one lives and works in its own little tunnel, eating the wood as it goes along until it is full grown and changes into a pupa and eventually into a perfect beetle, when it gnaws its way out leaving a small round hole at the end of the tunnel.



SCOLYTUS BORINGS.

An allied species does grievous damage to elm timber; whole forests are sometimes destroyed by this apparently insignificant insect.

The beetle bores into the tree-stem, makes a central gallery, and from it she bores small side galleries with wonderful regularity side by side, and at the end of each of these alleys she lays an egg; and when the larvæ are hatched they gnaw the wood in a straight line, always enlarging the gallery as they themselves grow bigger, so that the result upon the wood is a curiously symmetrical pattern.

Other beetles make curved galleries of intricate design, of which I have several specimens resembling delicate wood carvings.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY RUTH LAMB.

PART I.

BESETTING SINS.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Prov. xvi. 32).



WE parted only a month ago, my dear girls, after having gone the round of the year together, and we carried with us pleasant memories of our many meetings. But we lingered a little over our farewell words, through which ran a note of sadness, since we did not then look forward to meeting again in the same way.

You know how sorry I was to say good-bye to you all, and, judging from your letters, I know that many of you shared in the regret I felt. Then there came to me a welcome message from our dear editor, your true friend and mine, who was the first to suggest our sitting together, "In the Twilight Side by Side." "Will you not go on with the Twilight Talks next year?" he asked. "The dear girls would be indeed sad if they were discontinued."

How can I express the pleasure these words gave me? It was the greater, because I knew how impossible it had been for us to touch upon all the subjects we wished to talk about, and many dear girls had written to ask for advice after our last year's round had been completed.

Do you not feel with me that it will be even more delightful to resume our talks, than it was to begin them in the first instance?

We meet as old friends, and yet, I trust, with many additions to our number. Those who enjoyed our talks last year, will bring others to share in them all through the current one. Our timid members will have gained confidence by experience, and will not hesitate to speak of their trials, their efforts, their discouragements or successes; for they will be sure of sympathy.

We shall all be more anxious to help each other, for, if our gatherings have really been the means of sowing good seed in young hearts, a grand harvest will be the result. Each of us will feel, that whatever our portion and position in this life, there is not one but has something to spare which will benefit her neighbour, if it be passed on at the right moment.

A pressure from a kind hand may give strength, a loving look may be more eloquent than speech, and tell of tenderest sympathy. A whispered word in season may prevent a rash act, or a hasty expression which, if uttered, would have separated "very friends." Only, my dear ones, you, who give of these things which, in a sense, cost nothing, but which are not to be bought with money, must have in your hearts love both to God and your neighbour.

The recipient of any token of sympathy must be able to realise that it comes straight from the heart of a faithful friend. The word in season must be uttered in a soft voice, and reach only the one ear, so that it may inflict no wound in passing, and leave no sting behind it.

Now, dear girls, let me tell you that the subject of our talk this evening has been suggested by one of yourselves. I do not know her name, her dwelling, or anything about her position in life, and I never expect to be better informed on these subjects. But, in a very sweet and touching letter, she has given me a glimpse of her inner self.

She tells me how she has looked forward to and enjoyed our Twilight Talks, and I am sure too, that, like myself, she has found them profitable, but she wants them to be still more so. She has been struggling daily, but thus far in vain, to conquer a hasty temper which leads her to say sharp words.

Doubtless, they wound others, but none more than herself—afterwards. She grieves over her failures, and longs to conquer this besetting sin, and to be an example of kindness, patience, and forbearance to the younger members of her family who are, I fear, partly to blame. Knowing the weak place in their sister's armour, they aim sharp arrows at it, in the shape of provoking words.

If any of you who are with me this evening are in the habit of using such weapons, I beg of you to pause and think of the harm you do, and lay them aside once and for all.

It is a precious privilege of God's children to help each other on the heavenward way, and this is what my dear girl correspondent asks of us to-night. Our talk is to be on the subject of "getting angry about little things," hence the text I have already quoted. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

I am sure many of us could truthfully conclude a letter in the words which so went to my heart, as I read them at the close of the one alluded to. "From one who tries, but fails to be kind, pitiful and courteous."

Perhaps we could not all write those first words truthfully. There are many who are conscious of a fault, yet make no effort to overcome it. Something is gained when we can honestly say: "I try."

Then comes the question, "If you are indeed fighting against a foe whose strength you acknowledge, how have you prepared yourself for the contest?

The soldier does not go into battle unarmed, or his life would be thrown away. He would neither win honour for himself nor be of service to his country. Much training and discipline are needed. He must learn patience, submission, obedience, watchfulness and he must trust his leader implicitly. His ear must be intent to catch the word of command, and, when his captain leads, he must follow without

question or hesitation. He must know how to use his weapons, and, between himself and his comrades, there must be unity of purpose and effort if victory is to be won.

You and I, dear girls, are surely of one mind in this. We wish to be truly God's children, and if so, we must be soldiers of Christ and possess all the qualities I have named, to equip us for the fight which must go on whilst we live on earth. We have to war against ourselves, first of all, and to conquer by God's help, the sin which most easily besets us.

This is not the kind of battle for an army, but for each soldier individually, yet all can help the one.

You and I can do this, and now, for the one amongst us who tries, but owns with sorrow that hitherto she has failed to attain what she desires. Let me ask each of you to pray that she may have strength from above to enable her to continue the struggle, patience to persevere until she comes off even more than conqueror, and that as the soldier looks to his captain, follows his lead and obeys his commands, so she may follow the Great Captain of our salvation until she is able to exclaim, "Thanks be to God who hath given me the victory over my besetting sin."

I want you also to pray unitedly that our second year's twilight gatherings may be fruitful of good to each and all of us, that the Holy Spirit may guide us in choosing subjects to speak about, and that after every meeting we may have a sense of greater nearness to God, and be in more loving touch with our neighbour.

I suppose we all know what temptation assails us most powerfully and is the hardest to resist. If we could compare notes, I have no doubt that many would own that the tendency to get angry about little things holds the first place.

Many people think that a hasty temper is not such a bad thing after all. They will say, "Give me a quick-tempered, sharp-spoken person to deal with; such a one is not often deceitful. He says straight out what he has to say. No beating about the bush." Or, "She is fiery enough. Up in a moment if a word is said that makes her angry; but there is no malice about hasty people. The temper is over directly, and then——"

What then? Can the hard words be recalled? Does the effect of them pass away with the sound of the voice which uttered them? Have they inflicted no wound which will be long in healing, or may never heal? At best a scar is left as a reminder of past suffering, and the most forgiving natures cannot always forget, however much they may wish to do so.

It too often happens that those we really love best, the members of our own families, are the ones who suffer most from our hasty tempers, and their outcome, sharp and bitter words. We are less under restraint beneath our own roof-tree than when amongst strangers. Common civility, to say nothing of social refinement, constrains us to exercise decent self-control over temper and tongue, or we should be shunned by our acquaintances and friendship would be impossible.

The fact that we do control our tempers in society shows that the power rests with ourselves to a great extent, and besides and above all, a better safeguard is to be had for the asking. Only we must want it. We must be convinced of our own weakness, and, like my dear girl correspondent who grieves over her failures at home, we must seek help where we may be sure of finding it.

Let us together take the measure of the enemy we have to fight against and the harm that it can effect as shown in God's word.

Can we find in the Bible a picture of a braver man than David was, so far as personal courage was concerned? He feared neither the paw of the lion nor of the bear; but mere lad though he was, he faced them and slew them in defence of his father's flock from which they had stolen a lamb. With only a sling and stones for armour, David, the ruddy youth, met and slew the giant Philistine.

Many a long year after, when he was King over Israel, and the father of grown-up children, we find him crying to God for help against enemies of another kind.

He, who had feared neither savage beast nor heathen giant, prayed that his life might be preserved, and that God would hide him from those whose tongues were sharpened like a sword and their bitter words like arrows.

Patient Job, amidst his many sore trials, appealed to his friends not to aggravate them by their reproaches. "How long will ye vex my soul, and break me in pieces with words?" he cried. "Grievous words stir up anger," said the Wise King. They are the outcome of a hasty temper, and are infectious, for they make others angry too. "An angry man stirreth up strife."

The Old Testament abounds with warning passages which show how strong a foe we have to battle with in the hasty temper which vents itself in sharp words. Turn from it to the New Testament. There the tongue is compared to a fire, an unruly evil, which needs to be kept by bit and bridle.

I could go on quoting passages of this kind, but it will be far better for each of you, dear girl friends, to look them out for yourselves. We know enough to be sure that, in our own unaided strength, we cannot conquer a hasty spirit or keep our tongues from evil, and our lips that they speak no guile. David realised this when he cried, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

Like David we must pray for God's help first of all. I often think that he must have tried and failed, and felt his utter weakness when fighting against this besetting sin of speaking hasty words, and so he asks for a sentry to be set and a restraining hand to act as a lock to his lips. We must ask in a like spirit of self-distrust.

We have sometimes seen a mother place her hand over her child's mouth to prevent some foolish utterance. David asked for such a remedy, an invisible restraining power, and we cannot doubt that his petition would be granted.

So with all the armour we need to insure success, God can give it, and in His word we read, "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraided not, and it shall be given him."

Such words must take away all our doubts and fears. Besides, are we not further encouraged by the words of our great Captain—Christ? "Learn of Me for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

We must look upward in confidence, resolved to follow our Glorious Leader, and in His name let us ask for patience, perseverance, watchfulness and more of Christian love. It is those who possess a large measure of this last named, but chief amongst Christian graces, who are "not easily provoked."

Strive on, work on, fight on against the hasty spirit which vents itself in anger and sharp words. Think how glorious the victory will be when won—glorious and precious in God's sight.

Many a general, both in ancient and modern days, has come home after gaining a victory by siege or battle. His countrymen have bidden him welcome and honours have been heaped upon him on all sides. But something far better awaits you, dear ones, who try and try again; until, despite many failures, you realise that you have won a bloodless victory over a besetting sin. For the still small voice of a quiet conscience will say to you, "Well done!" and God Himself has declared, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

The Active Christian.

"I earnestly wish," says Count Tolstoi, "that every Christian of our time would devote herself with heart and soul to two kinds of activity—the abstaining from all unchristian deeds, and the bold confession of the whole truth.

"The Christian would then feel not only that her life was full, but how short it is for the fulfilment of all that is in store for her and is required of her by the Lord."

Mushrooms.

Annie: "It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, papa?"

Papa: "Yes, little one."

Annie: "Is that why they look like umbrellas, papa?"

Undying Deeds.

"Great deeds cannot die;
They with the sun and moon renew their light,
For ever blessing those that look on them."
Tennyson.

Bridal Superstitions.—According to an old superstition no bride must go to the altar without "something old and something new, something borrowed, and something blue." Neither must she, after her toilet is complete, look at herself in the mirror. She must see that no bridal guest wears a costume entirely black, as that would bring her sorrow. On changing her gown, she must throw away every pin used in the bridal attire.

Gold Digging.—In the rugged hills of toil and hardship life's finest gold is found.

High and Higher.

"The peak is high, and flushed
At his highest with sunrise fire,
The peak is high and the stars are high,
But the thought of man is higher."

The best Weapon of all.—"Woman's best weapon is her tongue," says an old philosoper. This is a mistake. She has a far better one, and the wisest woman is she who has learned to use it. That weapon is a sweet temper.

A good Habit.—"Get the habit—a glorious one—of referring all to Christ. How did He feel, think, act? So then must I feel, and think, and act. Should I please myself? 'For even Christ pleased not Himself.'"
Frederick W. Robertson.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

I CANNOT better begin my chronicle of the late autumn season than by a little chat about warm underclothing. Nothing shows better the change in our ideas of comfort and convenience than a perusal of the advertisements in any ladies' newspaper. In one which lies before me at present I find no fewer than four dealing with knicker-bockers; or, as some firms prefer to call them, divided skirts. The latter a very obvious misnomer, as the original and only divided skirt was really what its name implied; and was long and straight, with the smallest amount of shape possible, and as much of width as could be managed, in order to ensure its being mistaken for a petticoat undivided, if worn as a dress. The knicker-bocker, on the other hand, has always had the same characteristics, and has always been fastened by a band under the knee, exactly as when it first came into use for mankind about thirty (or perhaps more) years ago.



GREY CLOTH GOWN AND BOLERO JACKET.



JACKETS FOR THE WINTER SEASON.

So far as I can see, all those that are advertised are knicker-bockers only; and I fancy the divided skirt proper would be a very ugly garment for a cyclist. The materials are generally of serge, Italian cloth, fine tweed, alpaca, silk and satin. The first is the best for ordinary wear, and the last two for comfort. The slip, or detachable lining should always be purchased with them in any material of which they are made. It can be procured of calico or fine cambric, and two sets are needed for comfort and cleanliness. One of the advertisements is rather amusing and grandiose when it alludes to "the crude and cumbersome petticoat," "from which the knicker-bocker is an unspeakable relief," but it is very true, nevertheless. In case of warmth being required, the calico lining can be replaced by one of fine flannel, or what is called cotton-flannelette, or swan's down. Chamois leather is used for the cycling "knickers," and is as much of a necessity as it is for riding-trousers, and should be always worn.

The ordinary underdress of so many women at present consists of a woven combination and a pair of knicker-bockers only, that I have consequently given more space than I otherwise should to my notice of them, and I now must say a word on the subject of woven combinations. These may be of silk, wool, merino, cotton, and several mixtures of silk and wool, etc., and this year they can be obtained at wonderfully low prices. I consider that an immense saving is effected when they can be washed carefully at home by some one who really knows how to treat them; and another saving is certainly effected when they are continually looked after, well-darned, and thickened in all thin places. There have been some excellent cotton combinations in many shops lately, and these wear very well, and are found to be warm enough by many people. I have said nothing about making knicker-bockers at home; and I hope no one will think me extravagant if I say that I prefer to purchase them; and certainly I advise my readers to get one pair from some good maker, sending the correct measure required, and getting the slip lining too; both can then be copied, and the result will be far more satisfactory than if the task were undertaken without a guide as to the many small particulars required in the making.

Woven slip-bodice is another very good thing for winter. They are to be found in most of the good shops made of cotton as well as of wool and merino. I prefer the cotton; and they are not really expensive, for with care they wear a long time, and the fit leaves nothing to be desired.

It really seems as though one section of, or even the entire community could not rejoice over any special blessing, without finding out that it had inflicted hardship and suffering upon somebody. We have all felt as if the lovely weather of the past summer were a real blessing; but, alas! it has been anything but that to a large and important class amongst us; and in their opinion, says the *Drapery World*, the summer of 1897 lived far too long. In both the wholesale and retail drapery trade the effect of our Jubilee summer was not satisfactory; and in many instances the retailer might as well have shut up his shop, and disported himself at the seaside up to the end of August, for all the summer goods were disposed of in the earlier part of the season. We are assured, however, that at present there is a remarkably improved taste in dress prevailing amongst us; which is evinced by a general desire for variety in colour and more artistic design.

To begin with, I must devote a few lines to the newest fashions in furs. The coats which I have seen are short; and nearly all the fitted ones have waistbands, generally of the fancy tinselled and jewelled order; which seems, to most sensible women, quite impossible for daily wear. Velvet sleeves to match the colour of the fur are popular; and these have cuffs, and usually a muff of the same fur. These little fur coats follow, to a great extent, the prevailing fashions in dress bodices. They are pouched in front, fastened down on one side, and have small basques, which fit rather tightly. People who possess much-worn sealskin jackets, or indeed any other fur, will find this rather a good season for using them; so little fur seems needed to manufacture a pretty jacket. The new fur capes, trimmed with frills of fur and frills of lace, do not much attract me, and I think they will make most people look like mountains; nor can I admire the flounces of fur. Surely it is too unwieldy

a material to be used thus! Cloth jackets trimmed with fur follow much the same rules. There are the high storm collars of last year, and a rather narrower roll of fur to decorate the front. There are cuffs and bands of fur, and in many cases braiding is used with excellent effect. Large cape collars, with ends cut in narrow points to the waist, are seen, but I fancy that the feather ruff will be much worn by those who do not feel the English weather cold enough for fur; and there are many to whom the small fur collarette is quite the extreme of fur wearing to them. These useful little things are fully as much in evidence as ever, and will be just as popular, to all appearance. I have seen but few dresses as yet trimmed with fur, but no doubt many will be produced later on in the winter season.

Skirts are being cut rather narrower for the winter season, and there seems to be a tendency to get rid of superfluous fulness, which is most reasonable when it comes to wearing gowns of heavier material. The front breadths are narrower, and many dressmakers find that they can fit their customers far better with the narrow front. Braid is very popular, many of the new skirts being braided, apparently after they were made up, for the braiding covers the seams. All kinds of this trimming are used, from fine silk to a very wide black silk one, which is edged on each side with a very fine looped one. Trimmings are carried all round the skirts in some cases, but considering the efforts made to introduce trimmed skirts, one is rather surprised to find their use so much restricted. The materials are beautiful, especially those with a black ground and a design in colour on them; while the new patterned velvets are exceedingly pretty, and will certainly be much used for bodices, blouses, and mantles.



GOWN OF SILK AND WOOL MATERIAL.

Plaids seem to be everywhere, in all the Continental shops, and will, undoubtedly, be most popular amongst ourselves for fronts, blouses, and trimmings of all kinds. Gowns of Indian-red trimmed with black seem to have a renewed popularity; and golden brown petunia and a new shade of green appear to be the most fashionable colours. Black is certainly the most favoured trimming for every colour. Bands of black satin ribbon, an inch wide on the skirt, form a very pretty decoration; five or six rows of which are sometimes seen, and there is nearly always a black vest or a black *moiré* waistband to every cloth gown of a brighter hue.

The gown of grey cloth with a short bolero jacket which we illustrate is trimmed with white braid and picot embroidery, the sleeves being of grey poplin to match in colour, and the waistband and sash of the same. The popularity of this short bolero has continued through the summer, and is still very great. It is becoming and youthful-looking to so many figures.

The gown of woollen and silk material has a pouched bodice with a band of white leather and braid bands. It is a very simple afternoon dress for a girl, and is inexpensive and pretty. The pouched bodice needs careful cutting, especially if one be selected which drops over all round the waist; only very slight people can wear this style of thing.

The jackets for the winter season are fair examples of what I have already written about them. They are all short, generally with basques, storm collars, and some with fur bands. A variety of hats are shown, amongst which the Tyrolese hat with its erect cock's feathers is quite conspicuous. Small toques of fur, and hats of felt, with one side turned up and trimmed with velvet, and ostrich feathers are next in favour to the Tyrolese. Velvet trimmings are more liked than any others, and the cock's feather and the ostrich plume carry all before them; and we feel thankful that the bird of paradise and the heron's feathers are less in favour than they were.

I quite forget whether I said, in any of my recent articles, anything about the revival of the liking for ear-rings. The jubilee year has probably done this for us, for Her Majesty has always liked and worn them, and the Duchess of York follows her lead, and is not in the least degree troubled if they be out of or in the fashion. It seems strange that earrings should have gone out of fashion, and when we think of their ancient popularity, we are astonished. The Roman ladies wore them of great weight and value. Poppaea's earrings were worth £150,000, and the wife of Julius Cæsar had a pair worth twice that sum. These weights often tore through the lobes of the ears, and there was a class of women in Rome who employed themselves in healing the torn ears of these victims of fashion.

"A GIRL OF GRIT."



CHAPTER IV.

It was eight o'clock in the evening of the same day when Helen climbed the little stair which led to her brother's room. She was footsore and weary, and exhausted for want of food. She had walked every step of the road back to the station with her valuable tin box and a large bunch of flowers in her arms, and the excitement of the day with the tender associations it recalled had brought on a mental fatigue which was foreign to her healthy nature.

When she got to the back of the door she heard voices—it was the doctor, who was paying Harold one of his weekly visits. But this did not deter her from rushing into the room, for she felt that she must use her last ounce of strength for the supreme moment, for a feeling of faintness was coming over her. So, with a cry of joy, she flung herself on her brother's bed and held the tin box at arm's length above her.

"Harold, Harold, I've found it, safe and whole! You can go into the country for three or four weeks; and we can pay for the tonics, I know we can, for it's worth a lot of money. Harold, do you hear me?"

The doctor took the box out of her hands and laid it on the table, and lifted her off the bed and put her in the arm-chair. Her arms dropped loosely to her sides, and her head fell back, then a quivering sigh ran through her—she had fainted.

"Look, doctor, she has fainted! Oh, Helen, what is the matter? Doctor, is she very ill?"

"Keep in your bed, young man. You're not strong enough to help; but ring the bell."

In a minute Mrs. Larkin answered the furious peal which Harold had given the old-fashioned bell-rope.

"Here, Mrs. Larkin," exclaimed the doctor, "unfasten her dress; and have you any eau de cologne?"

When Helen's head had been bathed, and the doctor had held it well forward until it almost touched his knees, she began to recover consciousness, and she held out her hand as if groping for something.

"The tin box," she whispered. "Don't let it fall or you will break all our fortune."

The doctor smiled.

"It's quite safe, my dear child, and when you are better we will open it and see what treasure it contains."

"Harold must open it, please; and I'm nearly all right now, indeed I am."

Mrs. Larkin washed her face in cold water, and the colour returned to her pale cheeks.

"I must sit on the bed and watch him open it, doctor, and I'll not faint again, I promise you."

The doctor pretended to be cross, but at once helped her to the bed, where she sat down with a beautiful smile of satisfaction on her face. Harold's thin white hands opening the box were in striking contrast to the strong rough hands of the joiner who had opened it a few hours previously.

When the lid was open, Helen lifted off the paper and watched Harold's eyes. Her heart was beating with excitement. A terrible look of disappointment and fear came into her brother's face when he saw the treasure displayed, and almost in a whisper he said—

"Chum, dear, there's only a queer-looking egg in the box; what do you mean?" Hurriedly he put his hand again in the box. "No, wait a minute," he said, "there is something else in it. Yes, here's a little agate cross; the one you used to wear as a child, Chum." And he handed it to her.

Helen took the little cross. She had forgotten she had hidden it with the egg. It was a little keepsake which a soldier friend, for whom as a child she had had a hero worship, had given to her many years ago. These were her two treasures, and she had hidden them away together from the weasel eye of her cousin. The soldier was a mere boy when he had said good-bye on the eve of his first departure from England; but in the story of Helen's after-life the little agate cross played a very important part.

The doctor took the egg from Harold and examined it.

"I have never seen one like it before," he said; "but for all that, what is the joke you are playing on us, Miss Helen?"

Helen held out her hand for the tin box, and Harold gave it to her; lying at the bottom of it, folded flat and very discoloured with age, was a letter. Helen took it out and handed it to the doctor. With some difficulty he read it through, and suddenly exclaimed—

"Dear me! dear me! The girl's not daft after all; it's the egg of the great auk, found by your uncle, Captain Churchill, in the year 1842 off the Faroe Islands. He leaves it, with his collection of birds' eggs and some other smaller legacies, to his niece Helen, only daughter of his favourite sister of the same name. He goes on to say that some day, when you are in need of it, you can inquire at the Natural History Museum what the value of the egg is, and turn it to account; but you are in no wise to part with it during your father's lifetime."

Harold pinched Helen's fingers. "Good old uncle, he knew it would go the same way as everything else. Can't you imagine father 'putting' the great auk's egg on 'Zingari,' or some other horse he believed in at the moment."

"Hush, Harold, don't." Helen was on the verge of tears. The doctor put the letter back in the box, and also the wonderful egg, and congratulated the youthful pair, who were already building wild castles in the air.

"How did you come to get the letter and the egg, my dear; didn't anyone know the value of it?"

Helen told the long story in a few words. "When uncle's legacy came, father was away, and mother, who was always an invalid, was easily coaxed into letting me have my own way; so when all the things which seemed to her of value were taken away from me (I was twelve at the time), I insisted on having the collection of birds' eggs, which she had not the slightest idea were of much importance, and I only coveted them to add to my own poor little collection; so I was given the box of eggs, and one day when I was tidying it, as you know children love to tidy, at the bottom of the box, which was beautifully made, and which, of course, my cousin now possesses, I found this letter, telling me about the great auk's egg. As a child I thought it was the egg of a solan goose, and imagined it very valuable if worth a few shillings; but I determined that as it was left to me by my dead uncle, I would never part with it. Then my cousin came, who robbed me of everything, and one by one the eggs my uncle had left me changed hands. In a year's time he possessed every one except this. One night I hid it with the little agate cross, where I thought he would never find it."

"It was very successfully hidden, my dear child; and now let me advise you to put it away safely, and have some supper."

"Oh, I must show it to Mr. Larkin first; it was he who put me in mind that I had once had one, and where I had hidden it."

Mrs. Larkin had been standing open-mouthed in utter amazement at all that had happened. "I'll go and call Larkin, miss, he'll be that proud to see it, for he'll feel as if he'd had a hand in bringing you good fortune."

She called downstairs for her spouse, who was, as usual, sitting in the most comfortable seat in the kitchen smoking.

"I was just coming up, missis, for there's a letter for missie," and Mr. Larkin came leisurely upstairs.

"Here, Mr. Larkin," said Helen, "you mustn't touch, but you may look. This is an egg just like the one the gentleman paid two hundred and fifty pounds for at Christie's sale."

Mr. Larkin threw up his hands and used an expression more graphic than polite. Helen took the letter from him and opened it.

"It looks dreadfully like the chemist's bill," she said to herself, "but never mind, we can afford to go on tick now."

When she had opened it, she sat down suddenly, and put her hand before her eyes. "Am I blind, Harold, or is it true? Read it. . . . The editor of the *Motor* has accepted all your sketches I sent him except one, and he will give you plenty of work to do whenever you are well enough. Things never come singly, not even good fortune!" and with a cry of delight she threw herself into her brother's arms. "Oh, Harold, dear, our dawn has broken. I knew it couldn't always be night!"

The doctor and Mrs. Larkin felt that their presence was no longer required, so they slipped out and left the brother and sister locked in each other's arms.

* * * *

Do you care to peep, dear reader, at the happy couple I passed the other day on the sands of Deal? The girl's face is familiar to me, but the look of anxiety has gone from it, and when I look again more closely at the young artist who is sketching by her side, I recognise him also, but the summer sun has tanned his fair skin, and his whole mind is given to the sketch he is making of various types of holiday-makers. He is scarcely robust yet in appearance, but his face is full of healthy interest in his work. It is only a parting glimpse of them, for we must say farewell at the beginning of the girl's life as a woman. My story dealt with the trials and crosses she endured before the dawn broke and the shadows flew away.

[THE END.]

OUR PUZZLE POEM: PRIZE WINNERS AND REPORT.

SOLUTION.

"ON THE GENTLE ARTS OF MAKING AND TAKING TEA."

How easeful to the jaded mind is tea,
If careful blended and well made it be!
Use teapot made of earthenware and cheap,
And watch the water, from the kettle leap
By spout or lid; then make the tea-pot hot.
Put in the tea, not recklessly a lot,
One teaspoon each, nor churlishly refuse
Another for the pot; so will your muse
With Dr. Johnson's praise this wondrous cup,
Though, unlike him, do not immod'rate sup,
Lest theine and tannin and essential oil
Combined unfit you for continued toil.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven Shillings Each.

Edith Berry, Carlton Curlieu, Leicester.
Isabel Borrow, 219, Evering Road, Upper Clapton, N.E.
M. S. Bourne, 14, The Broadway, Bromley, Kent.
Rev. J. Chambers, Woodhead, Manchester.
T. O. Cooksey, 60, High St., Bridgnorth, Salop.
Mrs. A. D. Harris, Redcote, Llanishen, nr. Cardiff.
H. E. Klein, 46, Clifton Crescent, Asylum Road, S.E.
Eliza Learmount, 3, Ravensbourne Terrace, South Shields.
E. M. Le Mottée, 15, Linden Park, Tunbridge Wells.
T. H. Mann, 15, Glebe Road, Bedford.
May Merrall, Ulverley, Olton, nr. Birmingham.
Florence E. Russell, 3, Rosendale Road, West Dulwich, S.E.
Ellen Rothery Smith, 11A, Union Court, Old Broad St., E.C.
Gertrude Smith, 10, Ferron Road, Clapton, N.E.
Emily M. Tattam, 23, Springdale Road, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, N.

Special Mention (equal with prize winners).

Agnes McConnell, Emily L. Reid, Ada Rickards.

Very Highly Commended.

Edith Ashworth, Edith Barnes, Rev. S. Bell, Joanna M. Bell, Eliza Blunt, Sarah L. Bromwich, B. Bryson, Lucy Chakona, Mary I. Chislett, Margaret W. Cormack, M. A. C. Crabb, R. D. Davis, E. H. Duncan, Winifred E Eady, Edith E. Grundy, M. Hodgkinson, G. D. Honeyburne, J. Hunt, Rachel V. R. James, Mildred M. C. Little, F. M. Morgan, F. A. Prideaux, Lucy Richardson, W. M. Roberts, Fanny Shepard, Harriet C. Smyth, Isabel Snell, E. Swepstone, Mary J. Taylor, Carolme E. Thurgar, Ellen Thurtell, Evelyn Townend, Edith White, Frances Whitelock, Florence Whitlock, Edith Gladys Wynne, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Highly Commended.

Lydia Belling, M. Bolingbroke, Mrs. J. Brand, Alice W. Browne, Walter W. Bryant, Louie Bull, A. C. Carter, Agnes B. Chettle, Lillian Clews, Edith Collins, Helen M. Coulthard, Dr. R. Swan Coulthard, Mrs. G. Cumming, E. Danell, Amy Dawson, Lizzie Dawson, Annie E. Dineen, Rose Ferrington, Herbert V. French, Florence M. Graves, Julia A. Hennen, Rosa S. Horne, "Iseult," Alice E. Johnson, Violet Lendrum, E. Lord, Annie G. Luck, Francie Massey, F. Miller, Mrs. Nicholls, Annie Page, P. H. Pevland (?), F. A. Powell, Ellen M. Price, Davida Reid, Henzell G. Robson, John Rodway, Janet Scott, Amy I. Seaward, A. C. Sharp, Ethel J. Shepard, Ellen C. Tarrant, Daisy Tyler, Alice M. West, W. L. Wishart.

Honourable Mention.

Eliza Acworth, Dora N. Bertie, Amy Briand, E. Burrell, N. Campbell, Mrs. E. Cunnington, Annie Kate Edwards, E. W. Floyd, A. and F. Fooks, D. L. Griffin, V. M. Griffin, Mrs. Grubbe, Mary Hinkson, Rose A. Hooppell, Edith L. Howse, Mrs. Kemp, Ellen H. Kemp, Leonard F. Kemp, P. R. Kemp, Arthur Madin, Mrs. C. A. Martin, Mrs. Amy Moraine, Phyllis Pearson, St. Clair Conway Poole, Janet M. Pugh, V. C. S. Sams, Mary Sanders, Alice M. Seaman, M. Sinnatt, Elizabeth A. Skinner, Florence White, M. Wilkins, T. Francis Williams, Alice Woodhead, Emily Wright.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Difficult enough to frighten many yet easy enough to be solved by many, must be the conflicting verdict on the August puzzle. Perhaps the summer heat had something to do with the fright, and it is possible that freedom from the more fascinating duties of school life had something to do with the solving. "Howsoever these things be," let us accept the facts and forbear to waste valuable time in wondering, an occupation which is, by common consent, exclusively reserved for the other sex.

A glance at the solution will cause many solvers to regret that they did not observe that the letters Gent were *on* The. Others will lament their ignorance in mistaking the beautiful jay for a common crow or, even less excusably, for a "burd." But the puzzles are meant to teach the differences between many things that are not at all alike, in spite of appearances, and such faults may be readily forgiven—for the first time.

The correct name for a mixture of teas is "blend," and the adoption of it was necessary for the accurate rendering of line 2. As to the grammar of the same line, to which several solvers kindly call attention, we must point out that there is a difference between a grammatical exercise and a poem. "If carefully blended and well made it be," would have been excellent grammar but indifferent poetry, and if one of the two must be indifferent, poets always sacrifice the grammar.

The sixth line was responsible for a very interesting duplicate reading—"Put in the tea, not recklessly, allot," etc.

Inasmuch as inaccurate spelling is frequently introduced into these puzzles we have not a word to say against such an admirable reading and we have adjudged it to be equal with the author's. A few competitors who adopted this version spelt allot with only one l, a blending of the two readings which could not be allowed. Others again preserved the w in the wreck, making "wrecklessly," quite a new and inadmissible word.

Now what shall we say as to the teaspoon? Perhaps it might have been smaller with advantage, though scores of competitors had no difficulty in identifying the species. However, our own doubt as to the size leads us to accept "large spoon," and also though less willingly "spoonful." As a matter of fact the usual indications of a full spoon are wanting, but on the other hand it is difficult to assert its emptiness with any degree of confidence. Never before has a teaspoon given us so much anxious thought.

Poor old Dr. Johnson was sometimes mistaken for William Cowper, but, apart from the question of likeness, what evidence is there that the latter ever drank too much tea? "Theine" was evidently a new word to many solvers, and was accordingly rejected with that confidence which ignorance sometimes inspires. As we always like to be instructive, we may explain that theine is an alkaloid obtained from tea leaves which, in any quantity, is injurious to life. Wherefore, tea drinkers beware!

No solution of the last line which failed to note the combination of the U and N could be accounted good.

The extension of the r was generally expressed by "continued" or the equally good word "extended." "Prolongéd," "protracted" and "long lengthened," in the same connection are all inferior by reason of their clumsiness, but none of these readings could be reckoned as more than a small fraction of a mistake. And this brings us to the end of our report. The prize list being so long we had to leave out previous winners regardless of their entitlement to a second prize.

It may be interesting to competitors to know that these reports are meant to be read. If "Kathleen" had read the one on "Poisson d'avril" she would not have troubled us with an elaborate inquiry as to the reason of her failure. And we must ask A. E. J. and many others to note that one good, honest mistake often disqualifies for mention of any kind. As to the indentation of lines of poetry we may say in answer to E. E. G. and "Ubique" that the solution of "Poisson d'avril" was wrongly printed; lines 6 and 12 ought not to have been indented. On the general question a note has already appeared in the Answers to Correspondents. We did not receive a perfect solution of "Suppositions" from E. S. A. G. B. shall have credit for all her solutions, however wrongly her name may have been printed.

One regular solver, whose opinion is entitled to every consideration, complains of our adjudication on the puzzle "Still Life." He maintains that his was a perfect solution "although it differed in two words from the copy." The copy received by us differed in three, and after examining it again and yet again we are quite satisfied as to the justness of our decision. But following a criticism in detail our competitor writes—"The only difficulty to be found in these puzzles is assigning the best word to a picture that may represent several ideas. In fact a kind of missing word competition." We have little fault to find with the first of these remarks, but we do protest most strongly against the second. There is no warrant whatever for such a conclusion. It is clearly impossible, if there is to be any "puzzle" at all, to avoid the use of pictures which may represent more than one idea. But taking the whole series of the puzzles, it has rarely happened that more than one of the possible interpretations of a picture has fitted in with the purpose and rhythm of the verse. But even such a possibility cannot be wholly avoided, and now and then we do find a duplicate reading equal in every respect with the author's. In these cases we do not favour one reading more than the other. Once (and once only) the difficulty of adjudication was so great that we had to resort to an arbitrary ruling. We called attention to the fact in our report and expressed our regret. From the beginning of these "Puzzle Poems" we have consciously made every endeavour to keep them above the level of the chance competitions now so popular, otherwise we should not have taken so much notice of our expert correspondent's criticism. Nothing would be easier than to make the puzzles more difficult and nothing would be more unpopular.

WHY WE COOK, AND THE HYGIENIC VALUE OF COOKERY.

By L. H. YATES.

"A true cook, be it remembered, is an artist."—*Theodore Child.*



N American writer, to whom we owe many bright and wise things, speaking of nutrition in a large sense, has described it as "A stream of materials in motion, in the midst of which we live." "Our apparently solid bodies," she says, "are but processions of materials. While the procession passes a given point we live in it, that is all. Do not imagine that we are permanent objects through which dinners may or may not pass. The dinners are the fixed consideration, we the transient one. It is a matter of indifference to the dinner who eats it, or if it is eaten at all, but a matter of terrible importance to us."

This, at first sight, strikes us as a way of putting what is doubtless a truth that is not altogether flattering to human nature; if we go further into the thought we realise that the standing ground whereon we rear life, or physical maintenance, is indeed "little firmer than the rolling barrel on which the clown stands, it has to be kept going in order to support us at all."

Unless the business of supporting the body be carried on unfalteringly, no other business can be properly attended to.

The road from market to kitchen, kitchen to table, table to stomach, is a continuous one; it grows wider, more attractive, and more interesting as we pursue it, but the road which begins in the phosphates and carbons that the earth holds in reserve, is the same road that loses itself at last in the clear brain and tense muscles of our frame.

The herb and vegetable that grew in the soil ate of the substances of that soil, and developed; the sheep and cattle devoured the green things and roots and throve; man takes the vegetables and adds to them meat—or vegetables twice eaten—and secures his share of nutritive force. Here we have the elements of nutrition.

In addition to the elements man adds a process that is unknown to the animal, viz., the preparation and cooking of food. According as this process becomes more refined and perfect so it becomes more subtle and complicated, so much so that it demands the whole attention of a special functionary, who is every whit as important in society as the carpenter, the potter and the smith.

The necessity that makes cooked food essential to civilised man arises from the fact that his digestive system varies according to the amount of labour exacted from it, and according to the ease or difficulty with which the supply is furnished.

Food ready cooked is half digested, hence a saving of energy, time and force. Raw food takes an elaborate digestive system for its conversion into meat.

Far back in the earlier stages of civilisation it took all man's strength to get his food, a ceaseless effort to catch up with his food-supply, a constant "struggle for existence." As man conquered in the struggle he did not have to run after his food, he could make it grow, he produced it. In this ever-growing process of nutrition, man has so learnt to govern and manage his food-supply, that as long as our means of transportation and distribution continue we shall live and develop the powers and faculties which our food-supply enables us to cultivate. We still have to "make our living," but our completer organisation has made it unnecessary for every individual to be absorbed in the process of preparing and producing his own food. Society, by setting apart certain members to do certain kinds of work, effects an economy of force, energy and material for the community.

While the primary reason for cooking food is undoubtedly that of saving energy in the consumer, the secondary one is that of the economising of the food-stuffs themselves, by enabling the greatest amount of good to be drawn from them with the least possible amount of waste. Scarcely subservient to these comes another reason, namely this—that as refinement of nature increases taste is developed, and the eye, the palate and the nostrils all require to be thought of. Hence we see how important is the education of that functionary who holds so important a place in our household organisation; no matter how fine the meat may be that the farmer and butcher supply, how rare the fruits and the condiments we receive from the grocer, or how choice the fish may be that the fisherman has toiled to get, the one pair of unskilled hands in our kitchen may ruin the whole procession of materials in a few minutes' time. At no stage in all the long road is there need for more energy or skill.

We are apt to forget that the art of cookery refers not only to the pleasing serving of food and maybe its dainty preparation, but the artist here has to have in mind food principles, and plan so that real nourishment be given at the right stage of life.

The building-up, more especially the keeping-up of a beautiful human frame lies in a great degree in our own hands. Raisers of cattle and breeders of poultry have long grasped this truth and acted accordingly, but while every fact that can be gleaned about methods of feeding stock is carefully tested by trial, the study of human dietaries is pursued only by those who have earned for themselves the title of crank and faddist.

Defective nutrition is at the bottom of half the evil and crime that debases human nature, as it is also the primary cause of deformities and disease. Under-fed or over-fed the result in either case is similar.

We need to realise how certainly the work of the cook and the housewife take hold of the very springs of life. The work done by them, the kind of work and the quality of it, makes or mars even the character and morals of those who come under their care, but especially does it make or mar those bodies which, as temples of the Holy Ghost, should be in line and form, fair, fine, strong and pure. Study, then, the laws of food, and by them build, not for the present generation's comfort alone, but for the well-being of the generation yet to come.

The more complex our modern human life becomes the greater becomes the strain on the human system; the outlay is not always the same; there are times when we are not called upon to great physical or mental exertion, then again there are periods of excessive strain; these varyings have to be met by varying supplies of nutrition. The handful of dates which will satisfy the Arab will not meet the needs of the brainy merchant, neither will the coarse abundance found on the table of the miner or labourer.

Cooking is variously regarded; in itself perhaps a "low" function, comparatively speaking, one of the traits which bespeak us as "of the earth—earthy," it is nevertheless an art, a science, a craft and a profession, or had we not better substitute service for profession, seeing that we entrust it to hands far from professional, leaving it too often to the least capable people to perform?

If ever cooking is to become worthy of the title of profession it must be pursued by those who are specialised for the purpose. It is a folly to say that all women should be cooks; we might as well demand that all men should be architects or doctors.

While cooking that is performed by a trained and intelligent functionary becomes possessed of all the dignity of a profession, it is also a craft because of the skill that must be acquired if it is to be perfectly handled; it is a science too, because it has laws of its own just as the science of medicine has. The work that the physician does is too often that of remedying the work that the cook has done ill. Alas, it is too often sadly true that the cook makes so ill that the physician's remedy is of no avail at all.

Cooking is also an art, in that its highest votaries are "born, not made," and that their work is open to the inspiration of genius. It is a vehicle for the expression of fancy, and of the colour sense.

At the latest exhibition held by the Universal Cookery and Food Association, one of the most interesting exhibits was the model kitchen of sixty years ago, contrasted with a model of a kitchen of the present date. It seemed a case where extremes met. The heavy, clumsy appliances, very few in number, of the early Victorian age, might explain the taste of the times for large, substantial and solid dishes; but surely we have added to our labour tenfold when we surround ourselves with such needless accessories as our modern furnisher would have us think are becoming!

Striking the line between these we shall arrive at something like a real idea of the value of saved labour and of helpful utensils.

While lined copper pans represent the acme of good housewifery in the eyes of the ruler of a large establishment, and in his *chef's* opinion, in the small household where labour is limited, they are a burden to life. Let glazed earthenware, "granite" ware, fireproof china, and enamelled pans, take the place, and we have cleanliness ensured us, while the quality of our dish will not be changed.

Our Puritan fathers looked upon cooking stoves as an unrighteous lessening of the curse laid upon toil in the garden of Eden; and women's work has been handicapped for generations by something of the same narrow spirit.

We are wisely trying to substitute cooking stoves for the open ranges that have long been a bugbear to the middle-class English housewife. Other nations—the French, Americans, Germans, Austrians—all have long since found out better means and methods.

While there is much to be said in praise of both oil and gas stoves for cooking purposes, more especially for the latter, the excellences of which are so numerous that I could wish every housewife to be the possessor of a gas cooker of some kind, yet, personally I would place the American kitchener, or the French *cuisinière* before them all, for every purpose, indeed, except for the roasting of meat.

The joint that has been suspended in the middle of a gas oven and cooked for just its proper length of time, will be found to be almost identical in flavour to that which was roasted on the jack before an open fire, and very much superior to the so-called roast done in the range oven, which is really baked and not roasted at all.

The newer methods of cooking by electricity are yet too undeveloped and too costly to be of much use to us; but the promises held out to us of what shall be are far beyond our dreams. In the meantime the developments of the modern gas range are more than enough to satisfy every possible requirement, and with careful usage will cost less in fuel than the ordinary range fire.

The improvements in cooking utensils and in methods of work which are made from time to time, are generally originated by those, who, having thought the subject worthy of their study, have become artists and proficients; but, unfortunately, many of their methods and inventions only become adopted in the majority of homes after they have reached them by passing through the hands of a class who have neither appreciation for, nor the intelligence to comprehend, their right advantages. Happily for us we are rapidly awakening to the knowledge that work in the kitchen is essentially noble, honourable, human work; in a very few years' time we may hope to see it undertaken by the most highly-trained and skilled workers of the community.

In proportion to the value that we put upon this work so will it rank in our labour market. While English people persist in regarding it as "servant's work," and only suited to the hands of the class into whose care it is given at present, so long will cultivated intelligences think it an unworthy sphere for their employment. The States are far ahead of us here, partly because the true servant class is there almost unknown. Household economy and economics in every branch, not only have their special schools and centres of demonstration, but a practical course of their study is part of a regular college curriculum. More than that, in Boston, the meals of school children and older students have been thought sufficiently important to be put under civic control.

Mrs. Ellen Richards, chemist in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, writes that, the prevalent disregard of the importance of human dietetics is especially noticeable in connection with the life of students. If a student breaks down, the remark is heard on all sides—"What a pity he studied so hard!" and no one asks, "Was he well fed?"

To sum up then, since the repair and building-up of the human frame is one of the chief businesses of life, it follows that whatever economises time in this respect leaves more opportunity for other works. As what is most easily digested affords the most nourishment, proper food, properly cooked and prepared for digestion adds to our strength and length of life, increases our usefulness, and, if we may indeed feel all to be true that is told us on this head, does much to determine our mental and moral character, for what we eat makes us what we are, say some.

(To be continued.)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——;"

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.



CHAPTER V.

JACK'S DEPARTURE.

It was with anything but a light heart that Jack left for London two weeks later.

In spite of the delightful prospect before him, of a trip on the ocean, in a well-appointed yacht with jovial companions, he could not banish a troubled feeling from his mind. All the way to London, look where he would, his sister's face, as he had last seen it, rose before him. He was thoroughly anxious about her, for there had been something strange about her expression that he could not fathom. It was not exactly reproach or grief that her eyes expressed, but a dreary hopelessness, that he could not but know should have no place on so young a face, and it puzzled and worried him.

He felt he ought to have stayed with her longer; that he was acting selfishly in making his visit so short; and however little a man may acknowledge such pricks of conscience, he seldom feels easy under them.

It was with a sense of real relief that he at last stepped from the train in London and found his friend, Guy Fawcett, waiting for him. The latter was in high spirits, and full of their coming trip, and, in five minutes, Jack had forgotten everything but the pleasures of the moment. For Guy was just such another careless, pleasure-loving man as Jack, and whenever these two were together, there was little room for shadows.

The yachting excursion in prospect rendered them even more lively than usual, and on being joined by a third member of the party, their exuberance of spirit became almost beyond bounds.

They started off at once on a last shopping expedition to the Stores, the principal item to buy being kitchen utensils, and as none of them knew in the least what they wanted, the proceeding proved somewhat ludicrous. Guy wanted three saucepans and Jack only two, while the third man, Dick Herman, was quite certain one would be sufficient. Then again, Jack wanted a gridiron as well as a frying-pan, and Guy would have it that a frying-pan answered the same purpose, therefore it wasn't necessary.

Finally, after having sorely tried the patience of the man who served them, and come to the wise conclusion that they didn't any of them know much about it, they decided to leave the matter in his hands, and told him to furnish them with whatever they would require for a six weeks' trip.

They then took a stroll down Piccadilly, and, after ordering an unconscionable amount of tobacco and cigars, turned into their club for tea. Here they were joined by the other man of the party, and a general stampede followed, during which they discovered that the last mentioned had already furnished the yacht with kitchen-appliances, and therefore they were likely to somewhat represent a strolling caravan laden with pots and pans.

For a few moments they were at a loss to discover a way out of the difficulty, and then Guy Fawcett, with his usual aptitude, hit on a plan.

"I'll tell you what, you fellows," he exclaimed, "we can easily get out of it by starting a few hours earlier! Let's go by the nine train, and wire to the Stores, that, being obliged to start much earlier than intended, we shall have to countermand the order."

This wicked suggestion met with universal consent, and they made a move at once to go and finish their packing.

Unfortunately, in the general excitement next morning, the telegram was forgotten, with the result that a most unlooked-for display of pots and pans was found to adorn their chambers on their return.

It was not until late in the evening that Jack had time to let his thoughts return to Madge and to his visit home. He and Guy were having a quiet pipe after their dinner, when he suddenly recollected he had bought two books for her and rose to get them.

Guy watched him lazily, with a half-curious air, lounging back the while in an easy chair, with his feet planted on the mantelshelf. He had heard Jack give the order and been surprised at the tenor of it, but had forgotten all about it, until he saw him place the books on the table and open them.

"You're looking mighty serious, old man," he remarked presently. "If it weren't too utterly beyond the bounds of probability, I should be inclined to think you were going to wade through one of those learned books yourself, with a view to laying claim to the possession of an intellectual taste," and he laughed good-humouredly. "As a matter of fact, I don't suppose you'd be able to make head or tail of a single page."

"I don't believe I should," replied

Jack, but his face did not relax its gravity, and, as he turned over the pages, he knit his brows with a perplexed look.

Guy was surprised, and finally dragged himself up out of the depths of his chair. Then he stretched his long arms and legs, ran his fingers through his thick dark hair, shook himself like a huge Newfoundland dog, jerked his refractory tie back to its original position, and finally put his arm across Jack's broad shoulders, leaned over him and read the titles of the books.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" he exclaimed slowly, with emphasis, adding, "*The Story of the Heavens* sounds fairly reasonable, but what on earth does *Sartor Resartus* mean?"

"Upon my word, I don't know," replied Jack shrugging his shoulders. "But that's nothing compared to the idea of a girl of eighteen choosing such books for a present. I asked my sister what books she would like and she deliberately wrote these two. What's more, she only wanted this," holding up the offending *Sartor Resartus* disdainfully, "because her other copy had got spoilt somehow, so I suppose she's known all about it a long time."

"Well, did she really though choose those? What an extraordinary thing that you should have a sister a blue-stocking. Does she dress anyhow and wear blue spectacles?"

"No, she isn't a blue-stocking at all, she's only got queer tastes. She's just the oddest sister a fellow ever had, and one of the best in spite of it."

"Tell me about her," said Guy seating himself on the edge of the table and swinging one leg. "What a chap you are, I never even knew you'd got a sister."

"Nonsense, you must have heard me speak of Madge."

"Yes, but I didn't know who she was, and even then you only mentioned her once in a blue moon. I didn't know but what she was a maiden aunt. I'd like to hear about your home," he continued. "Have you been having a gay time? You're a lucky chap to have a home, I think, but you say precious little about it."

"I don't often go there, you see; it's so deadly dull, I can't stand it for long; besides, I've got a step-mother who wants spiflicating."

"Whew—" whistled Guy. "That's it, is it? well, I should bar a step-mother myself. But what about this sister who reads *Sartor Resartus* at eighteen and isn't a blue-stocking. What's she like, a bit eccentric?"

"I suppose she is, in her way," replied Jack slowly, "but she doesn't do it for effect. I can't exactly describe her, except that she has rather odd ideas about some things and is jolly nice-looking. But look here, Guy, I want you to come home with me next year, promise you will if you can, there's a good chap."

"I'd like to immensely, but I hope your sister won't use words of more than three syllables when she condescends to talk to me, or I shall feel an awful gull. You'll drop her a hint, won't you?"

Jack laughed.

"Oh! she won't do that," he said, "you needn't be afraid. I shall be awfully glad to take you because it may cheer her up a bit. She has a wretchedly poor time of it," and his face puckered again. "I felt quite miserable about her until I met you this morning. I feel rather wretched now, to be going off to have such a grand time, while she's moping up there, among those desolate hills."

"I should think she's used to it by now," said Guy, reassuringly. "It isn't likely to be so bad to her as it seems to you, after London."

Jack sighed and turned aside to knock the ashes out of his pipe.

"I don't know," he said slowly, "I've a kind of idea the mater upsets her more in a week than she would me in a month."

"Oh! it's that way is it?" remarked Guy, adding, "Well, it's no use your worrying about it now. Of course it's hard lines on a girl to have a nasty step-mother, but there's many worse things than that," with which somewhat ambiguous remark, he precipitated himself from the table, with a kind of long jump half-way across the room, and prepared to retire for the night, an example Jack was not loth to follow.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

"One Who Wants to Know."—Earwigs do not derive their name from their traditional habit of creeping into the ear, but from the shape of their unfolded wings, which are said to resemble a human ear. The name is a corruption of "earwing." Earwigs do sometimes, though very rarely, enter the ears of people lying asleep on the ground. As a rule if they do get into the ear they quickly get out again. If they do not decamp, filling the ear with oil or water will make them float out. It is absolutely impossible for them to reach the brain. If any insect gets into the ear, and either comes out of itself or is dislodged, it does no harm.

Sweet Mignonette.—1. The "scaliness" of your face is doubtless due to seborrhœa. Sulphur ointment will probably cure it.—2. You cannot check severe perspiration. Wearing kid gloves increases the flow of perspiration in the hands.—3. It is usual when introduced to a person to say "how do you do," or some equivalent phrase. It is always the privilege of the lady to speak first.

"Valeria Italica."—"Spider nævus" need not necessarily be small; in fact, some are of large size. If the spot which troubles you corresponds to the description of the spider nævus, that is, a red centre with radiating lines leading from it, the whole disappearing when pressed upon, a spider nævus it is whatever its size. There are other kinds of nævi or "mother's marks," and a large number can be removed by surgical means.

A. J. S.—You might try ichthiol, but we cannot tell you what result to expect. Calomel is considered to be injurious to the teeth, and if taken in enormous doses constantly repeated may do some injury to the teeth. As it is given at the present time its effect on the teeth is nil. It is not only non-injurious but is one of the most valuable drugs we possess.

"A Bookworm."—Unless your eyelashes are unhealthy or the lids are not in a good condition you can do nothing to make your eyelashes grow longer. If the lids are sore you may find boracic lotion useful.

A Lover of The "G. O. P."—If you derive benefit from peroxide of hydrogen by all means continue to use it. It is perfectly harmless.

A Plain Girl.—We are afraid that we cannot help you much. Soap does not make the skin dry. Perhaps some simple preparation, such as vaseline, applied in the evening might do some good.

Lela.—The symptoms you mention may be due to organic heart disease, but they may also be due to anæmia or nervous disease of the heart, or to several other causes. We strongly advise you to overcome your prejudices and have your heart examined by a physician. This alone can settle the question, which is one of vital importance to yourself.

J. Y. K.—We are afraid that your fingers will not return again to their previous condition; but still, they may improve. Massage may do them good. If you have massage done by a professional it is exceedingly expensive, but you can do it yourself. All that is necessary is to gently rub the fingers in the direction of the veins, that is, begin at the tip and gently rub upwards. Never reverse the direction.

E. M. W.—No; it is not etiquette to offer a present to a physician who has attended you free of charge because you cannot afford to pay him. If you know him personally it is a different matter. We need scarcely remind you not to forget to thank him.

Inquirer.—It is absolutely impossible to tell you what is the matter with your spine without any details. "Spinal weakness" may be almost anything. No one could be certain as to what distresses you without careful investigation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rochdalian.—The number containing the article on "Swiss Darning" is that for May 15th, 1880, No. 20, vol. i., pp. 314, 315, by Marie Karger. If you advertise for the number you will, no doubt, obtain it.

Jean Vertaud.—We have answered your question before. The phrase "cock and bull story" is a corruption of "concockted and bully story"—the catchpennies sold in the streets being vulgarly called "cocks;" and "bull" is derived from the Danish word *bullen*, which means "exaggerated." What is called an "Irish bull" is a ludicrous blunder, which comes to the same thing.

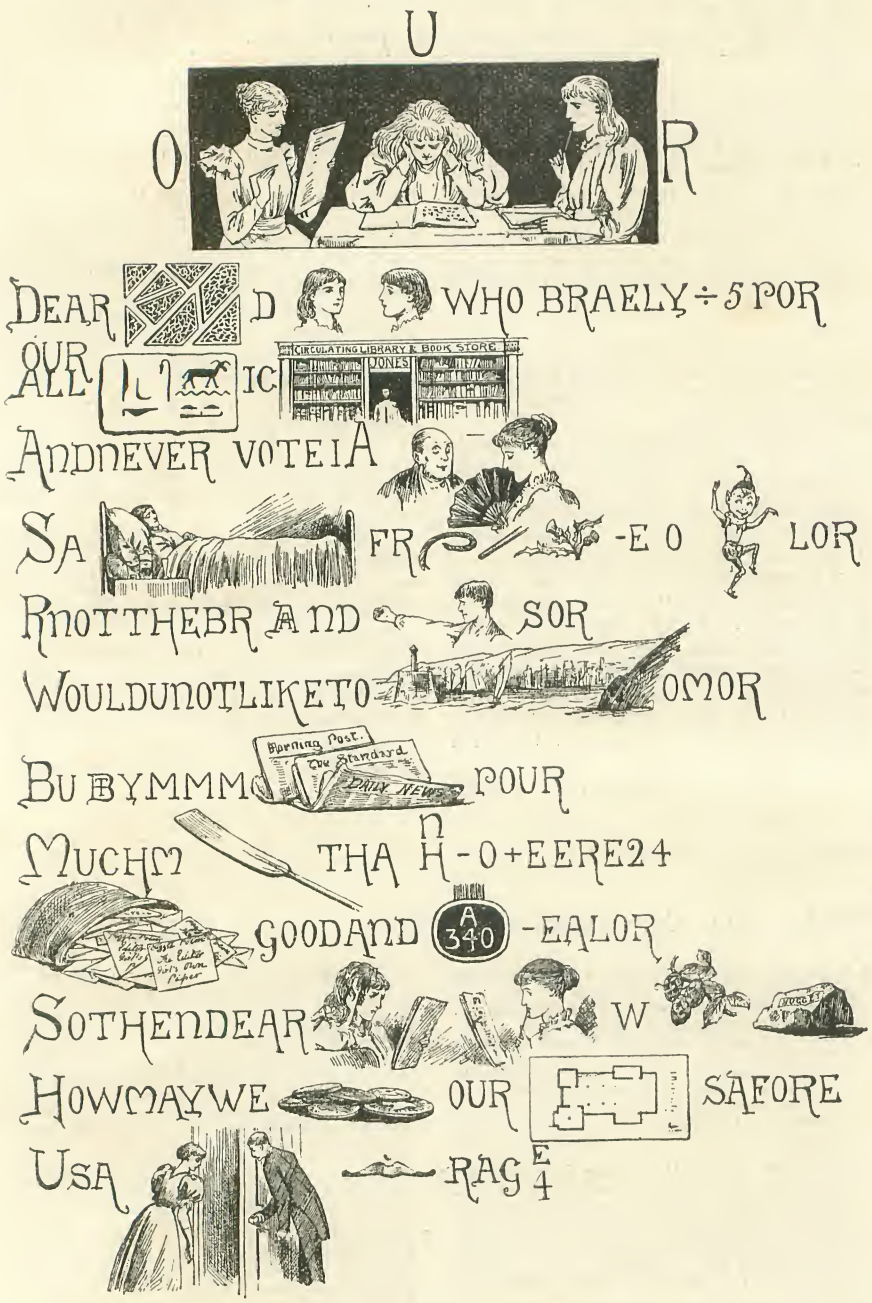
Janie.—The English lady-novelist who has published the greatest number of books of that description, so far, is Mrs. Oliphant, over and above six (or more) biographies, and contributions to periodical literature. Her novels are seventy-six in number; Miss Braddon following next with about twenty less. Amongst men-writers of such-like fiction Mr. John Black heads that list with thirty books; and Mr. Besant follows with twenty-seven. But even Mrs. Oliphant's prolific brain has been thrown into the shade by some of our transatlantic cousins; and Lope de Vega, the Spaniard, who flourished between 1562 and 1635, surpassed all our modern novelists in the extraordinary number of his publications, and, probably, all who preceded him in any age of the world.

Dolly.—Sleeping with the head to the north has been a question attended with much superstition in various and very many parts of the world. In Japan a diagram of the points of the compass is usually pasted on the ceiling of the guest-room that they may avoid making any mistake. In all four quarters of the world the opinion prevails of its sinister effects; but on the contrary, in this country, our views are guided by a consideration of the influence upon us of the electric currents, which are credited to flow from the North Pole, and thus prove conducive to better sleep when the head turns that way.

Constant Reader.—Although we have already answered your letter, we have, since then, obtained the first legal opinion on the possibility of changing your Christian name when already registered at your baptism, and find that it could not legally be done. The name registered is unalterable, but you may call yourself by any "fancy name" you please. Should a copy of your baptismal registry be required on matters of business, for marriage, to accompany certificates, or to be inserted in wills, it must correspond exactly with the Christian name registered, or the change of name will invalidate the document.

Nestles.—We have always placed the tin of condensed milk, when opened, in a basin of cold water, and kept it covered with a wetted cloth. It must be kept cool, and of course the water must not get into the milk. It would keep good for quite a week, if not more.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be December 15, 1897; from Abroad, February 17, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

MY ROOM.

THE Editor wants to see each of his readers in the room in which she generally sits. Every girl has something in her room to describe, whether it be a room of grand furniture and ornaments, or a room devoid of everything but the most meagre articles.

The Queen Newspaper in noticing one of our recently-printed competition essays, said:—

"She describes her work as long, but pleasant; she is on duty from eight till eight, earns a pound a week, and will not earn any more because she is going to be married. The main features of the room are a gas fire, a typewriter, some fashion plates, an almanac, a thermometer, a text, and a portrait of the Duchess of York. How well one sees that room!"

Now, that illustrates what the Editor wants. Each girl to describe her environment (sitting-room or work-room) in the same or in a similar way. On page 505 of our last volume we printed a paper by Lady Bloomfield on *My Boudoir*, and very interesting reading it was because it described faithfully the "household gods" of an interesting woman. Of course each girl is of equal interest to her Editor, and he wants as vivid a picture of her room as Lady Bloomfield gave in her paper above mentioned. There will be five prizes of one guinea each for the best five papers, and five prizes of half-a-guinea each for the five next best papers. Each essay should be written on one sheet of foolscap (four pages) and both sides of the paper may be written upon. No paper will be returned to the writer whether stamps be sent for the purpose or not.

The last day for receiving the papers will be from Great Britain and Ireland, January 1, 1898; from abroad, March 1, 1898.

NOVEMBER, 1897. PRICE THREEPENCE.

MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT
TO
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A CLUSTER OF ROSES

BY
SARAH DOUDNEY
AUTHOR OF "WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER," "PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT," ETC.

LONDON: "GIRL'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

The above Publication is Now Ready. Ask for it at once, or you may be too late.



(From Photo by Wolvale, den Haag.)

THE GIRL-QUEEN.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 932.] NOVEMBER 6, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SISTERS THREE.

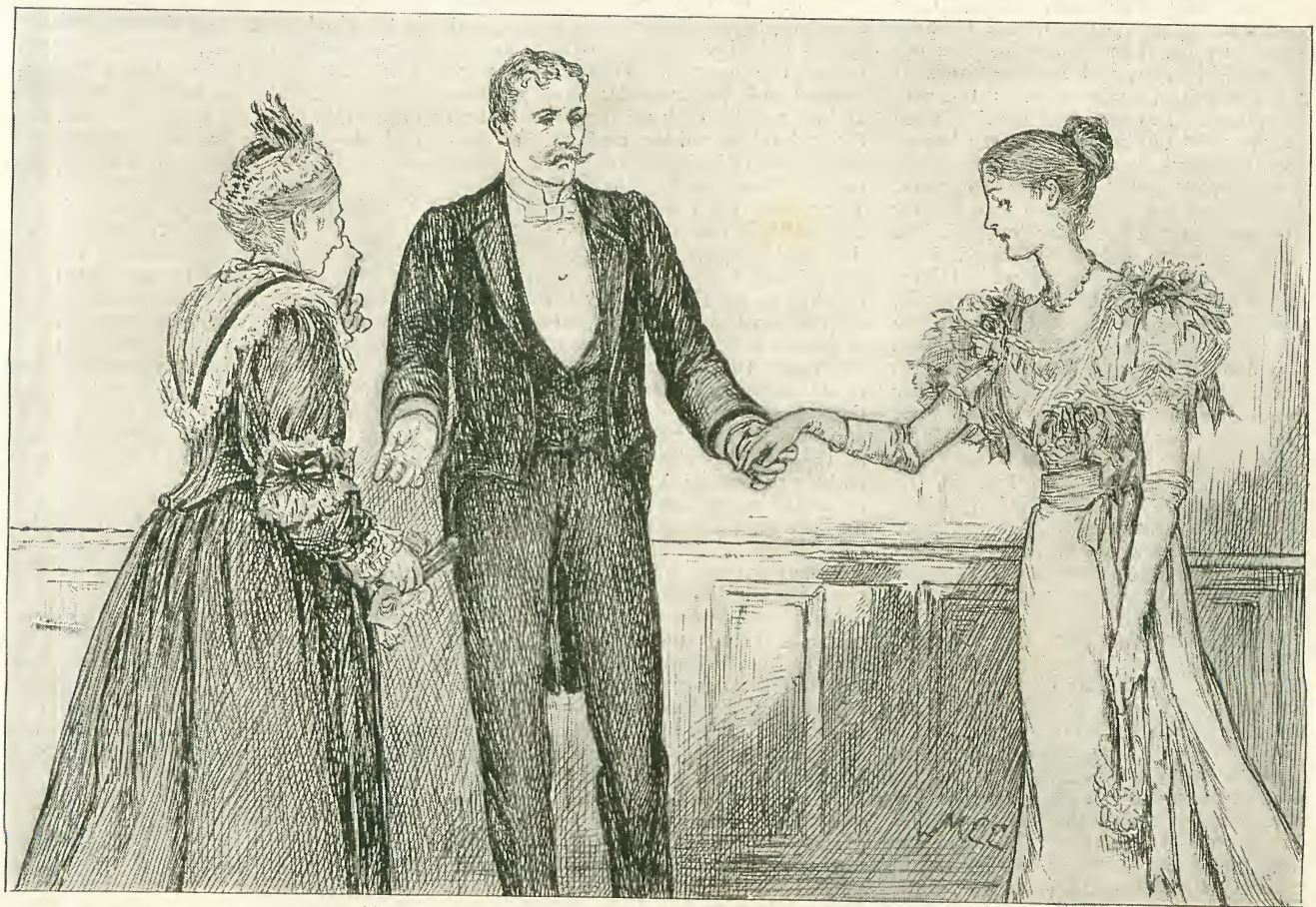
By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

So soon as Mr. Bertrand's arrival in town became known, he was inundated with invitations of every description. To most of these it was impossible to take Hilary, but Miss Carr was indefatigable in escorting the girl to concerts and entertainments, and insisted that she should accompany her father when it was possible.

"If the child is old enough to have the responsibility of a household, she is old enough to have a little enjoyment, and to make her entrance into society. She is eighteen next May, she tells me, and she is old for her age. You must certainly take her to Lady Mary's 'At Home.' There will be music, and recitations, and a crowd of people, just the sort of thing to please a young girl."

Mr. Bertrand shrugged his shoulders and affected to be horrified at the idea of having to take out a grown-up daughter. "It makes a man feel horribly old," he said, "and I know quite well I shall forget all about her when I begin talking to my old friends. However, I'll do my best. See that the child has something decent to wear, like a good soul. I'm not so short of money now as in the days when you used to send hampers to my rooms in Oxford, and I should like her to look well. She is not a beauty like Lettice, but she is



"'HUMPH!' SAID MISS CARR SHORTLY. 'FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.'"

All rights reserved.]

a nice-looking little girl in her way, isn't she, Helen?"

"Oh, I think we may give her credit for more than that. She has an exquisite complexion, and holds up her little head as if she were quite conscious of being the eldest child of a famous man. You won't be ashamed of your daughter, I promise you."

Hilary was delighted at the thought of accompanying her father to the "At Home," but though she gushed over the prospect in her letters to her sisters, she did her utmost to hide her excitement from Miss Carr. The old lady had a habit of making sly little hits at her expense, the cause of which the girl totally misunderstood. She imagined that it was her youth and want of experience which annoyed her hostess, whereas, in reality, it was her affectation of age and worldly knowledge. When the night arrived, however, it was impossible to keep as calm as she would have liked, as she arrayed herself in her dainty new frock before dinner. Miss Carr's choice had been eminently successful. A plain white silk dress with an overskirt of chiffon, which gave an effect of misty lightness, a wreath of snowdrops among the puffings at the neck, and long satiny ends of ribbon. Hilary looked very young, and sweet, and fresh, as she walked into the drawing-room, with a flush of self-conscious pleasure on her cheeks, and her father gave a start of surprise as he saw her.

"So! My little girl!" Miss Carr was not yet in the room, and he took Hilary by the hands, holding her out at arm's length, and looking down at her with grave, tender eyes. "It's very nice, dear. I'm proud of you." Then drawing her to him, and kissing her on the forehead, "we must be great friends, you and I, my big daughter. This is the beginning of a new life for you, but you will not grow to think less of the old home and the old friends?"

"No, no, father! no never!" Hilary spoke in a quick, breathless whisper, and there was an unusual moisture in her eyes. Her father saw that she was nervous and excited, and hastened to change the subject before there was any danger of a breakdown. The door opened at this moment to admit Miss Carr, and he advanced to meet her holding Hilary's hand in his, in the high, stately fashion in which a knight of old led out his partner in the gavotte.

"Miss Hilary Maud Everette Bertrand, at your service. And many thanks to the good fairy who has worked the transformation!"

"Humph!" said Miss Carr, shortly. "Fine feathers make fine birds. There's the gong for dinner, and if you two are not hungry, I am; so let us get the serious business over first, and then I'll have a look at the fineries." Then, after her usual fashion, she slipped her hand through the girl's arm and led her affectionately across the hall. "Sweet seventeen! Ah, dear me, I wonder how many years ago it is since I went out in my first white dress? I was a pretty girl then, my dear, though you may not think it to look at me now, and I remember my excitement as if it were yesterday."

When the carriage came to the door two hours later on, Hilary wrapped herself up in fleecy shawls and went into the drawing-room to bid her hostess good-night, but she was not allowed to take her departure so easily. Miss Carr protested that she was not wrapped up sufficiently, and sent upstairs for a hood and a pair of hideous scarlet worsted bedroom slippers, which she insisted upon drawing over the dainty white satin shoes. Hilary protested, but she was not allowed to have a say in the matter.

"Nonsense, my dear; it's a bitterly cold night, and you have half-an-hour's drive. We can't have you catching cold, just to have your feet looking pretty in a dark carriage. Go along now, 'Good-night.' I shall be in bed when you come back, but I'll hear all your adventures in the morning," and she waved the girl away in the imperious fashion which no one dare resist.

Hilary was annoyed, but she soon forgot the ugly slippers in the fascination of a drive through the brightly-lighted streets, and when the carriage drew up beneath an awning, and she had a peep at a beautiful hall, decorated with palms and flowering plants, and saw the crowd flocking up the wide staircase, her breath came fast with excitement. Her father led her into the house and disappeared through a doorway on the left, while she herself was shown into a room on the right, wherein a throng of fashionable ladies were divesting themselves of their wraps, and giving finishing touches to their toilets before the mirrors. Those who were nearest to Hilary turned curious glances at her as she took off her shawls, and the girl felt a sudden and painful consciousness of insignificant youth. They were so very grand, these fine ladies. They wore such masses of diamonds, and such marvellous frocks, and mantles, and wrappings, that she was overawed, and hurried out of the room as quickly as possible, without daring to step forward to a mirror. Such a crowd of guests were making their way up the staircase, that Hilary and her father could only move forward a step at the time, but after they had shaken hands with a stout lady and a thin gentleman at the head of the stairs, there was a sudden thinning off, for a suite of reception rooms opened out of the hall, and the guests floated away in different directions.

Mr. Bertrand led the way into the nearer of the rooms, and no sooner had he appeared in the doorway, than there came a simultaneous exclamation of delight from a group of gentlemen who stood in the centre of the floor, and he was seized by the arm, patted on the shoulder, and surrounded by a bevy of admiring friends. Poor Hilary stood in the background, abashed and deserted. Her father had forgotten all about her existence. The group of friends were gradually drawing him further and further away. Not a soul did she know among all the brilliant throng. Several fashionably-dressed ladies put up their eyeglasses to stare at her as she stood, a solitary figure at the end of the long room, then they turned to whisper to each other, while the youngest and liveliest of the party put her fan up to her face and tittered audibly. They were laughing at her, the rude, unkind, unfeeling creatures. "Laughing, what could there be to laugh at?" asked Hilary of herself. Her dress had been made by a fashionable modiste; Miss Carr's own maid had arranged her hair. "I may not be pretty, but there's nothing ludicrous about me that I know of," said the poor child to herself, with catching breath. In spite of her seventeen years, her new dress, and all her ecstatic anticipations, a more lonely, uncomfortable, and tearfully-inclined young woman than Hilary was at that moment it would be difficult to find. She looked round in despair, espied a seat in a retired corner, and was making for it as quickly as might be, when she came face to face with a long mirror, and in it saw a reflection which made the colour rush to her cheeks in a hot, crimson tide. A girlish figure, with a dark head set gracefully upon a slender neck, a dainty dress, all cloudy chiffon, satiny ribbons, and nodding snowdrops, and beneath—oh, good gracious! beneath the soft frilled edgings, a pair of enormous, shapeless, scarlet worsted bed slippers! It would be difficult to say which was the more scarlet at that moment—the slippers themselves or Hilary's cheeks. She shuffled forward and stood in the corner paralysed with horror. There had been such a crowd in the cloak room, and she had been so anxious to get away, that she had forgotten all about the wretched slippers. So that was why the ladies were laughing! Oh, to think how she must have looked—standing by herself in the doorway, with those awful, awful scarlet feet shown up against the white skirts.

"Sit down and slip them off, and hide them in the corner. No one will see you," said a sympathetic voice in her ear, and Hilary turned sharply to find that one end of the seat was already occupied by a gentleman, who was regarding her with a very kindly smile of understanding. His face was thin, and showed signs of suffering in the strained expression of the eyes, and Hilary, looking at him, found it impossible to take his advice otherwise than in a friendly spirit.

"Th—ank you," she stammered, and pulling off the offending slippers hid them swiftly behind the folds of the curtains, and seated herself on the sofa by his side.

"That's better!" cried the stranger, looking down with approving eyes at the little satin shoes which were now revealed. "Forgot to take them off, didn't you? Very natural. I did the same with snow shoes once, and was in the room for half-an-hour before I discovered that I still had them on."

"But snow shoes are black. They wouldn't look half so bad. I saw those ladies laughing at me. What must they have thought?"

"Do you think it matters very much what they thought?" The stranger turned his face to Hilary, and smiled again in his slow, gentle manner.

"Why trouble yourself about the opinion of people whom you don't know, and whom you will probably never see again? I suppose it is a matter of perfect indifference to them, but what I think about them is, that they were exceedingly ill-bred to behave as they did, and I should attach no value whatever to their opinions. Have you — er — lost sight of your friends?"

"No, they have lost sight of me." The stranger was at once so kind, and so sensible, that Hilary began to feel a delightful sense of restored equanimity, and even gave a little laugh of amusement as she spoke. "I came with my father, and he has gone off with some friends and forgotten all about my existence. He is over there at the end of the room; the tall man with the brown moustache—Mr. Austin Bertrand."

The stranger gave a little jump in his seat, and the colour tinged his cheek. "Bertrand!" he exclaimed. "You are Bertrand's daughter!" He stared at Hilary with newly-awakened interest, while she smiled, well pleased by the sensation which the name caused.

"Yes, Austin Bertrand, the novelist. You know him then. You are one of his friends?"

"Hardly that, I am afraid. I know him slightly, and he has been most kind to me when we have met, but I cannot claim him as a friend. I am one of his most ardent admirers."

"And do you write yourself?" queried Hilary, looking scrutinisingly at the sensitive, intellectual face, and anticipating the answer before it came.

"A little. Yes! It is my great consolation. My name is Herbert Rayner, Miss Bertrand. I may as well introduce myself as there is no one to do it for me. I suppose you have come up to town on a visit with your father. You have lived in the Lake district for the last few years, have you not? I envy you having such a lovely home."

Hilary elevated her eyebrows in doubtful fashion. "In summer it is perfectly delightful; but I don't like country places in winter. We are two miles from a village, and three from the nearest station, so you can imagine how quiet it is, when it gets dark soon after four o'clock, and the lanes are thick with snow. I was glad to come back to London for a change. This is the first grown-up party I have been to in my life."

Mr. Rayner smiled a little, repeating her words and lingering with enjoyment on the childish expression. "The first party! Is it, indeed? I only wish it were mine. I don't mean to pretend that I am bored by visiting, as is the fashionable position nowadays. I am too fond of seeing and studying my fellow-creatures for that ever to be possible, but a first experience of any kind has an interest which cannot be repeated. I am like you, I don't like winter. I feel half alive in cold weather, and would like to go to bed and stay there until it was warm again. There is no country in the world more charming than England for seven months of the year, and none so abominable for the remaining five. If it were not for my work I would always winter abroad, but I am obliged to be in the hum of things. How do you manage to amuse yourself in the lakes?"

"We don't manage at all," said Hilary frankly. "At least I mean we are very happy, of course, because there are so many of us, and we are always having fun and jokes among ourselves; but we have nothing in the way of regular entertainments, and it gets awfully dull. My sisters and I had a big grumbling festival on New Year's Day, and told all our woes to father. He was very kind and said he would see what could be done, and that's why I came up to London, to give me a little change."

"I see!" Mr. Rayner looked into the girl's face with a scrutinising look. "So you are dull and dissatisfied with your surroundings. That's a pity! You ought to be so happy, with such a father, brothers and sisters for company, and youth, and health. It seems to me that you are very well off."

Hilary put up her chin with an air of offended dignity. For one moment she felt thoroughly annoyed, but the next, her heart softened, for it was impossible to be vexed with this interesting stranger, with his pathetic, pain-marked face. Why had he used that word, "consolation" in reference to his work, and why did his voice take that plaintive note as he spoke of "youth and health." "I shall ask father all about him," said Hilary to herself; and just at that moment Mr. Bertrand came rushing across the room with tardy remembrance.

"My dear child, I forgot all about you. Are you all right? Have you had some coffee? Have you found anyone to—er." He turned a questioning glance upon the other occupant of the seat, knitted his brow for a second, and then held out his hand, with an exclamation of recognition. "Rayner! How are you? Glad to see you again. I was only talking of you to Moss the other day. That last thing of yours gave me great pleasure—very fine, indeed. You are striding ahead! Come and lunch with me some day while I am in town. I should like to have a chat. Have you been making friends with my daughter? *Much obliged to you for* entertaining her. I have so many old friends here that I don't know which way to turn. Well, what day will you come? Will Tuesday suit? This is my present address, and my kind hostess allows me to ask what guests I will. There was something I had specially on my mind to ask you. Tuesday, then—half-past one. Good-bye till then. Hilary, I will look you up later on. Glad you are so well entertained." He was off again, flying across the room, scattering smiles and greetings as he went, while the two occupants of the corner seat exchanged glances of amusement.

"That's just like father. He gets so excited that he flies about all over the house, and hardly knows what he is doing."

"He is delightfully fresh and breezy; just like his books. And now you would like some refreshments. They are in the little room over there. I shall be happy to accompany you, if you will accept my somewhat — er — inefficient escort."

Hilary murmured some words of thanks, a good deal puzzled to understand the meaning of those last two words. Somewhat to her surprise, her new friend had not risen to talk to her father, and even now, as she stood up in response to his invitation, he remained in his seat, bending forward to grope behind the curtains. A moment later he drew forth something at the sight of which Hilary gave an involuntary exclamation of dismay. It was a pair of crutches, and as Mr. Rayner placed one under each arm and rose painfully to his feet, a feeling of overpowering pity took possession of the girl's heart. Her eyes grew moist, and a cry of sympathy forced themselves from trembling lips.

"Oh—I—I'm sorry!" she gasped with something that was almost a sob of emotion, and Mr. Rayner winced at the sound as with sudden pain.

"Thank you," he said, shortly. "You are very kind. "I'm—I'm used to it, you know. This way, please," and without another word he led the way towards the refreshment room, while Hilary followed behind, abashed and sorrowful.

(*To be continued.*)



"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

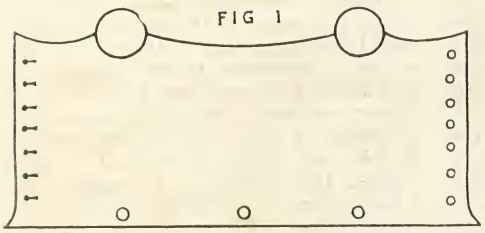
PART I.

THEIR CLOTHING.

SOME months ago I was privileged to write a short series of articles for the "G. O. P." on "Queen Baby and her Needs." In this fresh course I want to give advice to mothers and guardians upon the culture and care of the girlie when she has passed a few more years of her life. To be called upon to rear daughters of the King, for the King, is our high vocation, there is nothing common or mean about the task. What we "grown-ups" need is not an electrotype mind, thinking that every girl must do just what every other girl ever did. But an open intelligence, ready to see good in new things if the good be there.

It is wonderful how the movement for rational dress has spread over England. Our daughters no longer go about with the cavity of their lungs exposed, or the delicate forearm uncovered. We no longer case tiny feet in openwork stockings and kid shoes. We have learned that strong boots need not be clumsy. Woollen dresses need not necessarily be ugly, or warm stockings coarse. Still, as it was nearly 3000 years ago, so we even now love pretty garments. Bells and pomegranates add so much to the glory and beauty of our robes. Ribands on the borders of our garments are still admired. "Raiment of needlework," or "embroidery," is still the thing we like to give our girls. Daintiness in all "within" is what we appreciate.

FIG 1



Now I consider "daintiness" consists really in absolute purity and fitness. If we would preserve health, we must not only think of the prettiness of our children's clothing, but of the adaptability of that clothing to the laws of hygiene. It is one thing to be dressed, it is quite another thing to be clothed. Here is necessary the "wrought gold" of wisdom, and experience, and common-sense.

In perfect health the little bodies we tend maintain a certain degree of heat. Therefore the purpose in clothing them is to keep up that naturally equable temperature. In our very changeable climate, great discrimination is needed in changing the garments to meet the varied weather. It is well understood now that heat as well as cold gives a chill—that overclothing is almost as unwise as underclothing.

To my mind it is no more unwise to lighten the dress on a warm day, than it is to wear a waterproof on a wet one.

"Button to chin,
Till May be in,
Ne'er cast a clout,
Till May be out,"

is one of those half truths that lead many astray. We should avoid bathing our little ones in perspiration, even if we are only in the fifth month of the year.

Now, our object being to keep an equable temperature round our little girl's body, how can we best succeed? I answer decidedly—as science has so often answered before—"by dressing the child in wool."

The clothing of our children should be as light as possible; as warm as possible; as cool as possible. Wool alone will work the miracle. So the first garment our six-year old girlie should don must be a woollen one. There are a great many most hideous combination garments sold that in no wise carry out the idea of "fine needlework." I would not disfigure the most beautiful thing in nature, viz.: a girl-child's white form, by putting any such thing about her. But delicately-woven white Shetland woollies can be bought nowadays that are daintiness personified, and yet obey all rules of health. Some white woollen lace, fulled round the neck, and half sleeves, add a touch of refinement. This combination garment should button on the shoulder, not down the chest, and should cover the thighs.

FIG 2



Over this porous envelope, a corselet should be buttoned. No bones must be allowed in it. On this matter I feel very strongly. We are dreadfully shocked at the cruelty of Chinese mothers in binding up their children's feet to prevent growth. Yet—can it be believed? I have seen little soft-growing bodies—belonging to girls of seven—encased in buckram and whalebone! one foolish mother actually pinching the waist, to make her child "grow up a good figure." We are right in condemning the Chinese mother. But how humiliating to find Englishwomen of the present day actually stopping the growth of heart, lungs, liver, and other vital organs, in this fashion.

The bodices I recommend should be made at home of strong white corded cotton, or knitted to shape in wool by clever fingers. I give a diagram (Fig. 1). The buttons at the waist-line, or over the hips, are for supporting the drawers and petticoats which follow.

One petticoat of flannel and one of cambric is sufficient. Both take considerably less stuff than similar garments for a younger child. The under one should be trimmed with woollen lace, or mitred in this fashion (Fig. 2). The edges buttoned with flourishing flax, and the small sprays satin-stitched with the same. As flannel shrinks in the wash, a large tuck must be put in at first, the sewing thereof masked by herring-bone in the flax thread mentioned above.

FIG 3



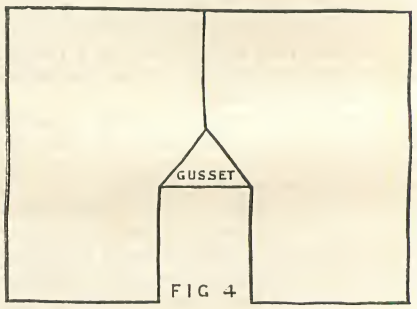
A mother's love for fine needlework and many tucks may be displayed in the white petticoat. It should be made very full, neatly gauged and gathered into a bodice of the same, trimmed with insertion and edged with frills of torchon (Fig. 3).

This bodice should button at the back.

The drawers worn by our little daughter should be equally beautified. Valenciennes makes a pretty frilling above the knee, or Cashe's cambric frilling looks well. Let the leg-hole be cut amply large and plenty of room for kicking about and running.

The frock or overall will be, of course, always a matter of taste. But as long as possible, let it be white. No other colour is as suitable for the King's daughters. The King has recognised this Himself, we say it with all reverence (Eccles. ix. 8.) His Son wore a white and seamless robe here (Luke ix. 29), as a type of the "righteousness" which girt Him about (Rev. xix. 8). A beautiful legend concerning Him tells of the glistening atmosphere which moved with Jesus of Nazareth wherever he went. Some such atmosphere we should try and create round our girls, and, as white is the symbol of purity, we can begin with the white dress, though we must not stop there. Snowy raiment will one day be given them by their Heavenly Father (Rev. vii. 13). Let us imitate His example even here. I have given diagrams for some of the under-clothing, but will not venture to sketch frocks for the King's daughters. Something loose and light and warm and white is all I counsel.

FIG 4



There are seasons, however, that are unsuitable for petticoats proper. Romp hours and play hours; hours at the seaside and hours on the bicycle have to be provided for. The other day I was watching gymnastic exercises in a large high school for girls. I could not but be struck by the utility, fitness, and—yes—beauty of the costumes worn. In these garments, tall girls and short girls, fat girls and thin girls, all looked equally well. In them, too, they were able to vault, and leap, and climb, and swing, as freely and agilely as young monkeys.

This costume consisted of two garments only. Full trousers reaching to the knee of blue serge, and a tunic reaching just beyond. I then and there resolved that when I next have children of from six years old to twelve to dress, I would adopt some such plan, at least, when at the seaside or during scrambling holidays. The trousers I should make from two straight pieces of, say, white serge. Before being put into the band this would be their shapelessness, I cannot call it shape (Fig. 4).

When put on to one of the vorwork bands and gathered in at the knee they would look like this (Fig. 5).



FIG 5

The tunic should be full, very. Buttoned at wrist and throat and reaching just below the knee (Fig. 6).

A wide sash of scarlet or blue would brighten the white dress and be tied in a big bow at the side. All would be surmounted by a woven cap of corresponding colour. Warm stockings would reach the drawers and be suspended to the under-bodice, whilst square-toed, low-heeled pinet shoes would complete the outfit.

What a happy free life our King's daughters would live if thus habited. They could do all their brothers attempt. They would grow as young trees grow.

I have only just touched on the footgear. But perhaps that part of our children's clothing is the most important of all. No stockings grown too small should compress the pink toes; no boot too short. Both stockings and shoes should be changed every evening and clean ones given every twenty-four hours. I



FIG 6

think a preventible hardship is often inflicted on young girls by having to wear heavy boots. We should be careful that they should be watertight, fit easily, and yet be light. Of course for such bottines we shall pay more than for clumsy ones. The price is generally in inverse proportion to the weight. Pinet boots and shoes seem to be expensive. But they are not so in the long run. Those seemingly delicate brogues are made of the best seasoned and toughened leather, and defy wet and weather.

Stockings in the winter-time should be hand-knit ones. They can always be refooted when necessary, so are really most economical in the end. Never let them be worn when the heel comes under the foot. Much suffering and some deformity may follow the use of such shrunken things. The toes are meant to grasp the ground and greatly assist locomotion. If they are cramped up, they cannot, of course, do this, and are practically useless. Then the child walks on her heels, and her "carriage" is spoiled.

The King's daughters should be taught that dress is quite a secondary consideration. Health and not fashion should be our first consideration. But in the matter of hats and bonnets a little latitude of taste may be allowed. The covering of our heads is to protect and shield. It should therefore be light and warm and ample. If bonneting is preferred, very simple granny bonnets of silk can easily be made at home. Take a piece of buckram or brown paper about three inches wide; cover it with silk and let it frame the sweet face and cover the little ears. Then full a pointed piece of silk as a crown into it (Fig. 7). The point of the slip will give a nice raised appearance and should come just in the centre of the forehead (Fig. 8).

The bag of silk should be lined with muslin, and the whole fixed on the head with a bow of ribbon tied under the soft chin. Very winsome will look the little face peeping out of this Quaker affair, and it is so soft that no amount of hard usage can hurt it.

The outdoor cloak to match this bonnet should be in the Kate Greenaway style. Made of wincey or serge and trimmed with fur with muff to match, the King's daughter will be able to defy all weather, especially if gaiters be drawn over her shoes and buttoned up to her knee.

I must confess to a serious weakness in the matter of night-gear for our girls. The traditions of our white-robed maidens still linger in my heart and practice. However, under the wide collared cotton dress, a woollen vest with sleeves should be worn in the winter, and if our daughters suffer from cold feet, double lambswool night socks are permissible.

If any one is strong-minded enough, however, flannel is the wisest thing for wearing at night, or coloured flannelette garments can be made quite pretty with frills of the same embroidery or torchon lace. Only see to it, that the nightdress is long enough to tuck round the dainty feet when in bed, and to cover them modestly when out of it.

A dressing-gown is a *sine quâ non* for our girls. I do not give a pattern—but advise wool in winter and some pretty quaint chintz for summer wear.

Shoes for the bath-room should stand beside



FIG 7

this dressing-gown. They can be made at home of bright-coloured felting to match (Fig. 9).

Cut them after this fashion, join the two strips at the heel. Turn inside out, sew to a felt sole, and return to proper side. A device in silks may be worked on the toe or a rosette of ribbon put there.

These shoes are necessary, as one of the worst things for growing girls is to chill their feet. Standing on bare board or cold oil-cloth has often led to lifelong suffering.

If you follow the simple directions I have given you, I think you will find the King's daughters entrusted to you, if not actually all glorious will be very comfortable within, and in the matter of myrrh, aloes, and cassia, modern equivalents may be found in sachets of sweet scents kept amongst the girls' garments.

It encourages individuality to let each child have her own particular scent. "Sweet violet" for a Violet. Lily of the valley for a Lilian, etc. In such little matters as these a wise mother may much help her daughters in love for the beautiful and good. No tawdry ornaments should ever be allowed the King's daughters. No sham jewellery. No falseness of any sort. The keynote to be struck in



FIG 8



FIG 9

these young lives is sincerity and truth. Fair because the beauty of the Lord their God rests upon them. Well-dressed, because clothed with humility and good works. In the ivory palace of youth we would fain have them as the polished corners of the temple, bright, steadfast and grounded in love.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

No Pieces sold here.

Customer: "Do you happen to have any pianoforte pieces?"

New Shopman: "No, ma'am; we only sell whole pianos."

Concealing their Age.—Both men and women want to conceal their age and for much the same reason. Men wish to appear older than they are in order to rule sooner, and women wish to appear younger than they are in order to rule longer.

A Recipe for Happiness.—To demand nothing and to complain of no one is an excellent recipe for happiness.

The Future.

Visitor: "And what does the little girl think she will be when she gets to be an old woman like her grandmamma?"

Little Girl (tossing her head): "She isn't going to be an old woman. She will be a new woman."

The new Notice.

"I understand that you want some painting done."

Editor: "Yes, I wish a notice painted at the foot of the stairs. It is for poets to read after I fire them out; and as they generally alight on their heads you had better paint it like this—,, ,DOOR THE SLAM'T ,DON

Slaves in England in 1771.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1771 we find the following paragraph:—

"At a late sale of a gentleman's effects at Richmond a negro boy was put up and sold for £32. A shocking instance in a free country."

There was a growing feeling however against slavery in those days, as is apparent from the comment made by the writer of the paragraph on the sale.

Be Charitable.—The true way to gain influence over our fellows is to have charity towards them. A kind act never stops paying rich dividends.

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By A GIRL-PROFESSIONAL.

PART II.

NEW BROOMS.

It was New Year, a day in January which was the beginning of a quite new life. I remember that it was a mild day, so mild and so green and promising, it seemed as though spring was already come. I turned away from our garden gate feeling confident that good fortune lay before me, and the peaceful life of the past two years slipped into the background of my life, to be regained never.

My hand was fairly set to the plough now, there could only be one object in view, and to that every energy must bend, no looking back or regretting could avail, however difficult the task might prove to be.

The carrier had taken quite a load of luggage. I was to claim it at the railway station, and like an emigrant I was taking my bed and its furnishings along with me, likewise many household stores of linen, china, silver, and the less valuable, but equally necessary articles that adorn a kitchen shelf. I fear those who were left behind missed me considerably after I had cleared off!

But when my thirteen pieces of luggage were deposited in the middle of the dining-room floor of that desirable but sadly empty residence, and I stood surveying them and the dreary place they were to fill, how very forlorn they looked. However, this was the time for putting on one's rose-coloured spectacles, and fortunately I was able to put them on.

My bachelor-girl put her key in the door and came in with a brisk step even as I stood pondering on my next move.

"Isn't it jolly," she said, "to think this is our house? I feel so proud every time I come in, and do you see I've bought a door-mat?"

So she had, a miserable little bit of a thing that went slipping and sliding along the floor as if protesting against its utter loneliness. I pointed to the door-mat which was in company with various other trifles of a like kind, and my best umbrella, but she was not snubbed.

"Come upstairs and I'll light a fire, then we'll fix up your bed and get supper." So upstairs we went, each carrying as much of the luggage as we could. She was occupying the front room at the very top, and rejoicing in its space and airiness which as yet there was nothing to hinder.

"There's ever such a view from these windows," she went on, "I can see the Surrey hills on a fine day, and always see the sun rise."

I peered out, seeing nothing but blackness and twinkling gas lamps, and shivered. The crackling of the fire and the candle-light was more welcome than the finest view just then. These revealed too that a little table was ready prepared with a cloth and some tea-cups, and a kettle was put on the oil-stove close by. It was not so very forlorn after all.

When our supper was eaten and the fire had burnt cosily we held a review of troops as it were.

We had £50 at our back by Uncle B.'s kindness; I had a £5 note in hand and as much again in the savings bank, and she had her weekly salary of 30s. Twelve pounds of our fund was already spent in paying a lawyer's fee and in the purchase of a carpet, a bed and mattress, some chairs and a couple of little tables for the room in which we sat; and I had previously laid down £1 for some useful pieces of furniture left us by the late tenant. We took comfort in thinking how much that £1 had done; in reality we owed the good man a big debt of gratitude, for he must have felt for our position and done his utmost to help us, covertly. Who ever heard of twenty shillings purchasing all the furniture for a servant's bedroom, a large-sized chest of drawers besides, of excellent quality and nearly new; two mahogany swing looking-glasses (one very large), three baths, two bedroom chairs, a large square stained table, a fender and odd useful articles besides? Every one of these, however, became of distinct value now.

We could not hope to furnish much of the house now out of our slender store, therefore we must decide how many rooms we could possibly let unfurnished. The drawing-room floor with its two spacious rooms was settled without much deliberation, also the floor above it, with rooms almost as large and a box-room between. We would keep the ground floor and this one at the top, which had three rooms, for our own use, or rather as my plan was to provide a late dinner for our tenants with ourselves, we should require the dining-room for this purpose, of course. The back room on the ground floor we did not absolutely want, but it was put out of the calculation as not being lettable at all.

Then we had the basement, which, when examined by daylight, seemed appallingly extensive, and yet, if I was to provide board, I must retain the kitchen, and indeed I had visions of possibilities for the future which made me loth to think of letting this roomy kitchen. Ought it not to become the "house-place," which I had always claimed a kitchen should be.

It took up the basement at the back of the house, and a scullery with stone floor, sink, etc., was between it and the steps which led up to a small square garden. Level with these steps was a little larder which would delight any housewifely soul. Between the kitchen and the housekeeper's room was a pantry with slate shelves, then came a room into which the morning sun shone full and bright, revealing its capabilities to the full. One side was taken up by cupboards sunk into the walls, well fitted with shelves above and box-room below; on another side stood a fine linen press in polished wood that had been counted among the fixtures which we had to pay for out of our capital. The fire-place here was a corner one, and the window took up another side leaving only one blank wall. In the middle of this room stood the large table before mentioned. It was a capital table, stained legs, its top covered with American cloth, and it was fitted with two large drawers. Very little more furniture would be needed to make this place a cosy sitting-room, after we had remedied its one defect—a disagreeable paper, the only one in the house. But this defect was one that came within the compass of our own remedial powers.

We dubbed this the "breakfast-room" of our mansion; doubtless it would prove to have other purposes to fill as time went on, but that would distinguish it sufficiently well. A wine-cellar and a large coal-cellar opening into the area, which latter had a nice flight of steps and gateway into the street, made up the extent of the basement. After every examination we always came to the satisfactory conclusion that we had secured a bargain; the house was a good house, solidly well-built, well-drained, and well fitted in every way. Its only drawback was the want of a bath-room, but the range was not fitted to supply the necessary water; however, we had no explosions to fear on this account.

A good deal of whitewashing and cleaning must be done, and that without delay, as the time must not be allowed to go by leaving us unsettled. We were fortunate in meeting with a contractor who was moderate with estimates and reliable, he was himself a young man starting in business and desirous of getting a good reputation. As he undertook plumbing as well as decorating, he ended by becoming our general factotum, although after a couple of years of paying even his small bills we learnt to do much of his work ourselves. It had been very easy to call in Mr. Clay when a leakage broke out or a lock refused to work, but when the half-crowns and three-and-six-pences had to be paid it was another matter. However, he and his men were not long in giving us clean ceilings and walls in these first weeks, and by the time February was in we were clean and trim throughout. I myself worked steadily every day, washing paint and cleaning rooms, and in the evening the bachelor lent a hand at the same employment. Between us we repapered our breakfast-room with a pretty light paper, a "Knowles" remnant; it took us four evenings to do, and when not too closely examined looked very successful. It might not have taken so long, but we had cut the lengths off first, then found the pattern had to be matched, so much piecing was necessitated. All is well that ends well, however, and that sunny paper has given us continual satisfaction since. The frames of the window inside and the skirting board, mantelpieces, etc., I painted with light brown enamel; we bought some olive-green serge for a pair of long curtains and a cover for the table, as the carpet which was to come from the country home was olive-green also. These, with an easy chair, a camp chair, and four small light wood ones, made up the furniture of this apartment. Afterwards it was greatly added to by having my large writing-desk placed here, where it proved so useful, as when a few moments could be snatched from other duties I could come and sit down to writing or reading and yet keep a watch on "the pans," as we generically described our kitchen performing apparatus.

No tenant having yet appeared, as soon as the rough cleaning was through we inserted a tentative advertisement in the *Morning Post*. About eleven o'clock on the morning on which it appeared I was called to open the door to the first applicant, an elderly gentleman and his niece. These duly criticised the rooms upstairs and down, professing themselves very satisfied with everything, "and they would come again."

When they were gone there came a fashionable dame of imposing appearance who almost insisted on being taken in at once with a dog, a parrot, and a nephew to boot! While she was loudly urging her claims, another knock sounded and another lady entered, one who was a distinct contrast in appearance and manner to the second comer. This later applicant had one son, a young man of nineteen, and would require three rooms. She took my fancy and seemed suitable, but alas, the terms were too high. She appeared charmed with the plan I intended adopting with regard to meals, etc., and apparently was the very tenant for us, and went away sorrowfully to think the matter over. Others followed every day of that week, but none seemed better than the first applicant, and as he returned again and yet again, we felt drawn to a decision in his favour, the more so that he offered himself to draw up a written agreement between us, which, if we found it just, was to be signed, and a copy retained by both parties.

While negotiations were pending with him, whom for convenience sake I will call Mr. Charles, I received a visit from a clergyman who had come all the way from Acton in response to our first advertisement. He professed himself so thoroughly satisfied that he would have relieved us of almost the whole of the house, if in return for his generosity we would give him service, board, and all other etceteras. When it entered his reverend mind to inquire into terms, which were to be "by the year," he brusquely declined to pay anything like the price we asked, declaring he might as well take the house himself and have done with it. However, as I stuck to my guns, metaphorically speaking, he was obliged to go at last, though very loth. On the doorstep he turned round, and as a parting shot, intended doubtless to make me regret my exorbitancy, said impressively—

"Yes, I like the house, I like the situation, and I like you; but mark me, you'll never, never get what you're asking."

Lest I should give my reader the idea that this dubitable price was really a fancy one, I may here mention that it had been fixed (after due inquiry into prevailing charges) in proportion to that which our predecessor had always obtained, and did not leave a great margin for profit after all expenses were deducted, so that it could not well be reduced. Everyone, even Mr. Charles seemed to think it behoved them to beat down the terms, till at last we began to fear we should gain nothing at all.

When this agreement was given us, his ultimatum was practically this; for the two floors of four rooms he would pay quarterly what was an exact equivalent to the rent of the house and a part of its rates. For this we were to give all service and cooking, but to find no food. These terms were not unfair, and they insured us a home, but left us more houseroom than we needed, yet not such as could very well be let, and gave us no "living," and shattered our dreams of monetary profit; yet, fearful of losing all, we had almost closed with his offer when Providence stepped in and saved us.

The widow lady had returned, and making us a better offer for three rooms only, to include full board for herself and her son, we felt better able to stand and consider. Mr. Charles also seemed to be dallying with us, and, on pretext of his extreme delicacy of health, was anxious to have the drainage tested by the sanitary authorities. Willing to satisfy him we made application to the vestry, but were assured that unless we could positively complain of a nuisance they were not empowered to make an examination; as there was no nuisance to complain of, and we decidedly objected to have the flooring taken up for his pleasure, negotiations came to an abrupt conclusion and his agreement was as abruptly cancelled.

Then, to her delight and to our relief, Mrs. Norris and her son became our tenants in prospective. She could not enter into possession at once, as her house could not be given up until quarter-day, but compromised matters by paying a fortnight in advance, taking her rooms from the middle of the month. In the meantime she paid us several visits, and we liked her better as we saw more of her. Our minds thus far relieved we were able to consider what other available space we had to spare, and continue our furnishing operations. Also a maid, a domestic angel if such could be found, must be got without delay.

(*To be continued.*)

COOKERY RECIPES.

Leaves from an Old Book.

Rice Sauce.—Wash a quarter of a pound of rice very clean, then put it into a stewpan with one pint of milk, two onions, and some white pepper and mace. Let it stew until it will pulp through a sieve. If it is too thick, put a little milk or cream to it, add a very little nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of salt.

Rice Cutlets.—Boil a cupful of rice in milk until quite soft, then pound it in a mortar with a little salt and some white pepper. Pound also separately equal parts of cold veal or chicken. Mix them together with yolk of egg, form them into cutlets, brush them over with yolk of egg and fry them. Send them up with a very piquante sauce made of good stock thickened, and flavoured with lemon juice, lemon pickle, or Harvey's sauce. The cutlets may be sent to table covered with small pickled mushrooms.

Oxford Sausages.—One pound of nice pork, and one pound of beef suet chopped finely together; put in half a pound of bread-crumbs, half of the peel of one lemon grated, and some grated nutmeg, six sage leaves, and some finely-chopped thyme, one teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and a little onion shred very fine. Pack them all closely down in a crock, and when wanted roll them into any shape you please, and fry or boil them over a clear fire. Serve very hot.

Turnip Soup.—Peel and slice some turnips, put them into a stew-pan without any water with a slice of ham, a head of celery, a pint of batter, and a piece of bread, also a few onions. Cover it closely, and let it stew slowly. Have a stock of plain soup made, and add it to it by slow degrees as the turnips soften. Then pulp them through a hair sieve, add a little catsup and serve very hot.

Irish Sally Lunn.—One pottle of best flour into which two ounces of butter have been rubbed. Beat two eggs, yolks and whites, with two spoonfuls of good beer barm. Wet with as much milk, warmed a little, as will make it into rather a stiff dough.

This will take three hours to rise and one hour to bake.

A good Cream.—One quart of very thick cream, such as is used for churning, juice of three lemons, a small quantity of the peel, and sugar to taste. If you like it you can add raspberry jam. Whip it up well and let it stand until the next day, when all the thin part will fall to the bottom of the pan. Then take off the top which should be very thick, and put it in a glass bowl.

Potato Pudding.—Take an equal quantity of the flour of roasted potatoes, and the meat of cold fowl, rabbit or hare, well chopped and pounded. Pound them well together with a little butter, season with salt, pepper, and spices. Moisten it with yolks of egg one after the other. When all is well mixed, whip the whites and add them. Roll them in flour into shapes, and then when rolled in bread-crumbs broil or roast them in a Dutch oven. Make a gravy from the bones of the fowl and serve it up.

Some Indian Recipes—Hulwa.

Sir George Birdwood is of opinion that this favourite confection among the wealthier classes in India was introduced into this country by the soldiers of Alexander the Great. It will be remembered that that monarch carried his conquests as far as Multan in the Punjab—the Pentapotamos of the ancients.

Hulwa is supposed to be very strengthening, and Indian *hakeems* recommend it for weakly patients just as an English doctor would order egg-flip and strong beef-tea. The varieties of *hulwa* are numberless, and some of the recipes are trade secrets of the *hulwais* who make the manufacture and sale of it a speciality. I shall give a few recipes to show what the thing is like.

1. *Hubshi Hulwa.*—Steep half a pound of wheat in a pan and let it sprout; when the shoots come out to the length of an inch, dry the sprouted wheat thoroughly in the sun, or by artificial heat, and grind into fine flour. Take two ounces of germinated flour, four ounces of ordinary flour, and a quart of milk, and simmer over a slow fire till the batter begins to granulate, then take the pan off the fire and gradually add a pound of sugar made into syrup, half a nutmeg, and some sliced pistachio nuts. Then cook again with four ounces of melted butter gradually added to the *hulwa*, stirring it the whole time till it thickens. Pour out into a flat dish to cool. It should be of the consistency of damson cheese, and firm enough to cut in slices.

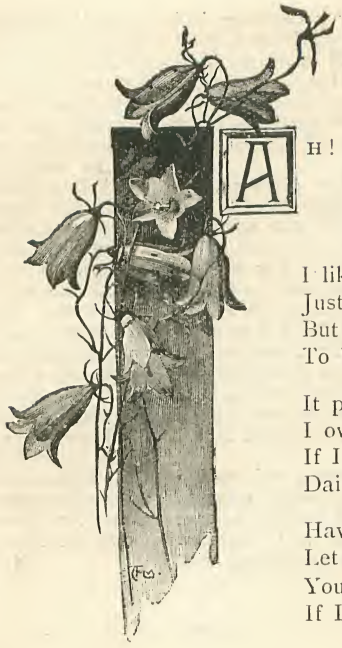
2. *Sujie Hulwa.*—One pound of Indian *sujie* or semolina, two pounds of sugar, half a pound of butter, cardamom seed. First make the sugar into a syrup, then mix in the *sujie*, and, after a while, the butter melted; when almost done, add the cardamom seed. The *hulwa* must be stirred the whole time; when it begins to get brown, pour into a buttered dish to cool.

3. *Nis-astha Hulwa.*—Steep a pound of *sujie* or semolina in water for a night; next morning strain through a cloth, adding a little more water so as to extract all the starch, which must be set aside in a shallow pan to settle. Pour all the water gently off from the surface, and cook the liquid sediment on a slow fire; add sugar to taste, a tablespoonful of butter, and almonds blanched and split in halves. Flavour with nutmeg or almond essence. Cook till the *hulwa* thickens and is transparent.

4. *Carrot Hulwa.*—One pound of carrots, one pound of sugar, two quarts of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter. Boil down the milk till it is thick, then add the carrots (unboiled and grated fine), sugar, and butter. Cook till of the proper consistency. Flavour with musk.

5. *Cocoa-nut Hulwa.*—Grate the meat of two large cocoa-nuts, and pour over it a quart of hot water; let it stand for half an hour, then strain through a cloth to extract all the milk. Put this on a slow fire to simmer, then gradually add a breakfastcupful of rice flour, half a pound of sugar made into syrup, and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir the *hulwa* till it is thick enough to set.

Fenella Johnstone.



A WOMAN'S PLEA.

By L. G. MOBERLY.

Ah! yes, indeed it's very true
That I enjoy a walk with you,
But should I like it, if I tried
To walk life's pathway by your side?

I like to talk to you? Oh, yes,
Just for an hour perhaps, or less,
But should I like the whole day through
To have to talk to—only you?

It pleases me to see you? Well!
I own it does! But who can tell
If I should care to see your face
Daily—in one accustomed place?

Have patience with me! Do not smile—
Let me delay a little while—
You see, it means my whole, whole life,
If I consent to be—your—wife!

LAURELLA'S LOVE STORY.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

CHAPTER I.

"It's going to be a perfectly splendid day," exclaimed Laurella Lonsdale to herself, as gleefully throwing open her bedroom window she drank in long draughts of sweet moorland air. And I shall see him, was the unspoken thought which brought the happy smile to her lip, and a richer colour to her cheek, as her eye fell on the smart tweed gown which she had herself laid in readiness for wear the night before.

A week or two previously to the close of the London season Laurella Lonsdale had, to the entire satisfaction of the respective fathers accepted as her future husband a certain Charlie Cameron, son and heir of Sir Cosmo Cameron of Fellfoot. She had therefore hailed with secret delight the invitation of her friend and former schoolfellow, Miss Garth, to pay an autumn visit to Beckside, well aware of its proximity to Fellfoot, where at that season of the year the Camerons were in the habit of entertaining a large shooting-party. On her arrival at Beckside on the preceding evening Laurella had been informed by her friends that a luncheon party at their neighbour Sir Cosmo Cameron's shooting hut, on the moor was, weather permitting, in the next day's programme.

Christie and Sybil Garth had often expatiated on the delights of these informal picnics, when they would walk or drive up the fells and help to prepare luncheon in the roomy hut built for the purpose by the side of a stream, evidently regarding it as a pet pleasure, but this was Laurella's first experience of anything of the kind.

She had not long been released from a protracted school life, the only change from which had been the quiet, seaside holidays spent with an invalid aunt. Her father, General Lonsdale, had, on finally retiring from active service, taken a house in London, indulging the hope that he might at last enjoy the society of his only and dearly-loved child, of whom he had hitherto seen so little, without giving up that of his military cronies who haunted the clubs. But this was not to be, and the old soldier soon saw that his hope of ending his days in the domestic life he had so often pictured to himself was doomed to disappointment; six months had barely passed ere he was asked to surrender his treasure into another man's keeping.

Sir Cosmo Cameron had, however, been a school-fellow and brother-in-arms of his own, and though he knew little personally of his old friend's son, the attractive appearance and manners of the latter, together with his father's fond pride in him, were in his favour, and the old man felt that if he must indeed give up his daughter, he could desire nothing better than to seal the life-long friendship of the fathers by the union of the children.

It was a prospect of surpassing beauty on which the Garth family, gathered round the wide windows of the breakfast-room were gazing, when Laurella joined them.

"Here you are, Laurel; it is going to be a glorious day," exclaimed Christie Garth coming forward to greet her friend.

"Guy has been away to the moors this hour or more," added Sybil, bestowing a glance of smiling approval on Laurel's appearance. A light blue haze hung over the fells on the further side of the beck, but it was being rapidly dispersed by the warm sunshine. One after another the heather-covered hills shone out in their soft violet beauty, and the amber-coloured waters of the beck at the foot of the garden flashed and sparkled through the trees as the sun rose higher.

"How lovely it is, and how delicious it smells," exclaimed Laurella, drinking in long breaths of the fresh wind, laden with the scent of wild thyme, which stirred the window curtains as the merry party seated themselves round the breakfast table. A delightful hour of chat with Christie followed the leisurely meal, and Laurella poured her happy love-tale into her friend's sympathetic ears as the two strolled arm in arm along the terraced paths of the steep sunny garden, and received her loving, if somewhat surprised congratulations in return.

"I suppose you know you will meet Mr. Cameron and his father to-day," observed Christie. "Indeed, the shooting hut is Sir Cosmo's, though for our joint convenience it is built on the boundary line of the two properties."

A glance at Laurella's face convinced Christie that her companion was perfectly aware of this fact.

"I suspect you know more about it all than I can tell you, you demure puss!" she laughed with a loving squeeze of the arm within her own. "There, be off, and put on your hat: the pony-carriage will be round in five minutes."

There was no happier girl in the world than Laurella Lonsdale, as seated beside Mrs. Garth in the roomy pony-carriage, with Christie opposite to her, they bowled along the breezy road which wound round the hill-side to the moor. The sturdy cob was accustomed to his work and needed no urging. As Christie regarded the sweet face of her friend, a shade of anxiety mingled with the admiration on her own.

"Can she know? Can her father know?" she asked herself. "She is so thoroughly good and high-principled, her standard of men has always been so high. I have felt assured she would be so difficult to win; I wish we had had a hint of this matter sooner. Mother might have said a word of warning to the General, but it is too late now."

The *rendezvous* was soon reached, Sybil was already there, she had started on foot immediately after breakfast, and was resting on a royal couch of honey-scented heather, in the shadow of the hut.

"I have heard the guns once or twice, not so very far distant," she said as she led off Jock to a lean-to shed of his own at the back of the hut, "so the sooner we commence operations the better."

Abundance of provisions, together with a sufficient supply of articles needful for the comfortable consumption of the same had been placed on the long deal table by the groom, and the girls gaily proceeded to lay



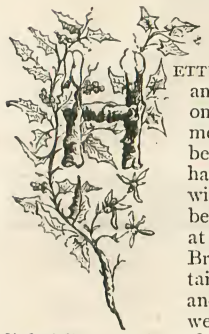
"A SWEET GIRL-GRADUATE."

the cloth and set out the luncheon on the level space of short turf in front of the hut; they had just finished and placed Mrs. Garth in the seat of honour, a capacious wooden arm-chair just within the doorway, when a distant whistle was followed up by a shout, and six sportsmen came tramping through the heather and ling, greeting the ladies with a chorus of thanks, and exclamations of satisfaction in their arrangements. The party consisted of Sir Cosmo Cameron and his son, Guy Garth and three other men, who have nothing to do with this story. They had experienced capital sport, and were accordingly in the best of spirits. Laurella and Charlie greeted each other with a shy eagerness, which, however veiled a world of joy in the meeting, and at the end of the merry informal meal, whilst the remainder of the men enjoyed a smoke, luxuriously couched on the heather, the lovers strolled off with a murmured excuse from Charlie about showing Miss Lonsdale a fern, and wandered for a blissful half hour amongst the great boulders scattered about the moor, which were in truth the haunt of many a fairy fern, if only they had remembered to search for them.

With a warm invitation to the ladies to repeat the honour they had done them and again share their meal on the day but one following, the sportsmen resumed their guns and departed, whilst the girls set to work to wash up, and put away the plates and dishes, a task they would by no means leave to the servants, it being a time-honoured custom, and recognised part of the programme. Then Christie lighted a fire in the little stove and brewed some tea, which though milkless and a trifle smoked, was pronounced delicious, whilst Sybil harnessed Jock; and just as the mist began to dim the brilliance of the golden afternoon they started on their homeward drive. Sybil was occupying the fourth seat in the carriage.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN'S LIFE IN CHAMBERS: A MOTHER'S IMPRESSION.



PART II.

ETTY, a much graver, thinner and quieter Hetty than the one who had made tea for me in St. Edward's Chambers nearly a year ago, had set off after dinner with all the younger members of the family to sing at a village concert. Major Bramston had been detained by business in town, and Mrs. Bramston and I were left together by a delightfully glowing fire in the oak-panelled parlour "to have our gossip out," as Jack merrily phrased it. His arm had been thrown around his mother's shoulders the while, and there was an adoring light in his brown eyes that made me a little sadly conscious that there was a relationship beside which even that of "auntie" paled into insignificance.

When the door had closed on all the young people, and the sound of their merry voices and actively moving feet on the gravel of the drive had died away, Mrs. Bramston turned to me with a grave smile and a sigh expressive at once of relief and content.

"Well, Mysie," she said—we called each other yet by our schoolfellow names—"are you surprised to hear that Hetty is willing to stay home with us all after Easter?"

"I am very glad that it is so. You need a daughter to help you in the home, Nita," I answered her quickly, "but——"

"You are surprised a little. And so should I have been if it had not been for those six weeks I spent up with Hetty in her chambers," said Mrs. Bramston, finishing my hesitating sentence for me, her gentle face gathering colour with the swift memories that followed upon her words. "But, oh, Mysie, you cannot think how my heart aches for all those dear lassies up there, pretending so feverishly to be happy, wearing themselves out in the struggle to do without everything that made their mothers' lives before them full and complete, and working so bravely and honestly all the time! Although, Mysie, I am firmly convinced that their work would be fifty times better done if they only all lived in *homes*."

The stress she laid on the last word, and the quiver of emotion that accompanied it gave me the key to the direction in which her thoughts were tending; but I was too interested to interrupt her, and once started on her narrative her low voice hardly ceased until she had brought it to an end.

"I received the telegram from Mary, telling me of Hetty's accident," she said, "before eleven o'clock in the morning. The poor child had been just starting for her work when it happened; and when father and I reached London it was still daylight. You cannot think, Mysie, what a comfortless muddle her two rooms were in. What the doctor must have thought of it all, I cannot imagine. She had never time to tidy anything before she went off to her work in the morning, and everything used to be left just as it was until she came home in the evening. Her study was not quite so bad; but the burnt-out ashes in the grate, the uncleaned table and the scatter of papers—not to speak of the dust over everything, made father beg me to get her out of it and home amongst us all as soon as ever it was possible. But the doctor would not hear of her being moved, so father had to go back by himself and just leave me to manage for the poor child as best I could. It was the queerest experience, Mysie. You know Hetty is naturally as cleanly and tidy a girl as you could want to have; but the life they all live up there seems to deprive them almost of the will as well as the faculty, for keeping things nice about them.

"When the worst part of the pain was over and I had time to look round me, I found all Hetty's tea, supper, and breakfast dishes put away unwashed. And the poor child had been using one of her pretty coffee cups for red ink, and another had mustard in it that must have been a month old. She had only seven saucers left out of the dozen when I came to count them, and one I found afterwards with some horrid kind of boot-blacking in it under her bed, and another, a broken one, had a half-burnt night-light standing in it, a mass of mouldy grease!"

Mrs. Bramston stopped to laugh at herself for the tone of disgust that had slowly crept into her voice. But her own home breathed the very spirit of refined, perhaps it would be even better described as reverent housekeeping in its darkest corners, and I could well understand the effect a bachelor woman's random often reckless makeshifts would be likely to produce upon her.

"Sorry little details, Mysie dear," she continued, "but they were a consistent part of the whole. I never realised before that Hetty had no wardrobe or set of drawers of any kind in which to keep her things. She told me afterwards that she did not believe that there was such a piece of furniture in the building. She had put up a corner shelf with a curtain from it to do duty as a hanging closet; but it seems that something she put on top was too heavy, for it had all come down together, and was lying in a heap in a corner when I came to her. The poor things," she ejaculated as if repentant already of her strictures. "They haven't really any time. They are in a hurry, Mysie, from morning till night. The journalists are perhaps the worst of all, for they are kept dashing out and in all hours of the day and night, and are hardly free even to get a comfortable dinner. Hetty confessed to me afterwards that most of them kept all their cleaning and tidying up to be done on Sunday morning, and so secured Sunday afternoon in readiness for visitors. But I said to her I was afraid that that meant they had no time at all for dusting out the corners of their inside lives; and the poor lassie was so weak that she broke down and cried like a child with her face pressed tight up against me just as she used to do in her nursery days. But it was truer even than I thought at the time."

The grave lines in Mrs. Bramston's face seemed to deepen as I watched her, with her thin delicate hands folded tight in her lap apparently living over again some of the more seriously sad experiences of her brief life in chambers.

"It isn't that any of the lassies have anything really bad in them," she went on almost as if she were thinking aloud. "Indeed, Mysie, I think many of them are striving to live true to their ideals in a way that might put our quieter, easier lives almost to shame. But the lack of all gentle, softening influence in their surroundings, no little children, no old people, no mother's faith to start them out in the morning and bring them back again at night; it seems to produce something in their natures which leads to a hard cynical way of talking about things, of other men and women, of their people they have left at home, of themselves perhaps most of all, that used to make me shudder! You see, Mysie, when Hetty was getting stronger and they had grown used to me, her old friends and neighbours used to tumble in and out of her room just as in the days before her accident. Tumble did I say?—well, I cannot explain it, but it's the only word that seems to describe it properly. And I used to keep in my corner with my knitting, and I think even Hetty sometimes forgot that her old mother was there. They used to sit about on the floor in the most uncomfortable attitudes, laugh and make fun incessantly, say the cleverest and most daring things, and I think were genuinely fond of one another and as ready to be kind when occasion offered as women could be. But for all that if one of them went out of the room the rest were sure to begin discussing her, analysing her ways of speech, her work, her dress, her character and life-story generally. And, Mysie, if there were the least suspicion of a love story you should have heard them! Of course they pretend to be cynical and superior and advanced and all that kind of thing; but it's the poorest, flimsiest affectation. I don't believe but that the hardest among them thinks in her heart of hearts that a baby is the loveliest thing in the world, so there!"

Mrs. Bramston's eyes looked suspiciously like crying although her lips were curved to laughter.

"I remember once that a sturdy little science student with short hair had to hurry off to a lecture. 'Dumps' was the ridiculous name they had for her, and she didn't seem to mind a bit. They said she had done some brilliant original work already. Directly the door was shut a hospital nurse, her closest friend I believe, began to tell in the drollest way about some half-consumptive student whom 'Dumps' had helped in his work, lending him books and things, and who now was hopelessly in love with her. The question was whether 'Dumps' loved him or not, and I must confess she seemed to have discussed it quite openly herself, a case of symptoms she declared it. He had 'flustered her' she confessed so that she could not do any of her work properly for a week; but that might have been abstract emotion! Then she forgot him usually when she was on her bicycle—fancy the poor girl remembering anything when she was riding through that horrible London traffic!—but once, it seemed, when she thought she was going to get crushed by a passing waggon she had been conscious of angrily regretting that she had not insured her life in his favour so that he could finish his studentship without any worry!"

Both Nita and I laughed involuntarily at this turn of the story, but I thought with her that there was a tragic side to it too.

"It is like the children *pulling* up the plants by the roots to see how they are growing, Mysie," she said. "If it doesn't kill the plant outright, it destroys its chance of flowering and I am afraid of fruit-bearing also."

I assented and she started again.

"Another afternoon, Dumps was kneeling on the floor by Hetty's sofa making a semi-professional examination of her poor ankle and lecturing away on bone formation until I feared that she would be wanting to try some of her experiments on the child herself. In the midst of her chatter a pale shadowy-looking girl, an engraver on copper I think she was, came silently into the room and crouched down over the fire. She had not spoken to any of us, when she suddenly looked up and said in the queerest, driest kind of voice—

"'I've had a letter from home, girls. The dad died yesterday.' She had spoken so abruptly that none of us could get a word out in answer for a minute, and she gave a little laugh and added: 'Well, he knows now.'

"'Knows what, dear?' said Hetty. I think she was so distressed for her friend that she hardly knew what she was saying.

"'That I smoke cigarettes, perhaps,' replied the girl trying to laugh again. 'Anyhow, I don't mean to wait so long as dad did till I find out if there's anything on the other side.'

"And if you will believe it, Mysie, the poor creature went on to talk of death in the vaguest, saddest way, of dying and suicide and the best way of leaving life behind her, just as if her father's death were the merest incident to her, on a level with any other death she might have read of in her histories or newspaper. And yet I believe that her heart was breaking all the time."

Mrs. Bramston sat silent for a little after that, her lips set very tightly together. When she spoke again it was on the same subject.

"They seem to think it a kind of weakness to show much affection for their home people. One splendid-looking girl described her mother as 'the most impossible infliction life had yet lain upon her,' and in the same breath insisted that Hetty should accept a pot of her home-made jam! She had just received a great box of good things from home, 'tucked in' she said 'with blankets. Mother never will believe I can be warm enough when I sleep in a garret seven storeys high!' Hetty said it was all journalese and I must not take any of it seriously. But—there is a 'but' in it, isn't there, Mysie?"

I honestly owned to thinking there was a very big "but" indeed!

"It all comes, I think," said Mrs. Bramston at last beginning to sum up her impressions, "of trying wilfully to do without the human relationships that God has set about us right from the very start. Men and women are not born grown up, right away, as units. There are a hundred ties in a family that can never be broken without a loss of life-blood all round. We need mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters, aye, and," with an affectionate look at me, "uncles and aunties and cousins. And when we are grown up ourselves and strong in our own strength we need the children and the old folks to keep us reverent and tender. Then if we live to grow old there is a natural place still for us, and life's hardships are tempered to our human weakness all the way along. Progress will come through an ever-widening out of the circle of those to whom we are thus 'bound,' perhaps some day till it includes the whole human race. But meantime to voluntarily choose the unnatural isolation of that life in St. Edward's Chambers seems to me nothing short of moral suicide. Mind, I do not say that there isn't an immense field of work for women outside the home; but I would entreat of them as they desire to keep quick and sensitive to the claims of that work upon them, and to do it faithfully and well, not to cut themselves off from ordinary human relationships; but to start out to their work from a home and to come back to a home at night. They tell me that there is a growing amount of work that so exhausts a woman's strength and is so irregular in its hours that no home could arrange for her comfort and its own at the same time. If that is so I am old-fashioned enough to say that such work ought not to be, either for man or woman, and we only perpetuate an evil by providing other evil conditions to meet its requirements. Do I speak too strongly, Mysie? *If* you could only have watched those poor women as I did; their lack of all peace or rest of spirit; their unceasing recklessness, callousness even; the tastelessness that all life seemed to have for them except during moments of feverish excitement. They none of them seemed to want to be alone except when they were completely exhausted, and perhaps the strongest characteristic which they have in common is their dread of old age. They own that they dare not think of it. Even the power to save money for it comes to very few, the expenses of their life are necessarily so high. And the ties they make there seem to snap the moment they pass from actual sight of and contact with each other. 'Where is so and so?' they say. And when they have flung a smart epigram or two after her or made a few careless inquiries, the place that knew her knows her no more. Only the other day Hetty had a letter from one of the nicest of them, as I thought. She wrote that she was going to marry a man 'who has nothing but his power to make a home for me to render him even endurable.' She ended by daring Hetty to congratulate her. Poor lassie! poor lassie!"

But with that Hetty's bright voice was heard calling in the hall for "Mother" and "Auntie." And with a half-guilty look at one another we two older women hurried out to welcome our young people home with hearts brimming over with thankfulness that it was "home" in such real sense to them all.

(*To be continued.*)

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

A Roller Bandage

ought to be from 5 to 8 yards in length, and the width suitable to the part to be bandaged, 2 to 2½ inches for the head and extremities, 3 to 4 inches for the thigh and abdomen, and about ¾ of an inch for a finger bandage.

The selvedges should be torn off and the bandage rolled up very firmly.

When Bandaging Remember

(1) Fix the bandage by one or two turns, the outer surface of the roller being next the skin. (2) Bandage from below upwards, and from within outwards over the front of the limb. (3) Use firm pressure equally over the parts and bandage evenly. (4) Each succeeding turn should overlap two-thirds of the preceding one. (5) End by fixing the bandage firmly with a safety pin, or a neat stitching.

The roller bandage is put on in one of three ways, either spiral, reverse, or in the figure of 8.

The Many-Tailed Bandage

is made by placing a piece of bandage, the length of the limb, and placing across it pieces of bandage of sufficient length to go round the limb. The long piece is placed at the back of the limb, the shorter pieces tacked in their place pass horizontally round the part to be bandaged, and, when completed, ought to look like the figure of 8 bandage.

The T Bandage

is made of two pieces of bandage in the form of a T; the horizontal piece is to go round the waist, the shorter piece passes between the thighs, and fastens to the waist portion in front.

In Putting on a Sling

the apex of the triangle should be placed at the elbow and pinned, the two ends being tied round the neck in a reef knot.

The Triangular Bandage

is made by a handkerchief or piece of calico folded into a three-cornered shape; it is useful for keeping dressings on the head, breast, and other parts, it also makes a good sling to support the arm.

Starch Bandage.

In some cases it is well to starch the bandage to prevent it slipping; one teaspoonful of starch should be mixed into a smooth paste, and add, while stirring, half a pint of boiling water; as soon as it is cool enough it should be spread all over the bandaged part.

Oatmeal Drink.

Put a quarter of a pound of coarse oatmeal into a saucepan with three quarts of cold water, boil half an hour, sweeten to taste with brown sugar. It can be drunk either hot or cold as preferred, and flavoured with lemon.

EMBROIDERIES NEW AND EASY.

ALTHOUGH at first sight the embroideries seen in Figs. 1 and 3 may appear like the ordinary cross-stitch, with which everyone is familiar, they are not so as a matter of practical working, nor in the embroidery when seen close at hand. True, the patterns for ordinary cross-stitch answer the purpose perfectly well and can be adapted to this work, but the Norwegian designs, ready coloured, are the best to get, when changes have been rung upon these two examples, which are excellent.

This work can be done either upon linen canvas or else upon the woollen Norwegian canvas; which, like the former, can be had in many shades of beautiful colours. Of course, your choice of material must be regulated by the object of the article.

Fig. 1 shows a table-runner in which space is left for candelabra or central stand of flowers. This should naturally not be done upon the woollen but upon the linen canvas, and the material used for the embroidery should be washing filoselles, twisted embroidery or floss silks. The colours should be chosen with care and used judiciously.

As a guide to our readers we will instance a few specimens that work well.

On cream-coloured canvas you can use any colour or colours, old gold being most charming in conjunction with good shades of heliotrope.

On terra-cotta canvas only light blues answer, on blue canvas terra-cottas, yellows, dull reds and pale pink. On green canvas pale heliotropes, dull yellows and some art blues.



FIG. 1.

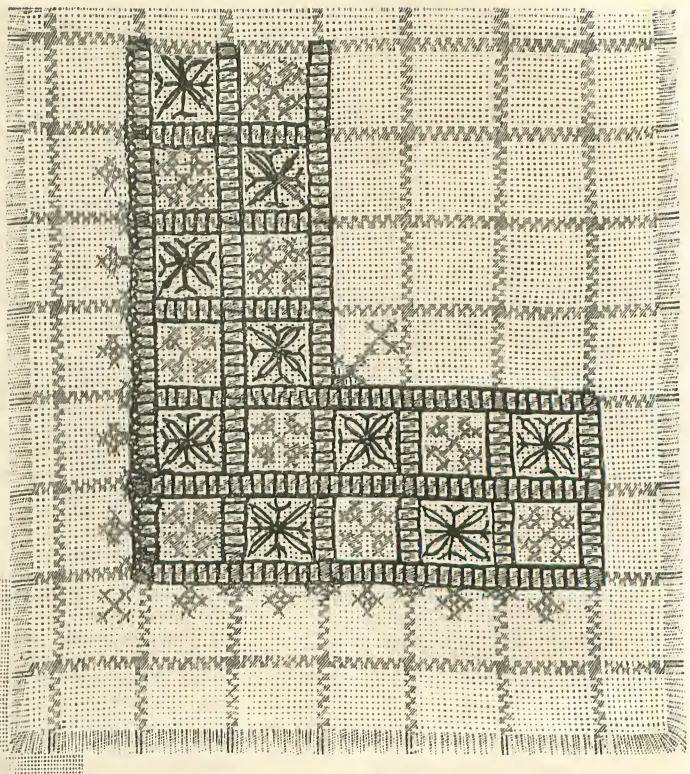


FIG. 2.

In Fig. 7 you will see how the stitches are done. Wherever there is a space covered by a stitch that looks like cross-stitch make four bars one after the other just as you see in Fig. 7, going over about four of the lines of the canvas. That is easy enough, but care must be taken to count the stitches in the pattern very carefully and make no mistakes.

A linen canvas table-runner should be bordered with a deep hem-stitched hem, or else with lace to match either the linen or some colours used in the embroidery.

If the woollen Norwegian canvas is used, you should work on it with the somewhat twisted Norwegian wools, here and there adding a little silk. Filoselle does well for this addition or twisted embroidery. Of course, if you like to work it altogether in silk it is open to you to do so, but it naturally comes more expensive; for articles such as *portières*, etc., which have rough wear, it is not so durable.

Fig. 2 shows a pretty insertion, which can be worked upon any check material such as glass-cloth. Each square has two rows of an open button-hole stitch, seen very clearly in Fig. 4. When one row is done do the second intermediately. The stitch is so simple that it needs no explanation. Those to whom it is new can teach themselves by a careful examination of our illustration.

Other stitches are used in the squares.

Fig. 5 shows the loops which radiate from the centre.

Bring your needle up from the back to the front of the material, then, holding your cotton under the thumb of your left hand, bring your needle out diagonally about two-thirds the depth; draw through and then push your needle through to the other side and bring it out again in the middle.

The next stitch which comes between the loops is seen in Fig. 6. This is done on much the same principle, but that when the needle is put in again to form the loop, it is placed a little distance from where it came out and then brought out lower down but in the centre of the space. The outer squares are done in coarse cross-stitch taken over several threads of the stuff.

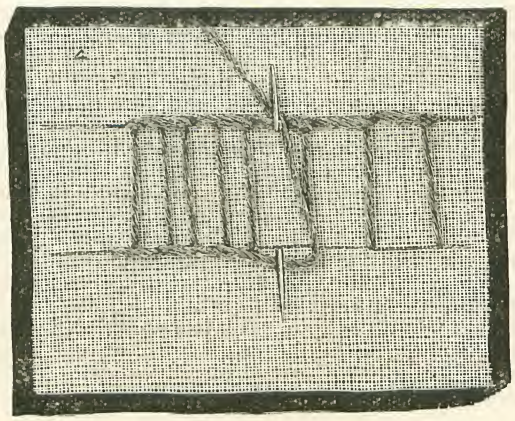
If the material is slight, you should use thin silks or cottons and not heavy ones, as the work, if you do, will not look well.



FIG. 3.

This kind of work is very useful for tea and tray-cloths, washable cushion-covers, sachets, brush and comb bags, etc.

Fig. 3 shows a strip worked on linen canvas with stripes of thick-coloured linen *appliquéd* on at each side. The divisions of the *appliqué* are hidden by a thick button-hole stitch or else a line of rope-stitch, which completely hides the line made by the sewing over. The stitch used for the embroidery on the canvas is not cross-stitch nor the bars lately described for Fig. 1. The stitch is seen in Fig. 8, and is one known as Oriental stitch. This stitch, so common in all Eastern embroideries, is worked like herring-bone stitch with this difference, that—as will be seen by an examination of the illustration—by the needle being



brought out behind and not in front of the last-formed stitch.

The number of stitches which must form each little block should be regulated by the size of the canvas and coarseness of the silk or cotton.

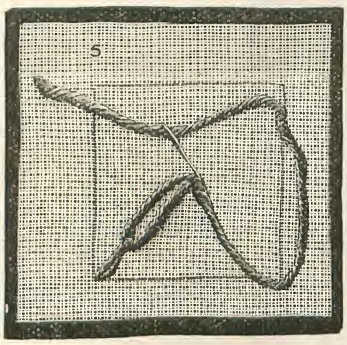
This little table-cover is bordered all round with a fringe simply looped through the edge. This is done in cottons, the same as those used in the embroidery. Basket stitch is a very useful stitch for bordering work of this kind, and as it is very little known, I will quote here directions how to do it.

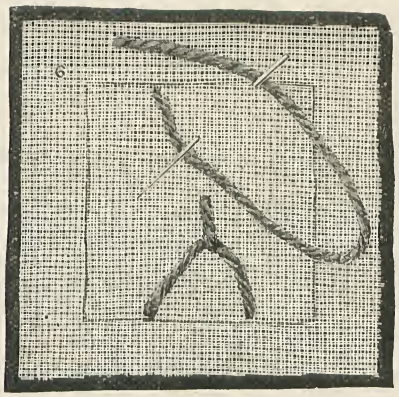
"Basket stitch can be worked on all kinds of stuffs, on counted threads or on a wide or narrow tracing, with fine or coarse thread, and more or less closely, according to the taste of the worker. You insert the needle from left to

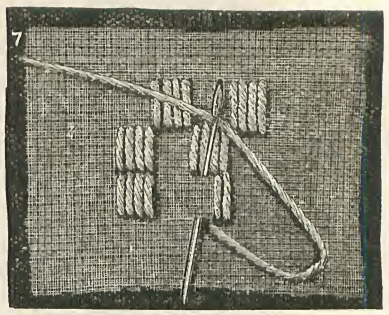
right and pass it under from three to six threads of the foundation, according to the stuff and the material you are using, then downwards from left to right, and over from six to eight threads, into the stuff again from right to left; then you push it under the stuff in an upward direction and bring it out on the left in the middle of the space left between the last stitch and the top of the second."

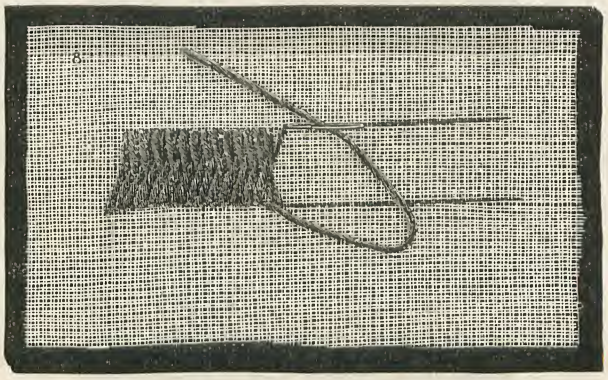
All this work looks much better when damped and ironed on completion.

The same embroidery as seen in Fig. 3 looks extremely well as a bordering for curtains and for *couvrepieds*, bed-spreads, etc.









"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OLD ROUTINE.

MEANWHILE the time had dragged through very wearily for Madge. After Jack had actually gone she stood watching the train wistfully, as long as it was in sight, even to the last glimpse of smoke, for somehow she dreaded to leave the station alone.

But the effort had to be made, and at last she turned sharply, with clenched hands, compressed lips and a determined air, and hurried down the road. As she did so, she brushed her hand across her eyes with an almost angry movement, for they were dim with tears, and crying was a luxury Madge was too proud to indulge in, and as she hurried along she fought bravely against her emotion.

But it was weary work, for her heart was very heavy, and it was in vain that she tried to fix her attention on the objects around, she could think of nothing but Jack and how he had gone from her. How that when she reached home there would be no merry voice and gay whistle about the house, no more excursions, and no more evening strolls, perhaps, for a whole year. It was not until one o'clock that she made her way home, tired and footsore and sad, and the greeting she received did not tend to cheer her.

"Well, Margaret," said Mrs. Harcourt stiffly, as she took her seat at the dinner-table, "after such a fortnight of pleasure and ease, I should have thought the very least you could have done would have been to come straight back from the station and inquire if you could help me in any way. That is the worst of pleasure, it makes people so selfish."

"I was not aware that I had spent the last fortnight in ease," replied Madge, rather haughtily. Jack had gone now, so nothing mattered, and the old rebellious spirit re-asserted itself. "I have only been doing my utmost to make Jack's visit pleasant for him. I did not find it especially easy either," she added bitterly. "It seems to me a pity that one visit a year to his home, should be sufficient for him,"

"I suppose you mean to imply that I don't make his home attractive enough for him. All I can say is, if you choose to neglect your duties and place your time entirely at his disposal, it is no reason why I should join in spoiling him. I am thankful to say I have something better to do than run after any young man all day. If you think you have been spending your time profitably, I'm sorry for you."

Madge bit her lip. "Thank you for your sympathy," she said sarcastically. "I have often occasion to be sorry for myself. However, as I was born with a specially sinful nature, a fact you often impress upon me, I presume it is not a surprising result."

"Whether surprising or not it is certainly an unnecessary one, which it would be well for you to overcome. I can give you a nice book on self-pity and self-love to read this afternoon. I think if you read such books a little oftener it would be better for you. I'm sure I don't know what Jack must have thought of you; he can hardly have returned to London with the impression that his sister is improved."

"In that case he would doubtless seek the reason, and I hope his search proved satisfactory. However, as his manner to me showed no disappointment, I am satisfied to believe you are mistaken."

As Madge finished speaking, Mr. Harcourt entered the room and took his seat at the table. This was a signal to drop the subject, and the usually silent meal-time recommenced. Indeed it seemed as if Jack had been gone for weeks, so strangely still was the house. Madge sat silent with an aching heart, longing to break away from the depressing atmosphere, yet fully conscious of the hopelessness of her desire, and of how little the afternoon would bring to cheer her. Not much certainly, only an errand in the village, a long practice, work, and a stolen hour with a book.

She was truly glad when she was at last in her own room for the night, and the gloomiest day in the whole year ended.

The next morning, Saturday, she rose in a happier mood; Jack's visit was now a thing of the past, and she was better prepared to face the old routine.

Also Saturday was her day for visiting Helen Liston, and this was a bright event in her week.

Helen Liston was her one little friend and charge, and she always enjoyed the time spent with the school-mistress's sick child. The school-house was some little distance from the Manor, and Madge started early in the afternoon and walked briskly, eager to make her visit as long as possible,

On reaching the cottage she hastened up the path, and after a slight knock, opened the door and walked in. The first room was empty, but she quickly passed through into the next, where an eager watching face was awaiting her, and a glad but weak voice exclaimed—

"Oh, Miss Harcourt, I am so glad to see you. I felt sure you would come, for mother told me your brother had gone."

"Yes, dear, he went yesterday," replied Madge in a gentle voice, very different from her usual tone. "I hope you are pretty well;" and taking the little thin hands in hers, she bent down and kissed her. Such a beautiful little face it was that rested on the pillow. A little thin pale face, sadly old for its years, but beautiful in spite of all, because of the big violet eyes, soft golden-brown hair and exquisite expression. Helen Liston was a mere child, only twelve, but she had been much hurt by a fall when a baby, and doomed to lie on her back all her life. Neither was this all, for consumption had set in, and the tired little wayfarer was nearing her rest.

Ever since Madge had known her she had loved this child and done all she could to brighten the sad little life. At first she had been attracted by her beauty, but she had soon learned to love her for herself, and, with her instinctive love of all that is noble and good, to bow down before the child's purity. Why the child suffered, on the other hand, was a sore stumbling-block to her, and an enigma she had to give up wearily, without any approach to satisfaction.

"Have you been very happy with your brother?" asked Helen, holding her friend's hand fast. "I have thought of you so often."

"Yes, thank you, dear," answered Madge, in the same gentle voice, a soft light shining in her eyes. "We had some lovely times together, but tell me how you have been. See, I have a beautiful box of chocolates for you, Jack brought them from London."

The child's eyes brightened with pleasure, but she answered quickly: "Oh! thank you ever so much for thinking of me, but Mr. Harcourt meant them for you, you must not give them away."

"He wouldn't mind in the least, in fact he knew I was going to bring them to you. He brought me other things," and she laid the box down beside the bed.

"You have not told me how you are yet," she continued, "and somehow you look more tired than usual."

"I have not been very well," replied Helen with a quiet little smile; "the heat tries me, but please don't talk about me, I want to know what you have been doing. Did Mrs. Harcourt let you and your brother be alone a great deal?"

"Not more than she could help," replied Madge; "but I think we did pretty well as we liked."

"I am afraid she made you unhappy sometimes," continued Helen, stroking Madge's hand; she knew a great deal of what passed betweeen the step-mother and step-daughter, and was often unhappy about her friend.

"What makes you think so," asked Madge smiling.

"Because you look tired, as if you had not slept well lately."

A shadow flitted across Madge's face, but she answered brightly—"Well, she did make me very cross sometimes, but we won't talk about anything unpleasant to-day, as I have plenty of bright things to tell you," and she proceeded to relate all her adventures during Jack's visit.

After remaining two hours, she rose to go, but Helen held her hand fast. "Please stay till mother comes," she pleaded, "I like to see you here."

"But I shall tire you so," answered Madge anxiously, "I have been talking so fast."

"Oh no! you won't—it is delightful to have you. Two weeks has seemed a long time."

"Poor little Helen," and Madge stroked the soft bright hair very tenderly. "It is so sweet of you to like to have me here."

"Oh! I love you," was the quick, warm answer. "It is good only to see you passing. You like to come, don't you?"

"Indeed I do. I feel more at home here than I do anywhere. I don't know what I should do without you. I believe you love me more than anyone else does," she added wistfully. "Jack has so many friends, and then he is so light-hearted and thoughtless; still I believe he loves me very, very much."

"I don't believe he could help it," said Helen softly, "I'm sure I couldn't. I love you just as much as ever I can."

Madge's eyes grew dim and she looked away through the window sadly.

"Why do you look so sad?" Helen asked. "You like me to love you."

"Oh, yes, yes, but I was wondering if you knew me, Helen. If you knew what bad thoughts I have sometimes you wouldn't love me at all."

"Oh yes I should, and I don't believe you have such bad thoughts as you say. You are full of kind thoughts when you come to see me."

"That is because you are my good angel and you drive away the bad thoughts."

"When I die and am a real angel," said Helen dreamily, "I should like to be able to watch over you and mother always."

"Oh! but you mustn't think about dying, Helen," and Madge spoke hurriedly, with a ring of pain in her voice, something in the child's face startled her.

"Why not, it would be very sweet to me, if it weren't for leaving you and mother."

"Oh, Helen, don't!" and Madge's eyes filled with tears. "Indeed I couldn't spare you, and what would your mother do?"

"I think you would be glad after a while," she answered softly. "You would know I had done with all pain, and then, oh, Miss Harcourt! I want so much to be with Jesus and to cast myself in love and adoration at His feet."

Madge pressed her hand, but did not speak.

"I should like to have you and mother with me at the last," continued Helen, "yours are my two dearest faces."

"I will come," Madge murmured, and just then the outer door opened and they heard Mrs. Liston's step. Madge rose at once and shook hands kindly with her, greeting her in a bright, pleasant manner that made her seem very winsome, and a little later she took her leave and walked slowly homeward.

She had enjoyed the afternoon, and was glad to think she had been able to give pleasure to little Helen; nevertheless her heart was sad, and her dark eyes wore the wistful look of pain, so often in them now, as she neared her home.

She could not forget the picture she had just seen of the gentle mother leaning over her child, and her heart ached for that young mother, who had leaned over her and loved her so long ago.

All the evening she was quiet and the sadness lingered.

Not the proud, indifferent quietude she often relapsed into, but with a weary, almost careworn look on her face, and that night her pillow was wet with tears.

(To be continued.)



GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

GWYNNE AND KATERIO (*Stewardess*).—You will see that information on this subject has been given in recent numbers of the "G. O. P." The best chance of obtaining such employment is to apply to the leading steamship companies. The preference is generally given by the companies to the female relatives of their own servants. Salaries are from twenty to twenty-five pounds and the tips—concerning which "Gwynne" inquires—would undoubtedly make a very considerable addition to this sum. Both our correspondents are, however, rather too young at present to obtain such appointments.

MARGARET (*Domestic Service*).—You inquire how you are to obtain a situation in London as experienced general servant or plain cook. We think you would do better to offer yourself in the latter capacity, as a cook can obtain higher wages than a general servant. You should advertise in one of the London daily papers.

L. L. (*School Board Cookery Teacher*).—Write to the Principal of the National School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, S. W., asking her to be kind enough to send you particulars of the courses of training in plain and advanced cookery. After qualifying at that Institution you would have a good chance of obtaining a School Board appointment. If, however, you cannot afford at present to enter the National School, you should try to obtain one of the scholarships, which are offered to intending teachers by the London County Council. These are tenable at the Battersea Polytechnic.

PANSY (*Waitress in Refreshment Rooms*).—You should advertise in the *Morning Post* or the *Daily Telegraph*, or you might apply to houses where they employ a large number of waitresses in their refreshment rooms. If you are quite young, however, would it not be better to become an assistant in a confectioner's business. Messrs. Fuller, Limited, of the Strand and Regent Street can sometimes employ ladies as assistants, and probably this kind of work would be quieter and more congenial than that of the railway refreshment rooms.

AN ANXIOUS AUNT (*Openings for a Young Man*).—It is outside our scope to advise concerning the employment of young men. We may, however, say that chartered accountancy would be a good profession for your nephew to adopt. But he would probably have to pay a considerable sum to be articled to a good firm. He ought to be decidedly quick at figures, whereas for architecture—which you suggest—good draughtsmanship and taste are the primary qualifications. After apprenticeship his chances would be better as an accountant than as an architect, unless he can command a good deal of private influence.

GWENDOLEN (*Something to do*).—You are quite right to wish to utilise your time as you are fond of drawing. You would do well to develop that capacity by studying at any school of art which is not too far from your home. Afterwards, if you made good progress, your parents might be encouraged to let you study at some London institution, such as the Central School of Arts and Crafts in Regent Street, where you could learn the designing of textile and wall papers or some artistic handicraft, such as beaten metal work or gesso modelling. If we can advise you further do not hesitate to write again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADGE (Ayrshire).—Japanese paper is to be had in London, at Liberty's, Regent Street, as the article says.

HOUSEMAID.—A few potato-peelings cut up in small pieces will clean the inside of decanters, or sometimes a tablespoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of salt mixed and put into them, and well shaken up, might answer the purpose as well.

MILDRED FELLOWES.—We are happy to announce to our readers that the "Girls' Friendly Society" for Northern and Central Europe have just removed their lodge to 17, Rue de Courcelles, Paris; and that there has never been any connection between them and Mrs. Lewis' (Miss Leigh's) Home in Paris, respecting which, it appears, that there has been some misapprehension, although none whatever on our part.

NORTHUMBRIAN.—1. Serve breadcrumbs with pheasant, partridge, grouse and blackcock; bread sauce must be served as well, in a gravy boat, very hot.—2. Put the small knives on for cheese at first, it saves trouble. All the plates should be changed before the meat dishes are taken off.

TOAD.—The device of the lily or *fleur de lys* (on the national escutcheon of France) was assumed by Louis VII., A.D. 1137-1180, as his own Royal Ensign, and it was subsequently charged upon a true shield of arms. But the original device on the national shield consisted of frogs; and to this fact may be attributed the sobriquet "frogs," as applied to Frenchmen, the idea being accentuated by the fact—naturally repugnant to English taste—of eating frogs as a dainty, and is quite an acquired taste.

A LOVER OF HISTORY, ASTHORE.—1. Several reasons and origins are given for "April Fool's Day." There is a festival in Hindustan, called *Huli*, on March 31st, at which similar tricks are played. A recent idea is that, as March 25th was formerly New Year's Day, the 1st of April was its octave, when the festivities culminated and ended. There seems some reason to believe that it is really of Greek origin.—2. For everything connected with the Battle of Senlac, you should read Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*. We think Haco was probably a fictitious character.—3. There is, we believe, only one species of daffodil, said to be indigenous to Great Britain, and that is better known as the Lent lily. Several others may be found, but they are invariably the outcast of gardens. It is called "butter and eggs" by country people.

MACE, RECS, MOGG.—The origin of our puppet-show, "Punch and Judy," seems to be found in Italy; and the name "Punch" (or *paunch*) a diminutive and corruption of the Italian *Policinella*, or *Pulcinella*, called after Puccio d'Aniello, a buffoon of Acerra, whose eccentricities were a subject for dramatic treatment in Naples. The drama of *Policinella* owes its origin to Silvio Fidello (an Italian comedian), who, about the year 1600, made Policinella the perpetrator of a domestic tragedy, followed by supernatural retribution. "Punch" is a burlesque, in his personal appearance, on his original representation, distorted in the transmission of the drama through France to England. His popularity amongst the street loungers, and lower classes in general, rose to its highest in the reign of Queen Anne.

DOLLY.—The meaning of the phrase "rank and file" as applied to soldiers—each word taken separately—"rank," a line of private soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder in a line; and "file," when they stand one behind another, yet still facing the same way. The double term means to include an entire body of troops.

A LITTLE NOBODY asks us to give her advice on getting married, forgetting that we are quite in the dark as regards her future husband's character and position, and her chances of happiness in their union; nor does she tell us her age, nor whether she have parents, or a home of her own. All these points would have considerable weight in making such decision. But if she has found a sensible, sober and good-tempered man, industrious, and able to support her, and of a suitable age, she had better marry him at once, as she seems to be fond of him, and to be dependent at present on her own exertions for a living, getting the very small pay of £12 per annum only!

MARGERY PRATT.—We keep no registry of situations of any kind for young women. You had better apply to the Y. M. C. Association Employment Agency, 17, Old Cavendish Street, London, W. There is another such society in Berners Street, No. 22—copying, addressing, and issuing circulars, and writing of various kinds are done at this office. Perhaps, if you got a type-writer, and learned to work well, you might obtain employment from some of the offices of lawyers and commerce, which you could do at home. As you write backwards, you would not easily get employment in copying MSS.

S. M. L.—We recommend you to apply to Wm. Van Praagh, Esq., Director of the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf Mutes, at 11, Fitzroy Square, W. There qualified teachers are trained. There is, or was recently, a public lesson given every Wednesday afternoon at 3 P.M., excepting during the vacations. Send Mr. Van Praagh a large stamped envelope for their prospectus.

A JERSEY GIRL.—The words engraved on the old ring may be rendered thus in English—

> "Unlike the mad Moor,
> I know not how to change my faith."

LAMBKIN.—A mother's jewelry goes naturally in equal shares amongst her daughters, the eldest having the right of choice. This, of course, presupposes that the mother left no special directions as to its distribution.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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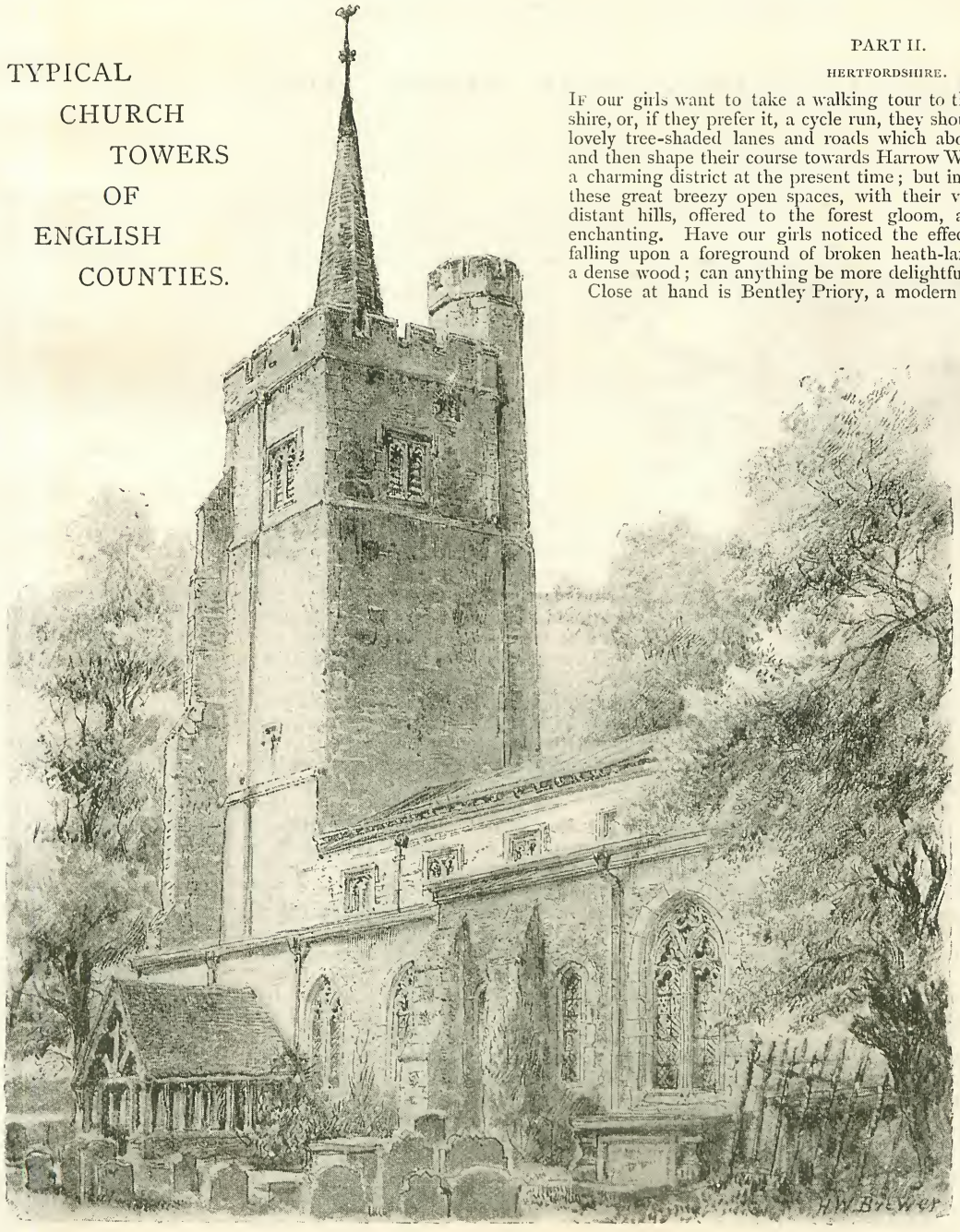
TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART II.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

IF our girls want to take a walking tour to the pretty county of Hertfordshire, or, if they prefer it, a cycle run, they should go by Pinner through the lovely tree-shaded lanes and roads which abound in that neighbourhood, and then shape their course towards Harrow Weald and Stanmore Common, a charming district at the present time; but in early days the contrast which these great breezy open spaces, with their views of range after range of distant hills, offered to the forest gloom, all around, must have been enchanting. Have our girls noticed the effect of a warm ray of sunlight falling upon a foreground of broken heath-land after a long walk through a dense wood; can anything be more delightful?

Close at hand is Bentley Priory, a modern house of no special interest from an architectural or archæological point of view. And few people even in the neighbourhood seem to be aware that the name is old. The grand forest trees surrounding the estate hint that it has a past history, and such is really the case, for an ancient record proclaims the fact that in the year 1258 a prior of Bentley was killed by a corn-mow falling down upon him; the lands of the suppressed monastery were made over to the king in 1543, and not a single vestige of the building now exists. When we have followed the road to the end of the noble grove which borders the demesne of this ancient estate, we have crossed the border of the counties of Middlesex and Hertfordshire and are in the latter county. When we come to explore we find evidences that we are in what was formerly a richer and more well-to-do county than that which we have just quitted, and the very first church we come across, Aldenham, proclaims the fact unmistakably. Instead of the low, rudely-built Middlesex tower we have a tall, handsome one, embattled at the top but with a little wooden spirelet or "spike" rising out of the lead-flat at the top; this "spike" or spirelet is a common feature in Hertfordshire, and is found in other counties, but we think it is s



ALDENHAM CHURCH, HERTS.

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native of this county. It will also be noticed that the tracery and mouldings of the windows have an elegance and beauty not to be found in the Middlesex towers; and when we enter the church the detail is very superior, the roof still retains its old painted decoration and is harmonious and beautiful. The plan is most singular and unaccountable; the chancel does not fit on at the end of the nave, but opens partly into it and partly into the north aisle! A curious feature in the tower is shown in our sketch, a little arched aperture just under the parapet; it does not appear to have been a window, and we venture to suggest that it was an opening for drawing up the wood to light the beacon fire. Aldenham church is a large one for so small a village, but it is probable that in former times the place was more important than it is at present.

A very pretty walk of three miles, either by shady lanes or across the fields leads to Watford, where there is a large church with a striking tower of the regular Hertfordshire type; it has, however, been so much restored that we preferred sketching Aldenham.

A pleasant county is this Hertfordshire with its shady lanes, well-wooded and richly-cultivated lands, its picturesque old villages, its cheerful farms and homesteads, its clear bright rivers full of fish and its murmuring and grinding old water-mills. Do our girls know Hamper Mill? If not, let them lose no time in walking to it from Pinner along the *old* Watford road; remember the *old* Watford road, not the new one or the Rickmansworth road, which are not specially interesting; when they get about half-way between Pinner Wood and Watford, if they look to the west they will see an enchanting prospect of Rislip with its wood, reservoir, and church tower, backed by ranges of hills, and a little further on, looking to the north-east, they will see Watford with its church tower rising above the richly-wooded country. As they get to the foot of the hill a little path will take them down into the dell where is the millpool of Hamper Mill; let them stand on the bridge, watch the fish and listen to the whirr of the water-wheel and splash of the fall, all shaded by lofty trees except where the miller's pretty garden clothes the bank with its velvety lawn and gay flower-beds. What a charming old English scene, peaceable sweet English country, not grand or sublime, but so reposeful to the overworked brain or toilworn mind of the Londoner.

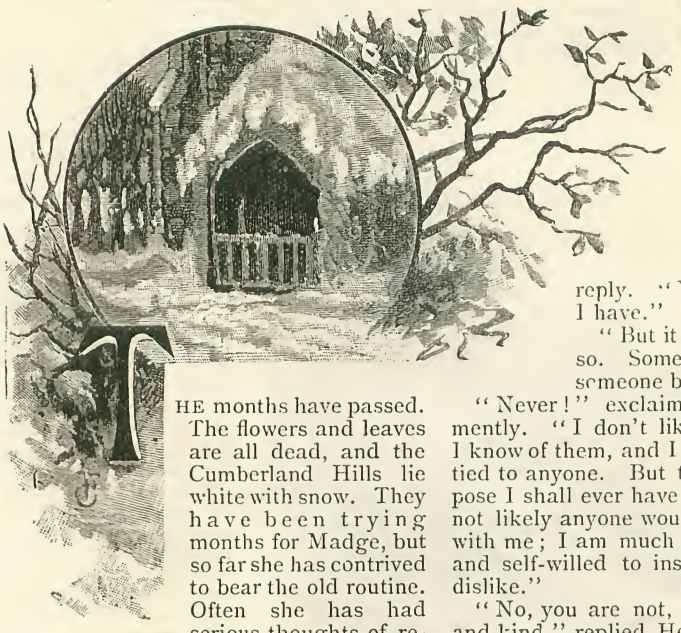
"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER VII.

GATHERING CLOUDS.



THE months have passed. The flowers and leaves are all dead, and the Cumberland Hills lie white with snow. They have been trying months for Madge, but so far she has contrived to bear the old routine. Often she has had serious thoughts of resolutely breaking loose from her step-mother's authority, but, on second considerations, she has controlled herself for Jack and her father's sake from causing any actual ill-feeling in the house. But every week the proud, independent temper grows stronger, and passages of bitter words more frequent.

"I think I have no soft feeling left in me," she said wearily to her little friend one afternoon as she sat beside her. "And I am so sick of everything!"

"Oh, you must not talk so!" said Helen. "Think how you love your brother, and then how good you are to me."

"Yes, I love Jack with all my heart, but it isn't with a soft happy feeling. I always want him so dreadfully, and I don't think he can love me very much or he would come and see me oftener. I think there must be someone in London he loves a great deal better, and the thought makes me bitter."

"But surely you would be glad if it made him very happy," Helen said gently.

"I don't think I could be glad under any circumstances," was the slow reply. "You see, he is all I have."

"But it will not always be so. Some day you will love someone better still."

"Never!" exclaimed Madge vehemently. "I don't like men, what little I know of them, and I should hate to feel tied to anyone. But there, I don't suppose I shall ever have the chance. It is not likely anyone would ever fall in love with me; I am much too bad-tempered and self-willed to inspire anything but dislike."

"No, you are not, you are beautiful and kind," replied Helen warmly. "If anyone knew you as I do, you would inspire something like worship."

Madge looked at her wistfully.

"You little know me, Helen," she said; "anyone would do what I have done for you; they couldn't help it. I would give anything I have in the world to make you strong and well."

"I don't think I want to be strong and well," the child said softly, "except for mother's sake. As I lie here, looking at the sky, I have grown to long so to pass beyond it. I don't think I shall have long to wait now; the doctor gave mother but little hope yesterday."

"Oh, but he doesn't know!" said Madge quickly. "It is only the cold weather that makes you so poorly; you will be better when the spring comes again."

"But it will not be here for some time, and—meanwhile—you will call and see mother sometimes?" she said, breaking off suddenly in the middle of her sentence.

"Oh yes, indeed, but don't let us talk about it. You really look better to-day."

Helen smiled softly.

"Just one word more," she said. "You will be with me at the last, if you can?"

"Indeed I will, I promise you. But it is a long time to look forward to; you are no worse than you are other winters. I think you are a little bit dull to-day; shall I read you something interesting?"

"No, thank you, I like to hear you talk best and I want to talk to you. Oh, Miss Margaret!" she continued eagerly, "I want so to tell you how good Jesus is and to help you to know Him better. He is yearning over you and longing to comfort you, if you would but go to Him with your troubles."

Great tears gathered in Madge's eyes, and she looked away out of the window.

"I will not forget what you say," she said presently, "but I can't feel it. If God really loves us and is all-powerful, why is the world so full of sorrow and suffering? If He is all-powerful and can prevent it, why doesn't He?"

"I can't answer you; I don't know; but somehow I am quite content. I wish I were clever and could help you, but He will tell you Himself some day, I know He will," and she held Madge's hand tightly. "It isn't always hard to suffer. I don't mind it much; sometimes I think it is beautiful to have something big to bear for His sake."

Madge bent down and kissed her.

"You are so good," she murmured fondly. "Perhaps some day I shall understand better, but now it is all dark. But you must not talk any more now," she added, "it makes you cough so. It is time I went too, for it is getting late

and I have been here a long time. Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye," whispered Helen, clinging round her neck, and her eyes grew dim with tears as she watched her pass out. She felt very ill, and knew that she should not see her many more times.

When Helen's mother came to her she was crying quietly.

"What is the matter, darling?" she asked anxiously.

"Nothing, mother; it is very foolish of me, but I feel so ill to-night," and again her cough became very troublesome. "Is it snowing?" she asked presently.

"A little, darling."

"If I get worse, mother, will you send for Miss Harcourt?"

"Yes, darling, I will send. What makes you so tired to-night? I think I had better send for the doctor," she continued, seeing the deadly pallor that had spread over the child's face.

"No, not yet, I am only tired. What time is it?"

"About half-past eight."

For another hour the mother watched anxiously beside her, and then rising, she slipped out for a minute and sent a boy quickly for the doctor.

Two long hours passed before he arrived, and meanwhile the little sufferer had grown rapidly worse.

When at last he stood beside her, the mother knew by his face that the worst had come.

"Is there no hope?" she asked in despairing tones.

"Very little," he answered gently, "but I can do no more for her. She may live until to-morrow."

"Then I must send for Miss Harcourt," she said, in a choking voice, and went to despatch a messenger.

"Say that Helen is worse and would like to see her," she said, and then returned to watch by the dying child.

It was about eleven o'clock when Mrs. Harcourt was startled by a footstep outside the dining-room window. Her husband was in his study and she was waiting up for him, everyone else having retired. Thinking it unnecessary to disturb anyone, she went quickly to the door and opened it, just as Mrs. Liston's messenger was about to ring.

"What do you want?" she asked quickly.

"Mrs. Liston sent me to tell Miss Harcourt that Helen is worse," replied the boy.

"Surely Mrs. Liston doesn't expect Miss Harcourt to come out at this time of night, in all this snow, too! I never heard of such a thing; why did she send you?"

"She told me to tell Miss Harcourt that, and to say Helen wanted her."

"Is the child much worse?"

"Yes, I think so, the doctor is there."

Mrs. Harcourt hesitated a moment and then said, "Miss Harcourt has gone to bed, and her father would not think of allowing her out such a night at this hour. You run back to your home and I will send Miss Harcourt the first thing in the morning;" and so saying she quietly closed the door and went upstairs to bed.

When Madge awoke next morning, she had a strange restless feeling that she could not shake off. She rose before her usual hour, and was first down at the breakfast-table.

When her step-mother entered she noticed a rather uneasy expression on her face, and she watched her closely, feeling sure that something was amiss.

"I thought I heard someone outside, late last night," she said, presently, finding she could not take her breakfast calmly, as usual. "Did anyone come?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Harcourt, with an attempt at carelessness. "Mrs. Liston sent a boy about eleven to say that Helen was rather worse. I don't know what was the good of sending the poor child out that time of night with such an ambiguous message," she continued hurriedly, half-startled at the sudden flash of Madge's eyes. "I think you had better go and see if she wants anything, when you have finished your breakfast."

"Did he say he was to tell me?" asked Madge, in a quick, stern voice.

"Yes; but I didn't think it wise to disturb you, as it was so late and such a bad night. I knew you would go early this morning."

"You were indeed considerate," she replied in hard dry tones, that flash still in her eyes. "If anything has happened to Helen during the night, I shall never forgive you." And without another word she left her untasted breakfast, hurried on her things and left the house.

A nameless dread was in her heart which stifled hope, and she hurried recklessly through the snow.

When she reached the cottage, one glance at the lowered blinds told her the truth. Without pausing, she passed swiftly up the little path, opened the door and entered.

Mrs. Liston was in the first room alone, weeping quietly over the fire. She started on seeing Madge, then rose and came towards her, holding out both hands.

She did not know her as Helen had done, but she knew that her child had loved her more than anyone in the world except herself, and so she turned to her for sympathy.

Madge took her hands without a word. She tried to speak, but a great lump rose in her throat and prevented her.

"Oh, Miss Harcourt, Miss Harcourt!" sobbed the woman, "she asked for you several times. Why didn't you come?"

"I never knew," replied Madge hoarsely. "They did not tell me until this morning. Had I had your message, nothing on earth should have kept me away. When did she die?"

"This morning at three o'clock. The doctor came last night, but there was nothing he could do. I told the boy to say she was much worse."

Again that choking sensation came over Madge, but she forced it down and managed to say calmly, "I will go to her."

Then she crossed the room and entered the chamber of death, where the child lay like a beautiful statue, with a look of perfect rest and peace on the little worn face. For a few minutes Madge stood and looked at her in awe, and then, with a sudden rush, her loss came home to her, and dropping on her knees by the bedside, she buried her face in her hands.

Presently she looked up and the tears had left her eyes, while a cold, calm expression crept over her face, more pitiful to behold than bitter weeping.

"Oh, Helen, Helen!" she murmured, "You were all I had to help me; without you I shall grow bad altogether. Speak to me, Helen, just one word," and she laid her face beside the dead child's. "Say you know why I didn't keep my promise. Helen, my little Helen, they kept me from you, and I would have done anything to help you, and now you are gone and I shall never see you again, never—never."

She clutched convulsively at the bedclothes, and her face became almost as white as the little sleeper's.

"I shall never see you," she continued, "because all the evil in me is roused and strengthened. She broke for me my promise to you; I cannot forget—I cannot forget."

When at last she rose, the cold hard expression had deepened on her face. She bent down calmly and kissed the white brow and the cold lips, then, without a parting glance, left the room.

"You are ill, Miss Harcourt," exclaimed Mrs. Liston in a startled voice on seeing her. "What is it? Do you feel faint?"

"No, I am quite well, thank you," replied Madge, in a voice she hardly recognised as her own. "I should like to say something to comfort you, but I can't; I don't know why these things are; I should only increase your grief if I attempted to speak of it. She was all you had; it is so fearfully hard. Forgive me if I seem heartless, I don't know how to bear it all; I will see you again in a day or two.

Mrs. Liston took her hand and held it fast.

"God bless you," she said, "for all you did for her, and oh, don't let those cruel doubts take hold of you, it grieved her so. Indeed, though His ways are not as our ways, they are best."

"Yes, yes, I will think about it," replied Madge hastily, and then she hurried away.

Out over the snow she went, her breath coming short and fast from the tumult in her breast. A crisis had come. She felt this day would change her future.

On she went along the lonely road, oblivious of all except the strife within her, when her good and her evil nature wrestled in fierce conflict.

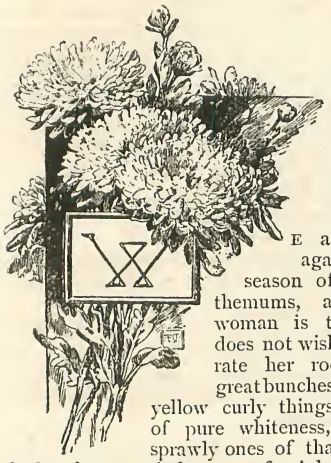
At last she turned homewards.

The dark look was still on her face as she entered the house; it was not difficult to name the victor.

"She did it on purpose, I will never forgive her," she muttered, and then throwing open the dining-room door, she confronted her step-mother.

(*To be continued.*)





SOME SECRETS ABOUT FLOWERS.

By S. BALLARD.

WE are back again at the season of chrysanthemums, and what woman is there who does not wish to decorate her rooms with great bunches of tawny-yellow curly things, or balls of pure whiteness, or those sprawly ones of that peculiar shade that reminds one of pink jelly-fish washed up on a sea-shore.

But the chrysanthemum is still rather the flower of the rich in England, and it is only the favoured few who can often indulge in big combinations of colours.

But when you have got a beautiful bunch arranged in a favourite vase, how it does go to your heart to see them drooping. If you notice, you will see that it is not the flowers that droop, but the leaves get flabby and hang down, which imparts a shabby look to the whole thing before the flowers have gone at all. People try to remedy this by breaking the stalks shorter and gradually taking off the withered leaves; but let me impart to you the "tips" on the subject that I got in the Flowery Land, Japan, where the Mikado's crest is a sixteen-petal chrysanthemum.

The chrysanthemum blooms there at the same time as it does in England, and the first autumn I was there, I admired the chrysanthemum arrangements very much. In Japanese houses, it is usual to decorate the room with one big vase standing on the ground, and containing a few, sometimes only three, chrysanthemums, whose stalks are not less than two feet long. These are put in the vase when they are quite small, tightly-curled up buds, and they gradually expand till they are huge flowers. The Japanese take great pleasure in watching the gradual unfolding of a bud.

I too wished to see the buds unfold and the glossy leaves standing out boldly from the stalk, so I bought my chrysanthemums and stuck them in, but alas, the results were very different. The leaves drooped, and long before the bud had become a flower, the shabby look of the withering leaves made it necessary to throw them away.

The next time that I went to the flower-shop I told the man what had happened. He shook his head gravely, and said that I had condescended to buy the best chrysanthemums, and I must have done something to them to make them behave in such a way.

What had I done to them? I began to explain that I had cut them short.

"Not with scissors?" he exclaimed; and when I admitted that I had done it with scissors, a groan went round the shop, and one old man (who was spending endless time in choosing a few branches of green leaves) came forward and told me that I had made an "awful" mistake.

This gross stupidity made such an impression, that even two years afterwards, when selling me flowers, the man of the shop would say pleadingly, "And you won't use scissors?"

My servants also seemed to consider me incapable of dealing with flowers, though I was quite accustomed to arranging them in England, and I at last came to the conclusion that I had better get to the bottom of some of the mysteries, and so I hired a flower teacher.

The art of arranging and preserving flowers is one which all Japanese girls of good position learn, and there are certificated teachers who go to the schools and also give private lessons. There are a good many trade secrets which pupils may not teach others; they can only be learnt from a proper teacher.

The polite little lady who came to teach me, gave me hints of many and wonderful methods. In England, flowers have always been strict teetotallers, drinking only water; but in Japan, *saké* is injected into the stalk by means of a squirt. It seemed to me an extraordinary idea to keep up the spirits of a flower by means of a stimulant, but it is largely practised.

I told my flower teacher, however, that I wanted to know only the simple means of keeping flowers, such as could be practised at home without any implements, and what I pass on to you, as really worthy of attention because of their simplicity and the wonderful way in which they make flowers last, are the following—

Supposing you wish to arrange chrysanthemums, gather them, if possible, the day before you are going to use them. After breaking the stalks to the length you wish, hold them in the hot embers of the fire (not in the flame) until you have well burnt half an inch.

Then place them in water that will cover a good quantity of the leaves. I generally put them into a ewer full of water. They must be left all night, and arranged the next morning.

Another way is, instead of burning, to hammer the stalks until an inch at least is smashed.

An old Japanese woman who lived with me was very successful with her flowers; she would gather them as quite small buds, and they always blossomed beautifully; she always hammered the ends of the stalks most vigorously.

I asked my flower-teacher what she considered to be the reason for hammering or burning the ends. Her theory was, that with such a flower as a chrysanthemum, the stalk is too thin to take up moisture enough for flower and leaves, but by putting the whole thing into water for a night, a quantity of water is absorbed by the leaves, and the burning prevents this escaping through the stalk. I do not know if this theory of sap running out of a flower at the stalk is correct from a botanical point of view, but this treatment is particularly good for garden chrysanthemums, for they generally have so many leaves, and can be gathered with long stalks. Nothing looks handsomer than half-a-dozen contrasting colours with long stalks covered with their beautiful leaves standing well out.

The same treatment of burning is equally good for wall-flower. It makes one sad to see a bunch of delicious sweet wall-flower gathered and put in water, only to be taken out after a couple of days because the heads which have the most buds, instead of gradually unfolding, are hanging down. If the ends are burned and the flower put in water so that a few of the leaves are under water, the stalks will remain perfectly stiff, and the buds come out.

To those who have to do with church decorations, let me impart what I thought a most valuable "tip." You know how often you get a beautiful flower, say a dahlia or a Christmas rose which won't "look the right way." Perhaps there are two on one stalk, and you try gently to persuade them both to look the same way. You bend one round but it jerks back, then you get a little cross and bend it more severely, and snap—your flower is broken. But you can make the flower look any way you choose if you only manage it in the Japanese way.

Hold the stalk near the fire so as to warm it gently, as you might warm your own fingers, then, with finger and thumb, stroke the stalk, bending it slightly in the direction you wish. It seems as if the warmth relaxed the muscles of the flower, if one may so express it, and made it pliable under the fingers. Indeed I was quite astonished to see how much manipulation and bending flowers will undergo. There is a great deal of what I may term flower "massage" in Japan. A teacher will take a stiff branch of plum blossom, and spending perhaps half an hour over it, will gradually stroke it into what are considered the correct lines of beauty. And this is done without in any way injuring the flower, for the branch, though gathered with the barest suggestions of buds, will blossom profusely after this treatment.

There is much that is too artificial for our taste in the Japanese flower arrangements, but they understand both how to make them last and how to bring them out, when gathered as buds, much better than we do.

CHILD'S WASHING HOOD.

THIS charming little pattern fits so prettily on the head, is of very simple construction, and just the thing for garden or beach.

A small piece of washing material suffices, as will be seen from the measurements given in Fig. 1. A and B are merely soft twilled

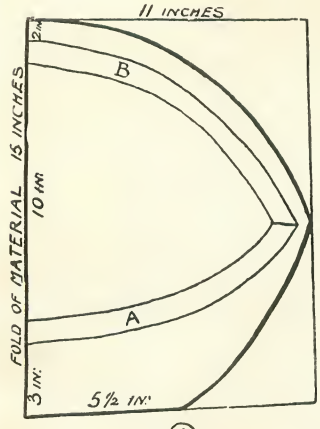


FIG (1)

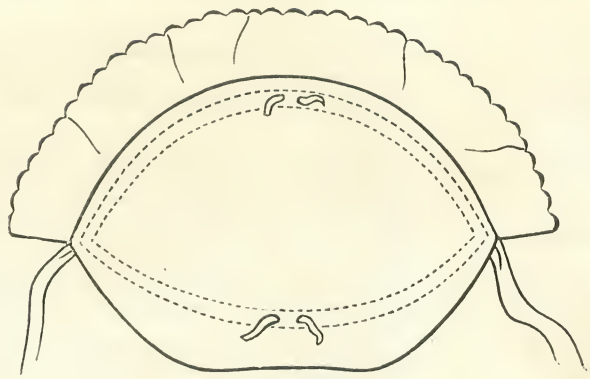

FIG (2)


FIG (3)

tape laid on and stitched at each edge to contain the runners of narrow tape, see Fig. 2, which shows the right side of the hood, the dotted lines indicating the stitching of the tape showing through from the wrong side.

There is a half-inch hem all round the hood, and the strings should be of ribbon, one yard, easily removed for washing.

One yard of embroidery is required for the edge, just eased on to set comfortably; one yard and a half of lace forms an inside frill stitched three-quarters of an inch further in than the embroidery.

If this frill is put on before the tape for the runners, the latter can be laid over the raw edges with a neat result.

"COUSIN LIL."

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

BARLEY WATER.

Two ounces of pearl barley, cover with one pint of water and boil quickly to wash the barley; then throw away the first water, add fresh water, boil and throw away, then add a pint and a half of fresh cold water and let it boil gently for half an hour, *i.e.*, till the barley is quite soft. Then strain off and flavour with lemon, vanilla, or orange juice.

RESTORATIVE SOUP.

Another nice food for invalids is one pound of veal, one pound of gravy beef, one pound of mutton, half a large fowl, and one quart of water; allow it to simmer slowly for six hours, then strain and serve. Give one teaspoonful of the jelly thus made every half hour, or as often as necessary.

RAW MEAT JUICE.

Scrape one ounce of raw meat into a pulp and cover it with cold water (about half an ounce would be sufficient), and leave it to stand for two hours, stirring it about every ten minutes; then squeeze the juice through muslin, and give it to the patient. It is almost tasteless.

TO MAKE GRUEL.

To one tablespoonful of oatmeal or prepared groats, allow one pint of water and a small piece of butter. Mix the oatmeal with a little cold water, add the rest of the water with the butter when boiling. Stir well to prevent lumps. The prepared groats require ten minutes' boiling, the oatmeal requires twenty minutes' boiling. If milk is used instead of water the piece of butter is not required.

CHILDREN WHEN ILL

require special care, as their diseases develop very rapidly and much depends on their being carefully watched. Many diseases in children are due to mistakes in feeding them, especially is this the case in children under two years of age. To understand the principle of artificial feeding of children is therefore of great importance. Human milk is the natural and best food; it contains everything that is necessary for the formation and nourishment of a child during the first few months of life; it ought therefore to be made the type food of all artificial feeding of infants. First as to quantity, one pint of milk in the twenty-four hours during the first few weeks of life, increasing in quantity as the child grows older. Regularity in feeding as to time and quantity is essential. Cow's milk diluted with water one to three and three grains of soda bicarb. added is a good substitute; or the cow's milk diluted with lime or barley water in the same proportions, and artificial human milk are useful to try where the child has to be brought up by hand.

To Make Artificial Human Milk.—Heat half a pint of skimmed milk to about ninety-seven degrees, *i.e.*, just warm, and well stir into the warmed milk, three grains of extract of rennet. When it is set, break up the curd quite small, and let it stand ten or fifteen minutes, when the curd will sink; then place the whey in a saucepan, and boil quickly. In this whey dissolve a heaped up teaspoonful of sugar in milk. When quite cold add sufficient new milk to make one pint, and two teaspoonfuls of cream, well stirring the whole together. If the milk is too rich use rather a larger proportion of whey.

PEPTONIZED MILK

is an excellent preparation of partly digested food, only it must not be continued too long, as the digestive powers of the infant may become weakened from want of use. Mix three quarters of a pint of fresh milk with a quarter of a pint of water, warm to about forty degrees, add two level teaspoonfuls of Benger's liquor pancreaticus and half a level teaspoonful of soda bicarb., stir in quickly and allow it to stand for twenty minutes, it is then ready for use; but if the peptonizing process is to be stopped, the milk must be boiled.

EGG JELLY.

Half an ounce of gelatine soaked in half a pint of cold water, add rind and juice of two lemons, then some sugar to sweeten, and half a pint of boiling water. When cold strain on to three eggs well beaten, then strain into a mould.

No starchy food should form the chief element of diet during the first year of life as it tends to make the child rickety. Care must be taken that the feeding-bottle is kept absolutely clean. The boat-shaped bottle is the best. Do not allow children to get into the habit of having so-called "comforters" to suck. Wash out the mouths of infants with warm water after feeding, it keeps the gums healthy and renders teething easier for the baby; and a soft tooth-brush should be used for children as early as possible. Four teaspoonfuls of glycerine to one ounce of honey with one teaspoonful of borax is often of use as a mouth wash where the gums are sore and bleed easily.

For children inclined to rickets raw meat pulp scraped from a juicy piece of beef and spread on bread with a little sugar, or made into balls with sugar like little raspberries will often be taken by children, and is very good for them. Oranges, limes, and cream are also good to be taken when possible, and the food should contain as much of the fatty element as possible.

IN MEASURING MEDICINES AND LOTIONS.

1 minim	= 1 drop.
60 minims	= 1 dram, or 1 teaspoonful.
½ an oz.	= 4 drams, or 1 tablespoonful.
1 oz.	= 8 drams, or 2 tablespoonfuls.
20 oz.	= 1 pint, or 2 breakfast cupfuls.
40 oz.	= 1 quart.
4 quarts	= 1 gallon or ¼ an ordinary sized bucket.

COMPETITION FOR "STAY AT HOME GIRLS."

PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).

"Carnation," Haggerston, London.

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.)

"Rose," Aberdare, Glamorgan.

THIRD PRIZE (£1 1s.)

"Anemone," Newquay, Glamorganshire.

FOURTH PRIZE (£1 1s.)

Alice Margaret Dunn, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane.

FIFTH PRIZE (£1 1s.).

"Daisy," Eaton Place, London.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

"White Violet," Forest Hill.
"Cyclamen," Woodstock.
"Lily of the Valley," Woodbridge, Suffolk.
"Monthly Rose," Waikato, Auckland.
"Queen of Queens," Tremayne, Alton, Hants.
"Grass of Parnassus," Pollokshaws, Glasgow.
"Carnation," Ingarsley, Leicester.
"Lily," Great Melton, near Norwich.
"White Clarkia," Cheadle Hulme, Stockport.
"White Rose," Bromley.
"Sweet Pea," Halstead, Essex.
F. James, West Croydon.
"Moss Rose," Proxy Broadway, Woodbury, Exeter.
M. S. Webster, Rettendon Rectory, Essex.
"Wattle Blossom," Melbourne.
"Azalea," Welbourne Rectory, Lincoln.
V. M. Pearson, Combe Vicarage, Hungerford.
"Pansy," Shrewsbury.
"Stephanotis," Malta.
L. Daniel, Andalusia, Spain.
"Arum Lily," Upper Twickenham.
"Speedwell," Evesham.
"Wild Orchid," Lytton, Brisbane, Queensland.

REPORT.

THE clear and descriptive competition papers sent in by girls who work with hands and heads have given pleasure to thousands of people all over the world; they have created a sympathy with, and a reverence for the brave girls who, in spite of many difficulties and temptations, lead good, honest, unselfish lives.

Owing to the restrictions of the former competitions many thousands of girls were prevented from competing who would gladly have done so. The letters we have received from them prove how deeply interested they have been in the papers sent in by their working sisters, and the effect upon them has been to make them look into their own lives and see how they compare with those less protected.

We therefore opened a competition specially for "Stay at Home Girls" of every rank and condition, that they might have the opportunity of showing us how they spend their time.

It proves the interest excited by this competition, that the papers we have received come from every part of the globe—from India, Tasmania, New Zealand, Australia, Queensland, Manitoba, West Indies, Malta, Spain and France, as well as from the Channel Islands, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and all parts of England; and the position of the competitors is as varied as their dwelling-places.

It will be a matter of surprise to many on reading these papers to see how very full and interesting the lives of these "Stay at Home Girls" are, whether they are at home from necessity or choice. Many of the daily rounds are fully as hard and difficult as those of our working girls, the difference being the platform on which the work is done; the one in the midst of the world's buffeting, the other in the shelter of home, the one for wage, the other to supply a need at home.

We have received papers from all ranks of society except that of royalty, and we believe that if any of the princesses had given us a peep into their lives we should have found them as hard-working, as difficult and as interesting as those of our working girls or stay at home girls.

The papers sent in are, with one or two exceptions, well spelt and well written; the descriptions of how the girls spend their time and of the places in which they live are quite fascinating. We feel after reading some of the papers that we should be able to keep poultry, milk the cows, make the butter, so clearly is the work set down.

The tendency to get up late sets a good many lives awry, but throughout the whole of the papers there is but one thing that decidedly displeased us. It was that of a girl responsible for the entire work of the house, sitting down for an hour immediately after breakfast in the midst of soiled plates and dishes to read her dear GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We do not feel honoured by this action; our object is to strengthen girls for the battle of life, whether fought within the home or outside it; and never to make them self-indulgent and careless of duties.

The occupations of "stay at home girls" are many and vary according to their position in life. Some keep house, others have the charge of poultry or dairy, while others have the entire charge of the garden. Again, others divide their time between study and society, but nearly all devote some of their time to music and painting. The bicycle seems to have found its way into the remotest corners of our colonies, and riding and driving stand second in the matter of giving pleasure. Some of the girls have spent their leisure time in making themselves good Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholars.

There is one thing practised by all whether in the colonies or at home, and that is teaching in Sunday schools, even where it means a walk of two or three miles. We wish earnestly that we could print all the papers; they are so good, so vigorous, so full of life that they would not fail to do good. Unfortunately we have been obliged to set some on one side, although they are interesting, because they transgressed the rules laid down in "Queen of Queens." Among our competitors is one confined to her bed with spinal trouble, another has no right hand, and a third who is blind. One and all of these are bright examples of lives happy and full.

In the whole of the papers sent in there are very few indeed that describe an idle, purposeless life. Each writer seems to be doing her best in the position where she is placed, and with her influence combined with that of the working and professional girl England must grow happier and more healthful.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

IT is most difficult for one whose time is not occupied in regular work to give an account of how she spends it, but I think that by taking a week of my ordinary life and relating its daily duties I may give a fair idea of how my time is occupied.

I live in an East End Vicarage and most of my time therefore is spent in church and parish work. I will take a week out of one of the winter months as the work is more settled, and tell what I am generally doing then.

Sunday.—Holy Communion at 8.30 A.M.—if it is a festival we have it at 8, so that it may be over in time for Sunday School. Breakfast at 9.15 and then prayers, after which it is time for Sunday School. I have a class of about 15 girls aged 11 and 12. Sunday School is over at 10.45 when we all go into the largest school-room where a service is held for the children. This finishes about 12, & the children disperse, & we teachers go over into church in time for the sermon, Dinner at 1.15 and a little rest before afternoon Sunday School, which is at 3 P.M. School is closed at 4 & if it is a festival or the last Sunday in the month we go over to church, if not we may perhaps have a Teachers' Meeting or time for rest before tea at 5. Evensong at 7 P.M. and supper at 9 conclude my Sunday.

Monday.—Before rising I usually study a little for the Church of England Sunday School Teachers' Examination. At 8 I go over to the schools to help give between 30 and 40 poor children a breakfast. This consists of tea, coffee or cocoa and bread and butter, jam, or marmalade. After breakfast I have either a poster or tickets to print for the next Temperance Tea. This poster is done by stencilling each letter separately and printing some by hand; I do it in red and black ink and it generally takes me nearly all the morning. It is very tiring and I am very glad when it is not "Temperance Tea" week. The afternoon,—if I am not wanted at the Schools, or sent to the Bank (which is often the case to take money connected with Church accounts)—I have free for needlework & study. At 5 P.M. we generally go to a Lecture at the London Institution, returning home in time to take a Band of Hope class to prepare the children for the Church of England Temperance Society Examination which takes place every March. This is over between 7 and half-past, then supper, & over to the Schools again for the Temperance Tea at 8. We have about 150 people there as a rule. It is in connection with the C. E. T. S. and consists of a speech, Entertainment and Tea. This is over about 10.30. These teas are fortnightly but on the alternate Mondays there are Missionary Meetings, Teas, Committee Meetings, Lectures &c.

Tuesday.—Study before breakfast. Afterwards I prepare the work for the evening Candidates' Class. My girls are making a Crochet Quilt from the pattern in the "Girls' Own" and I have to commence every square

for them and do all the joining together. At 12.15 we go over to the schools to help give about 200 children their dinner. They have soup with meat and vegetables in it and currant pudding. We have to carry their basins to be filled with soup & to take round the slices of pudding. The children bring their own basins, and we have a great variety:—soap-dishes, beer-cans, cake-tins, sugar-basins, tea-cups &c. This work does not give one an appetite for dinner. In the afternoon I go to read to 96 old women at the Workhouse—this is my favourite work, although reading in such a large room becomes rather tiring after a time. The women take such an interest in the story and are always so pleased to see one. At 6 P.M. we have our G. F. S. Candidates' Class, about 100 girls aged between 8 and 13. They do needlework, & have recitations, songs and games. Supper at 7.30 and at 8 Girls' Friendly Society Recreation Meeting. I am a Working Associate and my work is generally to play games with the younger members who feel rather "out in the cold" among the elder ones. The meeting ends with a hymn and prayers at 9.30.

Wednesday.—Children's Breakfasts at 8 A.M. This is one of the mornings on which I dust the drawing-room, this takes nearly an hour. Afterwards I write out songs and recitations for the evening Band of Hope Class. The afternoon my younger sister and I always spend at our grandfather's, but I have to be home at six for the Band of Hope children who come to learn songs, recitations, dialogues &c. They leave at 7.30 which is supper-time. Evening service is at 8, and at 9 we have a teachers' Bible Class in the Schools.

Thursday.—I dust the drawing-room, answer my questions for the Teachers' Class study & do needlework. In the afternoon 1st Thursday in the month Church Society Sewing Meeting, 2nd Thursday, Dorcas Meeting. Another Thursday I may go visiting with Mother or to the National Gallery with my sisters who are students there. But I do not often have time for this, in fact I have only been three times this year. At 6 P.M. we have our Junior Band of Hope which is like the meeting described in "How to Manage a Band of Hope" in the "Girls' Own Paper." This is over at 7.30, & after supper we go to the Senior Band of Hope, one week work; needlework for girls, fretwork, carpentering, cork-cutting etc for boys; another week games, and another, speech and entertainment.

Friday.—Children's Breakfasts at 8 A.M. This is our freest morning when we have time for needlework, practising and study. Children's Dinners at 12.15. In the afternoon I and my two elder sisters go for our singing-lessons. I have been obliged to give up music lessons because of a diseased bone in my right hand which renders even writing and needlework painful at times. At 6 P.M. I have any children who are backward in the Examination Class. At 6.30 there is a Cantata practise, and at 8.30 a class of Senior Band of Hope girls for their Examination I like this least of all as some of the girls are bigger than myself, making it rather awkward to teach them.

Saturday.—I do my mending, make cakes, as Mother prefers the cakes we make, and very often wash our little dog—a white Maltese terrier. Either in the morning or afternoon I have 80 copies of questions to take off the Mimeograph (which is a sort of cyclostyle) for the Senior Sunday Scholars. On Saturday afternoon we often have a Rehearsal of the Cantata for the C.E.T.S. Fête at the Crystal Palace. Mother conducts these Rehearsals & we help with the different parts in the singing. The evening is usually free to prepare the Sunday School Lessons for the next day, except on the Saturday before the 1st Sunday in the month when there is a Communicants' Meeting.

I have not assigned any special time to visiting, for we do it when we have time or when there is a special necessity. I also go frequently with Mother to visit the three Board Schools of which she is a Manager.

In the summer my work is slightly different, excursions, treats, athletic sports, country holidays and a Flower Show taking the place of some of the other meetings. There are also the children's dresses to make for the Cantatas we have twice or three times a year.

Of course in addition to this there are extra services at Church, Committee Meetings, Entertainments to take part in, & Balance Sheets & Reports to draw up, these come at odd times; but I trust from what I have written it will be seen that though I am a "Stay-at-Home" girl my time is fairly well occupied.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"CARNATION"

All Saints' Vicarage, London.

VARIETIES.

"TAKE CARE, MARIA!"—"Take care, Maria!" said a farmer's wife to her servant; "don't lean so far over the well. You might fall in, and then we should be obliged to get our water from the stream."

HOW TO MEASURE THE HEIGHT OF A TREE.

There is a very simple way of measuring the height of a tree which can be practised by anyone on a sunny day or in bright moonlight. All the apparatus that is necessary is a straight stick of any length.

Draw a circle with a radius (half the diameter) of a little less than the length of the stick. This will be done by holding one end of the stick, say, two inches from its end, and moving the other end around, making the circle with a knife or a chip.

Then place the stick in the ground exactly in the centre of the circle, perfectly upright, and press it down until the height of the stick is exactly the same as the radius of the circle.

When the end of the shadow of the stick exactly touches the circle, then also the shadow of the tree will be exactly the same measurement in length as its height. Of course in such a case the sun will be at an exact angle of 45 degrees.

Measurements of this character can be best effected in the summer, when the sun is powerful, and has reached a good height in the heavens, and when the trees are clothed with living green, so as to cast a dense shadow.

To many to whom this idea may not have occurred it might be made annually a matter of interest thus on summer days to take the height of prominent trees, and so to compare growth from year to year.

THEY USED TO WEAR MIRRORS.—The ladies and the gallants too of Queen Elizabeth's time felt the constant necessity of consulting a mirror to reassure themselves into a pleasing sense of self-satisfaction. In Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* (1600) Amorphus says, "Where is your page? . . . Place your mirror in your hat as I told you, so!" The men wore mirrors as brooches or ornaments in their hats; the ladies at their girdles, or on their breasts, or in the centre of their fans.

WORTH WHILE BEING HOPEFUL.—Hope never hurts anyone, it never interfered with duty; nay, it always strengthens to the performance of duty, gives courage and clears the judgment.

THE FASHION HAS CHANGED. Change of fashion is the tax laid on the vanity of the rich by the industry of the poor.

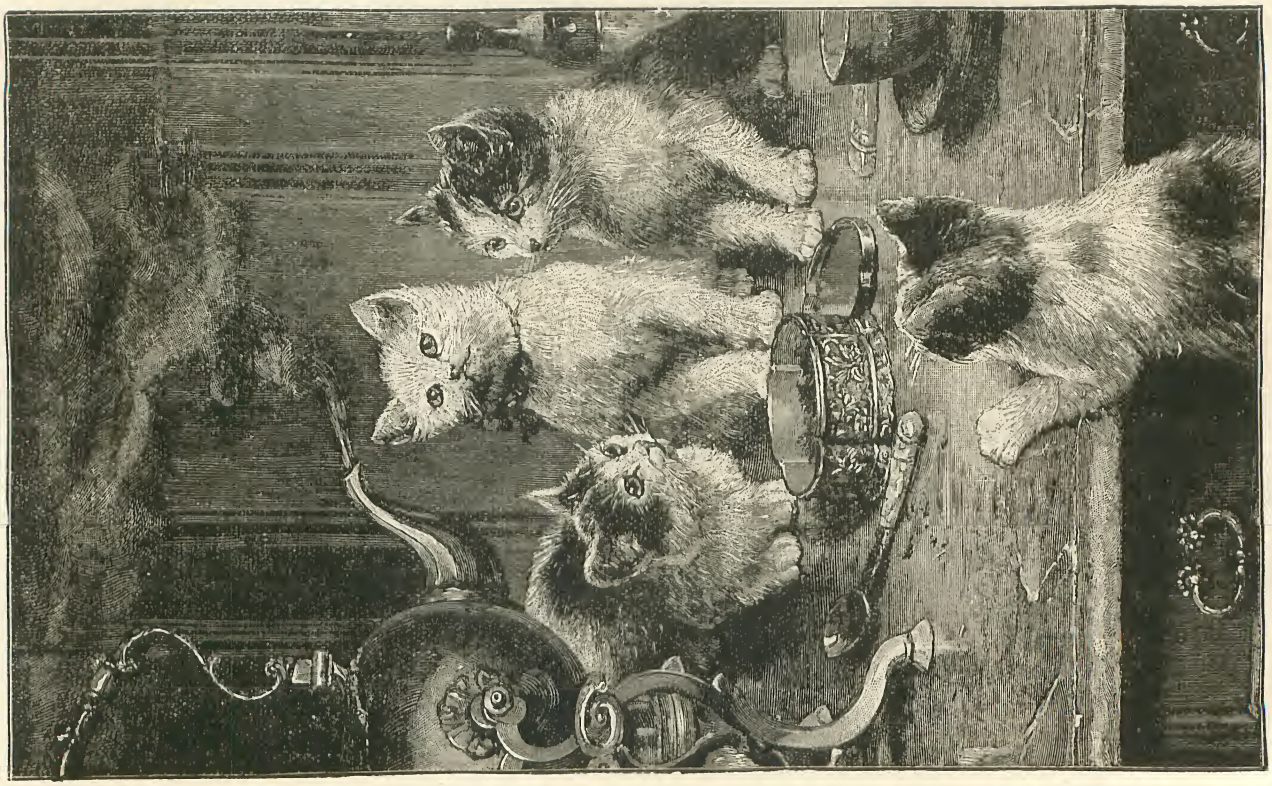
DOUBLE ACROSTIC I.

Two mighty masters in the realm of sound!
For pathos, fervour, grandeur, one is known;
One, for harmonious melody renowned,
Invests it with a charm that's all his own.

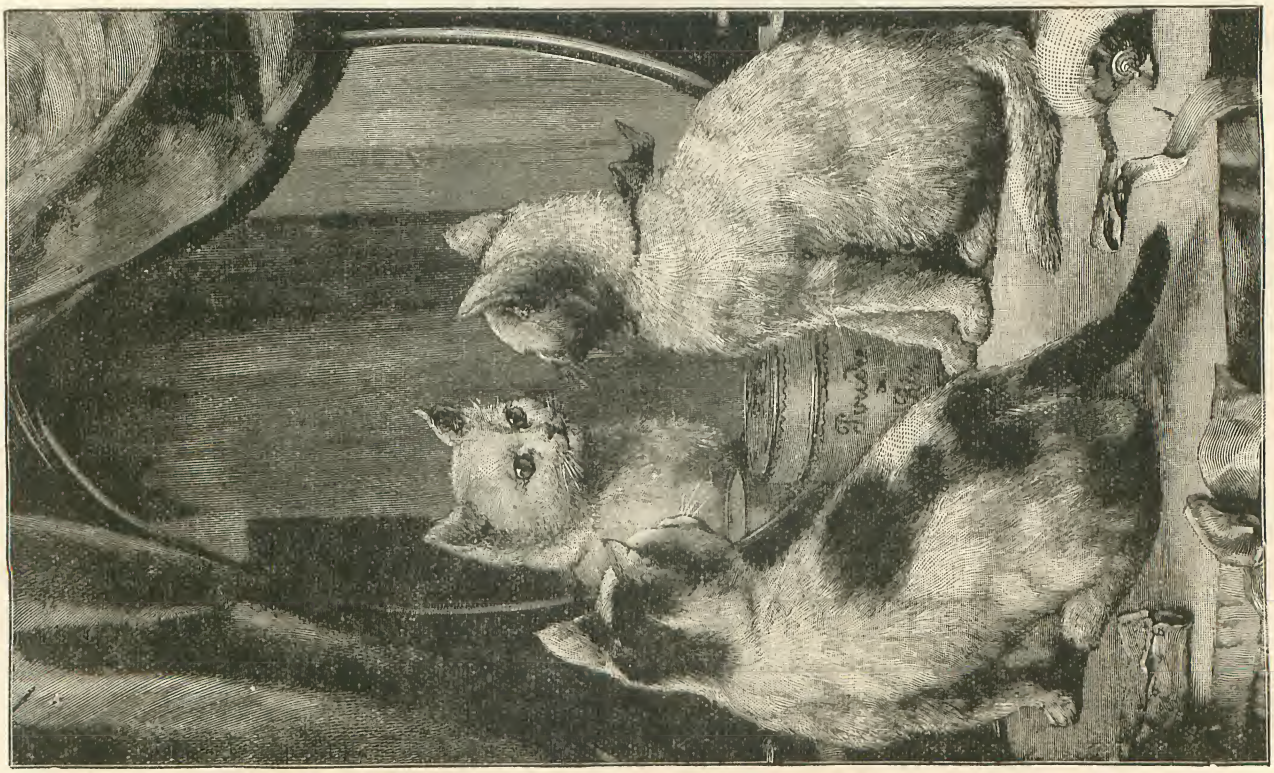
1. When Normans seized on Erin's fertile soil,
And conflict fierce forbade all hope of peace,
They built a town, the Irish force to foil,
And called their warlike settlement "Porte Leix."*
Sad years roll on—the unhappy English Pale
(Of constant mutual violence the scene,
Wherein attempts at concord ever fail),
Excites the pity of an English Queen.
Her bands of colonists there settle down,
Their labours and their skill success rewards;
So old Porte Leix is made a county town,
Whose altered name her memory records.
2. Who was it that first tracked the mighty stream,
That stream of many rivers in the south,
And, spite of great privations, toil extreme,
And constant dangers, reached its deltoid mouth?
3. As twice foretold, a dweller by the sea
Whence flowed the traffic more than from the land;
For in the waters should "abundance be"
And ample "treasure hidden in the sand."
4. A mountain stream, which, as a fruit, you eat,
Although it is not every taste I suit;
Sometimes I'm bitter, sometimes I am sweet,
And relished most when with another fruit.
5. The famous horse of a most valiant knight,
A steed that, low in flesh, in bone was high;
He bore his master well in many a fight,
But brought him home at last in peace to die.
6. By students founded, as a resting-place
When from their Universities they come;
Here every subject study may embrace,
While art and science here may find a home.
Athletics, foreign travel, are pursued,
And rhetoric strives the truth to well discern;
While those with missionary zeal endued
Among the veriest poor their life-work learn.

XIMENA.

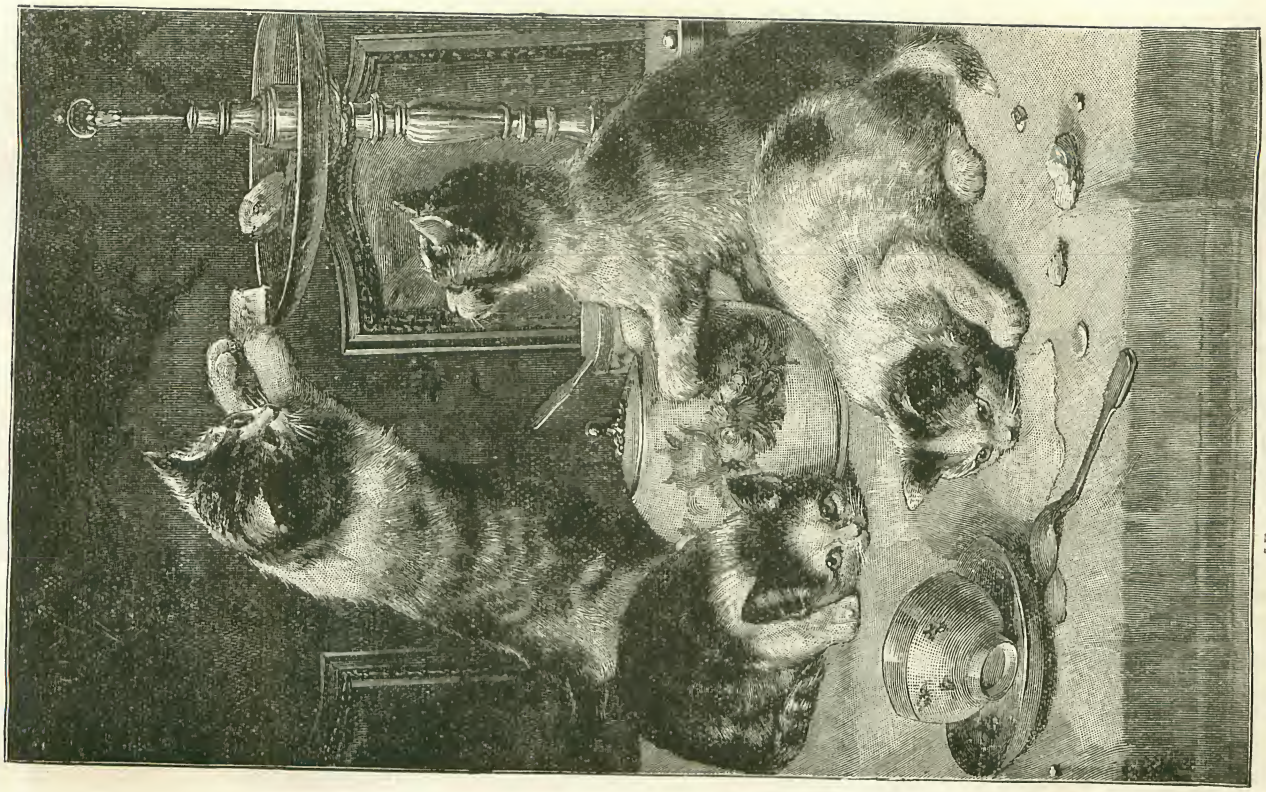
* Pronounced "Porte-Lece."



HEARING.

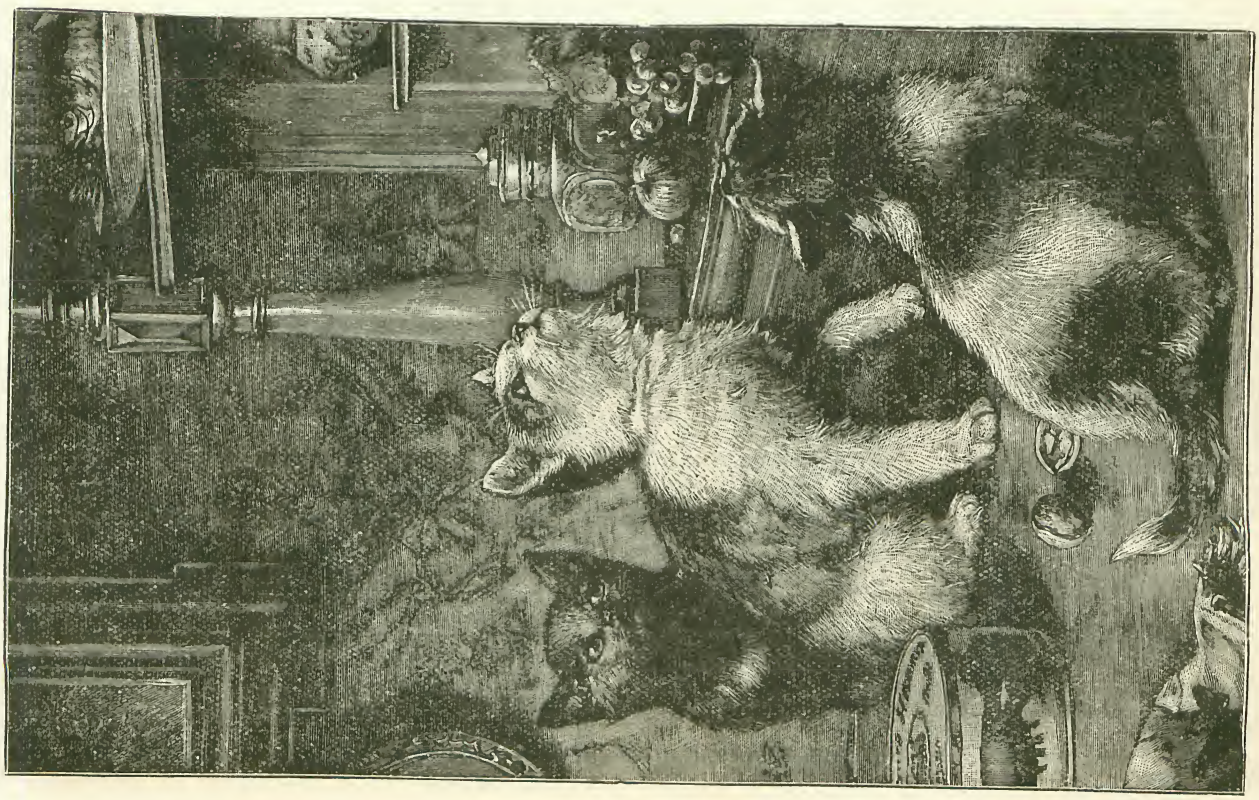


SEEING.



[*From photo. Copyright, 1897, by Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.*

TASTING.



SMELLING

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

HILARY asked her father many questions about the new acquaintance, and took great interest in what he had to tell.

"Clever fellow, clever fellow; one of the most promising of the younger men. I expect great things of him. Yes, lame, poor fellow, a terrible pity! Paralysis of the lower limbs, I hear. He can never be better, though I believe there is no reason why he should get worse. It's a sad handicap to such a young man, and, of course, it gives a melancholy cast to his mind. It was kind of him to entertain you so nicely—very kind indeed."

Hilary gave her head a little tilt of displeasure. Why should it be "kind" of Mr. Rayner to talk to her? Father seemed to think she was a stupid little girl, on whom no grown-up person would care to waste their time; but Mr. Rayner had not seemed at all bored by her conversation, and when some friends had tried to take him away, he had excused himself, and preferred to remain in the quiet corner.

When Tuesday came, and Mr. Rayner arrived, Mr. Bertrand was busy writing, and dispatched his daughter to amuse his guest until he should have finished his letters. "Tell him I won't be more than ten minutes, and he must excuse me, like a good fellow, for I really am obliged to catch this post," he said, and Hilary went into the long drawing-room to find her new friend seated on the couch, with his crutches by his side. He was looking better than when she had seen him last, and had a mischievous smile on his face.

"Good morning, Miss Two Shoes!" he cried, and Hilary gave a little start of surprise and consternation.

"Oh—h—ush! They don't know. I didn't tell them. Miss Carr would never stop talking about it, and father would tease me to death. I only said that I had forgotten to put the slippers on coming home, which was quite true. It was rather awkward, for they belonged to Miss Carr. She insisted on lending them to me at the last moment. The servants would be surprised when they found them behind the curtains the next morning, wouldn't they?"

"They would!" said Mr. Rayner, drily, and there was a peculiar smile upon his face which Hilary could not understand. "So they were not yours, after all. I thought the size seemed rather—excessive! I promise not to betray you if you would rather keep the secret, but if the story gave as much pleasure to your father as it has done to me, it seems rather selfish to keep it from him. I have had the heartiest laughs I have known for months past, thinking of the tragic incident of the scarlet slippers!"

"Please don't!" said Hilary; but she laughed as she spoke, and so far from being offended was quite thankful to hear that she had been the means of giving some amusement to the new friend. "I have been hearing all about you from father," she continued, nodding her head at him cheerily. "He has promised to give me one of your books to read when we get back to Clearwater. Will you please write your name in my autograph book? I brought it downstairs on purpose. There are pens and ink on this little table."

Mr. Rayner smiled, but made no objections. He took a very long time over the signature, however, and when Hilary took up the book, she saw that each leg of the H ended in the shape of a dainty little shoe, so finely done that it would probably escape the notice of anyone who was not critically inclined.

"Too bad," she cried, laughingly, "I am afraid you are going to be as persistent as father in keeping up the joke."

"They are the proper slippers, you observe—not the woollen atrocities," replied Mr. Rayner, and Hilary was still rejoicing in the discovery that he could be mischievous like other people, when the door opened, and her father came rushing into the room.

Luncheon was served immediately afterwards, and when it was over, Mr. Bertrand carried off the young man to have a private talk in the library. They did not make their appearance until the afternoon was well advanced, and when they did, the drawing-room was full of people, for it was Miss Carr's "At home" day, and the presence of Austin Bertrand, the celebrated novelist, brought together even more visitors than usual.

Hilary had not found the entertainment at all amusing. It seemed absurd to her innocent mind that people should come to see Miss Carr, and exchange no further word with her than "How d'you do," and "Good-bye," and though the hum of conversation filled the room most of the visitors were too old and too grand to take any notice of a girl just out of the schoolroom. A few young girls accompanied their mothers, but though they eyed Hilary wistfully, they would not speak without the introduction which Miss Carr was too busy to give. One girl, however, stared more persistently than the rest, and Hilary returned her scrutiny with puzzled curiosity. She was a tall, elegant girl, but there was something in the wavy line of the eyebrows which seemed strangely familiar, and she had a peculiar way of drawing in her lips, which brought back a hundred misty recollections. Where had she seen that face before? Hilary asked herself, staring fixedly at the stranger. The stranger began to smile; a flash of recollection passed across each face, and the next moment they were clasping hands, and exclaiming in mutual recognition—

"Hilary!"

"Madge!"

"The idea of meeting you here! I haven't seen you since we were tiny little dots at school. I thought you lived ever so far away—up in the North of England."

"So we do; but we are here on a visit. Madge! how grown up you are. You are only six months older than I, but you look ever so much more than that. How are you, and what are you doing, and how are all your brothers and sisters? Lettice will be so interested to know I have seen you."

"Dear Lettice, yes! She was a nice girl. So affectionate, wasn't she? I should like to see her again. Perhaps I may, for father has taken a house at Windermere for next summer, and if you are not far away, we could often meet and go excursions together."

"Oh, how lovely! We are three miles from Windermere station, but we have a pony carriage and bicycles, and could drive over to see you. Do sit down, Madge. I don't know anyone here, and it is so dull sitting by myself in a corner."

"I am afraid I can't. I am with mother, you see, and she doesn't like to be left alone. Perhaps I shall see you again before I go!" and Madge Newcome nodded, and strolled off in a careless, indifferent manner which brought the blood to Hilary's face. Mrs. Newcome was talking to a group of friends and looked very well satisfied, so much so that Hilary suspected that the daughter's anxiety had been more for herself than her mother, and that Miss Madge did not appreciate the attractions of sitting in a quiet corner.

"It's very unkind, when I told her I knew nobody; but she was a selfish girl at school. She doesn't want to stay with me, that's the truth. I wish this horrid afternoon would come to an end!" she told herself dolefully, and it was with unconcealed delight that at last she heard the sound of Mr. Rayner's crutches, and welcomed that gentleman to a seat by her side. He looked brighter than she had ever seen him, and had evidently been enjoying himself up-stairs.

"Well," he said cheerily, "here you are in the midst of the merry throng! Have you had a pleasant time? Not? Why, how's that? I thought you enjoyed seeing a crowd of people."

"I thought I did, but I find I don't like it so much as I expected," said

Hilary, dejectedly. "When people are talking and laughing all round, and I am left to keep myself company in a corner, it isn't at all amusing, and I feel lonely. I suppose there are a great many celebrated people here, but I don't know one from the other, so I am no wiser."

"Never mind, I know them all. We will sit here quietly, and when anyone interesting comes along, I will let you know. Your father has been so kind to me, and has encouraged me, until I feel as strong as a giant, and greedy for work. He has asked me to come down to the Lakes to visit you some time in spring, so I may see you again before long. Now then! one of those ladies over there on the sofa is the Duchess of M———. Guess which of the three she is!"

"Oh, I know; the pretty one of course, with the blue dress, and the bonnet with the cream lace."

"Wrong! Guess again."

"The dark one with the beaded cape!"

"Wrong again! It is the grey-haired lady in the corner."

Hilary gasped, and stared aghast at the stout, shabby lady, who looked everything that was motherly and pleasant, but as different as possible from her ideas of what a duchess ought to be. Then Mr. Rayner went on to point out a poet, a painter of celebrated pictures, and half-a-dozen men and women whose names the girl had known from her youth, but who all seemed terribly disappointing in reality. She expressed her opinions in a candid manner, which seemed vastly to amuse her hearer, and they were so merry together that Hilary saw many envious glances directed towards their corner, and realised that other people were envying her in their turn. Madge Newcome came up to say good-bye, before leaving, and elevated her eyebrows in meaning manner towards Mr. Rayner.

"You seem to be having a pleasant time. I think Mr. Rayner has such an interesting face, but people say he is so stiff and reserved that it is impossible to know him."

"He is not reserved to me!" said Hilary, consequentially. She had not forgiven Madge Newcome for her desertion an hour earlier, and shook hands with an air of dignified reserve.

(*To be continued.*)

PUTTING A STOP TO IT.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."



I REMEMBER very well how it used to be said to a young writer: "Oh, never mind about the stops, the printers will put them in."

It would have been almost as sound advice to say to the young compounder of medicines, "Oh, never mind about the preparations, the errand-boy will fill them in."

Stops are the hairpins of literature. They do not make a mode, but they fix it. The fashionable head of a beauty comes to naught when the little clips give way. And it is the same with the three heads of an argument.

The relation of punctuation to style would be a delightful subject for an essay. I wonder that the matter escaped Dr. Holmes. He could have handled it exquisitely. Only the autocrat would have had to learn a little before he lectured. Habitually he favoured, or sanctioned, that monster of double-dealing, the comma-and-dash.

With very few exceptions great stylists have been great stoppists. Bacon, Addison, Goldsmith, Landor, Thackeray, Stevenson—to name a few native masters—were all discerning and punctilious punctuators. The stops over the pages of the average novel might have been tossed by a mad bull.

Dickens—who fought his way from the style of a bank-holiday to the style of a reception—remained to the last, in the matter of punctuation, the veriest empiric. Scrupulous, almost fussy he certainly was, in this as in graver matters of style. But he had no better guides than personal fad and unscientific theory; blind men both, whom he walked into many a ditch. Often when a passage of Dickens has a slovenly look, the punctuation and not the construction is really at fault. Sometimes one breaks one's shins over a period as ill-placed as a tray on the stairs. Again, when a comma is urgently needed, it is as hard to find as an honest man or a policeman.

That lack of precision in Dickens' practice was due to the defects of education. He had a thorough appreciation of the importance of typographical *minutiæ*. In the very jots and tittles his page is richly personal. Next to Charles Lamb, he, I think, of all authors got most of mannerism out of the compositor's stick. Often he created a queer effect by some bit of perverse originality of couplet, parenthesis, dash, capital, or paragraph indentation. We all remember how he distinguished between people (with a little p) and the People (with a large P), professing a capital creed in a capital letter.

But while the scent and savour of an individuality linger about the typography of Dickens' page, the smack of literature is often absent from it. His punctuation (don't laugh if I take the matter seriously) is disappointing, unequal, irritating. Scanning it, one draws such a sigh as might have come from the breast of Fagin, when he viewed a youth with the fingers of a pianist, bungling at a pocket. Saddest of all words, as Whittier remarks, are "It might have been."

To the poet, of course—who depends almost as much upon the dressing of his page as the ladies' mercer upon the dressing of his window—punctuation is well-nigh a matter of life and death.

One of my humiliating memories is of a quatrain of Rossetti's which, after his death, Miss Christina Rossetti permitted me to quote, and wherein she discovered (in the proof only, not in the actual reprint) four departures from the author's exact and delicate disposition of the stops. Rossetti bestowed enormous care upon his punctuation. And one feels it as one reads. The hand of the literary artist is on the whole page.

And one of my proud memories is of a comma, anxiously debated between Mr. Frederick Locker and myself, whereof the London lyricist finally wrote to me, "I leave it in your hands." If that comma had been the secret heir to a kingdom, I scarcely could have felt more honoured or more burdened by the trust.

Personally (though I make no pretension to be more than a conscientious journeyman in punctuation) I am capable of reading an essay for the sake of its stops.

There are books that I long to taste, and never can, for sheer joy of their handling. There are rivulets of text that will never refresh my spirit because I cannot forego the rich pasturage of their meadows of margin. Some beautiful women affect one in the same way. One never finds out what is in them, being rooted fast to gaze at a distance.

The last page of some story contains nothing but three or four asterisks. Not a word of text, not even a *finis*. That page very nearly made me cry.

Certes, there is excellent virtue in fine and sensitive punctuation. In the hands of a master of all its subtleties—one who can fitly handle the wise and weighty colon, with its noble balance and judgment, seldom making appearance and never save for a great and worthy cause; the semi-colon full of tact and *savoir faire* as it moves between the great stops and the small, and oils the creaking wheels of society; the kindly and familiar parenthesis, with its little airs of quaintness as of one not quite of this jostling and train-catching generation, taking one by the button with a leisurely thumb and finger, or whispering confidentially behind its hand; the dotted line, infinite in suggestion, now reserved, and now mysterious, and now nodding innuendo. In the hands of a master of punctuation, the printed page shall take to itself the inflections of an eloquent voice, the play of mobile features. Think of Charles Lamb! Why, you can hear his delightful stutter as he talks. Not that he had not serious faults of punctuation; but, somehow, one loves him for them. It was the same with all his faults. One cannot help wishing he had had a few more.

No one, I think, ever equalled Lamb in that power of making a sentence die away with an infinite interrogation, an eternal suggestion. His dashes helped him there; but dashes were his weakness as well as his strength. His italics were quite inexcusable. That is, of course, in any one else. Beware of italics! They are a pasture of halfpenny novelists, a joy of wild asses.

I always take these disfigurements of the comely page as an almost conscious admission to write with grace or with precision. Italics are a brutal attempt to effect by mere beef and brawn that which should be achieved by delicacy of touch. Every word underlined is a rough order to the reader that he shall accept the wrong expression for the right.

No. Italics may stamp and bluster in tradesmen's puffs. Sequence, collocation and verbal nicety bow them out of polite letters.

Almost as bad as those—scores against literary credit run up by the reckless scribe—are those marks which a child in his wisdom is wont to call con- (or per-) verted commas. I have known people—mercy suffered them to live and go at large—who were capable of perverting the name of their house, their dog, their very child. "'Tommy' is still at 'The Hollies.' He has 'Sambo' for company." Personally I am opposed to capital punishment; but when depravity goes as far and as deep as that—don't you think?—surely it would be kinder to the creatures themselves.

Then there is—so named, I think, of Dean Alford—the shriek, or mark of exclamation. That useful member of the company of Mr. Vincent Crummles, worthy and nasty Mrs. Grudden, was a large employer of its cheap labour. She had "quite a genius for making out bills, and was a great hand at throwing in the notes of admiration." And those notes do lend a pleasingly gary finish to such a title as—

THE MANIAC'S REVENGE!

Or, THE SPOTTED BOLSTER OF DEAD MAN'S DYKE!!!

I don't think, even there, I care about more than three. In other literature they are the wampum and the feathers of the Mohawk. Only as *flambeaux* to the interjection or to veritable exclamation are they tolerable at all. I think they make even a sensitive Oh! a little uncomfortable.

Not very long ago, a writer on writing seriously advised the literary aspirant—the unfortunate, misguided literary aspirant—that he might cut away his colons and semi-colons and sail the ship with commas, full stops and —dashes.

Meeseerable wratch! Only Carlyle can express him. He might as well have advised the disuse of adverbs and conjunctions.

I think it may be laid down as a general rule—limited, no doubt, by many and notable exceptions—that the better a man has written the more he has foregathered with the colon, dear and desired, and with his gentle half-brother. And, as a man would avoid shipwreck, let him steer clear of the dash. It is the rock on which thousands of likely craft have struck and have been dashed to pieces.

To any young scribe, anxious to master the delicacies of punctuation and of typographical detail, I would give one bit of advice—very brief and yet leaving little unsaid.

Consider the methods of Miss Marie Corelli. Give your days and nights to them. Make up your mind to understand the why and wherefore of every little eccentricity; and when you do—don't. Mind, I am speaking of the merest externals. Miss Corelli is a woman of genius. But her dashes and her italics and her shrieks and her desperately-inverted commas! "The Sorrows of ——" Yes, that does describe what they induce.

Perhaps the most humorous misconception of the use of typographical arrangement relates to the printing of verse. The indentation of the lines, of course, should follow the metrical structure, and, in the case of a very elaborate rhyme system, accurate arrangement often demands a thorough grasp of the mechanism of metre.

Some of our artists, in making dispositions of poems within ornamental borders, set the lines (no matter what their relation) one out, t'other in, in regular alternation. They think they look nicer that way.

Poor, poor poets!

Some day, perhaps, there will arise an epigrammatist or an emblemist who will mortify and abolish the *corpus vile* of verbal text, running our follies through or teaching us heavenward thoughts with the pure spirituality of stops. His book will inaugurate the new poetry—the poetry of the period. I shall begin to inquire for it at Mudie's as soon as ever that flying-machine is issued in a cheap and handy edition.

Meanwhile, if we are to employ the common organ of speech, let us learn to manage the stops.

LAURELLA'S LOVE STORY.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



CHAPTER II.

HISTORY repeats itself, but a picnic seldom does. It certainly failed to do so in this instance, though the fine weather remained unbroken. In the interim Sir Cosmo Cameron accompanied his son to pay his respects, as he termed it, to his future daughter-in-law, whom he greatly admired, and was wont to pet with a certain stately old-fashioned gallantry. Charlie, who remained to dinner, teased Laurella by pretending to be jealous of what she called the "decided flirtation" which she carried on with Sir Cosmo whenever they chanced to meet.

"I mean to cut the shooting for an hour or two to-morrow afternoon, sweetheart," he whispered as they bade each other a lingering good-night in the porch, "we'll steal away for a walk together, you and I," and Laurella nodded a glad assent.

Sir Cosmo's enthusiasm for his son's betrothed led him to order a plentiful supply of champagne to be conveyed to the hut on the morning of this second gathering, in order, as he said, that they might drink her health with due honour, and Mrs. Garth and Christie noticed, if Laurella did not, that Charlie filled his glass much more frequently than the other men, who one and all drank very sparingly of the sparkling beverage; by degrees he became rather noisy—joking and laughing loudly, and several times addressing Laurella with a lack of reserve and respect, which excited her wonder, and brought the pained colour to her cheek, but, innocent child that she was, she had no conception of the cause of his changed manner.

"If you two mean to have your walk you had better be starting," observed Mrs. Garth, wishing to break up the party, and Charlie sprang up boisterously.

"Of course—of course—I was forgetting; are you ready, little girl?" he exclaimed; "well, then, I will be with you in one moment."

He disappeared into the hut, and Mrs. Garth's heart sunk as she saw him pour a quantity of whisky from a bottle which stood on a shelf, into a tumbler, and drink it off. He then joined Laurella, slipping his arm into hers in a free and easy manner, which she evidently resented, and the two were quickly out of sight round a curve of the road. When the men were ready to resume sport, Guy Garth strode up to his mother and said in a low tone, "Mother, I advise you to keep an eye on Miss Lonsdale. Could you not stroll in the direction they have taken? I do not imagine Cameron will get very far."

Mrs. Garth nodded, her son's disturbed countenance confirmed her own fears, and whilst the girls were occupied with their self-imposed labours, she took up a book and walked slowly along the road.

Guy was right, the pair had not proceeded very far, for Mrs. Garth presently caught sight of them seated in the shadow of a boulder; they did not see her, and she settled herself in a nook, out of earshot, but from whence she could not fail to see them should they move from their retreat. All was quiet for a long time, and rendered drowsy by the monotonous hum of the bee. Mrs. Garth was struggling with an inclination to close her eyes, when she was roused by seeing Laurella standing alone at a little distance, shading her eyes with her hand, apparently in search of someone.

"Laurella," she called softly as she rose and approached the girl.

"Oh, Mrs. Garth, I am so glad to meet you," exclaimed Laurella in a troubled tone. "I think Mr. Cameron is not quite well, he spoke rather strangely, and complained of giddiness. I persuaded him to sit down, and he fell asleep whilst I was talking to him. I feared it was time to return but I cannot get him to wake."

"I suppose he is tired after his long tramp in the sun," returned Mrs. Garth, "do not distress yourself, dear—no—I think we will not go and disturb him. It will be nothing of any consequence; the others will look after him. Trust me, I will tell Guy," she continued, answering the girl's doubtful look. "Ah, here is Guy. Guy dear, Mr. Cameron has fallen asleep under that boulder; this silly child is not accustomed to the ways of sportsmen and fancies he is ill. You will look after him."

"Oh, yes, mother! Have no fears, Miss Lonsdale. I assure you Cameron will be all right, the lazy fellow, but this hot sun is enough to make one drowsy, I for one begin to feel I have had about enough of it, and am inclined to take a nap myself." Guy spoke cheerily, but exchanged a glance of meaning with his mother, who rightly surmised that uneasiness on their young guest's account had brought her son back. He lost no time in getting the carriage ready and starting the ladies home in spite of Sybil's remonstrance that it was too early, and they had not yet made tea.

The drive home was a silent one, Laurella could not conceal her anxiety, and the girls guessed what had happened. Mrs. Garth glanced at her compassionately, but said nothing until they reached home when she slowly followed the girl to her room.

"I have come for a little talk, Laurel dear. You must let me speak to you as your mother would if you had one—as I would to my own girls. Nay, do not be alarmed," for Laurella

turned startled eyes upon her. "Mr. Cameron is not ill, but still it is of him I wish to speak." Then as gently as she could, the kind woman made the girl understand what had caused her lover's strange behaviour. Laurella's look of incredulous horror went to her heart.

"It is not as if it were the first time, or the second," she went on in broken sentences. "One could hope then—there might be excuses—but we, living so near, have seen and heard—everyone is talking. Such a terrible habit grows so fast, and is so fatal, I felt it was my duty to tell you, my dear; and your father must be told, he will know what it is right to do."

Mrs. Garth was weeping frankly now, but Laurella shed no tear, she sat gazing with unseeing eyes through the window in front of her, every trace of colour having faded from her face.

"You are quite sure of what you have told me, Mrs. Garth?"

"Sure! oh, my dear child, what doubt can there be, such a failing cannot be hidden. Everyone knows, that is, everyone in these parts, except Sir Cosmo himself, and there's no man in all the country side would dare to tell him."

"Then, dear Mrs. Garth, will you leave me now, I want to be alone."

Clasping the girl in a motherly embrace Mrs. Garth returned to her daughters, and by-and-by a letter was brought to her by a maid, with a request that it might be dispatched to Fellfoot as soon as possible; Miss Lonsdale at the same time begged to say, with her love, that she was now retiring to rest, and did not wish to be disturbed that night. Even Christie, stealing to her friend's door on her way to her own room, and meeting with no response to her timid knock, had to turn sorrowfully away.

Laurella meanwhile was face to face with her bitter sorrow, and like a brave soldier's daughter as she was, fighting and winning the first dread battle between right and wrong which raged in her own heart. "The alarm, the battle, and relief" followed each other so quickly in her case, that weary indeed was the young victor, when, her resolution at length firmly fixed, she sunk into dreamless slumber.

A painful interview ensued between the lovers next morning. Laurella gently and firmly made it clear to Charlie that the engagement between them was at an end. In vain he pleaded, promised, and remonstrated, for he was indeed deeply attached to her, and felt that in losing Laurel he was losing his life's happiness. But the girl was inflexible. "I cannot—must not marry you, Charlie," she repeated mournfully. "How could I stand at God's altar and promise to honour and obey one who—oh, Charlie—Charlie—we must either fight for God or against Him! How could I live my life for Him at your side! I looked to you to help me as a man should when we were together, but now it can never, never be."

Charlie dropped his face in his hands with a groan that was almost a sob, and fearing that her courage and resolution would fail her, at thus witnessing his agony of sorrow and shame, Laurella, lightly laying her trembling hand for a moment on his bowed head, fled from the room.

(*To be continued.*)

AFTERNOON TEA-CAKES AND SANDWICHES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



EN years ago one would probably have enumerated muffins and crumpets, and given them the first place amongst tea-cakes, whether for what is called "high teas," or the lighter meal of a late introduction, which has risen into such world-wide fame, that the French have adopted it as a new word, and call it "five o'clocker." Here it is brought up as a matter of course every day, and is one of the usual afternoon entertainments, cheap, and at times rather dull. In Canada and America, it does not seem to have been so universally adopted, probably because high teas are the rule, and will never, I fancy, be ousted, the late dinner being nearly an impossibility in that region of few servants and surpassing difficulty in getting them. In the large cities and towns it is rather different; but even in these the afternoon tea seems still an entertainment for visitors, not a rule of the house. In New York I was introduced to the afternoon tea-table minus a teapot, and graced only with a handsome tea-kettle and spirit lamp, which was very boiling indeed. Instead of the teapot, a tea-infuser was used. This, as many of my readers may know, is an article in metal, of about the size of a very small egg, perforated with small holes, and having a chain and ring attached for holding it. It is filled with tea, and then dropped into a cup, which is then filled with boiling water, and you keep it in till your tea be as strong as you require it. Then it is passed on to another cup, and so on, till it be thought to be exhausted, and it is then replenished. But if the cups should be small ones, the amount of tea put in at first will usually go round, and be enough for half a dozen cups. Of course there is a great advantage in this modern method of tea-making, for you have what the medical men recommend, *i.e.*, five-minute tea, and, consequently, you are quite safe from all injurious consequences. I prefer, however, the old-fashioned style; but for anyone who wants a cup of tea early or late, in a hurry, the tea-infuser is extremely helpful, and as such I have used it many times. In illness it is extremely useful; for the kettle is nearly always at hand in the invalid's room, when cold enough to require a fire, and no equipage is required.

I have begun by saying that muffins and crumpets would have formed part of the feast, but, strange to say, both these ancient and excellent articles of luxury seem to have gone out of fashion for the afternoon tea-table. I cannot, in fact, recall having seen them for the last few years. Their place has been taken by a score of things. By sandwiches, for instance, a concession to the many who nowadays do not eat sweets of any kind. An immense amount of small fancy cakes, and biscuits, made of almond paste, cream, chocolate, and sugar; and last, but not least, thin bread and butter, brown or white, which puts in an appearance on all occasions.

Hot buttered toast, in many houses buttered scones, or some form of tea-cake, such as Sally Lunn, is always seen; and it is generally the master of the house who wants such unwholesome things, or the boys at home from school. Sally Lunn, of Bath notoriety, never seems to lose her influence over her votaries; but her rivals, the muffins and crumpets, are no longer seen at fashionable teas. Two things have sent them out of date, I think. No one wants to soil their gloves, nor to take them off; and I don't think either of them are so nice as they once were; I know in the North of England they are twice as good as they are in the south, and much bigger. Many people would probably tell you also that the modern digestion is not the same as that of the last century, nor even when our sailor King was reigning.

In Scotland, or in a Scotch-English domicile, you will find, oh, such cakes; and if you never heard of "the land o' cakes" before, you will be a devout believer in its beauties to the end of your days. The Scotch scone is, of all cakes, when well made, and made at home, the best of all; even cold it preserves its supremacy. Next to them come potato-cakes, and that wonderful thing known in Yorkshire as fat rascals. The following is a Scotch recipe, tested and tried, *i.e.*, One pound of flour, two ounces of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder. Mix all together with a cup of cold milk, having first rubbed the baking powder into the flour, and make into tiny cakes, the size of a penny; bake in a very quick oven and split, then butter and serve very hot. This is a small tea-cake that can be made and served in a few minutes, and there need be no difficulty in having them for afternoon tea at any time.

What is known in our English cookery-books as Benton tea-cake, is as follows. One pound of flour, four ounces of butter, and enough milk to make a paste; roll out very thin, and bake either on a hot hearth-stone or on an oven plate. Now this, which is a very old recipe, is evidently a kind of mother of all quickly-made tea-cakes, and is called granny cake in some parts of Canada and in Ireland; but the invention of baking powder has improved it. The Canadian recipe is very good, and has lost the butter. One teacup of milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Mix, roll into one flat round cake, and cook in a clean frying-pan. When done on one side turn the other up, cut into quarters, and serve very hot. This cake requires much butter.

The following has been sent me as the correct recipe for "fat rascals," but I cannot say if quite correct. Take two pounds of flour, mix in four ounces of butter and a pint of milk, three spoonfuls of yeast, and two eggs. Beat all well together and let it rise; then knead it and make into cakes; let them rise on tins before baking, which do in a slow oven. Split while hot and butter. This is done very profusely in Yorkshire.

A simple Scotch scone is taken from a good source, and is as follows. One pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, and the same of tartaric acid and a little salt. Mix with milk, roll out to the thickness of half an inch, cut into large rounds, and score with a knife into quarters, so that they can be broken easily when done. They require a hot oven, and to be baked for about twenty minutes. Nearly every cookery-book contains a recipe for scones, and when once made, you will quite understand how to manage so as to have good ones in future.

Now I suppose no notice of possible tea-cakes would be complete without a recipe for the famous American shortcake. This is another quickly-made cake, and is quite

possible for afternoon teas. One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder. Mix well, roll out, cut into small round cakes and bake quickly. Split and butter, and serve very hot. Of course, these quantities need not be used, but the above is an American recipe, and I have not changed it in any way. It would be a simple matter to take half only.

Whigs are a kind of bun, but the modern dictionary gives the name as applied to them as obsolete. For all that there are people in country places in the north who still call them "whigs." They are made as follows: Take half a pint of warm milk to three quarters of a pound of fine flour, and mix into it two or three spoonfuls of yeast. Cover it up and set before the fire to rise for an hour; then work into the paste four ounces of butter and the same of sugar, knead it into flat whigs, *i.e.*, cakes, with as little flour as possible, and bake in a quick oven. Split and butter while quite hot. They are also good cold, and instead of the yeast two teaspoonfuls of baking powder may be used.

I do not advise anyone to attempt hot tea-cakes for a large party; they are only suitable for a home party, or when a few very favoured visitors are expected who are likely to be coming out of the winter's cold to feel the hot cakes a treat. Sunday is a favourite day to have them; especially in houses where a late supper is the order of the day, in order to arrange for the evening church-going; then, indeed, the hot tea-cake is a treat and a special luxury.

Now, so far as the fashionable afternoon tea is concerned, it must be considered a very light and airy meal. The usual cakes are those purchased at some confectioner's, who, for the moment, manufactures the fashionable cake. Some three or four years ago there was a perfect rage for the angel cake, a frothy and slight concoction of extreme sweetness. Just now the cakes most in vogue are those made from almond paste, as I have said, the general price of these is from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per pound at a first-class confectioner's. Then there are bon-bons of all kinds served at dessert in tiny silver dishes: good chocolates seeming the most popular. Other cakes, such as cherry cake with almond icing; Dundee and pound cakes are liked, the latter being rather a revival from ancient days, and too often, alas, a failure because the maker has not been sufficiently generous to purchase the very best of butter. But when good, nothing in the way of a cake can surpass it. I am always so sorry for myself when some one has been married, and I am obliged to eat wedding-cake at an afternoon tea. If there is a horrid and disgusting mixture, it is a modern wedding-cake.

The question of sandwiches is an all-engrossing one, I notice, at some afternoon teas, where they are made much of in the *menu* of the feast. But for all that, the first craze for them has worn off in a great degree, and they require to be very nice indeed, or especially appetising to make anyone take them, and the differences of opinion about sandwiches is remarkable. One person will consider those made of cucumber delicious, while a second will be equally determined to think them disgusting. They are often spoilt by being made of undressed cucumbers, which is a great mistake, as they should be always dressed with pepper, salt, vinegar and oil, or else with a salad dressing, before being introduced to the bread and butter they are intended to re-organise. Lately I have tasted some cucumber sandwiches with hard-boiled egg in them, which I think is a great mistake; but the greatest blunder of all is to chop the cucumber up finely and then use it for sandwiches. Of all our fruits and vegetables this is the one most intolerant of the touch of a knife, and nothing can exceed its quickness in "taking a taste." I am certain that chopped-up messes are never successful in sandwiches. Anything, however, that can be pounded and made into paste is both suitable and palatable.

Curry, chutnee, and Parmesan, or any other rather delicate cheese sandwiches, including those delicious American ones made of toasted cheese, are all, or any of them suitable for winter; but even while I am writing of them, I must beg of you to be dainty and delicate in the use of all these ingredients, which are a little overpowering. There are several forms of curry sandwiches, curried-egg-paste, curried fish, or a fine paste made of chicken and curry, even curry powder rubbed into a little butter is said to make a good sandwich. The eggs are hard-boiled, and then rubbed smooth with curry and butter, just as you would proceed to make Indian eggs; and they would be regularly curried and then placed on the bread and butter in the nicest flakes you could make.

Chutnee is also used with hard-boiled eggs and cold meat; or the Lahore chutnee may be used alone, but must be minced, as the pieces are large of which it is composed. For those who do not mind hot things, a hotter chutnee may be liked, and a good Madras would be enjoyed. I have tasted pickle sandwiches made both of Indian pickle, and piccalilly; and though I did not care for them myself, many people would.

Anchovies were, and are a very favourite thing for sandwiches, and so are sardines and lobsters. The former are generally used with watercress, and are well boned, and soaked in milk and water before using them; they are also pounded with hard-boiled egg, and sometimes I have used a good anchovy paste, which I have thought better flavoured than the anchovies, either whole or pounded. Lobster must be pounded in a marble mortar, with a little butter, red pepper, and salt; and I have had some very good fresh shrimp sandwiches, though I should think they would be quite as good made from some shrimp paste. The same may be said of those made of game, for delicious fresh potted game can be had, and so can potted meat, chicken and tongue, as well as cheese; and these, if made at home by a good cook, would be sure to be appetising.

I am always afraid in writing of sardine sandwiches, or indeed of sardines in any way, to go through the ordeal of cooking, lest sufficient care should not be taken in wiping them, and making them quite free from oil. Lately they have not been so good, and this is in consequence of the oil used, which, I feel quite sure, is not olive, but cottonseed oil, which, in consequence of its greater cheapness, is sold everywhere as "salad oil." I am told that in asking for oil in the shops, you should always be very distinct in asking for "olive," not "salad oil." Olive oil can always be purchased at a chemist's; and I remember that some years ago, an old Italian friend of mine would either purchase it at the chemist's by the gallon, or go to a real Italian warehouse, as he was sure to get it fresh, and quite recently made. Sardines must be wiped, boned, and laid in lemon juice, and a very little water, for an hour before using. Then drain and place them in the bread and butter. They may be served with lemon-juice and cayenne, with a mayonnaise sauce, or with a tomato sauce very much seasoned, made hot and poured over them. When cold, make the sandwiches. Parmesan cheese had better be purchased in powder, sold in bottles, as it gives far less trouble. It can then be mixed in any proportion that may be liked, with hard-boiled eggs, and pounded into a paste.

The sandwiches which I have the most enjoyed in the winter myself, have been of *pâte de foie gras*, or *caviar*; but it must be remembered that these two ingredients are not universally popular, also that *caviar* must never be touched by a steel knife, but spread with a silver one; and a little lemon and cayenne pepper added. The *pâte de foie gras* is bought in tins or jars, and can be used as it is, being excellent at all times with bread and butter.

A new sandwich to me was one made of very thinly-sliced sausages. They were purchased at a real German shop in London where the Deutscher *delicatessen* are sold; and the sausage in question had been boiled, after buying, and had been served hot at table, and much enjoyed. I daresay that every one who has been in Germany has tasted it in this manner. Those who dislike the flavour of onion, garlic, or herbs, must be careful in buying German sausages.

The old proverb, "There is nothing new under the sun," is constantly brought to one's mind in daily life. The other day, looking over a cookery book of the latter part of the last century, I suddenly came upon a page devoted to sandwiches, and in it I found one or two quite novel ones. Beetroot sandwiches, for instance, are made as follows:—Take some slices of boiled beetroot; put vinegar over them and let them stand; drain them carefully free from vinegar, and put them in between bread and butter for sandwiches, adding a little made mustard to each. Slices of beetroot fried in butter are also said to make good sandwiches with mustard. The recipe for egg sandwiches is much as they are made now; but there are instructions how to make sandwiches of fried eggs, which seem likely to be nice. Beat up four eggs, season with pepper and salt, fry them in butter as for a pancake; and when cold cut in small slices and put between bread and butter. This is what is now called scrambled eggs without the usual stirring up they receive. Omelet sandwiches are made with four eggs well beaten, two tablespoons of water, adding a few bread-crumbs; season with pepper and salt, fry in small fritters of the size of a half-crown; and when these are cold, use them for sandwiches between bread and butter with mustard.

The best of these old recipes is, however, that for making them with good Cheshire cheese; but in these days of decadence, we shall probably find it difficult to discover a real Cheshire cheese, and may have to use the nearest substitute. Take two-thirds of grated Cheshire cheese, one-third of butter, a little good cream, and a small proportion of made mustard. Pound all together in a mortar till smooth and without lumps. Add a little cayenne pepper or any relish you may please, then spread over bread and butter—not too thickly—and press very well together to form sandwiches.

The origin of these omelet and egg-sandwiches is probably French; for cold omelet is constantly used in France, and it is very enjoyable indeed for salads, and eaten with meat. Fried with butter, it is also excellent. I hope it is needless to remark that the eggs should be as fresh as possible. I never write anything about eggs, but the story of a friend of mine is recalled to my mind, *i.e.*: Walking down a street in London the labels on the eggs attracted him. They began at New Laid, then Fresh; Cooking eggs; and finally, "Eggs!" only what these were he could not imagine.

Tomato has been used lately for sandwiches with or without the addition of Parmesan cheese dressing, mayonnaise or anchovy sauce; or the true American breakfast dressing of vinegar and sugar. I prefer that they should be left quite plain myself, with a little pepper and salt, and cut in the thinnest of slices; they are quite good enough to my taste.

All kinds of fruit sandwiches are very good, though but little used on this side of the water. Bananas, pineapple, and peaches are all excellent in sandwiches; so are strawberries cut into slices with sugar and liqueur. Almond icing and lemon cheesecake are also very good for sandwiches; the latter especially, which can be made at home without much difficulty and kept in the house for use whenever wanted. The following is an old recipe for making it: To half-a-pound of butter put one pound and three quarters of castor sugar, the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of six; the grated rind of four lemons and the juice of six. Simmer all together in a clean enamelled saucepan over a slow fire, stirring till it becomes as thick as cream; then store away in well-covered pots till wanted.

With these instructions for sweet sandwiches I shall leave this part of my subject, only delaying to implore my readers to be very careful to select the best of bread, and the better than best of butter. The latter is an ingredient not to be trifled with where sandwiches are concerned: and the former should also be thought of in time in order to secure a second day's tin loaf of the proper shape for sandwiches.

Brown bread should also be of the same age, and should not be of the crumbly sort. Mustard-and-cress, water-cress, and sardines, will all make nice brown-bread sandwiches; but cucumber will not answer, though most sweet things will be good. One of the most attractive of the brown-bread sandwiches is made with good fresh Devonshire cream. Of course, only the thickest part is used, and they must be made and served at once. I have often wondered whether that sour cream, which is served in France with fruit, would not be nice. Of course it would have to be slightly sugared before using it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

NANCY.—The treatment of obesity is mainly a question of diet. Farinaceous foods should be taken in great moderation by those who are inclined to stoutness. Alcohol in all forms should be avoided. Exercise is of great importance, but it should not be carried too far. For stout persons it is very advantageous to get accustomed to take both their meals and their exercise regularly. If walking produces great perspiration, as it usually does in very stout people, it should not be abandoned altogether, but reduced, and then steadily and gradually increased. Walking is by far the best form of exercise.

E. C. W.—1. White precipitate ointment, though exceedingly valuable in certain diseases of the scalp, is by no means suitable for all abnormal conditions of the hair. The dry and brittle condition of your hair is in all probability due to "seborrhoea." Perhaps washing your head every week with a weak solution of borax would help you. The condition of your eyebrows is the same as that of your head. Cutting the hair of the eyebrows or even pulling them out by the roots does not prevent their return. The heat of a fire may possibly make the hair thin. The ordinary muslin or lace cap does not injure the hair.—2. The question you ask, "How can I teach myself to remember what I have heard and read," by no means lends itself to direct answer. Memory is in part a gift, but it is probably infinitely more dependent upon education than is usually supposed. At your age it is a difficult thing to learn to remember, but by far the best way to set about it is to learn by heart one verse of poetry every day and to read one page (or chapter if you have time) of some standard author, and then to write an account of the chief features in the matter you have read, and then compare it with the original.

DICK.—You ask us the best method for "thinning your blood." Drinking water is decidedly the best way, as every drop of water you drink gets into the blood and so dilutes it. But why do you want to thin your blood if you are not thirsty? You think that "thickness of the blood" is the cause of all your evil—of what evil you do not tell us, if you did we might help you. We will, however, tell you this, that whatever the evils are from which you suffer they are not due to "thickness of the blood." There is no such disease as this.

L. A. B.—You suffer from a "red nose." How much tea do you drink? We will not say that tea is the only cause of red noses, but from what you tell us it appears most probable in your case. Avoid tea altogether and attend to your digestion. Do not take any drugs.

LILY.—Tender feet are almost always due to ill-fitting boots. Your boots are probably either too large, too small, or too new. If your feet are sore at present bathing them in cold water, to which a little boracic acid has been added, and then rubbing them gently with a bath towel will help to cure them.

BETA.—1. Carbolic tooth powder is one of the best of all preparations for the teeth. It is absolutely harmless. We have heard that chalk injures the enamel of the teeth, but considering that the enamel is one of the hardest substances known it is difficult to believe that rubbing the teeth every day for a lifetime with chalk could have much effect in injuring this extremely hard enamel. If there is a dense deposit of tartar on your teeth you had better have it removed by a dentist; if it is not sufficient for this leave it alone.—2. As regards your hair we cannot see what you have to complain of. It combs out, but as it increases afterwards, it is a change for the better. The hairs do not live for ever; they grow old, comb out, and are replaced by other new ones.

NELLIE.—See the answer to "Beta" about your hair. Of course some of your hairs come out, it is but natural that they should. There is no reason to be uneasy about the matter.

MARIE.—An enlarged great-toe joint is almost for certain a bunion. You tell us that you have your boots made for you and that there is no pressure upon the joint. Are you certain of this? Are the tips of your toes drawn together by a misshapen point to your boot? It is not common for a bunion to form if your boots are correct in shape. To reduce the pain in a bunion bathing the part in warm water and applying some anodyne liniment, such as belladonna liniment are very useful. If this fails you had better see a surgeon about some further treatment.

DERBEIN.—It is a difficult matter to give any suggestion as to how lisping may be remedied. There are specialists whose business it is to treat this condition, and we advise you to consult one of them about it. Their results unfortunately are not highly satisfactory, and indeed at your age cure can hardly be expected, unless your lisping is dependent upon some abnormal condition of the mouth.

ALICE.—From the description with which you furnish us we rather believe that you suffer from true asthma. You must not give up exercise, take a walk every day, but wrap yourself up warmly. Perhaps a chest-protector may do you good. As locality is of great importance in the treatment of asthma, change of residence, if that is possible, may do good. The ordinary "respirators" worn over the mouth have one advantage and one only, that is, that they prevent you from breathing through them. This is a great advantage, as under no circumstances, least of all if you suffer from respiratory troubles, should you breathe through your mouth. If you habitually breathe through your nose a mouth respirator is simply an ornament.

LOUISE VALENTINE.—Deafness following scarlet fever is usually due to affection of the ear itself and not of the nerve. The most common form is that in which there is a discharge from the ear. Another form (and from your description we think it is this that you suffer from) is that in which the drum becomes indrawn and hardened. This is indeed a difficult thing to treat. We should advise you to consult a specialist who will tell you what to expect, and if he thinks that your condition is amenable to treatment he will give you all necessary information.

"DOMESTIC."—To our knowledge there is no preparation that will remove hairs from the face.

FRANK.—The best preparation for the teeth is carbolic tooth powder or else a powder of the following composition:—℞ pulv. iridis (orris root) 30 parts; pulv. sepiæ (cuttle fish) 30 parts; pulv. saponis dur (hardsoap) 30 parts; cretæ precip. (precipitated chalk) 240 parts; magnesii carbonatis, 240 parts; olei caryophylli (oil of cloves) 8 parts; attar of roses 1 part.

MANCUNIAN.—We are much pleased that you have asked your question, and we are still more pleased to be able to tell you that the fact that one of your relatives has died of consumption need not interfere with your marriage. Of course, your father is your parent and as such, any diseases from which he suffered are not unlikely to be transmitted to you; but if you are perfectly healthy now and your other relatives are also healthy you need not worry yourself about your family history. After all, there are but few families who have not lost at least one member from tuberculosis. You will do well to tell your intended husband that your father died of consumption, but we think it exceedingly unlikely that he would break off your engagement on that account.

1898.—We quite agree with your remark that babies under two years old do not need change of air if they are healthy. Most certainly you may take a child of two years old to the Malvern Hills if you desire to do so.

LIGHT BLUE.—Perhaps you use the peroxide of hydrogen too strong. It is anything but our experience that peroxide of hydrogen removes hairs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOLDEN ROD.—1. We do not know to whom you refer as a "gentleman," that, and the terms "lady" and "esquire" having been of late years diverted from their original meaning. If the person you wish to address be an attendant on the person of the sovereign, one holding the Royal Commission not below the rank of "Captain," or (by general concession) a Barrister-at-Law, Master of Arts, or Bachelor of Law or Physic, or by hereditary right, as the eldest and representative son of the younger son of a Peer in perpetual succession (in all other countries but England he would inherit the family title), then you would be guilty of a breach of etiquette in addressing him by letter as "Mr."; you should style him "Esquire." But thousands of real "gentlemen," so born, who, by courtesy are so called, have no legal claim to that title; but, after the old-fashioned and more correct style, should have "gentleman" placed after their name instead. This no one now does, and the legality of the question is little considered. "Esquire" is accorded to all gentlemen, professionals of the higher class, and the upper middle class generally. —2. The guest takes the cup from the small silver salver (or plate) on which the servant hands it.

NAN.—Make the wall to be papered thoroughly wet, and strip or scrape off all the old paper, and when nearly dry, lay on a coat of size, on which the paper will adhere. In cutting the paper in lengths, take care that they be an inch, or at least half an inch longer than the part of the wall to be covered, and observe the pattern so as to match the connecting parts well. A paste of flour, and best of all rye-flour, is what should be laid on the back of the strips of paper with a broad flat brush. The flour should be mixed with cold water and stirred till thick and creamy, and then boil it; boiling will thicken it, so be careful. If too thick, add a little boiling water, also a little carbolic acid to preserve it from getting sour. A suitable brush will cost about 2s. 6d., and a long pair of scissors 1s. 6d. Two people should be employed, one pasting on a wide board or table, handing up to another on a ladder, as the paper must first be put up at the ceiling, and the person below draw the lengths into correct position. We gave an article on this subject in vol. iii.

HELEN JACKSON (Mission, Tirhoot, India).—We have read your letter with much interest, and are obliged by all your information. We regret, however, that we cannot assist you in the manner you suggest.

HARRIET.—1. A hostess should not on any account sit down until she has placed her gues tin a comfortable chair, or on the sofa. When a lady comes into the room where you are paying a visit, you should certainly rise when she comes forward to greet you. We wonder you should need to be told this; it is only common politeness, not to say friendliness. We are supposing that you are not an old person, and the new arrival not a little young girl. In that case you may keep your seat, and give her an extra smile of recognition instead. —2. We answer at once, but cannot say how soon space will serve for its insertion.

CINDERELLA.—We do not believe that there exists any scientific reason by which a half-extinguished fire may be re-lit or revived by means of laying a poker across it. Dr. Johnson said he thought it a superstition of the dark ages; when people fancied the presence of evil spirits prevented the fire from burning properly, and that, laying the poker across the bars, made the sign of the cross, which acted as a charm to drive them away. If you wish to make a poor fire light up clear the ashes from below it, and place one or two thin pieces of coal standing upright one by another (the grain upright, not across horizontally) and they will light up like a candle.

DAFFODIL.—See our answer to "Golden Rod," with reference to the title "Esqre." There is nothing to prevent your bowing to your brother's friend, if you have spoken to him.

DAISY.—There is no truth in the assertion that ivy growing on a house makes it damp; on the contrary, it acts as a waterproof, or umbrella to shoot the rain off the walls. But it should not be allowed to grow very heavy and thick in the stem, or it may injure the masonry. You must also remember that it harbours earwigs and spiders, and they will come in at your windows. On no account allow it to grow on your trees, for it absorbs all nourishment both at the root and trunk, and strangles it to death before long.

HONEYMOON.—1. Certainly an umbrella or parasol would be excellent presentations to a lady from a gentleman-friend, should circumstances render him privileged to make any presentations at all.—2. We never heard that an application of cold cream or milk to the face would "create superfluous hair."

FORGET-ME-NOT.—1. We know nothing of you personally, your acquirements, age, appearance, nor family circumstances; and have no idea of what you are capable of doing worth payment, or for which there is a demand.—2. We suppose you are in the habit of raising your eyebrows, and it is that trick that makes wrinkles in the forehead, besides giving a very silly, inane expression to the face.

ECONOMY.—Kilting is very generally done at sewing-machine shops. We often tell our correspondents that although their questions may be answered at once, the replies may find no space free for a considerable time. We do not undertake to insert answers "next week," as you, and many say.

DOLLY VARDEN.—Were you under age when you engaged yourself to the young man? Four years is a long engagement, and it seems little creditable to break it off, contrary to his wishes. It was clearly a mistake in the first instance, but it would not be for the happiness of either to marry if you have ceased to care for him. Your difficulties might be lessened a little by making a confidant of some mutual friend, and get him or her to break the state of your feelings to him, and represent the unhappiness of a union under the circumstances; and he may volunteer to release you himself.

MEG.—We have lately given a recipe for making Good Friday cross buns. The recipe for making them "hot," is to put them in the oven.

GRETA.—The term "Pope" is only the Latin for "Father," and was commonly used in reference to all the bishops—not of Rome only—of the Western Church, and is in common use in the Eastern Church up to the present time. It by no means indicated all that the Supreme Pontiff of Rome claims under that title, in the early ages of Christianity; nor does it, as still employed, with reference to ordinary priests of the Russian and Greek Churches.

IGNORAMUS.—A man cannot enlist in the Royal Engineers as a mere private unless he be a skilled workman in some mechanical calling. Gentlemen enter as cadets by competition into the Royal Military Academy for a course of instruction in mathematics, mechanics, the theory and practice of construction, architectural drawing and modern languages. From the Academy they pass out with commissions. The pay, both of officers and men, is considerably higher than in line regiments. The Ordnance Survey has been entrusted to the corps, as well as special Government works; and the facilities for advancement are great. They are stationed. But there are twenty battalions of Volunteer Engineers, and seven divisions of Volunteer Submarine Miners, besides one Railway Transport Corps. The person you name must have been a skilled mechanic to have got into this department of the army, even as a private or volunteer. Your handwriting is good.

JOEY.—The language called *Erse*, to which Burns (the poet) alludes, means "Irish." It is a corruption of the term, formerly in use by the Scottish Lowlanders, instead of *Gaelic*, in allusion to the Irish origin of the Western Highlanders.

WINNEY.—Hampton Court Palace was built by Cardinal Wolsey, on the site of the ancient Manor House of the Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem. Hyde Park was the ancient Manor of Hyde, and belonged to the Abbey of Westminster, and it became the property of the Crown after the dissolution in 1535. It is not a "People's Park."

JESSICA MERELLA.—1. June 26th, 1880, was a Saturday; and June 12th, 1881, was a Sunday.—2. See answer to "L. A. B." on previous page.

MUSICIAN had better inquire at a music-seller's as to work as a copyist. You should be able of course to transpose into any key required. A band-master might have work for you, and you might obtain some addresses. If you knew any composer you would be likely to get employment; but your style of writing should be very good and clear, and exceedingly accurate. We have given more answers (and quite recently) to your question as to the pressing of flowers, than to any other query.

UNE FILLE PENSIVE.—If engaged all day in school-teaching we scarcely know what you could do to augment your income. Are you a quick good knitter? As you might supply a shop with children's socks; people might supply the cotton or woollen yarn and pay for the making. If you know any respectable "ready-made" shop proprietor you might state your object and get advice, and probably an order. You need a tonic.

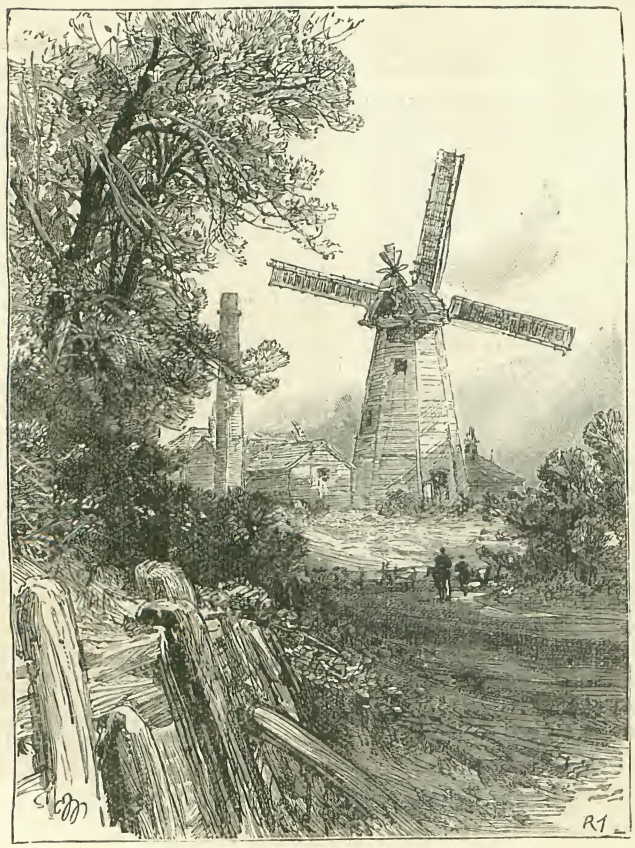
HOUSEKEEPER.—The claim for what are called "Easter Offerings" is a strictly legal one, and can be recovered under the warrant of a statute before Justices of the Peace. It is, however, but a very small charge, at the rate only of twopence a head for every person in a parish of sixteen years old and upwards, through the master or mistress of the family. There is no injustice about the claim, it is an award made by the law to the incumbent. The Latin words on our coins, *Dei gratia*, means "by the grace of God," because "by Me kings reign" (Proverbs viii. 15 and 16).

SIXTEEN.—See our advice to "Margery Pratt." Your writing is legible but not pretty. You might make it more graceful, and what is meant by "lady-like," by sloping it the right way—from right to left.

DUTY.—Certainly you are not too old to learn laundry-work. There is an excellent Technical Training School or college in Colquitt Street, Liverpool, where classes are held in Laundry-work, Hon. Secretary, Miss F. L. Calder. Also at Leeds, 90, Albion Street, Secretary, Miss McCombe. At Manchester there is a school of domestic economy, South Parade, St. Mary's Street, Deansgate. Address, Miss Romley Wright, 9, Addison Terrace, Victoria Park, Manchester.

THE WINDMILL.

By CONSTANCE MORGAN.



THE white sails turning, turning,
Under the darkening sky,
With a wild impassioned yearning
I watch the roses die,
And one bright star is burning,
With a steadfast gleam, on high.

And the silent dead are sleeping
On the hillside bleak and bare,
And the tired eyes are weeping
For the treasure hidden there;
But the Father-God is keeping
Their white souls in His care.

And the great sails whitely gleaming
In the moonlight calm and still,
With their shadows darkly dreaming
On the graves upon the hill,
Like a word of idle seeming,
Hiding thoughts of earnest will.

And I watch the moonlight creeping
O'er the hillside bleak and bare;
Will the angels at the reaping
Find the young souls white and fair?
Will they know where they are sleeping
By the lilies growing there?

Comes a deep impassioned yearning
For the noblest and the best,
From the stars a lesson learning,
Shining with a gentle zest;
And the windmill turning, turning,
Near the happy dead at rest.



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A PORTRAIT FROM ABROAD. [*From photo: Photographischem, Gesellschaft, Berlin.*

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LAURELLA'S LOVE STORY

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

CHAPTER III.

It is not too much to say that Charlie Cameron returned to Fellfoot that day a changed man. When he realised that Laurella had really left him, he rose and stumbled in a dazed sort of way from the house. Almost unconsciously his feet carried him along the familiar path up to the moors; gaining the outskirts of which he threw himself, face downwards among the heather, stunned for the moment by the extent of the calamity that had befallen him. Then a storm of anger swept over him, anger against fate, against himself and against Laurella; but this in turn gave way to a better and more manly spirit. He remembered that trembling touch of her fingers on his head. "God bless the innocent darling," he said. "Who am I, to blame her for refusing to link her fate to that of a degraded fellow like me." But a ray of hope crept back into his heart in spite of his self-abasement. That Laurella loved him deeply he did not doubt; he knew that in giving him up for conscience' sake she had done violence to her own heart. "But I will win her yet," he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "God helping me, she shall see that I have yet the grace to pull myself up, and make myself worthy to share her pure life—as worthy as a man can be."

Full of this new resolution he strode homewards, straight into the presence of Sir Cosmo, for he knew there could be no trustworthy commencement of the new course he had marked out for himself until he had proved his repentance by a voluntary confession of his fall and its consequences to his father.

He was prepared for a stormy scene, but not for the anguish of shame and anger which overcame the stout old soldier when he realised that his son—his Charlie—of whom he had been so proud, had indeed fallen so low as to be "thrown over by a girl because he was a drunkard."

In the first violence of his passion Sir Cosmo spoke words to his son which we will not repeat here, and finally ordered him from his presence.

The young man bowed to the storm; the ordeal of his father's just anger was part of his punishment, and as such he accepted it. Gradually, however, the love of a lifetime prevailed over the anger; the old man's heart softened towards his only son, and began to make excuses for him. "At any rate I must not drive the boy into further evil courses by over severity," he said to himself.

He still bore himself gloomily, and went about with bent head, as though ashamed to look any one in the face, but one morning, unexpectedly meeting Charlie in the garden he held out his hand to him. "We must let bygones be bygones, Charlie," he said mournfully. "If you meant what you said when you spoke of your intention to mend your ways and start afresh, you will find me ready and willing to help you."

After one long and painful interview with General Lonsdale, at the end of which she extracted from him a promise to bury in oblivion, or at least in silence, the brief episode of her engagement and its rupture, Laurella took up her home-life again. The spring of happy gaiety and enjoyment was broken indeed, but her cheerful sweetness and devotion to her father was as unfailing as her graceful fulfilment of social and domestic duties; whilst many a squalid home in the vicinity had abundant cause to bless the sweet face and helpful hand of Miss Lonsdale during the hard winter that followed.

Charlie Cameron's name was never spoken between the father and daughter, and if the old General and Sir Cosmo came across each other in clubland, an embarrassed nod was all the greeting that took place between them, but during the ensuing spring and summer Charlie's name began to appear in the papers, he was speaking at provincial meetings, and what he said attracted notice. Then he stood for a by-election, and came in as the Conservative member for his own county; and when the autumn came round again, the young M.P. was spoken of as having joined the temperance movement, and presently as a zealous worker with, and upholder of the noble band of men and women who carried their crusade against the drink fiend into every stronghold of the enemy in Christendom.

The General would glance over his newspaper at his daughter's fair face after having nodded approval over some paragraph or article in which Charlie and his doings were lauded. "The child has been growing brighter and more like her old self of late," he mused. "I shouldn't wonder if that young fellow comes forward again—if he should——" and at this point of his cogitations the old man would wag his head knowingly and smile to himself. It was on a bright May morning, in the central room of the Royal Academy that Laurella Lonsdale and Charlie Cameron came face to face again. She was with her father, and Sir Cosmo leant on his son's arm; the two parties would have bowed and passed on, but Laurella herself stepped forward with outstretched hand. "Mr. Cameron—Charlie—will you not speak to an old friend?" she said smilingly, while the colour deepened in her cheeks. Then the four shook hands, and the light of hope sprung into Charlie's eyes as he touched once more the hand which was still the dearest and most coveted thing in the world to him.

"Am I forgiven at last, Laurel?" whispered Charlie.

The old loving smile answered him as Laurella raised her eyes shyly to his, and when the two presently rejoined the General and Sir Cosmo, their blissful faces told their story for them.

"Humph," muttered the former to his old friend as they approached, "so that's it, is it? well, he may have her now—he has fairly won her."

"God bless her," said Sir Cosmo in a low tone of emotion, raising his hat as he spoke. "God bless her, she saved my boy, General, by her steadfast stand for right, and made him what he is now—a son to be proud of, sir."

"God bless them both!" responded the General. [THE END.]

NOTES ON TWO CHORAL WORKS BY JOHANNES BRAHMS.

I.—German Requiem.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just."

The German Requiem by the great composer, Johannes Brahms, who died recently, is worthy as a musical composition of the same admiring recognition and honour which Tennyson's "In Memoriam" commands as a poem. In both works the theme of Death is treated of with devout discernment of thought, and reverential daring of imagination prompted by a profoundly-felt personal loss; and in both, the poet and the musician in their contemplation of the subject "dream a dream of good." Both see beyond the mystery of the visible death and seek to unfold the mystery of the invisible life.

In the intricacy of its harmonies, in its variety of rhythms wrought out by the different parts at the same time, in the startling novelty of some of its intervals, in its frequent changes of key, and in its wide range of compass it presents difficulties of execution which are almost baffling. It is music much of which is of the character of some of Browning's poetry, difficult and obscure save to the patiently studious.

It is divided into seven sections, each being rendered chorally with baritone or soprano solo in sections 3, 5 and 6.

Section 1.

After a weirdly soft solemn symphony, the opening words, "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall have comfort," are sung in melodious whisperings of soothing and solace, the gentle rise and fall in the tone indicating the struggle of emotions in the breast of the bereaved. Soon the subdued voices rise and swell from pleading tenderness to earnest assurance,

"They that sow in tears
Shall reap in joy,"

and this contrast is illustrated with the most telling impressiveness in lights and shades on to the close of the section.

Section 2.

The symphony here is a funeral march unique in its stately solemnity; and with it the voices soon blend, first in unison, with a soft utterance like a submissive recognition of the fact:

"Behold all flesh is as the grass,
And all the godliness of man
Is as the flower of grass;"

then in a pathetic piece of harmony the thought is expanded:

"For, lo, the grass with'reth,
And the flower thereof decayeth."

The first passage, "Behold all flesh," etc., is repeated, being declaimed loudly the second time an octave higher than before, like a stern arresting announcement.

The exhortation to patience follows,

"Now therefore be patient
Unto the coming of Christ;"

then the promise of Faith and Hope,

"See how the husbandman waiteth
For the precious fruit of the earth,
Till he receive the early and latter rain;
So be ye patient."

The opening theme of this section is again given as before (all the musical masters are loth to leave their best bursts of inspiration), and then follows the great authoritative assurance,

"Albeit the Lord's word endureth,
Endureth for evermore."

The chorus proceeds and finishes with a new musical treatment of the same idea of contrast as appears in Section 1,

"The redeemed of the Lord shall rejoice,
Tears and sighing shall flee from them,
Joy everlasting shall be upon their heads."

Here the exquisite crescendos and diminuendos and grand fortissimo outbursts describe to perfection the varying emotions; and in no part of the work is the composer's imaginative power more wondrously displayed.

Section 3.

A baritone voice at once sings the prayer,

"Lord make me to know,
Know the measure of my days on earth."

* * * *

"Surely all my days here,
Are as a hand-breadth to Thee,"

which is taken up by the chorus. Here again are expressive light and shade passages, as where the tones ring out high and loud on "my lifetime, Lord," and sink down to a reverent softness on the words "is nought to Thee." At one time there is an agony of awestruck acknowledgment, at another the serenity of uncomplaining resignation in the treatment of the phrase,

"Make me to know
That I must perish."

Then comes a transition from the idea of the vanity of man's best state to the answer to the query, "Lord, what do I wait for? My hope is in Thee," the section ending in a magnificent fugal passage with a grand bracing rush of harmonies on the words,

"But the righteous souls are in the hand of God,
Nor pain nor grief shall nigh them come."

Section 4.

This is the most charmingly tuneful of the choruses. It is a smoothly flowing strain of melodious sweetness, a devoutly rapt tribute to the loveliness of the House of God. "How lovely is Thy dwelling-place, O Lord of Hosts," etc. Sung in a fine old cathedral, it is an exquisite piece of tone painting set in a beautifully appropriate frame,

"Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise;"

the singers enjoying the benefit of both visible and near sources of inspiration in the arching ceiling, the long vista of the nave, the noble pillars, and the upturned earnest human faces of the great congregation suggestive of the living stones that are built up a spiritual house. "For the temple of God is within you, whose temple ye are."

Section 5.

Again we note a contrast in the words of the piece—

"Ye now are sorrowful,
Howbeit ye shall again behold me,
And your heart shall be joyful,
Yea, I will comfort you,
As one whom his own mother comforteth."

Here, I take it, the idea meant to be conveyed is that of the departed soul imparting comfort to those mourning his loss.

"Dare I say,
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk'd when clasp't in clay?"

A soprano voice first alone, and then along with the chorus sings the phrase, "Ye are now sorrowful," &c., the music of which throbs with a keen and yearning sympathy. The strain is so high set as to severely tax the resources of even an exceptional voice; but the heart-melting significance of the solo soprano carolling high, clear and sweet—

"Your joy no man taketh from you,"

and

"Ye shall again behold me,"

against the subdued tender reiterations by the chorus of—

"Yea, I will comfort you,
As one whom his own mother comforteth,"

can only be realised and appreciated by hearing a satisfying rendering of it.

The music is of that soul-stirring character which gives rise to reflections rich in suggestion, but difficult of expression. Mr. J. A. Symonds' vivid lines from his fine sonnet "The Chorister," afford some description of the effect of the solo—

"But hark,
One swift soprano soaring like a lark
Startles the stillness; throbs that soul of fire,
Beats around arch and aisle, floods echoing dark
With exquisite aspiration; higher, higher,
Yearns in sharp anguish of untold desire."

Perhaps the pure spirit of the music finds the most perfect literary utterance in Tennyson's beautiful verses, part 94 of "In Memoriam":

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold,
An hour's communion with the dead.
In vain shalt thou or any call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except like them thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.
They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest."

Section 6.

This section is remarkable for the composer's powerfully original treatment of the resurrection scene. The *climax of the* work is reached here, both in the difficulties of execution and the elaborate grandeur of the effects. Especially impressive is the transition from the sustained fortissimo on the word *Where?* ("O Death where is thy sting?") to the second great fugal passage—

"Worthy art Thou to be praised
Lord of honour and might,"

which reaches the highest heights of praise and adoration—

"For thy good pleasure,
All things have their being,
And were created
Worthy art Thou, Lord," etc.

Section 7.

The tone of the last chorus is one of solemn rapture and reverent gratefulness.

"Blessed are the dead
Which die in the Lord."

Well may the mourning find the blessedness of comfort, seeing that the dead are blessed.

"They rest from their labours,
And their works do follow them.
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,
Blessed, Blessed."

The closing word and note and tone of the work are as the opening. "Blessed" is softly, tenderly, lingeringly breathed.

II.—A Song of Destiny.

Brahms' Song of Destiny deals with a contrast. First the joy and peace of the spirits in heaven are impressively suggested; second, the restless, hapless weariness of human existence is forcibly figured forth. The song has some of those touches of awe-struck reverential feeling which make the same composer's Requiem memorable. The first part recalls the exquisite sweetness of the Requiem chorus "How lovely is Thy dwelling-place." The same subdued ecstasy, the same enrapt sense of bliss and purity and peace are in both.

Brahms' tone painting is full of interest. For instance how graphically he treats the figure of man living "blindly," and "blindly" passing away. Those grand outbursts on the word "blindly"—what a vivid presentiment of the idea of groping, distraction, despair, overwhelmment, in darkness. What an eloquent moving language he makes music. In the solemn intervals in which the closing phrase is repeated, "at last does he pass away," is expressed the running out of the last grains of the sands of time in the individual's life; the final breathings ere, as it appears to the physical sense, the total darkness falls.

Brahms' music in these examples has the majesty that commands, the sympathy that soothes, the mystery that arrests and controls. It reflects the religious attitude of a strong mind wistfully "believing where it cannot prove," of a large heart imploring yet adoring. In a true and deep sense may it be said of such as he, "Being dead he yet speaketh."

William Porteous.



WINTER'S FIRST FOOTSTEPS.

WHAT a nut-sweet healthiness there is about Robert Louis Stevenson! How different he is from our decadent *fin de siècle* minor poets. It has been a pleasant task to watch through even one changing fortnight the truth of those words of his—

"To make this earth our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device,
Of days and seasons doth suffice."

How much of joy there is in the contrast alone. It seemed in summer as though all one needed for perfect contentment was to lie on the warm grass under the great fir, to pluck the tiny wild yellow flowers of the lady's bedstraw, and look dreamily at the blue haze over the distant landscape as one watched the afternoon sun bringing out the rich time-worn brown of that beautiful Somerset tower that is the gem of the middle distance.

And yet what a store of sensations there was within the very same quiet scene. No white mountains are needed whose tops the sun gilds, no mysterious lakes, or rocky valleys, all the power of nature can be really put forth in this quiet pastoral landscape, for its face can alter to express her every mood.

There is a resinous bracing scent that comes as we walk across the turf soft with dew, and smell the damp leaves. A Londoner, accustomed to enjoy the bright and gleaming blues in his Brett's sea-pieces in the Academy or to gloat over summer's wealth poured out in warm reds and deep blue in a Kent sketch by Mrs. Allingham, would hardly believe what subtle play of colour there is in these first winter tints. When

is the green ever so vivid as in these moist mornings where the sun lights up but does not scorch? What a marriage it is of colours that are not often seen in harmony, when the far elms look purple, steel-purple against the emerald of that strip of field. The bare twigs are moist with dew, and the shade of filmy purple is so delicate that Turner's brush alone could paint it. It is a puzzle to tell why the sprouting grass that comes before the second journey of the plough, should carpet the low field with a lovely bluish green, and be a brighter tint by the hedge-side. So it is, and one leaves the farmer to tell the reason, and longs for Boughton or Marcus Stone to paint that blue-green they like so well. The three great brown horses that drag the plough belong of rights to the perfection of the picture.

Another day begins, and the same scene wears a different face. The coppice away eastwards to the left of the highway is a harmony of copper and brown with a brighter yellow in the near oak, and behind some tender lingering green. A great tree in front stretches out its arms with soft ebony hues and recalls a great road-side crucifix seen long years ago on a Bavarian hill-side as the train steamed past to Nüremberg.

Before the sun set the scene was flooded with amber which changed to gold and the gold to rose, and the deep-blue solemn cloud-curtains melted to purple, and as the sun touched the horizon a little boat of lavender-frayed cloud ventured across the disc till one remembered—

"God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear,
The rest may reason and welcome 'tis we musicians know."

Soon after, the laurels in the hedge-row bed looked quite squalid through the window-pane, but the memory of the sunset remained.

A week later, and what a different world it is. All the sun-light is gone. The wind sweeps round the house in long soughs like the pain that comes when unkindness takes the place of love. The great boughs of the trees bend and sway as the wind passes through them like some messenger of woe to scatter sorrow and then pass relentlessly on: the spirits of the storm, who, so thought Telemachus, had carried away Odysseus, and made him for ever inglorious among men.

"νῦν δέ μιν ἀκλειῶς ἅρπυιαι ἀνηρείψαντο."

Another week passes and the face of the fields has a new expression. The heavy rain that came, with intervals of glistening steel-grey skies, soaked into the earth, so that when the sunlight came again the ploughed fields had lost their dark puce-colour and had soft tones of lavender and pink and warm slate grey where the sunlight transformed them. The walnut-tree in front of the beech with its few bright last leaves, stretches out its twisted arms thick with pale green lichens so that it has a hoary look of premature eld. The monotonous laurels that make the garden-hedge above the road were very dull and dusty in the heavy summer-days. Probably Swinburne was thinking of the historic bay and not the common laurel when he said—

"Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a day,
But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel outlasts not May."

And yet the vivid green, the short-lasting white blossoms in May, and the bitter essence of the modern shrub (the common laurel was first sent to Europe in 1576 by His Excellency David Ungnad, Ambassador from the Emperor of Germany at Constantinople, to Clusius at Vienna), almost seem to point to it as the nearer to the thought of the poet. Its beauty did indeed seem gone in the July heats, but now that the elms above the hedge are

"Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sung,"

the laurels have another kind of beauty, and they fit the winter better than the spring. The rain has made them shine, and their spear-shaped leaves are very keen and clear against the dark bare hedgerow across the road.

Love and laurel may not always match the may-time, but sometimes a bitter strain is conquered into flavour instead of sourness.

Browning sees deeper into love than Swinburne, and one turns again and again to his lines in Paracelsus:—

". . . love not serenely pure,
But strong from weakness, like a chance-sown plant
Which cast on stubborn soil, puts forth strange buds
And softer stains unknown in happier climes;
Love which endures and doubts and is oppressed,
And cherished, suffering much and much sustained,
And blind, oft-failing yet believing love,
A half-enlightened, often chequered trust."

Perhaps sorrow gives as tender touches to lives as the soft rains do to these fields at the year's latter end. The plough has gone deep into that far field, but how lovely are the tiny tufts of random grass it puts out, quite unheeding of the frosts that will come and nip.

Desdemona comes to our mind, and all her furtive little acts of love to Othello, spite of the harrow that had made such furrows in her tender heart,

"Unkindness may do much,"

she says to Emilia,

"And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love."

How lovely those bare banches of the trees are in spite of being "bare ruined choirs;" perhaps they have the same worth that belongs to ruined walls and towers of Tintern, which Westminster Abbey with its pews and hymn-books and vergers is sometimes felt to want.

They let one see so much *through* them of the earth and the hills and the sunset, so that they are strangely akin to spiritual things, and set one musing more than dusty leaves.

"Grant that we may so pass *through* things temporal that we lose not the things eternal," for there was no limiting "finally" in the original version.

The old masters used to make a great study of the stems of trees. Even when they had their leaves on them they painted them with more care and insight than the moderns do. Who does not remember *the serried ranks of* the tree-trunks in Bellini's "Death of Peter Martyr" in the National Gallery. They form such a contrast to the passion and speed of the murderous onslaught, their deep-rooted stillness enforces the pity and terror of the spectacle in the foreground.

And in another of the world's great pictures —Holman Hunt's "Light of the World"— how the trees haunt the memory, the trees that slope in age and decay in that orchard of the soul which is the background to the Saviour knocking at the door. These trees have few sere leaves of late autumn, and are trees seen at night. How ghostly are the sloping stems in the moonlight.

In our quiet landscape we see just such an orchard beyond the church and between us and the faint blue trails of smoke from the village chimneys, so clear in the cold air. Perhaps it is later autumn now than that scene painted in the Worcester Park orchard. Beyond them is a bright withy-bed almost cinnamon-coloured against their black trunks, instead of the sluggish river; but none the less, they bring to our minds the immortal orchard ground of the great picture.

The orchard lies westward, and the setting sun sends sloping rays through those low stems of the apple-trees, with their mystical mediæval look that tell of the fruit of Eve.

". . . of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe."

How can they be otherwise than full of mystery when the world's poetry is interwoven in their gnarled stems, the world's religions steeped in the romance of them, dear to the Greeks as the trees of the garden of the Hesperides, to the Hebrews as the trees of the garden of Eden.

"Ah, lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live."

Yes, Coleridge was right, and it is the human associations that hang around these quiet fields

"the still sad music of humanity,"

that makes a Wessex orchard full of pleasant and lovely wealth for simple people, so that as we look on it we seem to feel that

"Something far more deeply interfused
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man."

CLOTILDA MARSON.



SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.



A FORTNIGHT in London passes quickly enough; but the time seems much longer to the friends who are left at home, and who have no variety in the quiet course of their lives. Half-a-dozen times a day Lettice and Norah said to each other, "What will Hilary be doing now?" And when a letter came, telling the plans of the next few days, they followed her movements hour by hour, telling each other, "Now she will be driving into town!" "Now she will be looking at the pictures!" "Now she will be dressing for the evening!" When the day of the traveller's return arrived, there was quite a bustle of excitement in the home. Lettice ordered Hilary's favourite puddings for dinner, Norah gave the drawing-room a second dusting in the afternoon, while Miss Briggs put on her cap with the pink ribbons, and dressed Geraldine in her best frock. They were all in the hall, ready to receive the travellers, as the fly from the station drove up to the door, and while Mr. Bertrand stayed without to pay the driver, Hilary lost no time in hurrying indoors. Within the first two minutes the sisters noticed a change in her manner. Her voice seemed to have a new tone; when Miss Briggs held out a welcoming hand, she extended her own at an elevation which made the good lady stare, and even while kissing the girls, her eyes were roving round the hall with an expression of dissatisfaction.

"Why have you not lighted all the lamps?" she inquired, and when Lettice replied in amazement that there were as many lamps as usual, she shrugged her shoulders, and muttered something about "inky darkness." If Mr. Bertrand had not appeared at that moment it would be difficult to say what would have happened, but he came rushing in like a breeze of fresh, wintry air, seizing each of the girls in turn, and folding them in a bear-like hug.

"Well—well — well — here we are again! Glad to be back in the old home. How are you, dear? How are you, pet? Miss Briggs! I see you are flourishing. How have all these young people been behaving while I was away? What about dinner? I'm so hungry that I shall eat the Mouse in desperation if I am kept waiting. Well, little Mouse, glad to see your father back again, eh? Come upstairs with me while I change my coat for dinner?"

It was like another house when the cheery, bustling master was at home, and Lettice and Norah forgot their passing annoyance in rejoicing over his return. During the evening, however, Hilary managed to give offence more than once. She kept frowning to herself as she sat at the head of the table, and looking up and down with a discontented air which was very exasperating to those who had done their utmost to study her tastes, and to give her a pleasant home-coming. When dinner was over, and the family party adjourned into the drawing-room, she kept jumping up from her seat to alter the arrangement of plants and ornaments, or to put some article in its proper place. Norah elevated her eyebrows at Lettice, who nodded in sympathetic understanding, but both girls controlled their irritation out of consideration for their father, whose pleasure in the first evening at home would have been spoiled if his daughters had taken to quarrelling among themselves.

Mr. Bertrand had brought home a perfect treasure-trove of presents for the stay-at-homes. A beautiful little brooch and bangle for Lettice; music, books, and a paint-box for Norah; furs for Miss Briggs; and a small toy-shop for the dear little "youngest of seven."

Such an excitement as there was in the drawing-room while the presentations were going on! such shrieks of delight; such exclamations of "Just what I wanted!" such huggings, and kissings of gratitude! Mr. Bertrand declared at last that he would be pulled to pieces, and ran upstairs to the shelter of his beloved study. After he had gone, Hilary seemed for the time being to forget her grievances, whatever they might be, and drawing her chair to the fire, settled down to one of the good old-fashioned gossips which her sisters loved. Lettice and Norah had a dozen extra questions which they were burning to ask about every incident of the visit to London; and they were not more eager to hear than Hilary was to tell, for what is the good of going away and having adventures if we cannot talk about them when we come home?

The meeting with Madge Newcome was a subject of much interest. "Quite grown up, you say, and very grand and fashionable! And you went to lunch with her one day. Are the boys at home; what are they like? There was Cyril, the little one in the Eton jacket, who used to play with Raymond; and Phil, the middy; and the big one who was at college, Arthur, wasn't he? What is he like now?"

"I only saw him once, but it was quite enough. He is in business with his father—a terribly solemn, proper person, who talks about books, and says, 'Were you not,' 'Would you not.' Miss Carr says he is very clever, and good and intellectual, but all the same, I am sure she doesn't like him. I heard her describe him to father as 'that wooden young man.' It will be nice to see Madge in the summer, though I haven't forgiven her for leaving me alone that afternoon. Oh, and I must tell you——" and the conversation branched off in another direction, while the girls crouched over the fire, laughing and talking in happy reunion.

Alas! the next day the clouds gathered over the family horizon and culminated in such a storm as was happily of rare occurrence. The moment she left her bedroom Hilary began to grumble, and she grumbled steadily the whole day long. Everything that Lettice had done during her absence was wrong; the servants were careless and inefficient; the drawing-room—Norah's special charge—looked as if no one had touched it for a fortnight; the house was dingy and badly lighted, and every arrangement worse than the last. Lettice hated quarrelling so much that she was prepared to bear a good deal before getting angry, but quick-tempered Norah exploded with a burst of irritation before the afternoon was half over.

"The fact is you have been staying for a fortnight in a grand London house, and you are spoiled for your own home. I think it is mean to come back after having such a lovely time, and make everyone miserable with your grumbling and fault-findings! Lettice did everything she could, and the house is the same as when you left it."

"Perhaps it is, but I didn't know any better then. I know now how things ought to be done, and I can't be satisfied when they are wrong."

"And do you expect things to be managed as well in this house with five of us at home besides father and Miss Briggs, and three servants to do the work, as it is at Miss Carr's, with no one but herself, and six or seven people to wait on her?" Lettice spoke quietly but with a flush on her cheeks which proved that she felt more than she showed. "It's very foolish if you do, for you will only succeed in upsetting everyone, and making the whole house miserable and uncomfortable."

"As you have done to-day," added Norah bluntly. "I would rather have an old-fashioned house than the finest palace in the world with a cross, bad-tempered mistress going about grumbling from morning till night."

"Norah, you are very rude to speak to me like that! You have no right. I am the eldest."

"You had no right to say to me that I haven't touched the drawing-room for a fortnight."

"I have a right to complain if the work of the house is not properly done. Father has given me the charge. If I see things that can be improved, I am certainly not to be quiet. Suppose Mr. Rayner, or the Newcomes came here to see us, what would they think if they came into a half-lit hall as we did last night?"

"Yes, I knew that was it! It's your grand London friends you are thinking of. If they are too grand to come here, let them stay away. Father is a greater man than any of them, if he is not rich."

"Girls, girls, girls, what is all this?" Miss Briggs pulled aside the curtain over the doorway, and came hurriedly into the room. "I heard your voices across the hall. Are you quarrelling the first day Hilary is at home? Don't let your father hear, I beg you, he would be terribly grieved. What is the matter?"

"It's Hilary's fault, she has done nothing but grumble all day long, and I can't stand it. She has made Lettice miserable; the servants are as cross as they can be, and there's no peace in the house."

"Norah has been very rude to me, Miss Briggs. I am obliged to find fault when things are wrong, and I can't help it if the servants are cross."

Miss Briggs looked at the younger girls. "Go upstairs, dears, and change your dresses for dinner. I want to speak to Hilary by herself," she said quietly, and Lettice and Norah left the room with awed faces. The kind old governess did not often interfere with the girls now that they were growing up, but when she did, there was a directness about her speech which was very telling, and this afternoon was no exception to the rule.

"Hilary," she said slowly, when the door had closed behind the two younger girls, "I have been with you now for ten years, and have watched you grow up from a little girl. You were my first pupil, and I can't help taking a special interest in you. You were a dear little child. I thought you would grow up into a sweet, lovable woman, but you will have to change a great deal, Hilary, if you are to do that! You will think me very unkind, but your mother is dead, and I must be truthful with you for your own good. I think you have behaved very unkindly to your sisters to-day. You have been away enjoying yourself while they were left at home; they did their best to fill your place, and counted the days until your return, and you have made them miserable from the moment of your arrival. The house is as you left it, but even supposing you had noticed a few things which were not to your taste, you could have put them right quietly, or spoken of them in a pleasant, kindly manner. Things have gone on smoothly and quietly while you were away—more smoothly than when you are at home, my dear, for though Lettice is not such a good manager, she has a sweet, amiable manner which makes the servants anxious to please her by doing their best. You are very young, Hilary, and you make the mistake of over-estimating your own importance, and of thinking you are necessary to the welfare of the household. You can easily make yourself so, if you wish, for you are a very clever housekeeper, but if you continue to be as self-satisfied and as regardless of the feelings of others as you are at present, I tell you plainly that you will end in being a hindrance rather than a help. I am not saying that the other girls are faultless, that would not be true—but instead of setting them a good example, in nine cases out of ten, you are the one to begin a quarrel. You think me very cruel to speak like this—it's not easy to do, Hilary—but you may thank me for it some day. Open your eyes, my dear, and try and see yourself as you really are, before it is too late!"

Miss Briggs swept from the room in a flutter of agitation, and Hilary sank into the nearest chair, and gazed blankly at the fire. Her heart was beating in heavy thuds, and she put her hand to her head in stupefied fashion. For several minutes she sat motionless, unable to form any definite thought. She only felt a curious shattered sensation, as though she had come through some devastating experience, which had laid waste all her fondest delusions. What had Miss Briggs said? The household arrangements had been managed better in her absence than when she was at home. If she did not alter, she would end in being a hindrance rather than a help. She set a bad example to the younger girls and was the instigator of quarrels! Hilary's cheeks burnt with a flush that was almost painful. Her pride was wounded in its most sensitive point. She would have been ready enough to acknowledge that she was not so sweet-tempered as Lettice, or so clever as Norah, but she had been secure in her conviction that no one could touch her in her own department, that she was a person of supreme importance, without whom the whole fabric of the household would fall to pieces. And things had gone on better while she was away! Better! Hilary writhed in humiliation, and the flush burnt more fiercely than before. If she could only manage to disbelieve it all, and wave it aside as a piece of foolish prejudice; but she could not do this, for her eyes were opened, and she saw the meaning of many things which she had mis-read before. Miss Carr's quizzical, disapproving glance; her father's anxious gaze; the little scornful sniff on the face of the old cook as she took her morning's orders. Could it be that they all felt the same, and were condemning her in their hearts, as a stupid, consequential little girl, who had no importance whatever except in her own estimation? And—"a hindrance!" The word brought with it a throb of something deeper than wounded pride, for, with all her faults, Hilary was devoted to her father, and her brothers and sisters, and the thought stung like a whip that they might not care for her—that the time could ever come when they might even wish for her absence!

The light was growing dim in the deserted room, and, as Hilary laid her head back in the old-fashioned chair, the tears which rose to her eyes and trickled slowly down her cheeks were the bitterest she had known in the course of her short life.

(*To be continued.*)

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

Giving of Medicines

(1) A marked measure glass should be used when possible. (2) The medicine must be given regularly. (3) Measure carefully and correctly. (4) Pour out on the side furthest from the label. (5) Wash the glass or spoon after each dose. (6) Keep applications for external use only in blue fluted bottles, and in a different place from those medicines to be taken internally, for fear of mistakes. (7) Always read the label before pouring out.

Cod Liver Oil

is best given early in the day and after food; it may cause diarrhœa, especially in hot weather; if so, a different preparation may be tried.

Iron

should be taken after meals, and it often gives rise to constipation, so watch should be kept and an aperient given when necessary. Should indigestion be set up by iron, a different preparation may be tried.

To Give Castor Oil.

This may either be given in strong coffee or warm milk; the latter method is the better way for young children. Another way is to give it in boiling water, which breaks up the fat globules and renders it less greasy; or the castor oil may be given in soda water.

Soothing Powders

should not be given to babies unless ordered by a doctor, they often contain opiates, and may do grave harm.

Effervescing Medicines

should be brought to the patient in separate glasses and mixed when the patient is ready to drink.

Powders

may be mixed with jam, sugar, or glycerine, or put to the back of the tongue, and a drink of water given to carry it down.

In Scarlet Fever,

the most infectious time is when the person is convalescent, and the skin is peeling; it is a good plan to rub the patient with some disinfectant ointment or oil to prevent the particles of skin from flying about. Flannel ought to be worn next the skin, especially over the region of the kidneys, so as to avoid any chance of a chill, which is a serious matter, after even a slight case of scarlet fever.

In Diphtheria

all the discharges are highly infectious, all rags, etc., used should be burned at once. The patient should be kept lying down as much as possible to give the heart rest, and be watched afterwards for any sign of paralysis. The first indication of this is very often the liquid food comes down the nose, instead of being swallowed naturally, owing to the muscles at the back of the mouth being paralysed.

COME SOON, DEAR HEART!

By EDWARD OXENFORD.

COME soon, dear heart! The days are lone and long,
And each new dawning wakes my sleeping tears,
For in my breast the old sweet memories throng,
And hopes arise that soon are felled by fears!
With thee afar the world all desert seems,
For thou to me its one oasis art,
The one sole star that o'er my being gleams,
And now its light is lost! Come soon, dear heart!

Come soon, dear heart! I count the hours that move
In tardy sequence, and for one I pray
Wherein thou wilt return to me, and prove
That love is sweeter still through love's delay!
Didst thou but know that, as the moments pass,
I of the earth still less and less grow part,
That life may fail with thee still far, alas!
Thou wouldst not leave me thus! Come soon, dear heart!



CONCENTRATION OF THOUGHT.

By THE HON. MRS. ROBERT BUTLER.

THE great secret of mental success is concentration of thought. Talent and genius, industry and perseverance are all helpful agents in the attainment of knowledge, but they are helpful only so far as concentration of thought is brought to bear upon them. The moment the mind becomes the depository of irrelevant ideas and reflections to the study upon which it is engaged, the study comes to a standstill, for the mind cannot contain more than one thought at a time. Thoughts may follow each other so quickly that they may seem simultaneous, they may blend into each other so gradually that they may seem identical, but they are no more simultaneous or identical than the separate forms in a zootrope complete one picture, or than the different illustrations in dissolving views represent one scene. The mental vision like the bodily vision is incapable of being fixed on more than one object at once. So wandering thoughts insinuate themselves not only to the exclusion of thoughts which are relevant to the work of the moment, but also to the intrusion of thoughts which are irrelevant to it. And their harmful influence affects the student as well as the study, for they enervate the heart and the brain and render the mind less disposed to future study. Union is strength. Disunion is weakness, and disorderly thoughts are as dangerous to a mind as civil war is to a nation. We may be quite sure that no undertaking will be successful where they are tolerated, and that few will be unsuccessful where they are excluded, and those few though apparently unsuccessful will have wrought a good work, for where concentration of thought has been applied to a purpose, a real though it may be unseen benefit must follow as surely as day follows night:

"No endeavour is in vain,
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

Now this mighty power of success, like all the best blessings of life, is a full and free gift to man and lies within reach of us all; for it depends upon strength of will, and we are each endowed with a will, the development of which rests with ourselves. But the control of the will over the thoughts must be exercised in youth, or in mature years it will be found wanting. And we must exercise it alone, unperceived by our nearest and dearest, in the secret recesses of our own hearts. Your friends and teachers, my young readers, cannot help you in its actual application. They may tell you of its utility and expediency as I am doing now, but if you yourselves do not choose to apply it, their words will be in vain. No one but yourselves can fix your own mental energies on the occupation of the moment, no one but yourselves can chase away those intrusive little creatures of the imagination which pop up unbidden and unwelcome in the mind, like soldiers shooting at an enemy from behind an ambuscade. Wrestle with them and you will suppress them, suffer them and they will triumph over you.

Concentration of thought, like everything else worth having, requires an effort. We are all more or less slothful by nature. Difficulties dismay us, doubts discourage us, and we need a vigilant watch over ourselves to persevere in the simplest undertaking. We embark upon a new study with the eagerness we are apt to bestow upon any new thing, and when the novelty has worn off, we listen to the whisperings of slothfulness and laziness which tell us that our study is beyond our capacity, that we are wasting our time and energies over it, and that for our profit as well as for our pleasure its abandonment is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Now these whisperings are generated by wandering thoughts, and cannot be suppressed without a strong effort of will. At the first sign of their approach, we should do battle against them. We should chase them away, and in quiet resolute patience think only of our work, and gradually our doubts and difficulties will vanish, and we shall find that our mental capacities are far greater than we imagined them to be, for the thoughts are the great centre from which the mental faculties proceed. They shed light or darkness, strength or weakness, ignorance or wisdom on the mind according to the rule brought to bear



IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

upon them, and this habit of concentrating them on the work of the moment has been practised by the successful men of all ages and professions. One of our most successful brewers was in the habit of stating, "I could brew one hour, do mathematics the next and shoot the next, and each with my whole soul." And the great Napoleon said: "My mind is like a chest of drawers. When I have done with one subject I shut it up, thus I have no confusion of ideas." And thus the work of the moment entirely occupied his thoughts, and he was able to attend to every detail of his duties separately. It is said that he even noticed the buttons on his soldiers' uniforms. He found time for everything because he gave his thoughts to one thing at a time, and he reached the highest pinnacle of success that has been reached by modern man.

Now we cannot hide from ourselves that the civilisation and education of the present day have a tendency to disorganise and scatter our thoughts in spite of the boundless blessings they shed on us. They create such varied interests, such numberless occupations, that when we are doing one thing we are haunted by the next thing that has to be done and our ideas become confused. Woman's work specially seems subject to this irksomeness and want of rest. Men have professions to which to devote themselves, and if circumstances exempt them from following professions, they can concentrate their energies undisturbed on some one subject which appeals to their intelligence and wisdom, and which requires all the efforts of their mind to master. But we women are different. Our duties are often trivial, and are always liable to interruptions, and we scramble through them as quickly as we can, so as to be free for more congenial occupations. And the reading of the present day encourages the same slack desultory habit of mind. Our books and newspapers are so numerous that in our eagerness to peruse them all, we skim and skip a great part of their contents. Then we wonder that our daily duties have such feeble results, and that our reading is so soon forgotten. But is all this to be wondered at? Can any good solid work or good solid reading be effected without application of the heart and mind, in other words without concentration of thought? No, the law by the sweat of his brow man must earn his bread has reference to his higher as well as to his lower nature, and by the exertion of his mind he must fulfil his duties and earn his knowledge. The most homely duties require concentration of thought for their fulfilment, just as the most trifling knowledge requires it for its attainment. Ah, that tree of knowledge! It presents itself to us as it did to our first mother Eve six thousand years ago, as pleasant to the eyes, and as a tree to be desired to make us wise, but if we think as she did, that we have merely to stretch out our hand and take and eat of it, to be nourished by its divine fruit, we shall find as she did, that it will be a curse to us instead of a blessing; but if we follow Nature's will concerning it, and concentrate our thoughts on the acquirement even of its humblest branches, we shall reap the fruit of our labours, and it will shed upon us unbounded blessings.

My young friends, as your lives will be so specially exposed to the temptation of wandering thoughts, let me urge upon you, now that you are standing on life's threshold, to use means which will prevent your indulging in them. Concentration of thought, as I said before, is a matter of individual will, but like all actions physical or mental, each time it is put into practice the inclination to repeat it is strengthened, and I would suggest three rules for its regular practice which, if you follow, will unconsciously to yourselves weave it into your life and habits:—

1. Never try to do two things at a time either of which require any effort of mind. From the mind's inability to contain simultaneous thoughts, simultaneous employments create a zig-zag confusion of ideas which is fatal to their advancement. There are some occupations, such as sewing or knitting, etc., which, although they cannot be learned in the first instance without a mental effort, can, by constant repetition be performed so mechanically that while the fingers are occupied with them, the mind may be free for some totally irrelative effort; but even in their case, both pursuits would probably have more satisfactory results by being followed singly.

2. Set yourself a task for a certain time every day which necessitates concentration of thought, and choose the time and place to work at it where you are least likely to be disturbed by outward influences. The task should be something congenial to your tastes so that your heart as well as your mind may be in it. It may be learning a few lines from a favourite poet by heart, or reading a passage from a favourite author and putting it into your own words from memory, or contemplating some subject in all its different lights, until you can form and write down your ideas on it, but let your task be something definite, something which necessitates results which will test whether you have exercised concentration of thought or no. Before beginning it you should see that any outside helps you may require, such as pens, paper, books of reference, etc., are ready and handy for use, so that the search for them may not distract your thoughts once you have started upon your work.

3. If, when you are engaged in any study, you find your thoughts beginning to wander, retrace your study from where they began to wander, and go over it again with your mind fixed on it. The irksomeness of having to repeat your work will put you on your guard against wandering thoughts. They will soon forego their attacks upon you, and you will feel your mind invigorated by the effort you have made to resist them.

These three rules are simple and easy to follow, and only need a little resolution on your part to be put into daily practice. If riches or renown were their promised reward, which of you would not submit cheerfully to the discipline they involve? But they will bring you a greater prize than riches or renown, for they will help you to acquire a perpetual capacity for happiness over which circumstances can have no control. In your prosperity, a steady and systematic concentration of thought on some lofty subject will gladden you with a calm enjoyment, and will strengthen your character against the enervating influence of fortune's smiles, and in your adversity, in those hours of sorrow and anxiety which sometimes shadow the brightest of lives, the undivided application of your mental faculties on some one study, will be like "balm to your hurt mind," and will enable you to bear your sorrow with a resigned spirit, and to come to a wise decision on the subject of your anxiety.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORM BURSTS.

MRS. HARCOURT looked up uneasily.

She did not regret her action, but she could not forget the expression on her step-daughter's face when she left the breakfast table, so she prepared for a storm. She little knew how much mischief had been done.

Helen was to her but as any other child in the village, and Madge's constant and lengthened visits to her had ever been a grievance.

She intended to meet the girl's indignation with a high hand and assert her authority, but when she looked up and met Madge's stony dark eyes, she was rather taken aback, and turned her head away.

Madge advanced to the table, and leaning one hand heavily upon it, said, in a voice of stifled indignation—

"I suppose you have heard what happened last night?"

"I have heard that Helen Liston is dead," replied her step-mother coldly, "but I really don't know why you should look so tragic over it. The poor child had been dying for months, and now it is a merciful release."

"Tragic," repeated Madge, with a slight sneer. "Yes, that is a good word for it: but since you know that Helen is dead I need not speak of her. It is of ourselves I want to speak. What has happened affects you and me materially. No, do not interrupt me," she continued quickly as Mrs. Harcourt was about to speak. "I won't keep you long, it is better to come to the point at once. For months past your conduct to me has been goading in the extreme. You have treated me always as if I were a child, and for Jack's and father's sake, I have tried to put up with it, but now I tell you I won't stand it any longer. I was sent for to my friend when she was dying, and no matter who or what she was, you had no right to keep back my message. You left me in ignorance and made me break a sacred promise. I cannot forget, I never shall. After this any pretence of love between us would be too utterly ridiculous. You go your way and I will go mine. I absolutely refuse to obey you any longer."

While Madge, in a quick, but distinct voice, spoke these words, Mrs. Harcourt's anger rose rapidly, and the instant her step-daughter paused, she stood up and confronted her.

"How dare you stand there and speak to me like this," she exclaimed, almost beside herself. "A chit like you to tell me my duty; to lay down the law to me; to defy me to my face! Of all the impudent, ungrateful girls I ever knew or heard of, you are the worst. Haven't I taken care of you nearly all your life? Didn't your father entrust you to me ten years ago?"

"To my bitter cost," broke in Madge, giving way to the storm that raged within her. "He entrusted my happiness to you, and look at me now. See what you have done for me! I don't believe you could find another girl of nineteen more thoroughly wretched. I don't know if I ever was a child in the real sense of the word, I can't remember it. All I know is, that ever since you came here, you have nipped in the bud every childish delight, and spoilt every pleasure with your maxims and severity. I verily believe you hate to see people enjoy themselves. You would have poisoned my own brother against me if you could. I know I am not like other girls, I never was, but when did you ever try to understand me? You have given me neither friends, pleasures nor sympathy. My father meant you to be a mother to me, and instead you have been a hard taskmaster."

"That's right! call me names," exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, hardly able to speak for wrathful indignation. "To think that I should live to be insulted in my own house by a girl in her teens," and she looked as if she would have struck her, had not the girl's fierce, proud eyes quelled her. "I will speak to your father at once. He does not believe me when I tell him of your insolence. I hope this will convince him," and she marched out of the room, returning quickly with Mr. Harcourt.

"There she stands," she exclaimed, waving her hand towards Madge, "ask her yourself if she has not called me names and defied my authority."

"Come, Madge," said her father, coaxingly, "what's all this about? I wish you women would settle these matters between you and not bother me."

"That's exactly what I wish to do," replied Madge. "I have told Mrs. Harcourt that I will not obey her any longer. I protest she has no right to treat me as she does. If I may not be my own mistress, I will leave home and beg my bread rather than remain here to suffer daily humiliations and be treated like a wicked baby."

Mr. Harcourt fidgeted uneasily, and then, turning to his wife said, a little nervously, "Well, my dear, why should not it be so? Madge is quite old enough to act for herself."

"I daresay," exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt. "She is to act for herself and turn the house topsy-turvy if she likes, is she; and to abuse me if I remonstrate? That's what you call loving and honouring your wife, is it?" and she turned sharply on her husband. "I suppose you will furthermore wish me to study her wishes entirely, and the servants to go to her for orders."

"Nonsense, my dear," muttered Mr. Harcourt, wishing himself well out of it. "Of course I don't mean anything of the kind. I know Margaret would not wish to usurp you, and as for abusing you, her own inborn gentleness would render such a thing impossible."

"Inborn gentleness," sneered Mrs. Harcourt, "I should say it was conspicuous by its absence. You would have thought so had you heard her storming at me just now. If these scenes are to occur *ad libitum* the sooner one of us leaves the house the better."

"Listen to me, father," put in Madge, more quietly. "All I want is to be free. You may trust me not to do or say anything I know you would disapprove of. I only want to be left to myself and I, in turn, will interfere with no one. By your old love for my mother you owe this to her child."

"Very well," said Mr. Harcourt in a relieved tone. "It shall be so; in future you are your own mistress."

"And you mean to say you will let this disgraceful scene pass without an apology," cried Mrs. Harcourt. "I tell you she has insulted me, I insist upon an apology."

"Then you must get it for yourself," he replied, losing patience. "I have said all I mean to and I wash my hands of the matter," and so saying he hurriedly left the room.

"And you?" continued Mrs. Harcourt, turning sharply to Madge. "Do you mean to leave this room without begging my pardon?"

"Most certainly," replied Madge coldly, and without waiting for more, she walked away with a haughty step.

That night, as she sat in her old seat watching the stars, strange thoughts filled her mind.

The deep, grasping thoughts that come to us when we face actual death for the first time and cannot understand.

"Like eyes, glistening with heavenly tears, over the *little lot of man*," she repeated slowly. "Oh! is it really a 'little lot'? Surely if we human creatures are capable of so much feeling, we must be capable also of something great—but what? We know little else but that we can suffer deeply and are hopelessly ignorant of those things we most desire to know."

She bent her head down on her hands and shivered.

Suddenly she rose abruptly. "It is no use thinking about it," she said, half fiercely. "It only makes matters worse; I have thought till I am sick of it, and what good has it done? I will grow hard and teach myself not to care, nothing can hurt me then. Those who have stifled feeling can forget even the loneliness of life."

The loneliness of life! ah! may it not indeed have the first place? Do we not all stand alone sometimes, in an hour of bitter need, and know it, though each may not feel the anguish of it? In our bitterest strife, in our wildest doubts and questionings, in our deepest pain, are we not alone? And was not even He alone when His disciples slept, and again alone when all of them had fled?

But it is well to have patience and wait. Wait until the kind years have lessened the suffering. Wait until we can fold our hands calmly and with dry eyes look back into the past, and see there, standing beside our anguish, the blessing that we may have been too blinded by tears to see before.

But it is hard for the young to wait, and patience only comes with years.

In the months that followed, Madge never melted, and in the old Manor House step-mother and step-daughter lived their lives apart.

They met and addressed each other with freezing politeness, but without any pretence at mutual interest.

And the bitterness in Madge's heart grew apace. Helen, the only one who could soften her, was gone. In her hour of bitter need she was indeed alone.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

PERIODICALS IN AMERICA.—Most periodicals are in America sent direct to the readers by "mail" or otherwise, and paid for by the year; the more prosperous kind in advance, and others whenever the money or any sort of equivalent (all the way down to water-melons) can be be wrung out of the subscriber.

HELPFUL BOOKS.—If a book is helping us, the right feeling to have, says Mr. Ruskin, is "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now I hope I shall some day."

A FOOLISH EXPECTATION.—How can we expect that a friend should keep our secret, whilst we are convincing her that it is more than we can do ourselves.

A QUAINT EPITAPH.

In Bideford churchyard is the following epitaph:—

"The wedding-day appointed was
And wedding clothes provided;
But ere the day did come, alas!
He sickened, and he die—did."

DOING GREAT THINGS.—To do great things we must live as though we had never to die.

A DEVONSHIRE SAYING.

If you want a bus'hin' wife,
And children well look'd arter;
The one to suit you all your life
Is a farmer's oldest darter.

COMMAND OF LANGUAGE.—We often hear of a person who has command of many languages, but it is seldom that one is mistress of her own tongue.

COMPETITION FOR "STAY AT HOME GIRLS."

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR—

Since reading in the summer number of the G. O. P. the announcement of the competition for stay at home girls, I have wondered much whether or no I should make an effort and write an account of how my days are spent. Sometimes I have thought mine is such a quiet life, that when compared with the lives of other girls who have many friends, and many opportunities for social intercourse, and whose days are filled with a round of visiting, studying and pleasure taking; mine, with its daily routine of work would appear somewhat dull and dreary; but I am glad to say that it does not appear so to me, for I am always happy and contented, and I believe the truest happiness is to be found in striving to do our duty faithfully in whatever sphere of life God may have placed us.

I am the daughter of a Methodist Minister, and as the custom is in our Denomination we are often moving from place to place usually living three or four years in one Circuit. I like travelling about and living in different parts of the country, though it has its drawbacks. It takes a long time to get used to the new people, also the different customs in various parts of the country in connection with our Church work. While my actual home duties are about the same in whatever part of the country we may be, my duties in connection with the Church vary in the different circuits, according to the class of people we find, for I hold myself in readiness to fill any vacancy in the Church that I possibly can, believing that a Minister's daughter should be as energetic and as ready to assist in any branch of Christian work as the Minister himself. There is one department in all Churches that never seems to be sufficiently supplied with workers and that is the Sunday school. Wherever I go there is always the vacant class waiting for me, and in two schools I have filled the position of secretary, because no one else could be found willing to undertake the work. Then in two places I have had to take charge of the choir, and have been organist for six years. At present I am living in a large colliery town in South Wales, and have been here just long enough to get nicely settled, and to feel at home with our people. At first everything seemed very strange to us, for though our services are in English, and our people speak the English language as well as their own, we found it very difficult to understand them, and in many respects they are very different from the people we have always been accustomed to, but fortunately for me as the phrenologist informed me when he examined my head I can adapt myself to any circumstances, and so I have settled down as comfortably as if I had been born in Wales, and I am quite happy and contented amongst my Welsh friends. I always think when we are going to a new Circuit that at last I shall have a little leisure time, and be able to devote a certain portion of each day to studying, improving myself in music, or in doing fancy work; but I have not yet arrived at that stage, and at present I am busier than ever, and my time is even more taken up than it ever was before.

My home life is a particularly happy one, we are four in family, father, mother, and one sister who is away in business, so that all the home duties and privileges fall to my share. We do not keep a servant, nor have any help whatever in our housework. Mother and I between us do everything, even the washing. As far as possible we are methodical, and do a certain portion of work each day, but sometimes we have to postpone it if there is anything special at the Chapel for that is always our first consideration. Monday is set apart for the week's washing, which is rather larger than we have been accustomed to, for everything gets so very dirty in these colliery districts, one day is taken up with the ironing, Friday is the day for thoroughly turning out the bedrooms, Saturday of course means a general cleaning up downstairs, while the other two days are fully occupied with special work, of which there is always plenty to be found in every home. It seems almost impossible to describe minutely the work of each day separately, there are so many little things to be done in every house, that take up a great deal of time, and yet leave nothing much to show for it. I am a fairly early riser, and always commence the day with a cold sponge bath, for which healthful habit I am indebted to the teaching of "Medicus" in the G. O. P.

Breakfast is the first consideration, then family prayer, after which the usual day's work is attended to, but not without many interruptions. Sometimes we have callers, or there is some shopping to do or a business letter to write and take to post, for no one but those intimately acquainted with a Minister's work, know of the many letters that arrive constantly needing attention. I do most of the business correspondence, and nearly all the Circuit writing which is considerable, for Methodist Ministers are not Pastors with but one Church to superintend, they always have several in a Circuit some of them many miles from their home, and a great deal of the business is then carried on by correspondence. Then too we have to keep a strict account of all the work done in one Circuit, of the income and expenditure of each chapel and school, and copies have to be forwarded to the District Meeting and to Conference. All this means hours of work for me, beside which we have a large magazine circulation to attend to, a Circuit plan to make every quarter which occupies several days according to the size of the Circuit, beside many other things too numerous to mention.

All this serves to take up a great deal of my time so that when I have special housework to do such as spring cleaning I am obliged to rise a few hours earlier in the morning. I always whitewash the ceilings and sometimes paper the walls, and I can also paint the house in a creditable manner when needed; these, I often say are my accomplishments and though perhaps not so ladylike as some I find them exceedingly useful. Beside the general housework and washing we do our own dressmaking and of course plain needlework, this includes all my sister's as well, for she has no time to do her own; sometimes we get a few hours in the morning when we are dressmaking, but usually our sewing is done after three o'clock when housework is finished. I never do any fancy work for want of time. I knit all the stockings and winter gloves for the family, this occupies my odd moments. The only time I sit down and remain idle is just after dinner while father has a nap, and mother and I indulge in a cup of tea and half an hour's reading, and sometimes an hour before bedtime.

My evenings are much taken up with Church work. One is the Preaching service, another the Mutual Improvement class, while on Wednesday evening I often attend three services, Catechumen class, Band of Hope, and Choir practise. I am the assistant leader of the Catechumen class which is a preparatory class for training our scholars before they join the Church. I am also the Vice President of the Band of Hope, this office I accepted because there was no one else to fill it, we are very short of workers, and on two or three occasions I have found myself there alone, and have had to give out the hymns, play the harmonium, pray, make a speech, and keep order, the latter being the most difficult of all. I am not the organist of our present Church, but I have to play at most of our week-night services, and sometimes on the Sunday. During the winter I give an essay at our Mutual Improvement class, and I have several times read a paper at a Circuit, or Sunday School Convention. Then I have my visiting to do among the members of our Church, and there are often social gatherings, and tea-meetings in connection with the Church, and during the summer months there may be a picnic or two, these are my times of recreation and enjoyment. Sunday is a very busy day, I attend school morning and afternoon, preaching service twice and finish up by attending a prayer meeting, and in the course of seven years I have only been absent on an average one Sunday in the year.

Space forbids me to speak of our flower garden and lawns which I keep in order, or of an occasional mountaineering expedition with father, or of the pleasure of entertaining old friends who visit us sometimes, or of the letters I write to absent friends, or the delights of a short holiday in the summer when I can be spared from home which is not every year; but all these pleasures combined with my daily work convince me that a life well spent is worth living, and that no girl need wish for a more peaceful and happy life than the one I am living.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

Aberdare. "ROSE."

* These essays are printed without revision of any kind. The two remaining Prize Essays will be published in our next monthly part.—ED.

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY.*

"WHAT I DO WITH MY TIME."

I AM the eldest daughter of a doctor. My home is in a pretty village by the sea, sixteen miles from the nearest railway station. Since I left school three years ago most of my time has been spent there trying to be the help and comfort that a good daughter ought to be in her home. Our household consists of Father, Mother, six year old Alice, a wee baby of three months, myself, servant and boy.

Now in order that you may know how my time is spent I will commence with my morning's duties which are very much alike all the year round.

I generally rise at half past seven. After dressing myself my little sister, who sleeps in a cot in my bedroom and is entirely under my care, has to be washed and dressed. After going down stairs my first work is to prepare the breakfast, and lay the table in readiness for it in the breakfast room. By the time the coffee, ham, and toast are ready, Father and Mother come down, and we sit down together to our morning meal. Directly breakfast is over, Alice has to be sent to school. When she has gone, the breakfast is cleared, and the dining room drawing room and hall are put in order and dusted. The dusting of the drawing room always takes me a good time, as it contains so many ornaments and nick nacks, that require most careful handling. If necessary I next go out into the garden, and pick some flowers, and arrange them in the vases. We are all very fond of flowers, and like to have a little of their beauty and fragrance in our rooms, as well as out of doors. The next work to be done by me is to go upstairs to make my own bed and little Alice's, and put our room in order. One morning in the week it is my duty to see that the servant girl gives all the bedrooms a thorough sweeping after which they have to be dusted by me. When my work upstairs is finished, I go down again into the kitchen to assist in the preparation of the dinner; or should the servant be busy with other work, to take the entire charge of the cooking of it. Any pastry or cakes required for tea are also always made by me during my morning's cooking. Mother having been unwell during the preserving season this year, all the jam and jelly were made by me. As our large garden supplied us with an abundance of fruit for the purpose, I was able to make quite a large quantity of preserves. If there is any time left before dinner after finishing my cooking, it is spent in changing my dress, and in making Alice also presentable to appear at the table. My afternoons are spent in various ways. In the summer weather the first part of my afternoon is often spent doing some darning or sewing on a shady seat in the garden, where Father and Mother often join me. Whilst Mother and I sew, Father reads aloud from the newspaper anything he sees likely to interest us. After going in from the garden, unless Mother wishes me to take the baby for a while, I practise my music, which is always a source of great pleasure to me. Father and Mother are also very fond of music, so I try to devote a certain part of every day to a steady practice of scales and difficult pieces, in order to improve my playing. But it often happens, that my afternoon passes without my being able to do any practising. Some of our friends may call, and in that case the rest of the afternoon is spent in helping to entertain them. If they are musical like ourselves, we generally manage to have a little music before they leave. Of course Mother and I have to give an afternoon now and then to returning these calls; and seeing other less fortunate friends, who may be in sickness or sorrow.

When tea is over in the summer months, I generally go out of doors. There is nothing I enjoy better on a fine evening than a row in our little boat "the Daisy."

Two of us rowing, and one steering, we go along the water at a good rate, and soon leave far behind us the stone pier from which we started, and the little town with its white houses ranged in terraces along the side of the hill.

As the boat dances gaily over the sparkling waves, and the fresh sea breezes play about us, we feel our spirits rapidly rising, and one of us may break out into a song, which is joined right heartily in the chorus by the rest of the company. We pause now and then on our oars, to admire the scenery along the shore, where we see a coast bound by layer upon layer of stratified rock broken up into all kinds of fantastic shapes, and here and there into islets and caves. In this way time passes very quickly and pleasantly, and before long we are back again on the stone pier, talking over our evening's experiences, and making arrangements to meet again another evening for some more boating before we separate to go to our various homes.

Another evening Father may take me out for a drive along the pleasant country roads bordered by hedgerows which are in the summer time gay with honeysuckle, dog roses, and other wild flowers. We drive on past waving cornfields and green meadows, or sometimes over moors on which nothing grows except heather and gorse. Presently we may see before us a cart in which a farmer and his wife are jogging along slowly and contentedly, with whom we exchange a friendly greeting in Welsh as we pass them by. Occasionally I have to wait outside a farmhouse or cottage, whilst Father goes in to see a patient. It often happens, that before I have been long waiting, an old Welsh woman appears in the doorway making a quaint picture in her short striped skirt, check apron, little red shawl, and clogs. In her hand she carries a glass of fresh milk, which she smilingly offers to me. Of course I have to accept it gratefully. When Father comes out he finds the kind old woman and myself having a friendly chat together in Welsh. On returning from my row or drive, Alice has to be given her supper and put to bed, also our supper prepared. The rest of my time until bed time at eleven o'clock is spent in Reading, sewing, answering letters, or copying Reports etc. for Father.

Girls used to the bustle and gaiety of large towns, would perhaps think my life here during the winter was rather a dull one; but having always plenty of interesting work to occupy my time the winter months pass very happily by. I go for a brisk walk every afternoon, after which the remainder of my day is spent indoors, unless I attend a Public meeting or concert in the evening. The long winter evenings when spent at home were employed in practising my music and singing, sewing, or reading my books from the Home Reading Union by whose guidance I followed an instructive and interesting course of reading in History, Literature, and Science. Any spare time in the afternoons was given to painting, and working for a bazaar in which we had a stall.

Sunday in our home is always a quiet peaceful day. In the morning and evening I go to chapel to a Welsh service, and in the afternoon to the Sunday School, where I teach a class of little girls. As I sit there trying to teach the little ones around me to read and understand God's word, my thoughts often carry me back to that time in my own childhood, when a dear one whose voice is now silent used to talk to me of Jesus and heaven and a great desire fills my heart to lead a better and more Christ-like life.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"ANEMONE."

Cardiganshire.

CHIEFLY ABOUT RHEUMATISM.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

ONE should never boast about one's health and strength. Though, like Mark Twain, I cannot say that I have suffered from every ailment under the sun "except house-maid's knee," still I have during my wanderings here and there in many lands, and at home too, had numerous illnesses. Also I do not think that I could write so well on troubles I had not experienced the *pains* of. Experience gives an atmosphere of reality to whatsoever an author writes. For example, in writing serial novels, or stories, I never depend altogether on my imagination for any scenes, and seldom for any human character. I have never gone through any part of my life with my eyes and ears shut. I have never travelled anywhere by sea or land, in America, India, Europe, Africa, or even in the Arctic Regions, without two friends—a note-book and a drawing pencil. And whatever of interest has appeared before me is at once transmitted to paper. I do not profess to be an artist, I only just possess the knack of catching salient points and lines. But a sunrise, a sunset, a wild romantic scene, or storm of any kind if sketched by pen and pencil on the spot, comes in wonderful handy when writing fiction. So too do droll faces, and while travelling in my caravan "The Wanderer" I meet many, many curious-faced folks on tramp and by the wayside.

Here is a hint anyhow to girls who would become writers. Unless you are acquainted with human life and nature, you can no more write a good story than you could paint a decent picture *minus* a model. I know many young ladies who write short stories, or rather try to, which no editor outside Hanwell would look at. These stories are destitute of reality

and as a rule made up of school-girl gush, sentiment and twaddle. So their ultimate destination is the Balaam basket.

Nevertheless, although a man some years over fifty may be as hardy though not so strong as a fellow in his twenties, I, for one, do not wish to have illnesses, for the pleasure of describing them with a greater degree of minuteness to my girl-readers.

But here is a morsel of my own experience that may be welcome to some. After ten years' service in the Royal Navy constantly abroad, I was invalided on half-pay and became a *litterateur*. I was invalided for chronic rheumatism. I had some years before caught jungle fever on the East Coast of Africa. We soon after ran on shore, and knocked an ugly hole in our saucy gun-boat and ripped away our keel. We got off on a very high tide and proceeded to Bombay docks. It was pump, pump, pump, three hours every watch for nearly three weeks. Then we reached the docks.

But all our pumping could not have saved us had not Providence been kind. You have heard I suppose about—

"The sweet little cherub who sits up aloft,
To look after the life of poor Jack."

Well, that cherub, during our hazardous voyage to Bombay must have been aloft with us. For strange to say, the ship sucked into the leak a quantity of floating sea-weed, partially filling it up and thus saving our lives.

But though I got easily over the jungle fever, I found myself getting stiff and ill. The appetite failed, I felt constantly tired, when I sat down it pained me much to get up again. Before reaching Bombay—remember I was the only medical man in charge—I was obliged to keep to my hammock, and my patients — and they were very many — just came or hobbled to the quarter-deck where I lay, and there were treated by me—whom my messmates thought a dying man, because a huge shark day after day kept following the ship, in spite of the fact that whenever a fin of his appeared above water, it was played upon by a fountain of revolver bullets.

I was pretty ill when I reached Bombay, red and swollen joints, and sickness all over.

Captain G——, a dear, kind little fellow, said I must go on shore to the Military Hospital. There was no Navy one.

"What!" I cried peevishly, "and leave all my poor patients! No, sir, unless they go too, I remain."

So I was humoured. And a pretty procession we made, filing through the streets and along the esplanade borne in hammocks, by red marines and blue-jackets. Fifteen suffering men and a pale-faced young doctor. Arrived at Dr. Dimmock's he told me he could take the men but had no officers' wards disengaged. But seeing me look so sad and ill, his heart melted in pity for me. There was one outlying building, he said, that I might have, however. I jumped at the proposal, that is as far as any man in acute rheumatism could jump.

It was indeed a lonesome ward, but very large—three huge open windows at each side, and my bed in the corner. I had an Indian servant, however, as faithful as a dog, who slept on a mat on the floor and never left me five minutes night or day.

For a whole month I was utterly helpless, unable so much as to lift a hand to my aching brow, or move a foot. I think I lived on medicine, soda-water and sujee (a kind of flour porridge). Moreover when Pandoo left the room for a few minutes in flew at least a score of impudent Indian crows. There was no species of mischief they were not versed in. The remains of my sujee (N.B. They were too wise to tackle the physic) was eaten up, so was my fruit, and they hopped all over the ward with my spoons.

Seeing my helplessness, one or two would sometimes hop on to my chest and glance at me most roguishly. "You've got blue eyes," one seemed to say, "We've often picked out dark ones, but never blue. Give us a bit."

The wonder is they didn't blind me. But when bare-legged, linen-dressed Pandoo re-entered, the rout was soon completed, though the din of it was a perfect pandemonium.

Now here is a strange thing, some years after this I contracted chronic rheumatism, and was sent to Haslar Hospital. When I was discharged on half-pay, I soon took to cycling, and have been a wheel-man ever since. But although I take but little care of myself, sleeping with open windows, bathing all the year round, letting my clothes when wet dry on my back for example, and doing much that I ought not to do, the wheel has entirely cured me, and I have never had a twinge of rheumatism, and very seldom a cold since I took to it.

The rationale of this is probably as follows. My skin is always beautifully open, that is the pores are, and one would scarcely believe what an amount of effete matter is daily discharged from the skin. My liver seldom troubles me. Sitting so much as I do, I suffer in other ways, however. Well, the best cure for this is prevention—if that is not an Irish bull. But plenty of ripe fruit before breakfast, oatmeal, the cycle and early rising keeps one well and happy. Frequent change of underclothing and socks or stockings is a *sine qua non*.

Keep on the road, I say, winter and summer. I'd rather pedal through mud than run the risk of having obstructed pores. On the other hand if you spurt much, it will stretch or weaken the heart, so that if you are at all inclined to have chronic rheumatism, you will be far more likely to take it.

At what age may one commence cycling? It is best, of course, to begin young. But a gentleman of my acquaintance, who lives in a very hilly country, took to the safety some years ago. He was then sixty-three, I believe, but thin, active, and wiry.

He was being threatened with chronic rheumatism, but that is entirely gone.

I would not, however, advise an elderly, stout lady or gentleman to adopt the cycle. In these cases, the heart is nearly always more or less flabby, and not only surrounded with bands of fat, but as pale as a spring chicken's.

Again, it does not follow that cycling will reduce corpulence, although it will gradually bring up the muscular strength. A patient of mine, a very free liver, had the courage to give up stimulants entirely. Well, he began to grow fat, and I recommended a good tricycle—he was not very young—but, strangely enough, the more he rode, the rounder he grew. So he had to abandon this fascinating exercise.

So those who are beginning to suffer from rheumatism, either about the joints or muscles, should at once diet themselves, not eating too much and being careful to take nothing that creates acidity of the stomach. If the stomach is soured so will the blood be and deposits will take place in ligaments. Hence the pain.

Walking and plenty of it is *the* exercise for stout folks.

The cold bath every morning, a warm bath every third evening, and a Turkish bath once a week have often made a man or woman young and active again in six months' time.

Let me caution the reader against the quack blood-purifying medicines so freely advertised in the press. Even sarsaparilla, though at one time so much extolled, is now found out to be a fraud. I heard a very eminent professor say, not long ago, that, as far as blood-purification was concerned, sarsaparilla was about as useless as a decoction of hay would be.

Too much sugar should not be taken by those inclined to either corpulence or rheumatism. But it is strength and energy for the wiry man, and even for the nervous.

Saccharin may be taken for a few weeks, but remember that in the end it does much harm—is almost a poison in fact.

Well, although compared to the people who possess that unhappy slight inclination to *embonpoint*, we hardy, somewhat nervine individuals are the salt of the earth and keep the world agog, there is one thing which we should remember. We must never overdo it. I confess I do not always practice what I preach, but then I'm like a finger-post at cross-roads. Sufficient if it tells you the road. You must not expect it to come down and walk all the way alongside you. But there is a verse in the Corinthians which I think we should all remember:

"Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

I sometimes experience the truth of this. It is just while I am feeling fittest, that I catch a nasty little cold, the toothache, or tic, or a week of partial insomnia—this last caused by writing too long without sufficient exercise in the fresh air. And I always say I'll be wiser—but I never am. Sitting with damp or wet feet often encourages an attack of rheumatism. So does sitting in a draught with damp clothing on. But otherwise, speaking from my own experience, I never catch cold or anything else though writing all day close beside the widely-opened windows of my wigwam winter and summer. If in a train, the windows should be let down, and so long as you feel no chill there is no danger even should you be riding against the wind.

Waterproof clothing and those feet-rotting contrivances called goloshes speedily open the door for rheumatism to enter.

Well, for the cure of chronic rheumatism, I believe far more in the regulation of diet, regular exercise daily, avoidance of exposure to inclement weather, the baths as stated above, and all-wool clothing night and day (no linen sheets), than I do in medicine. The latter may be needed, but can only be prescribed for individual cases, according to symptoms and constitution.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

D. B.—You will find the words of the poem "Unanswered Yet" in the October part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, under the heading "Browning, Havergal, or Another."

DARKIE.—You should study the elementary rules of grammar and spelling before attempting to write verse. "Please except this poetry," contains two mistakes, one in spelling, the other in accuracy of expression.

ORINOCO.—By all means send us the little play for children and the short stories, for criticism. We are always glad to help our readers in this way. The incident recorded in "The Child's Prayer" is pretty, but the setting is scarcely suitable. Blank verse is not adapted for a homely, simple tale such as this, and as there is nothing specially poetical in the lines, the reader wonders why the story was not told in prose. One line "Delighted with her flowers, on she goes," is halting.

S. U. J.—We have read your essay and sympathise with your wish to earn a little money by writing, but we must frankly tell you we do not think it is of the least use for you to entertain the hope that you could do so. The profession of literature is a profession like other professions, and to succeed in it, one must have something to say that will attract public attention. Your remarks on "Sympathy," though quite true, only express what is familiar fact to all. Read our next answer.

ELSIE.—We feel extremely sorry for you, as an unhappy and discouraged spirit breathes from your letter. We have carefully read your story. One great source of the disappointment felt by many young writers, in common with yourself, is this, they cannot realise that the profession of literature, even in its minor branches, needs training and long practice as other professions do. It is no discredit to them if, without this, they cannot succeed. Your story shows that you have not mastered the laws of construction. For instance, you begin "It was Violet Hermesley's birthday," and describe her very well. We expect something is going to happen, but nothing does; you suddenly leap over several months and begin anew. This is a defect. You occasionally use expressions that would not be admissible in serious composition, *e.g.*, "tilted the lot." But the gravest criticism we should be disposed to offer is this; your story is likely to give false views of life. We do not see how a woman could live so as to dress prettily and keep healthy on "competition fees" from, at most, half-a-dozen music pupils, even if fancy work at twopence per hour were thrown in. At forty, your heroine, with such experiences, must have had a few of the lines in her face that you deny her, and her marriage, some time later, in the fashion of *Jane Eyre*, with the rich father of a pupil, is too much after the style of the fairy tale, where all comes right. Your closing sentence seems to imply that Violet's religious trust and faith gained her this happy ending to her troubles. But we think you will see, on reflection, that this is all too unlike the ordinary course of events for such a statement to be justifiable. In conclusion, we urge you not to allow too melancholy a mood to grow upon you. If there is any one thing you like doing, and can do well, take that up vigorously; if it is of importance for you to learn to use your pen, read and closely study the masters of your art; make composition a matter of daily practice, and do not, at present, hope to do more.

MAYFLOWER.—We could hardly tell you whether your verses are "sufficiently advanced to compete with other poems of a similar kind in a prize competition," unless we knew more about the competition in question. But we must candidly say that we are afraid they could not take a very high place anywhere. The metre abruptly changes in the last verse—

"I am sitting in the twilight."

is of a different cadence to

"But now it will seem all rest."

and your possessive cases and plurals are mixed up indiscriminately. The lines are also too sentimental for our taste.

A MANX WOMAN.—The National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, is excellent as a "Reading Society." Amateur societies are often mentioned in this column. We think you would hear of one from Miss Anderson, Hathway's, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MADEMOISELLE JEANNE BOISSY, Avallon par Arvers, Charente Inférieure, France, wishes to correspond with an English girl of good family and of about the same age (18). Mademoiselle Boissy would write in English, her correspondent would reply either in English or French.

MISS LUCY HARRISON, ward maid at the Infirmary, Cottage Homes, Hornchurch, aged 21, would like to correspond with a French girl of musical tastes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUNT SCIS.—Your kind letters have much interested us in you, and we feel greatly drawn towards one who is in so pitiable a plight spiritually. Your lonely life in a far-away land and your yearnings for light in the reason that shall tend to a pure faith in revealed religion fill us with a strange sympathy, and give us a keen desire to be serviceable to you. One of the authors to whom you addressed an enclosed letter is now passed beyond the veil, and the other is, it seems, passing. We send you, with our earnest hope that it may be useful, Romanes' *Thoughts on Religion*, edited by Canon Gore. Romanes thoughts used to be similar to those expressed in your letter, but the higher light came before his end, and this little book contains some of the final conclusions of that powerful thinker. How can we thank you for the delightful present of seeds. All our staff were able to participate in the gift, and there is much friendly rivalry in our attempts to make them grow.

GUNNORA BRAOSE.—1. You might, with the education you have received, put an advertisement in a local paper to the effect that you are prepared to go out as a visiting governess, either in the town or neighbourhood, being certificated. Or that you would receive pupils at home (parents consenting). If plain sewing be among your acquirements, you might add that you would go out to the country houses round by the day or week, to assist in making, mending and re-arranging clothing, or to take charge of children during the temporary absence of the mother. Cards stating these proposals might be placed in the shops and windows of friendly tradespeople, to whom you might communicate your wishes, and who would oblige you so far. Show them your certificates. You write a good hand, which is in your favour.—2. With reference to the period of "fusion" in English History, we suppose you mean the time when Ireland was incorporated with Great Britain (or England Scotland and Wales) as one United Kingdom, the Act of Legislative Union being passed on January 1st, 1801; Wales was united to England in 1283, and Scotland in 1603.

A. B. C.—It is not true that the poet who composed that beautiful "ode" (as it has been classified) on the "Burial of Sir John Moore" never wrote any other poem. We are not prepared to say how many poems he wrote, but we know a song by him:

"If I had thought thou couldst have died."

set to the Irish air "Grammachree." Charles Wolfe was in Holy Orders, and died of consumption while still a curate. He was a native of Dublin (1791-1823). He published the poem which earned himimmortal fame anonymously; and, shameful act, it was claimed by a Scottish student and teacher, who was forced by overwhelming evidence to the contrary, to confess the odious fraud, and to express his contrition. The Reverend Charles Wolfe was curate of Ballyclog, Co. Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore. He died of over-exertion in attending to the wild and scattered parish of which he had charge as a curate.

CHARLEY H. (St. John's).—You are of about medium height (though not for our Northern Counties in England), but you have probably not yet acquired your full height at seventeen. No self-respecting woman could so demean herself as to try to "get a beau." It is the beau that should try to get her.

A. B.—There is no difficulty in giving the answer to your query, respecting the quotation which occurs in Henry Drummond's book, viz.,

"I expect to pass through this world but once."

It is from Marcus Aurelius, an author of whom he was very fond.

ROSE.—1. If you had any real talent, there would be no need of searching for it. It would make itself evident without your assistance.—2. For the icing of a large cake you will require to sift 8 oz. of fine sugar; put the same into a mortar, with four spoonfuls of rose-water, and the whites of two eggs beaten and strained; whisk well, and when the cake is almost cold, dip a feather in the icing and cover the cake well with it. Set it in the oven to harden, but do not let it stay long or it may become discoloured. The cake should stand in a dry place. For almond-icing, beat the whites of three eggs to a strong froth; beat 1 lb. of Jordan almonds very finely with rose-water; mix the almond paste and eggs lightly together; add 1 lb. of powdered loaf sugar by degrees, and when the cake is baked take it from the oven, lay on the icing, and put it in the oven to brown.

POODLE.—1. Of course the higher the degree and position a man has, the better for him in every profession, even when not obligatory.—2. We think that the ginger cake is baked in too hot an oven, and it gets cooked at the edges, and not in the middle; or else your cake requires more flour to make it into a stiffer dough. Opening the oven door is also a source of trouble in the baking of cakes. It should not be opened on any account till the cake be perfectly set.

L. H. (Scarborough).—Write to Miss Lefroy, 17, Eldon Road, Kensington, London, W., Secretary of the United British Women's Emigration Association. You must show good testimonials as to character, and capability to work in some way. This society will secure proper protection for you on the voyage, and reception on arrival. For one or two years after they will keep you in view; and if you were specially well recommended, they would advance you a loan without charging interest, and endeavour to find you a situation through their correspondents.

NORAH GRAYSON.—If your joints be supple, and you have a correct ear, and good musical taste, you are not too old to learn to play any instrument sufficiently well to give pleasure to yourself and your audience, though not to become a professor.

OLD POLLY.—You should write to our publisher for any indexes you require, which perhaps he may still have. You do not say of what description of work the slippers are required to be—embroidery on cloth or silk, crochet-work, or knitting? Small sixpenny manuals for the last two kinds of work applied to such a purpose as slippers.

DAISY (Russia).—Many thanks for your kind and correctly written letter. We are surprised to hear you have only learnt English in one year.

FAITH.—Write direct to the address given for all information, enclosing a stamped envelope. It is better in all cases, when you have such a clear address, to write to headquarters.

SHAMROCK.—Amongst our most distinguished Lords Justices of the present reign, we may name Robert, Lord Cranworth (1851), afterwards Lord Chancellor; Sir Hugh Cairns (1853), afterwards Lord Chancellor; Sir Wm. Page Wood (1868), afterwards Lord Chancellor. The present Lords Justices, Sir W. M. James (1870), Sir R. Baggallay (1875), Sir George Bramwell (1876), Sir W. Baliol Brett (1876), Sir Henry Cotton (1877), and the Hon. Alfred H. Thesiger (1877). We do not pretend to "place these in the order of merit!" Amongst the humorists, Thomas Hood, the poet, was one; Theodore E. Hook was celebrated for his "wild sallies of wit and drollery," Charles J. Lever, M.D. and LL.D., Robert Burns, poet, and Edward Lear, author, amongst other publications, of *The Book of Nonsense*. Tennyson alludes to him in one of his lyrics as having

"Such a pencil, such a pen."

BLUEBELL.—Cucumber jelly should be made, like any other jelly, with isinglass, or with gelatine. A good recipe for orange or apple jelly, or aspic, might be followed, so far as the clearing and the quantities are concerned.

MURIEL H.—Miss Prince Browne holds classes for dressmaking and millinery throughout the year (we believe) at Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. Pupils can enter at any date. Terms for twelve lessons, one guinea. Visitors may see the work being done in the studios any Tuesday or Friday, either in the morning or afternoon. Miss Prince Browne is the registered teacher under the "City and Guilds of London," and is also a teacher of artificial-flower making, tailoring, French pattern modelling, and making-up of straw into bonnets and hats.

WARRINGTON.—Yes, it is quite true that an English woman can go all round the world without once leaving British territory. The course of the journey is from England to Quebec by the C. P. R. to Vancouver, from thence across the Pacific to Hong Kong, thence to Singapore, Penang, Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, and England. There is an alternative route, from Penang to Ceylon, Bombay, Aden, Perim, and Gibraltar. Most of the journey is of course by sea, but there is a very long land journey from Quebec to Vancouver.

GEORGIE inquires what is meant by a "bore" in a river, as in the Severn and elsewhere. It is occasioned by the advancing front of a tidal wave when it stretches across a bay or mouth of a river. These waves rush with such impetuosity as to sweep all before them. The same phenomenon occurs in the river Garonne as in the Severn. In mid-ocean it does not exceed the average surface of the waves by more than about three feet; but at Chepstow the spring tides rise to forty, and at such times a "bore" some nine feet in height rushes up the stream. This phenomenon occurs off Patagonia, between La Plata and Cape Horn; in the Indian Ocean, in the Bay of Bengal, and in the Arabian Gulf.—2. We do not anticipate any return to the styles that obtained when Her Majesty ascended the throne, and loyalty does not demand it; for she has worn all the various fashions which have successively followed, like every one else.

XAVIER.—Candidates must pass through a training college for missionary work, learning the languages needful, and must be in good health. The age would be from 25 to 28; but it would depend on circumstances.

CARRIE T.—We never heard that there was any rule on the subject of ladies wearing flowers either on one side or the other. As a fact, we believe they are nearly always worn on the right side.



[*By permission of Messrs. Byrne & Co., Richmond.*

THE LATE PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, DUCHESS OF TECK.

"*Thou art gone to the grave!—but 'twere vain to deplore thee,*
When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died."—HEBER.



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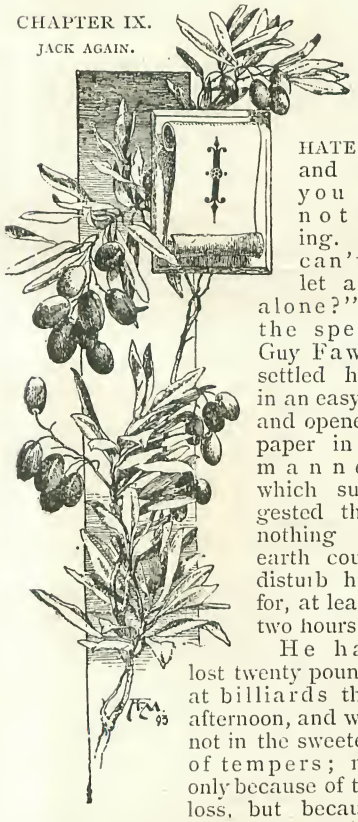
"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

CHAPTER IX.

JACK AGAIN.



"I HATE girls, and I tell you I'm not going. Why can't you let a man alone?" and the speaker, Guy Fawcett, settled himself in an easy chair and opened his paper in a manner which suggested that nothing on earth could disturb him for, at least, two hours.

He had lost twenty pounds at billiards that afternoon, and was not in the sweetest of tempers; not only because of the loss, but because he had grace enough to know that he was an idiot to let himself be led into playing for such high stakes.

At the same time, his remark was, to a certain extent, true, for he was anything but a lady's man, and if he did not actually hate girls, he certainly never took any more notice of them than he could possibly help.

Left an orphan at an early age, with a very fair income, he had started travelling as soon as ever he was old enough, and had led such a roving life ever since, that home-life was practically unknown to him.

At times, that is in his thoughtful moods, this was a source of real regret to him; but then, like his great friend Jack Harcourt, he found "thinking" little to his taste, and consequently these times were few and far between. The life that suited him best was the one he was living at the present time. He went to every place of amusement that was open, and nearly every first-class football or cricket match; backed a few horses, and was to be seen at the principal races; smoked extravagantly and read little else but the paper.

Dinners and dances and "at homes" he abhorred, and he was far prouder of having rowed two years running in the Oxford eight, and got his colours at football, than of having taken his degree and come out far above the average in mathematics. He had even been known to spend more than one morning in rubbing up the numerous silver cups that adorned his and Jack's chambers, so dear were they to his eyes.

But for all this he was not by any means a worldly or a selfish man; considering the amount of temptations he was daily subject to, and the very little good influence in his sphere, the wonder was that he kept as straight as he did.

But he and Jack were both on a par. Their chief excess was smoking; for the rest they were just two careless, kind-hearted, upright, pleasure-loving young Englishmen, who would scorn to stoop to a mean or base action.



"THEIR CHIEF EXCESS WAS SMOKING."

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They had, however, one great difference. Jack was a lady's man and Guy, emphatically, wasn't. Jack, in spite of his friend's chaff, fell in love periodically about every six months, but he never got fairly settled; partly because he couldn't afford anyone's bills but his own, and partly because his affections were subject to such fluctuations.

Also the *rôle* of the petted, immensely popular bachelor suited him well, and he was in no hurry to become a Benedick.

On the evening in question he had been trying to persuade Guy to accompany him to an ice carnival, but the latter proved immovable, and finally Jack went off alone.

He was gone three hours, and during that time Guy only moved once, and that was to take a turn round the room in order to stretch his legs.

While so doing, his attention was arrested by a letter in a bold well-formed hand-writing, which had just arrived by the evening post for Jack.

The writing struck him as being rather unique, and he picked it up carelessly in order to examine it more closely, and read the post-mark.

"From his sister," he surmised, and then, tossing it down on the table, he once more threw himself into the easy chair, planted his feet on the mantelpiece and proceeded to consider which horse he had better back for the Lincoln Handicap.

When Jack came in he was still cogitating, sleepily, so he took up his letter and read it without disturbing him. He then took the easy chair opposite and leaned back a little wearily.

Guy regarded him lazily for a moment and then remarked, "You looked bored, old chap, what's wrong? Wasn't the fair one affable to-night, or have you been and gone and popped and now regret it?"

Jack blew two or three smoke rings and made no reply.

"Surely you've never let another fellow cut you out?" continued Guy in the same bantering tone.

"Stop humbugging," remarked Jack moodily, "I've got a bad headache."

Guy laughed. "By-the-way," he continued, breaking off suddenly; "have you read your letter? I nearly saved you the trouble, as the writing interested me sufficiently to rouse my curiosity. I concluded by the post-mark it was from your sister."

"Yes, it is from Madge." He paused a moment, then added, "her letters get more and more unsatisfactory. I don't know what to make of her, but she seems to be getting in a queer way."

"How?" asked Guy, with interest.

"I hardly know. She might be setting up as a professional cynic for one thing."

"I should think that's because she reads such odd books. Does she treat you to quotations?"

"She scarcely says anything," replied Jack, disconsolately; "but it's as plain as a pikestaff that she's awfully miserable. She doesn't think life's worth living, and all that kind of thing."

Guy got up and took a turn round the room, with his hands in his pockets.

"Isn't she rather silly not to try and make the best of a bad job and look forward to jollier times coming?" he suggested.

"That's just what I tell her," replied Jack, "but she only looks away and says nothing. As for arguing with her, she's much too clever for me, I simply don't know where I am in ten minutes. You see, as she's always thinking, she's got all her ideas and reasons at her finger ends, while I can only say what occurs at the moment."

Guy smiled good-naturedly. "I can imagine you don't shine," he said; "I wonder you ever attempt it."

"I don't often, I generally just get her worked up a bit and then let her talk. It's fine to hear her; she ought to have been a man, eloquence is wasted in a woman."

"It's a good thing there are none of the fair sex at hand to hear that," remarked Guy; "it would be as much as your life was worth; but I say, why can't you get your sister up to town?"

"Because it's impossible. She's only nineteen, so she can't please herself yet, and the mater won't hear of it. She'll be all right when she's twenty-one. Look here, Guy, suppose we run down and see them all? What do you say to coming next week? We can play golf if we can't do anything else; there's some good links about three miles off, and we can easily get a trap. Yes," he continued, getting up with a sudden brightening of his face, "we'll go at once and get back in time for the height of the season. We can just put in two weeks."

"Steady on a minute," interrupted Guy, stopping in his walk. "What about the dog show; I meant to send old Bimbo, and I shall want to be here at the time."

"Oh, hang Bimbo, he's got two prizes, what more does he want? You'll only ruin him, he's quite conceited enough already."

"But he's just at his best; why not put off Cumberland for ten days?"

"Because we shall be so late back. Bring Bimbo to see Madge, she'll admire him enough for anyone, she's fond of dogs."

"What will your mater say?"

"Oh, she'll only call him an ugly brute, and wonder how a sane man can make such a fuss of a mere dog, but that won't hurt you."

"Oh, all right!" said good-natured Guy, "I'm ready when you are. Perhaps as you say, another prize would be injurious to his character, and he certainly does give himself airs."

Accordingly their departure was settled for the following Tuesday, and feeling much easier in his mind, Jack took himself off to bed.

The inmates of the Manor House were at breakfast when Madge received Jack's letter, announcing their coming visit. She read it through quietly without expressing any surprise, then, folding it up remarked casually, "Jack is coming on Tuesday."

"Jack coming!" exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, while Mr. Harcourt looked over the top of his paper and made the same remark.

"What an extraordinary boy he is," continued the former. "What's put it into his head to come now?"

"Nothing particular," answered Madge coldly, while she carefully peeled the shell off her egg. "He is bringing his friend."

The girl's off-hand manner annoyed her step-mother, and her face clouded as she snapped, "Oh, he is, is he? I suppose he doesn't consider it worth while to inquire if it is quite convenient to me."

"And his friend's dog," continued Madge slowly, taking a spoonful of her egg.

"I can't do with a dog here, it's absurd. Jack must be mad," exclaimed Mrs. Harcourt, with growing exasperation. "He knows I abhor the brutes. It will be all over my flower-beds in no time. I must write and tell him I won't have it; if his friend can't leave it he may stay away."

"It is to sleep in Mr. Fawcett's bedroom," went on Madge unmoved, reaching a piece of toast and proceeding leisurely to butter it.

"Sleep in the house indeed! I know better. It may sleep at the bottom of the pond if they like, but it shan't sleep in the house. Do you hear, James, Jack's friend is bringing a great dog, which he wishes to have in his bedroom? Of course you will put your foot down at such proceedings; if you don't I shall."

"The dog won't hurt me," replied Mr. Harcourt, turning over his paper and beginning another column; "but of course if it is disagreeable to you, you have only to tell Jack."

"Only to tell Jack indeed," she sneered. "A lot of notice he would take of that."

"The dog will require Spratt's biscuits to eat, with lights twice a week, and a soft mat to lie on. No one is to tamper with it, as it is rather fierce, and the flower-beds are to be wired round," went on Madge, still leisurely eating her breakfast.

The sudden piece of good news had somewhat enlivened her, and for the first time for months she dropped her usual manner of haughty indifference to one of assumed carelessness, and condescended to tease her step-mother.

"What unheard-of nonsense!" exclaimed that lady with intense indignation. "I'll soon show Master Jack and his friend who is mistress here. I'll have no dogs pampered in my house. I shall write immediately after breakfast and undeceive him, if he thinks he is going to do just whatever he likes here," and she forthwith departed to execute her intentions.

Mr. Harcourt soon followed her, and Madge, putting on her hat strolled out into the spring sunshine. The glad news in her letter, caused a little stray sunbeam to creep into her eyes and stay there, although it was many a month since the last had died away.

They used not to be so rare, but then hardening influences had somewhat changed her lately.

Not long ago her beautiful eyes were varied with wistful, defiant, hard and sometimes even merry expressions.

They are nearly always hard now, and cold, passionate indifference is the expression that she continually cultivates.

She has been trying to steel herself against any deep feeling whatever except her passionate love for Jack, and that only burns stronger with the passing weeks.

For worship is born into the heart of man, and because of it he cannot wholly banish feeling. Thus Madge, in her hour of bitterness, doubt and scepticism, tossing anchorless on a troubled stormy sea, has concentrated nearly all the force of her strong nature into a vast, all-masterful love for her brother Jack. Without knowing it she has already placed him on a pedestal and, metaphorically speaking, bowed down in complete self-abnegation before her idol.

"Thou shalt have none other gods but Me," thundered the Mighty voice of the Creator from Sinai of old.

Aye, and down the long vista of passing centuries, the voice has thundered on, with its mighty import unweakened. In this enlightened nineteenth century, though men close their ears to it and scoff at it, the words still retain their old solemnity, and continue to be spoken for us, as surely as for those Hebrews of old. And may we not expect, that, as surely as the idols of those ancient days were eventually overthrown and broken in pieces, so individually and collectively, amid much heart-burn, denunciation and frantic imploring, must the man-wrought idols of this present day lie in the dust.

What other course is there, if we will not turn from them ourselves, for is not the aim and end of man just a pressing forward to perfection?

(To be continued.)

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

Skeleton Leaves.

Finding a last year's bulb turned into a skeleton by the action of rain and wind and lying like a piece of lace-work on the surface of the ground, I picked it up this morning and have since then been looking for such other instances of woody fibre as it may be possible to light upon in the garden and fields.



SKELETON BULB.

Under my holly trees were some very perfect skeleton leaves, only needing to be bleached in a weak solution of chloride of lime to form charming sprays to place with other leaves under a glass shade.

Magnolia leaves may often be found thus turned into skeletons when they have been lying on damp ground for some months; but as these and other specimens are seldom quite perfect, the best way, if we wish for a case of really beautiful lace-like leaves, is to make them for ourselves by gathering well-matured specimens of suitable species, and placing them in a deep pan full of soft water letting them soak until the upper and under skins of the leaves are rotted, when they can be brushed off with a camel-hair pencil.

When the skeletons are bleached they should be dried between sheets of blotting-paper, mounted into a group with fine wire and placed under a glass shade.

The following leaves succeed well: holly, magnolia, pear, maple, poplar and sycamore.

Seed-vessels are very beautiful when carefully cleaned.

Stramonium, henbane, poppy, winter-cherry, butcher's broom, yellow-rattle, a bunch of sycamore keys, and a very old Swedish turnip also makes a sphere of woody fibre of fine delicate network which few people would ever guess to be the framework of that homely vegetable.

Palestine Oaks.

When we read of the oak-trees mentioned in Scripture we are apt, very naturally, to picture them with large, bright green leaves of the size and shape of our English oaks; but as this is contrary to fact I will describe the Eastern tree that we may realise its appearance more accurately.

An acorn, gathered on Mount Tabor, was grown by a friend of mine till the little specimen was old enough to be transplanted into my garden, where it now occupies an honoured place. Its leaves seldom exceed an inch and a half in length, of a dark green with prickles round the edges.

Unlike our English oaks, which shed their leaves in autumn, these trees are evergreen, and only mark the change of seasons by throwing out pale green shoots in spring. The acorn is small and has a somewhat prickly cup.

There are three species of oak in Palestine; the one I possess is *Quercus pseudococcifera*, which grows abundantly in Syria. Abraham's oak near Hebron belongs to this species; it measures twenty-three feet in girth, and the branches are spread over a space ninety feet in diameter.

During the severe winter of 1894–5, the weight of snow broke off one of its huge branches which, when sawn up, furnished sufficient wood to load seven camels.

We owe the ink with which we write to another Syrian oak (*Quercus infectoria.*)

A small fly punctures its twigs causing irritation in the flow of the sap, and gall-nuts are formed in consequence. These nuts abound in tannic and gallic acid, and in combination with sulphate of iron and gum they form the constituents of our writing ink.

I have in my museum some of the huge acorn cups of the valonia oak, the third species, known as *Quercus ægilops;* this tree is of great value, as its fruit is much used and largely imported for dyeing purposes as well as ink-making.

We read in Acts xx. 13, that St. Paul, parting from his disciples at Troas, was to meet them again at Assos (to which place they were going by ship); he, "minding himself to go afoot," would, in making this journey, pass through groves of valonia oaks which abound in that part of Asia Minor.



PALESTINE OAK.

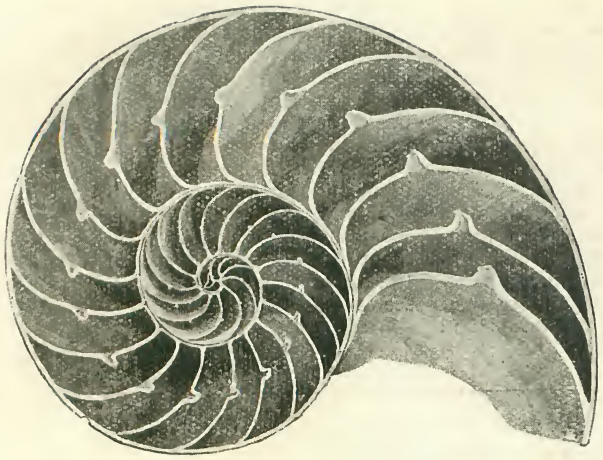
I like to think of the great apostle taking that quiet woodland walk, possibly the last opportunity he ever enjoyed for undisturbed meditation and thought, alone amidst the beauty of nature.

The Nautilus.

The shell of the common nautilus, when divided lengthways, affords a beautiful example of delicate structure. It is the dwelling of a species of cuttle-fish found in the Indian Ocean.

The creature lives only in the upper compartment of its shell, whilst below it are thirty-six exquisitely graduated air-chambers lined with mother-of-pearl. This cuttle-fish has numerous tentacles or feelers on which it sometimes crawls like a snail at the bottom of the sea. It is a deep-sea dweller, but at times it rises towards the surface and swims through the water by drawing in air and then violently ejecting it, thus progressing backwards by a series of jerks. The shell is as hard and smooth as porcelain, and is marked outside by a series of dark brown wavy lines.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his beautiful poem "The Chambered Nautilus," draws a



CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

delightful lesson from the formation of this shell.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

Another species known as the paper nautilus has a pure white and exquisitely fragile exterior, in form resembling the common nautilus but without any chambers inside. Indeed, instead of being a solid and polished substance, its shell is of an extremely delicate and thin material, furrowed into long wavy wrinkles.

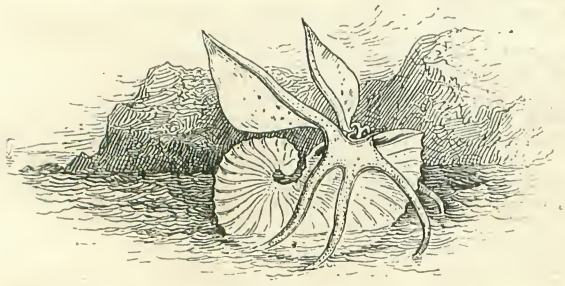
For ages this shell has been represented, as in the accompanying drawing, sailing along on the surface of the sea like a fairy bark, with two tiny sails uplifted to catch the wind. It was said to have given to man the idea of navigating the ocean; Aristotle thus described it. Pope writes, "Learn of the nautilus to sail;" Montgomery and other poets allude to its being seen thus floating on the sea, but alas, the rude hand of science has brushed away the charming poetic fancy, and we are told that the two flattened membranes which were supposed to be sails, are only used for the prosaic purpose of secreting calcareous matter in order to repair the shell when injured.

We do not readily part with such a charming vision as the poet thus describes:—

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel upwards, from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her orb is filled.
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side;
Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,
And mounted up, and glided down the billow,
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light."

"Pelican Island," by Montgomery.

One could wish to be a fairy watching this little skiff come towards one across a halcyon sea!



ARGONAUT OR PAPER NAUTILUS (*mythical*).

Snow Crystals.

Winter does not afford many living creatures as subjects for our study; we must therefore turn our attention to other natural objects.

To-day, as snow is falling, we will go out with a powerful magnifying glass and examine the beauty of snow crystals.

It is not always possible to see the formation of snow; if there is much wind the crystals are apt to be broken, and unless the cold is severe the flakes melt away too soon to allow us to examine them.

In sharp frost, on a calm day, the first flake of snow we look at through a lens will reveal the beautiful six-rayed crystals of which it is composed, and although each one has invariably six points, yet the ornamentation is infinitely varied. Each lovely star is fringed with most delicate tracery, and the flower-like forms glisten like burnished silver.

I have read somewhere that no fewer than a thousand different patterns and devices have been found of these snow crystals, and as we examine the flake we have placed beneath the glass, we see for ourselves something of the indescribable beauty of these "ice-morsels." The silvery frost-work upon the window-pane shows the same crystalline law, only the stars are often merged into continuous tracery so that the six rays are not always so easily discerned as in the snow-flake.

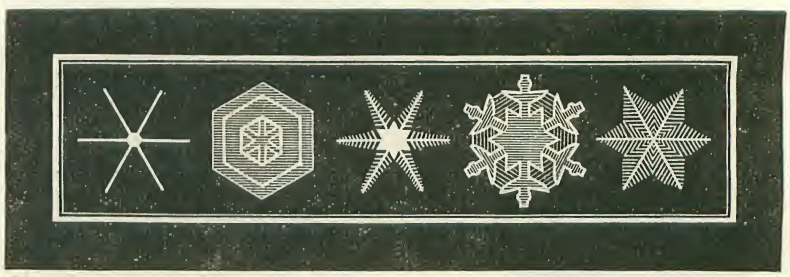
Several winters ago a severe frost wrought wonderful effects in my garden. The tree-branches, down to the finest twigs, appeared as if they had been turned into spun glass, and when the sun shone out the effect was beautiful beyond description. Every shrub had some special form of frost decoration according to the shape of its leaves.

I could have spent hours in sketching the various designs, so marvellously intricate were



FROSTED LAUREL LEAF.

they and beautiful, but the cold was too severe to admit of that, and I can only reproduce from memory the laurel fringes which are shown in the illustrations.



SNOW CRYSTALS.

The frost-needles were quite half an inch long and gave a curious effect to the sprays of leaves, an effect I have never seen either before or since.

The Christmas Rose
(*Helleborus Niger*).

The Christmas rose, which cheers us with its snow-white flowers in the depth of winter, is an imported plant from Southern Europe.

Two species of hellebore are, however, found growing wild in some parts of England, though even they are not believed to be truly indigenous.

Helleborus foetidus is now flowering in my garden, and is an interesting and rather showy plant, with clusters of green bell-shaped flowers edged with purple.

Helleborus viridis is found on chalky soils, and has also pale green flowers and dark green leaves.

The species figured in the illustration is *Helleborus purpurascens;* it shows very plainly the curious construction which is common to all hellebore flowers. What we should naturally call the petals are really the leaves of the calyx—called sepals—which do not fall off, but after a time become of a greenish hue and share in the work of leaves by helping to



PURPLE HELLEBORE (*to show honey-glands*).

nourish the plant. Instead of petals we find tubular nectaries filled with honey, which are situated between the sepals and the stamens. These tubes are attractive to bees from the sweet though poisonous liquid they contain, and in thus rifling the nectaries they brush the pollen on to the stigma and fertilise the flower.

It seems strange that the Christmas rose with its snowy flowers should be called black hellebore, but it is so named from its dark root-stock and black fibre.

Mites.

Some valuable foreign insects in my museum have been reduced to a heap of dust by an army of microscopic mites, whose life work it is to demolish dried specimens, and whether they are butterflies, wasps, beetles, or plants seems immaterial to them.

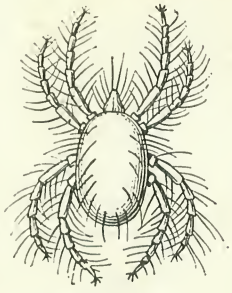
This incident has led me to some slight study of the mite family, and I am surprised to find how many species there are and what widely differing kinds of work they are engaged upon.

We all know the cheese mite which quickly reduces our favourite Stilton to a mass of powder; this much resembles the destroyer of dried butterflies, and both are like a certain other mite which abounds in damaged flour.

There is a special mite which eats dried figs; another species prefers dried plums.

The feathers of the ostrich are infested by a minute creature of this kind, and it is also found in owl's plumage.

In the cavities of the bones of skeletons mites exist, and old honeycomb is quickly taken in hand by them and destroyed. A specimen of the sacred beetle of Egypt was sent to me alive some years ago. I kept it in health for about sixteen months, but so rapidly did mites breed upon its living body that every few weeks I had to place it in warm water and with a camel's hair pencil brush away dozens of minute specks which I could only just discern running over its body.



SPINNING MITE (*Tetranychus lintearius*).

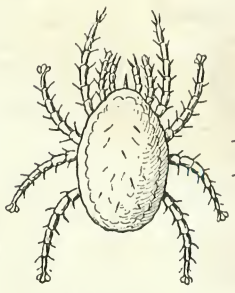
Sometimes humble-bees are infested in this way, and I pick them up in a dying state, apparently unable to rid themselves of their tormentors.

The excessive irritation many persons experience after walking in cornfields is due to the harvest-mite, which buries itself in the skin and there creates acute inflammation and much consequent distress.

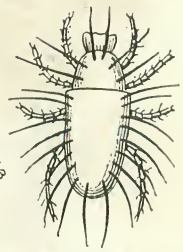
Some years ago I met with another branch of the family and could but marvel at its extraordinary labours. A furze bush was apparently wreathed in fine white muslin in layers between the branches fold after fold, and upon this gauzy material were multitudes of bright red specks careering about. Of course I took some specimens home and I soon discovered they were spinning mites (*Tetranychus lintearius*).

There are many species, and it is one of these, the so-called "red spider," which does so much mischief in greenhouses by sucking the juices of plants.

Birds are sadly worried by a small red mite which lives in the crevices of cages which are not kept perfectly clean. The best protection from their attacks is a good sponging of the perches and every part of the cage with a solution of carbolic acid; this will effectually get rid of the insects.



BEETLE MITE (*Gamasus coleoptratorum*).



CHEESE MITE (*Acarus domesticus*).

I am not attempting to write an essay upon mites or else I might speak of dozens of other species, some parasitic upon flies and spiders, and others inhabiting ponds and ditches. I have but touched upon a few kinds I have happened to meet with in daily life.

These minute creatures evidently have an appointed work which they do secretly and mysteriously all unknown to us, until a suspicious heap of dusty fragments shows us where this unseen army has been encamped.

(*To be continued.*)

Erratum.—The inscription to the illustration in last month's paper should read "Witches' Brooms on Birch-tree."

VARIETIES.

An Anecdote of Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck.

On a brief visit to Lord Sefton, at Croxteth, her Royal Highness visited the Hospital for Women, Liverpool, without any formality. She wished to see it as it was. Her Royal Highness went through all the wards, speaking to every woman and handing to her a little bouquet. On leaving one ward she inquired why one woman was crying so bitterly, and being informed that she was about to undergo a serious operation, her Royal Highness exclaimed, "I will go to her; I will go to her again and try to comfort her." She hurried back to the patient's bed, and was seen for some minutes holding a whispered conversation, whilst stroking the poor toil-worn hand. Turning away, wiping her eyes, the Princess said, "I wish to be kept informed how that patient goes on." On reaching the hall of the hospital her Royal Highness made some laughing inquiry into the presence of "a man" in the hospital; she was told it was the poor patient's husband, who was in great grief. The royal lady said, "I will speak to him. Where can I go to speak alone to him?" A door being open—that of the pantry!—her Royal Highness drew the poor husband in with her, and tried in a homely, kindly way to console him. Her remark to those near her was, "Well, I'm glad I asked about him; I think he will feel comforted." Just little actions such as these endeared the Duchess to the general public; and this has a peculiar pathos when we know that she herself had to undergo the agony of two operations.—From *The Times*.

The Human Race.—How small after all is the human race. If we reckon the population of the world at fourteen hundred millions, there would be room for them all on the frozen surface of the Lake of Constance in Switzerland, and the crush would not be so very great either, as there would be a space of four square feet for each person. If the ice were to break and the whole human race were thus to sink into a watery grave, the level of the lake would only be raised six inches.

Flaxen Locks.

"I saw the tresses on her brow
So beautifully braided;
I never saw, in all my life,
Locks look as well as they did.
She walked with me one windy day.
Ye zephyrs, why so thieving?
The lady lost her flaxen wig!
Oh! seeing's not believing!"

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Marriages of Men of Genius.—A man of genius only needs a wife of sense; more than one genius in one house is too much.

Misfortune is Sometimes a Blessing.

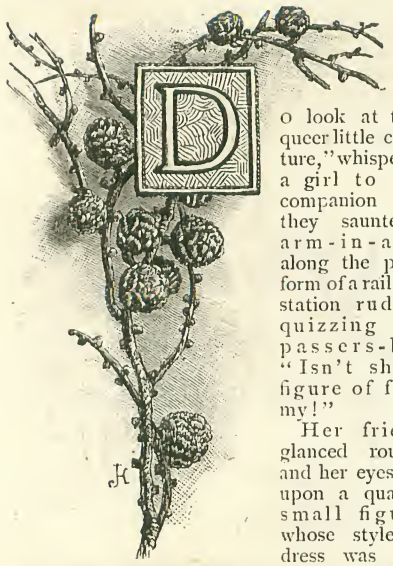
It has often been said that no one ever made a success in life until she had learned to breast the waves of trouble and been well-nigh shipwrecked or cast upon the shoals of misfortune, there to suffer and learn wisdom through the bearing of burdens and crosses. Uninterrupted prosperity never brings out the best qualities of humanity.

While it seems a very hard lesson to learn, it is always of the greatest advantage to young people to be thrown entirely upon their own resources and compelled to work out their own everyday salvation. Whatever they will make of themselves depends to a great degree upon their temperament and disposition. If they have the proper mettle they are bound to come out all right, to develop into something honourable, and will some day be thankful for the fortune that stranded them at an early age and compelled them to exercise self-reliance, forethought, and the ability to adapt themselves to circumstances.

Imaginative Girls.—The girl of imagination without learning has wings and no feet.

"LITTLE MISS PENNY."

By ELEANOR C. SALTMER.



"O look at that queer little creature," whispered a girl to her companion as they sauntered arm-in-arm along the platform of a railway station rudely quizzing the passers-by. "Isn't she a figure of fun, my!"

Her friend glanced round, and her eyes fell upon a quaint, small figure whose style of dress was certainly provocative of a smile, for she seemed to have gathered all the colours of the rainbow into her attire without blending them as the hues of that glorious arch are blended. She was lingering near the bookstall, and carried a roll of music in her hand.

"Don't you know who that is, Lottie? Why, it is little Miss Penny, the music-teacher, who lives in Minerva Terrace, and, my word, but she is got up smart! Going to a garden-party maybe!"

And the two silly girls spoke and tittered so audibly that the person on whose appearance they were indulging their comments, turned and cast upon them a look of mild inquiry out of her faded blue eyes. Her colourless face wore a deprecatory, apology-for-being-anywhere sort of expression that was pathetic, and if you broke into a smile one moment at her expense, you felt commiseration for her in the next. Care is so often hidden behind a jaunty exterior, and we brush elbows heedlessly with more tragedies than were ever woven into fiction for our amusement on the stage, in our daily journeyings through life.

"She's a bit dotty, poor thing, don't you know, and is as poor as a church mouse, and proud, there, I don't know what she's got to be proud of, neither!"

Whereupon the girls shook out their own smart skirts, tossed their be-feathered hats and passed on with much pleased self-consciousness. Meanwhile Miss Penny lingered at the bookstall, turned over some of the papers with the tips of her cotton gloves, a world too big for her, read the notice boards and finally walked away without purchasing anything. She never did buy a newspaper, or a periodical, she could not afford it, so she gleaned all the news she could from the stalls in this way, paying the railway station a daily visit for that purpose, not liking to be behind the times in her acquaintance with what was going on in the busy world around her. Nobody was one whit the worse, and she felt herself a great deal the gainer.

Miss Penny's general style and appearance was shabby-genteel to a degree; she could not help it, poor thing, for circumstances had long been against her, but she did the best she could and followed the fashions as far as was convenient with the length of her purse, which pleasant little day-dreams sometimes distended far beyond its normal proportions into a size calculated to be beneficial to others besides herself, for Miss Penny had a trick of self-effacement and self-forgetfulness we ordinary mortals do not often attain unto.

Rumour had it that she was "a bit dotty," so the phrase went, which might be translated to mean that she was eccentric, or that those considered best qualified to judge would not so far commit themselves as to give an opinion upon her fitness to make a will and dispose of her property, if she had any.

But rumour is an idle jade, she goes about tittle-tattling, and her veracity is not to be relied on. The most that need be said of the little woman's eccentricities is that they arose out of a harmless pride and self-respect based on happier conditions of life in the past. Miss Penny's great-grandfather had been a clergyman who had held a living worth £120 a year, while not quite so remotely in the background there stood other figures to lean comfortably on, namely, her great-uncle, who had been a merchant-captain between the Far East and London ports, a country doctor and a musician. The medical practitioner had been her maternal grandfather, and the musician her own parent. Thus the liberal professions had been well represented in her family, so Miss Penny felt she had some right to pride of birth and ancestry, and this prompted her to make the best of things when they were very bad, even if in so doing she made herself appear slightly ridiculous.

Her father the musician, however, had been unhappy in more ways than one. Fortune had been unfriendly to him, and he had been unfriendly to himself. When the wife, who had striven hard for years to make him keep his life consistent with the loftiness of his art, failed and died, her daughter took up the struggle and endeavoured to do her duty in the same spirit but with even less success, so that when the musician at last followed the course of nature and left Miss Penny alone, the struggle became, for a time, easier, she having inherited the love of his art without his detracting failings; and when one is subtracted from two, that which is left is not so difficult to maintain.

But Miss Penny was not a genius, and as she grew in years she found it hard to keep pace with the requirements of the age, which is an age of progress with a very high standard of excellence indeed. She had to reduce her terms and retire from the first floor of her modest lodgings to the second pair back; but even then, and practising the strictest economy, she could hardly earn sufficient to keep herself in anything like the most moderate comfort. For herself she did not mind, but she had notions, which she would not relinquish for the world, about the duty of loving your neighbour as yourself, and how was that to be done without giving help where it was wanted? So she had her little charities and considered it no self-denial to go without a meal if she could provide one for somebody hungrier than herself. It was tithe, she told herself, which she owed to the Father who gave her all.

It was the matter of dress that tried her most, for rent and the daily wants so crowded on the hoped-for margin as to leave what another woman would turn up her nose at as a poor provision for gloves. Miss Penny was particular about her personal appearance; she liked to look smart and she had an eye for colour, indulging in the theory that, where music sat enthroned, the sister art must keep her company. Perhaps if her power to spend had kept pace with her tastes, she would have astonished the world. As it was, she had a private *magasin de nouveautés* to which she resorted when occasion demanded.

This *magasin* consisted of a large box containing the dress properties of one or two generations ago, heirlooms of fashion as one might say, and they had proved an unfailing spring from whence to draw for the supply of her needs. Being clever in the use of her needle, it was but to turn and twist, alter and remodel till she had adapted a costume to the requirements of the fashion prevalent for the time being, and when she had so turned one out, her pale eyes would grow bright with satisfaction. Then, sporting cotton gloves much too long in the fingers, for Miss Penny never could find a pair to fit her small thin hands, and a piece of music delicately rolled up to carry out with her, for this she made a point of doing, it looked professional, she would sally forth for her daily perusals at the railway station. The clerk at the bookstall knew Miss Penny and was not blind to her little weaknesses, so he good-naturedly placed in her way many tit-bits of news he thought she might like to become acquainted with.

But the reader has not been introduced to Miss Penny's abode. She lived as has been said on the second pair back of a small house belonging to Minerva Terrace, a quiet row in a quiet street off the main thoroughfare. She had two rooms furnished with all that she could save, when the old home was broken up long ago, and her dearest possession among the odd assortment collected then was her piano, old-fashioned like everything else. It stood stiff and tall like a prim old maid, with a faded drawn silk front, and it had very yellow keys on which Miss Penny thrummed daily, conscientiously running up and down her scales, thus persuading herself that she was "keeping up her playing." The practising was so gentle it could give annoyance to no one. She was wont to take a pride in the age of her furniture. It was so ancient, dating its descent through so many generations that it seemed to cast an additional lustre over her own well-preserved gentility.

"Your money-made gentlefolks of yesterday cannot boast of a chair like this—at least one hundred years old!" she would say as she let herself down comfortably yet withal carefully into its quaintly cushioned depths, after a tedious day's teaching at ten shillings a quarter for twelve lessons, and pouring out her tea from a cracked and venerable china tea-pot that had seen good service in the days of the merchant captain. Miss Penny's bedroom was ever so tiny a closet opening out from her sitting-room. She could barely turn round in it, but she made it suffice for her needs, and thanks to its small compass was enabled to convert her big treasure chest into an ottoman for the parlour. Miss Penny was attached to her rooms; she had lived in them now for so many years surrounded by the *lares* and *penates* of her old home, and she dreaded the thought that some day, through stress of circumstances, she might have to leave them for inferior lodgings, a third pair back, perhaps, with only a view across the tiled roofs and between the obstructing chimneys of other houses.

Over the mantel-piece was slung a telescope on which her eyes would often fall with affectionate regret; but it was not a relic of the family past, only of her own, for Miss Penny had once indulged in a romance, but its story had long ago become a secret of the sea, and the telescope was the only token left to remind her faithful heart that it had once existed, that she had had the chance which cruel fate had

stolen from her of forming the nearest and dearest tie of all.

At the time this sketch of her opens, Miss Penny was enjoying her holidays, if she might be said to enjoy them. As a matter of fact, she would have preferred to do without them; they were so colourless and uneventful, and she had not many friends. Her poverty made her proud and her reserve made people think she was indifferent. Still, she had her little occupations, and these sometimes led her into poorer quarters than were her own.

It so happened that her last half-year's teaching had been more profitable than had been the rule of late, and she had not only promised herself a new dress which should be bought in the town, instead of being taken from her own *magasin de nouveautés*, but that she would even take a day in the country, gather wild flowers, and dream dreams among the green fields and under bluer skies than were seen here in the smoky town. It was an odd thing, but nevertheless true, that the poorer Miss Penny became the more extravagant grew her dreams, and the visions her brain conjured up were a sort of compensation to her for the pleasures in which her life was lacking.

She had fixed upon the shop she meant to honour with her patronage, had made her choice of a material which had been sunning itself in the window for some days, and in imagination saw herself, deep in added self-respect and gratification, making an impression on all the giddy creatures of the Lottie type as she should take her matutinal stroll down the High Street, music roll in hand.

All these pleasant prospects, however, were destined to be nipped like frost nips the young shoots in the nights of early May. The dress material was bought by someone else, the day in the country was put off until such time as little Miss Penny should be able to save up another small sum, and the money that was to have been thus spent was disbursed in another fashion, but not upon herself. She must perforce have recourse once more to her private *magasin* and be her own modiste. So she opened the ottoman box and looked in.

"Ah!" sighed she, kneeling down in front of it and leaning her hands in contemplation upon the edge. "Ah, there is very little left! I fear I shall have some trouble in making up a costume this time, but I must do what I can. Really, Margaret Penny, I'm quite ashamed of your selfishness in having planned to spend so much money on yourself!"

She turned over the contents, and bringing out a heap upon the floor began to spread them forth for careful inspection, holding commune with herself meanwhile after this fashion—

"What can I have the pleasure of showing you, madam? This blue check is sweetly pretty and very durable. I'm sorry we have not a longer length, but I have another remnant here of black merino, and you can have no idea what a very *recherché* appearance it would give your costume if the front breadth were made of this blue check, and the back and sides of black merino, joined, let us say, by tabs of black with big beaded buttons, and I can show you the very thing. Well, Mr. Shopman, I believe you're right, and I think I will settle on that. And about a cape, madam, can't I persuade you? No—no, thank you. I'll make the old one do. There's a nice bit of black lace edging here which I'll take and a purple ruching; it is rather faded, I see, but perhaps that is all the better, as it might not suit the blue check, you see. Well, now, I think I'm pretty well fitted out, and all I want is a bonnet, but that is so easily made up. A black feather which I can curl up with a touch of the scissors, and this spray of yellow flowers that only need pulling out a little, and the thing is done. So that is all this morning, thank you, and as I keep a running account here, there's no more to be said. Good-day."

Miss Penny tossed the rest of the goods on to the counter, into the ottoman box I should say, closed the lid with a snap, and sat down to work forthwith, humming to herself the while in a thin, cracked voice as cheerfully as possible, feeling she had transacted a good morning's shopping.

The result of her toil was the effect produced on Lottie and her companion at the railway-station, and the person benefited by Margaret Penny's act of self-renunciation was a cousin of Lottie's, only she did not know it. A child consumed by wasting sickness whose parents were too poor to provide her with the tempting, strengthening food she required. The case came accidentally under Miss Penny's notice, and her tender woman's heart melted into softest pity at the sight.

"She's not long for this world," said the mother weeping, "as anybody may see, and it goes to my heart to think I can't give her the little comforts and good things she wants until she wants them no more. Wine and jellies, the doctor said, but how am I to provide them?"

It went to Miss Penny's heart too. She went home and abstracted from her little store a few coins day by day. Then the dress money went too in the same way. The mother poured out her thanks profusely, but that was nothing. Miss Penny felt uncomfortable when she was thanked. The child whose path was smoothed downhill gave her smiles and love, and finally took the little tale to Heaven. The Father knew it, for He had seen all and He did not forget Miss Penny.

Some while afterwards, the little one being gone home, Lottie learned who it was had smoothed the pebbly, down-hill road for her young cousin, and full of contrite shame, she vowed never again to judge by appearances, and that if ever there came the chance to do Miss Penny a good turn, she must be at hand to do it.

SOME SOPRANO SONGS FOR GIRLS.



In these days it is surprisingly difficult to select really satisfactory ballads for girls. We turn over numbers of new songs, some perhaps with beautiful music, yet the words are much too sophisticated in sentiment; then again inferior music may be wedded to poetry which is entirely suited to a girl's ideas and age; in fact only too seldom have we the good fortune to find both words and music all that we can desire for more youthful songstresses. To save our girl singers many a fruitless search and not a few disappointments in obtaining new songs, we will mention some soprano, mezzo and contralto solos which may be useful and pleasant to them. The soprano first.

"Spring Songs" as usual abound, but we single out one by Lita Jarratt (Ascherberg), which is decidedly effective, with a pretty accompaniment, flowing but facile; "The Year's at the Spring," by Dorothea Hollins (Novello) also, is a joyous inspiration, and "The Return of Spring," by Edgardo Levi (Ascherberg) is very bright too. Following the seasons, Cécile Hartog's "A Summer Song," rushes freshly and delightfully along to an accompaniment as happy as the words which are by Ellis Walton (Mrs. Percy Cotton). This is one of "An English series of original songs" worth noting, issued by Messrs. Weekes. "Summer Love," by Marie James (Houghton) is a tuneful and graceful air for low soprano to words by Heine (English and French). "Time's Gift" has a trite but wise moral of a rose and a thorn, and is original and piquant, it is by J. M. Capel (R. Cocks). "Love the Rover," by Gerald Lane (R. Cocks), is in the same style and is bright, easy and interesting to sing, with a pretty refrain; also "Lady Betty," by Lionel Elliott (J. Williams) goes with quaint grace and much charm in minuet time; both these last are for rather low sopranos. "Children's Dreams," by F. Cowen, and "A Crumpled Roseleaf" (Cocks) are two simple little songs full of tender, loving feeling, the latter teaching a gentle lesson in contentment. "Oh! Where Do Fairies Hide Their Heads," on a dainty melody of Bishop's arranged by H. Bedford (Metzler) is sweet and unpretentious, and of the same genre are "A Fairy Song," by F. Cowen (J. Williams), with a more difficult but exceedingly graceful accompaniment repaying study; also "Blue Bells," by Eva Lonsdale (Cocks), a light and charming ditty.

"Somebody's Dolly" (Houghton) sounds childish, but the composer's name, Noel Johnson, is an assurance of its true worth, and we find this a short poem of child-life, full of tenderest pathos in the words (by Gunby Hadath) and the simple harmonious music. "Tatters," by Gerald Lane (Cocks) is a dear little song, setting forth how Tatters grew rich and well habited, but—

> "Fortune little matters
> If love goes by."

Very fresh and original is "Who'll Buy My Lavender," by Ed. German (Boosey), with the neatest, prettiest words, by Caryl Battersby, which are suited by the music to a nicety, both being thoroughly good and above the average ballad. Alfred Cellier's "Song of the Lute" (Metzler) has also good study in it and is more classic than ordinary songs. "Stars," by Franco Leoni is a lovely tenor song, really, but it is equally effective for a soprano, it is sustained, and not long. Descending from these heights to plantation songs, two very pretty ones are by Walter Slaughter, "Caroo" (Cramer), which is simple and touching, and "De Little Coon" (Ascherberg); both have especially telling choruses. Edith Cooke's easy and amusing "Two Marionettes," has an instructive climax!

Some excellent songs in a popular style, with a slightly sacred tendency, are two of Bryceson Treherne's: "The Children's Thanksgiving," and "The Heavenly Dream" (Morley), both with additional organ, violin and 'cello accompaniments; "The City of Rest," by C. Francis Lloyd (Keith Prowse); "The Watchers," by F. Cowen (Cocks); "The Angel of the Dawn," by Lindsay Lennox (Morley), and "Life's Heritage" by A. E. Armstrong (Cocks).

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE much-lamented death of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, threw a gloom over the first days of the winter season, and no doubt will have a bad effect on the shopping. So many people will be obliged to wear mourning, at least for a time, that a royal death at the beginning of any season is an event to be prayed against, as meaning much worldly loss to many deserving people; and when the death is that of a truly amiable and popular princess, the tendency to wear black is of course intensified. In spite of much colour, this winter has all along promised to be one in which black would be a popular hue, so let us hope that the trouble will not be so great. Would it not be pleasant to adopt some other colour for mourning? We have not always worn black in England as such, judging from history. It was rather an arbitrary thing, and many people say now that, although they wear it, it does not seem consistent with the lofty and happy hopes of the Christian.

So far as colours are concerned this autumn



PLAID SKIRT WITH RUSSIAN BLOUSE.

the most popular seem to be all the warm, but not vivid, shades of red and yellow; and the reddish browns of the wallflower. With these are seen warm tones of violet, and what is known as peony red. Green does not seem so popular as it was in the autumn, and a bright blue has taken its place, which looks very well with plaids; and I think plaid blouses may be said to be one of the prettiest forms of using that very difficult material. The plaid season has set in very severely this year. I do not know whether my readers notice it, but we have such a season every year, as surely as the autumn comes in. In France it is just the same thing, except that over there they have, at all times, a weakness in this direction; not to use them as entire gowns, nor even to employ the genuine Scottish tartans, but considering them with their varied hues as forming admirable reliefs, and as enlivening to the thick winter gowns. The French nearly always prefer fancy plaids, and no doubt are right in liking less crude mixtures, than some of the real tartans.

Some portion of my monthly space must be devoted to hair-dressing, and the new London modes. It is rather the fashion to say that everyone must arrange the hair on the crown of the head who wishes to be in the very latest style. This is true of the last-named class, perhaps, and there is a great deal of rather extravagant hair-dressing just now; the quotation of "the owl in the ivy bush" being unpleasantly near the truth as to some people. The pompadour style being arranged about the face and ears, and standing out in such a way, one is certainly reminded of that owlish story. But this is not done by everyone, and the present style is very pretty if arranged with taste. The hair is crimped at the front and sides as well as at the back, and then all drawn up into a coil of small size on the very crown of the head; and there is not much fringe over the forehead. This is the extreme style perhaps, but the Greek knot in a modified form is still apparently quite as fashionable. With this the hair is still waved all round, both back and front, and over the forehead rather more fringe is allowed, but it must never be over-done. Many people dress the hair high for the evening only, and wear the Greek knot in the morning.

Hair-dressing leads one to the consideration of millinery. The hats worn just now are of moderate size, and velvet, plain, *miroir* and *plissé*, is the material most used in their trimming. There is a great desire on the part of milliners to bring back the fashion of wearing long ostrich feathers in the hat, which was a fashion of the early Victorian era. But, except in a few cases, I have seen no hats which appeared quite successful. Both high and low-crowned hats are to be seen, but very few, I am glad to say, of the picture hats; which after all are far more suited to the sun of summer than to the darker skies of winter. Quantities of wings of all descriptions are worn, and one may feel reconciled to seeing them, for so many birds that are killed for food may be supposed to yield them. But



JACKET WITH ERMINE, AND THE NEW THREE-QUARTER LENGTH JACKET.



JACKET OF BREITSCHWANZ FUR.

when one sees the entire body of a poor bird in a hat, nothing can exceed the repulsion one feels at the sight. In the way of veils, those of black spotted chenille are the most popular as well as the most becoming to everyone.

White kid gloves are as much used as ever for both day and night, and green kid shoes will be the fashionable hue for evening wear, to be accompanied by green stockings. Muffs are small, and very pretty when they are composed of a mixture of velvet, fur, and cream lace; and the muff chain is as much worn, I think, this winter as it was the last.

The prevalence of fur as a trimming for dresses is very great, and the most fashionable for best ones is chinchilla, which looks quite delightful with velvet, either coloured or black. But for ordinary daily life this fur always seems too delicate; and fortunately we have a second choice, which is less expensive and more lasting, in the old-new fur now called "broadtail" or Breitschwanz, but which we knew of old as Persian lamb, and then as caracul. Jackets, of course Russian ones, with jewelled waist-bands, are made of it; capes with long ends and without them; and also the ordinary round cape reaching below the waist appear to be worn, made in this fur. One would think that fur was an impossible fabric for turning into flounces; and I am sure there are many old-fashioned people who have been quite dumbfounded by the sight of the capes with fur and lace flounces to be seen in the windows. In fact, most of our capes are decorated with lace frills at the neck, be they of fur or cloth.

The day of the toque seems to have come, and the bonnet proper is quite superseded. The toque of this season is very bright in colour, and the crowns of them are embroidered in sequins, and jewels of every hue and description. Every material goes to form them — velvet, cloth, or fur. One colour much seen in them is a bright rose-pink, and yellow is more prevalent than it was last winter; and the same may be said of orange. Both these colours, used carefully and in moderation, are most becoming, especially to the brown-eyed blonde, or the fair-skinned brunette. A neck ribbon and waistband to match the hue of the toque are nearly always seen; and the newest waistbands are fastened on the left side, with rather a large bow. On the left side also are placed the sash-ends, which are still worn by so many.

The new shaped skirt has created much remark this month. The adoption of very narrow fronts, and side breadths, tightening the skirt above the knee, makes it fit quite snugly on the hips also; so that all the fulness is sent to the back. Everyone will, on seeing it, come to the conclusion, I think, that it is a skirt for very slender figures, but not to be looked at by stouter people. If not made by a first-class hand, it will be quite ruined for anyone's wear. However, we women are more sensible perhaps, and we have been recently so comfortable in our gowns, that we shall hesitate before making any radical change. Indeed any great change is impossible in view of the manifold uses of our thicker skirts, and the fact that we are both active and constant in our various exercises out of doors.

Amongst the newest things in materials are those with tucks, generally black tuckings on a coloured ground. But, besides this, tucks appear to be adopted as a trimming for anything—blouses, sleeves, and skirts; and this seems to be the feature of the day; buttons of all kinds form another feature of the gowns; and rows of them are applied, without rhyme or reason, to all kinds of gowns.

The Russian blouse may be said to surpass all others in popularity; but the three-quarter-length jacket which has just come in, and which is illustrated in this article, is newer and quite the most becoming thing for the tall and slight. The other new introduction is the long coat, which is made of seal—if you be rich enough to afford it—or of plain or *broché* cloth. It is trimmed with a collar and *revers* of fur; but one does not notice fur cuffs this year; and we may conclude that they are no longer fashionable. Of course, the long coat needs a good upright figure, and for my part I do not like it for walking as I find the long skirt fatiguing. These three are the fashionable styles; and to them may be added, the cape in the list of out-of-door apparel, which still holds its own, and being such a useful garment it was likely to do so. All of these, whether capes or jackets, have the high "storm" collar as it is called, and when that is turned down the small fur collarette is used. The magnificence of the waistbands is very wonderful, and at times, perhaps, they rather exceed the bounds of good taste. The jewelled *passementerie* of the present day is quite "too good to be true."

There is now in Pennyslvania a factory which makes all kinds of articles from rattlesnake skins, slippers, belts, bags, and other things are made, and waistcoats are amongst the articles promised. It seems dreadful to read that the supply of rattlesnakes is practically inexhaustible. That they are found in large numbers in a dozen of the States of the Union. The skins are brought in to the factory salted, and with the heads cut off; as none of the workpeople will touch a skin which has a head on it, in which the poisonous fangs might be concealed. Their preparation takes a month, by which time all the disagreeable smell is gone; and they have become a beautifully mottled skin, in black and yellow. Now, I was thinking, that this was an excellent method of getting rid of a dangerous and noxious enemy; and if a factory could only be started in India to tan tiger skins or snake skins and so get rid of them, perhaps we could reduce that awful Indian death-roll of human beings sacrificed under such horrible circumstances, which seems so preventible; and if there were any way of giving them a commercial value, we should soon see a great improvement. Will some great lady set the fashion of wearing tiger-skin boots, or cobra waistcoats, to save some of these poor helpless natives?

While speaking of the new skirts I must not forget to say, that I have seen several flounced to the waist, and also noticed a revival of the old three-tiered skirt, not three flounces, but three skirts, and I hear that these are to be worn for evening dress in three colours, or in three shades of one colour. Of course, the material must be of tulle or gauze, for only some very thin and gossamer thing would have the proper lightness of effect. Gatherings, or, as the manufacturers call it, "shirrings," are applied to evening dress, and for these soft silks are the most often used.

The Spanish, or matador hat is still much worn, and all hats appear to be turned up on the left side. But they should not be over much tilted. Some people have been wearing their hats at a ridiculously exaggerated angle over the forehead; and this will prejudice all really nice girls against such a style, which was pretty and quaint-looking at first, but has been terribly vulgarised.

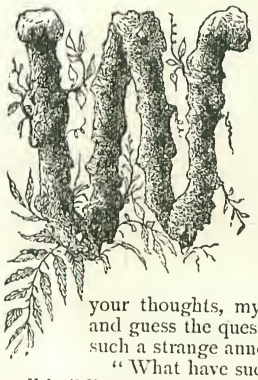
IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART II.

INVISIBLE WALL BUILDING.

"A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city (Proverbs xviii. 19).



E are going to talk to-night about the building of a wall, and the part we may any of us take in such a work. You look first at me, then at each other, as though you doubted the testimony of your ears. I fancy I can read your thoughts, my dear girl-friends, and guess the questions suggested by such a strange announcement.

"What have such as we to do with wall-building? We are girls, not sturdy masons, able to shape and place stones, or skilled workmen to embellish them with fair devices. What do we know about the laying of bricks or the preparing of mortar? Girls and women have entered on many new occupations, but thus far none of us have sought to compete with the mason or to scale his scaffolding in order to labour side by side with him. Are you, our twilight companion, adviser and often our confidant, going to suggest that the strong amongst us should learn to lay bricks or carry the hod, as labourers in wall-building?"

No, dear ones. Far be it from me to wish that you should share in such rough work; though I could well imagine that many of you would delight to chisel out dainty designs and delicate tracery on stone or marble. Are there not already famous sculptors of the gentler sex?

The wall we are going to talk of may be built by any person, young, old, or of either sex. It is unlike all other walls, for it is invisible and intangible. We know it is there, but we cannot touch it, and those who built it often desire earnestly to demolish it, but are powerless to do so. When once erected, it is harder to pull down than the strongest brick-work built by the most skilful artisans.

You smile at each other. You think I am proposing some riddle for you to guess; or it may be that my thoughts have wandered back to some fairy legend, such as we all delighted in as children, some story of a wondrous castle which sprang up in a night and disappeared even more quickly. Not so. The wall I speak of has human builders, though no tool is wielded in erecting it. True, its foundations may be laid in a moment, and at times, even unconsciously; but they generally lie deep and are not easily uprooted.

If you have not already guessed my meaning, pause for a moment and look back on your own home life, your past friendships and those of your acquaintances. Your hearts will tell you whether between yourselves and your kindred or the friends whom you once held dear, a wall of separation has sprung up such as I have described—invisible, but dense enough to darken one part of your daily life, and strong enough to hinder the old, happy intercourse. I have said before that lives may drift apart by force of circumstances and friends be lost sight of without fault on either side. Members of one family may be so far from each other that their very existence is doubtful. Yet the fire of true love may still burn in the heart, and a message, a letter, or a meeting will cause it to break into a flame. It only waited an opportunity to show what was always there. The extended arms, the hearty hand-clasp, the light on the countenance, the voice that trembles whilst uttering words of welcome, all prove that love has stood the test of absence. Even in cases where the intercourse of old friends has been wholly suspended, they meet again with gladness, if they parted with good-will towards each other, though they cannot begin just where they left off. On the other hand, if one of these invisible walls of separation has sprung up, kindred may dwell under the same roof, and those who were once friends may even meet in necessary intercourse and yet be more widely separated than they would be if the ocean rolled between them. The ocean can be crossed in a few days. An invisible wall of partition may rise, higher and higher, and the efforts of a lifetime will not demolish it.

Let us note a few of the invisible stones, if I may use the term, which go to the building of such a wall. Some of them will seem very insignificant, almost contemptible to you as you hear them named. Well for you, my dear girl-friends, if you never know by experience how much mischief they can do. We will look into the home first of all for some of them. Little mysteries, petty jealousies, envy, selfishness. An ugly list, and the items which compose it are not confined to the home, but are found everywhere. The materials for building walls of separation are sown broadcast and are within everybody's reach. It is always delightful to look into a home where the spirit of trust, sympathy and affection reigns, where the sorrows and joys of one member are such to all, and each is stronger and happier for the presence of the others. In such a home invisible walls of separation are unknown.

Let us look into another home in which there is, we will say, one girl who declines to share in the confidences common to all the rest. One who likes to hear all that others are willing to tell, but gives them her confidence with reservations. She likes to have her little mysteries. For instance. She reads part of a letter, the contents of which she knows would interest all around her. There would be no breach of trust in reading the whole, but, in order to look important, she pauses midway, smiles mysteriously, folds up her letter and pockets it as if afraid of the rest of its contents being read against her will. She habitually keeps back a portion of every communication, not because there is anything to need secrecy, but she wants to convey the idea that she is trusted beyond other members of the family. She keeps a bit of interesting news to herself in order that when it reaches them she may be able to say, "Oh, I knew that long ago!" "Then why did you not tell us?" will be asked. "I did not choose. I had my reason for not doing so." The natural consequence of such conduct will be plain to you all. Mysterious airs, self-conscious smiles, the locking up of every scrap of correspondence and the generally superior manner assumed even towards elder brothers and sisters, can have but one result. I need add nothing to my description of the girl who delights in little mysteries, and, alas, similar characters may be found amongst older people of both sexes as well as amongst young men and maidens, for your looks tell me that such are no strangers to you, my dear girls.

An occasional meeting with a cherisher of little mysteries may excite amusement only, but it is a different matter if one of the type is a member of your own family, for he or she is sure to lay the foundations of an invisible wall of separation. The others would probably laugh at first and refuse to notice such childish conduct; but, if persisted in, they would naturally feel pained by it. Then, unless they were possessed of more than an average share of the love which is "not easily provoked," anger and retaliation would follow, and the lover of little mysteries would find herself left alone in the cold. She would be excluded from the full confidence hitherto freely given, and the invisible wall of separation would rise higher and higher. You and I cannot trace results to the end, but I could give you more than one instance of girls who, by such conduct as I have described, shut themselves out of the inner circle of home and family. They built up walls of separation, and when they found themselves on the wrong side of them, had only their own folly to blame for it.

In our second talk a year ago on "Friendship in the Family," I alluded to petty jealousies and their results. All of us must agree that families and societies where little jealousies are absolutely unknown, are by no means common. Self is always present, and self wants the best share of whatever it or the world deems most to be desired. It was just the same in olden times. It began in the first human family. Envy and paltry jealousy built the first wall of separation between the two earliest born sons of our race, and we know how fearful were the results. All the way down the ages history has repeated itself, and, though incidents have varied, the spirit shown and its consequences have been fruitful of evil. Let us look part of the way back to the time when our Master, Christ, walked the earth as man.

We can picture Him as He taught the many who crowded round Him, and we can imagine how the heart of that young man who "had large possessions" was stirred by His loving words, and by the sight of the little children whom the disciples would have sent away, but whom Jesus welcomed and blessed with tenderest touch of His kind hands, the while He spoke that benediction. Surely it must be delightful to follow such a Master. So the young man came to Jesus to know on what terms he too might be His disciple and inherit eternal life. He could promptly and cheerfully reply that he had kept the commandments of God from his youth, but Christ knew where lay the stumbling-block. Wealth and the world lay nearest to the questioner's heart. It would cost him too much to give up these. True, his wealth might be God-given, but, if he were to part with it for the sake of being enrolled amongst the followers of this new teacher whose words had excited a longing after the eternal life He spoke about, the gift might as well have been withheld. He would like to know how to inherit eternal life, but without giving up his worldly wealth. The poor and the needy were little to him in comparison. Why should he scatter his gold amongst them? The cross that lay across his path was too heavy. He could not stoop to lift it in order to become the disciple of Christ. So he went away sorrowful, because he wanted the greatest blessing, yet would not part with perishable wealth to win it.

I always feel sorrowful too, when I read this story, for are we not plainly told that as the young man drew near "Jesus beholding him loved him." Thank God. If these precious words are not now said, with reference to each trembling inquirer after eternal life, our

Saviour's love is immeasurable and enough for each and all of us to-day. Do you ask what the young man's story has to do with our subject? Let us read on, and we shall find that when Jesus was left with His disciples their minds were full of it. Peter, ever the foremost to speak, addressed the Master. "Lo, we have left all and have followed Thee. What shall we have therefore?"

Peter did not say "I" but "we," nor did he claim a larger share for himself than for others. You can read Christ's answer for yourselves. You and I have an equal share in it with Peter and his fellow-disciples, and on the same conditions. The promise includes the eternal life on which the rich young man had just turned his back; but with the sweet words came the warning voice, "But many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." Surely one part of this message must have been meant for those who push selfishly to the front and think more of personal gain than of the claims of others, or of His will "from whom are all things."

At that moment no disciple seems to have asked for more or better than his fellows; but a little later the mother of Zebedee's children came to Jesus with her sons, "desiring a certain thing of Him." This was to secure for James and John the highest places, or at any rate those which were deemed most honourable in the kingdom of their Lord. Mothers of old were like those of to-day, bold on behalf of their children. In another place the brothers are said to have made the same request for themselves. In any case, their coming with their mother proved that even the beloved disciple was not free from selfishness. Mark the result on the rest. "And when the ten heard it they were moved with indignation against the two brethren;" judging that the mother was only the mouthpiece of her sons.

But for the presence of Jesus a wall of separation might have sprung up between the two brethren and the other ten. "Had not James and John with Peter been favoured above the rest already? They had been present on the Mount of Transfiguration, and had been permitted to see the raising of the ruler's daughter. What were they that the first places should be theirs also?" Softly on the ears of the angry ten fell the words of Jesus. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many." We hear no more of jealousies or of striving for first places amongst the chosen few, even though the traitor Judas was one of the ten.

If the mind were in us, my dear girl-friends, which was also in Christ Jesus, petty jealousies, envy and selfishness would disappear. There would be no striving after an unreasonable share of good things to the hurt of our neighbour, no grudging at the sight of another possessing what we could hardly hope for. We should look on the things of others as on our own, and rejoice at the blessings which had fallen to their lot from the good hand of our God. I have only named one or two of the invisible stones which go to the building of invisible walls between those who ought to live in love and unity. Time will permit no more, but when we meet again I shall briefly speak of several others.

(To be continued.)

WHAT TO COOK AND HOW TO COOK IT.

By L. H. YATES.

PART II.

SELECTING AND BUYING FOOD; HOW TO GAIN THE MOST VALUE FOR MONEY.

A CERTAIN amount of food daily must be consumed to repair the waste of muscle, heat, energy and water. The four principles which do this we class as follows: proteids, calorics, carbo-hydrates, and water; besides these we require to consume a smaller amount of sulphur, phosphor, potassium, iron, magnesia, etc.; all these being found in conjunction with the most important elements, in meat, vegetables and fruits. Water we find not only in its own simple form and in other liquids, but vegetables and fruits furnish a large share, containing as much as from fifty to eighty per cent. of liquid over solid matter.

Bearing in mind that these are the principles which it is necessary to apply, we learn the value of a mixed and varied diet. Those faddists who strive to prove that a diet strictly of one kind is all that is required to support life, are battling against Nature herself.

The God who gave us "richly, all things to enjoy," did not intend us to try to prove to Him that we can do equally well without most of His gifts.

Proteids or nitrogenous constituents we find in lean of meat, eggs, fish and cheese, with certain forms of "pulse."

Hydro-carbons or calorics, heat and force producers, we find in both animal and vegetable foods, with flour and bread, milk and all fats.

Carbo-hydrates are almost entirely vegetable; housekeepers know them as starch foods (or farinaceous), sugars, grains, as rice, oats, barley, gums, etc.

Salts, alkalines, sulphur, etc., we usually find in a sufficient quantity in conjunction with all the above, but occasionally it becomes advisable to take them in their own pure form as well.

The proteids we may call flesh or muscle foods, the fat heat foods, and the carbo-hydrates are work foods. According to age and occupation, to climate and constitution, we must determine how much of each it is needful to supply daily. Individual tastes, if directed by Nature, will often determine this question to a nicety, only we must discriminate between a natural and a pampered taste.

Then while a pound of oatmeal gives a food value of six pounds of potatoes, the latter, however, are most necessary articles of diet where much meat is eaten regularly, as they supply carbons and phosphates that meat does not hold in sufficient quantity. Sailors who are largely fed on salt and pickled beef crave for potatoes and green vegetables, as these are Nature's antidote to the scurvy which is their torment.

Spinach, as it contains more iron than any other vegetable that it is possible to mention, is one of the most useful "green" vegetables we have; next in point of value comes cabbage, then celery, onions, leeks, asparagus, etc.: all are blood purifiers. It is not too much to say that every fruit (and every vegetable) in its season is necessary to health in some degree; we may do without them, but we are better with them. Note how carefully they have been apportioned, the sweeter drier kinds for autumn and winter, the acid, luscious, watery kinds for summer and the hot exhaustive days. If we have not the good fortune to live where we can gather what we will from tree and bush, our ability to avail ourselves of the varied and abundant supply is naturally limited by the capacity of our purse; yet, even then, an intelligent thinking purchaser may get a far greater variety and better value for the money laid out than one who chooses haphazard.

In choosing fish one broad rule may be laid down, namely, select the plump ones; long thin fish are never so prime in quality. Thick turbot, soles, mackerel, and haddock are far finer-flavoured than thin ones. Then the brightness of the eyes and skin are another test. To test the age of poultry look at the claws and feet; if young, these will break easily between the fingers and be fine-skinned; if old they are big, and hard to crack. The skin of a fowl also shows its age, and an old fowl is never so plump as a young one.

There are certain joints of meat which, expensive in themselves, yet become really cheaper than inferior portions, because of the different uses that may be made of them. Take a loin of mutton, for instance. From the underpart all the tender fillet should be cut away, then cut off all the flap end, this latter will be useful for stewing. Remove the upper part from the bones and cut it into neat chops, the fillet the same, then these should be dipped in egg and bread-crumbs and fried in hot fat, serving them around a mound of spinach, beans, or fried potatoes, gravy to be made from the bones.

To stew the top lay it in a stewpan with the fat downwards, sprinkle it with seasoning, slice an onion over it, and let it fry gently in its own fat for an hour or so. Then lift out the meat, put a teacupful of cold water to the fat, and when it has risen to the top take it off. Mix a little cornflour in water, add it to the gravy, and some potatoes cut in slices, add a little brown sauce, more seasoning if required, and cutting the meat into neat squares, place these on the top, cover with the lid and cook until the potatoes are thoroughly tender.

Here we have two good dishes from one joint.

The under fillet can be taken from a joint of beef in the same way, and made into a delicious *entrée* or supper dish, without in any way interfering with the roast.

A neck of mutton is usually portioned out into three parts, viz.—"best end," "middle neck," and "neck;" hence we get a roasting joint, a piece for cutlets, which may be cut without much "trimming," and a piece for Irish stew, boiling, or a breakfast pie. By purchasing the whole neck we get it at sevenpence-halfpenny per pound, whereas if we buy the best cut alone we pay tenpence.

When there are many in the family to cater for, it is cheaper to buy bacon by the quarter-side. The best firms supply this at sevenpence-halfpenny per pound. The inferior parts are useful for boiling and eating cold, the better ones will grill. A good housekeeper will be exact about weights; waste can generally be avoided by buying sufficient but not too much, and calculations should extend even to such things as apples and potatoes. It is the bits left over at the various tables which run away with the money, and often cause a needless expenditure of time in turning them to account afterwards.

OUR PUZZLE POEM: "A COUNTRY WOMAN ON THE DIAMOND DAY."

SOLUTION.

A Country Woman on the Diamond Day.

I cannot go to town to see
The Queen upon her jubilee,
For seats along the route, I hear,
Are most particularly dear;
And if I stood up in the street,
I might perchance disasters meet.
So tell Her Majesty the Queen
'Tis not disloyalty I mean;
For I would trudge all up to town,
All in my best alpaca gown,
If there were just the slightest chance
That I might catch her queenly glance;
For she I know would single out
Her poor old subject with the gout;
Ah! then the jealousy of all
On whom her greeting did not fall!
But, bah!—I must in homestead stay,
And keep it like a holy day;
So at my hearth all bright and trim
I'll sing with joy my little hymn.

Prize Winners.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Dora Newton Bertie, 11, Springfield, Dundee.
Amy Briand, 47, Hanley Road, Finsbury Park, N.
Doris Rowland Brown, 297, Amhurst Road, N.
B. Bryson, Ponton Lodge, Sunbury, Middlesex.
Amy Chettle, 54, Field Street, Bradley, Bilston, Staffordshire.
Mary I. Chislett, Great Broughton, Northallerton.
Maggie Coombes, 16, Dean Road, Willesden Park.
Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leicester.
Ethel C. McMaster, 23, Ross Road, Wallington.
F. Miller, High Street, Witney.
Ada Rickards, 1, Greenland Villas, Wood Green, N.
Isabel Robinson, Canal Office, New Road, Oxford.
Mrs. Isabel Snell, 51, Mere Road, Leicester.
Dora Willcox, Brocksholme, Clifton, Bristol.

Foreign (*Seven Shillings Each*).

Miss A. L. Baverstock, Maritzburg, Natal.
Mrs. Mary Hardy, Finch Street, E. Malvern, Australia.
Mrs. Talbot Smith, Adelaide, S. Australia.

Very Highly Commended.

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Amy Ainsworth, Edith A. Arnott, Madeline E. Baker, S. Ballard, Annie J. Cather, C. H. Cather, John E. Couch, E. H. Duncan, John A. Fitzmaurice, Annie French, Mrs. J. J. Gracie, Edith Hardy, Nurse Higgins, Anna I. Hood, Lily Horn, C. Hunt, Mrs. Kemp, Catherine M. Kingwell, Elizabeth Lang, Bertha E. Lawrence, Margaret A. Macalister, Wm. C. Marsom, Margaret G. Oliver, Mrs. R. Shepherd, Helen Carrie Stone, Gertrude Wallis, Mrs. Philip Williams, Emily M. P. Wood, Elizabeth Yarwood.

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Eliza Acworth, G. Aitchison, Mabel Arkley, Lily Belling, Florence Blanch, Herbert A. Brown, Ethel Cave, M. A. C. Crabb, L. Forbes, Bessie Goodspeed, J. S. Hall, Wm. H. Hatch, Mary Hunt, Jennie A. Jenkins, Jane M. King, G. H. K. Macalister, Constance M. Mallandaine, May Merrall, M. A. Pidcock, A. B. Pilkington, Agnes Pritchard, Miriam Pritchard, Florence E. Russell, Miss Skewen, Gertrude Smith, Ellen C. Tarrant, Mary J. Taylor, Bettie Temple, Edith H. Thompson, Mrs. Vaux, Herbert C. Wigg, Emily C. Woodward, Emily C. Woolby.

Highly Commended.

E. Adamson, Maria M. Adeney, Harry Adnitt, Ethel B. Angear, Florence M. Angear, Mabel Ayliff, Kate Barker, Adelaide G. Barnes, Evelyn M. Blott, Katie Bidewell, Lilian M. Bligh, May Bligh, Isabel Borrow, Mrs. J. Brand, Edith M. Burr, Ethel F. Burr, Rev. W. M. Butcher, Mrs. Cartwright, Elsie Chambers, M. J. Champneys, Agnes Crampton, Wm. Crawford, Miss Dalton, R. D. Davis, Ethel Dickson, Helen M. Eady, Winifred Eady, Rosa D. Eldridge, C. M. A. FitzGerald, Beatrice Fitzhugh, A. and F. Fooks, Evelyn A. Forster, Mrs. Garforth, Wm. F. Goulstone, Jessie Hall, Katharine Haslam, L. E. Heawood, Julia A. Hennen, Mrs. A. Herring, Gertrude Hick, Nora Hinkson, Mary F. Hitchcock, Millicent Hood, Edith L. Howse, J. Hunt, Amy C. L. Iago, Mrs. W. Jackson, Alice E. Johnson, Mrs. E. J. Jones, Ellen H. Kemp, Lucy Langhorne, Dora Larg, E. B. Leggitt, Violet E. Longstaffe, H. Low, Annie G. Luck, Louise M. McCready, Mrs. M. McKenzie, Evelyn McKenzie, Jessie W. McLeish, Gertrude E. Moore, Edith M. Morton, W. H. Odlum, Florence A. Overbury, Esther Parker, Nellie B. Pearse, E. M. Pennington, W. G. Priest, Mrs. Prestige, Melena F. Pringle, John Rodway, Ethel Sawyer, Amy I. Seaward, A. Selden, A. C. Sharp, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Ada Smith, Ethel G. Smith, Mrs. G. E. Smith, Mrs. G. W. Smith, Annie Shorney, J. Thomas, M. Winifred Thomas, Marie M. Threlfall, Daisy Tyler, Georgiana Waller, G. M. Watherston, Rev. J. R. B. Watson, Eliza J. Wheeler, W. Fitzjames White, J. B. Williams, Charlotte A. Wolfe, Florence E. Wright, Dorothy V. Young.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

There is nothing very new to say about the Diamond Day puzzle. Some of the solutions were perfect and many more were not, though most of these were very good indeed. Doubtless, as usual, the hours of anxious thought bestowed upon the adjudication will be rewarded by the indignant complaints or sorrowful reproaches of unmentioned competitors who seem to think that prizes and commendations ought to be awarded by turn. What with the grumbling of the Editor at the mention of so many names and the wrath of solvers (to say nothing of their parents) at the mention of so few, we often wonder that we have the grace to remain alive. But after all, this grumbling is only an evidence of keen interest, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that eighteen hundred solutions of A Well Bred Girl are waiting to be read as soon as we have finished this report. So let us be brief.

"An Old Woman" was not an accurate description of the title picture, though many solvers deemed it to be good enough. After the title, we look in vain for any difficulty until we reach line 10. There we are constrained to remark that "alpacca" is not at all a good way of spelling the name of that disagreeable, scrubby stuff out of which summer gowns are made. We give this information quite gratuitously, and many competitors will do well to accept and profit by it. If you ever receive a bill for "alpacca," don't pay it.

Line 15 presented one of the greatest difficulties in the puzzle, and yet hundreds of solvers grasped the idea of envy or jealousy which the second picture was meant to convey.

"Jealousy," "envious look," "envious glance," and the like were all reckoned as equal.

In line 17 we found the one touch of humour which makes the reading of these solutions tolerable. What could the conjunction of a bath and a tin of mustard mean but a mustard bath? O what a happy, triumphant thought!

"But bathed in mustard instead stay
And keep it like a holiday."

Well, people's ideas of what constitutes a real holiday differ considerably, but for pure novelty it would surely be difficult to find a parallel with this beautiful suggestion. The curious thing is that it was not the creation of one mind alone. Several solvers evolved it, though all did not express it quite so rhythmically. Observe that to obtain the rhythm you must emphasize the first syllable of instead considerably.

In the next line, why "holiday"? H o l y spells holy. And there is really nothing more to remark upon.

One lady sixty years old sends her "first attempt," and a very good attempt it is too, though it naturally is not quite equal to the work of our more experienced solvers.

The "commended" lists include the names of competitors living abroad.

And now for "A Well Bred Girl."

SUPPOSITIONS.

Foreign Award.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Gertrude Hunt, Maunsell Road, Parnell, Auckland, N.Z.
Mrs. E. R. Manners, Munkowlie, Durbhungah, Tirhoot State Rly., Bengal.

Very Highly Commended.

Miss Bhabba (Mysore), Sadie Barrat (Montreal), Charlotte Brown (Victoria, Australia), Bertha N. Coelho (Portugal), Camille Mauger (Calcutta), Jessie Mitchell (Canada), "Nettie" (India), Matilda Parker, Elizabeth Ross (Victoria, Australia), Ellen Sanger (Pau), Janie Somerville (near Melbourne), Louisa S. Thomas (Geneva), Herbert Traill (Bombay), Mrs. Waddington (Bermuda).

Highly Commended.

Maud E. Atkinson (California), Evalyn Austin (Victoria), Florence E. Bapty (Bombay), A. L. Baverstock (Natal), Gertrude Burden (S. Australia), Mrs. Burgess (Madras Pres.), Mrs. J. C. Catford (Barbados), C. H. Cather (Malta), B. E. Chugg (Victoria), Millicent Clark (S. Australia), Arthur H. Cress (Bangalore), Mrs. Arthur Douët (Jamaica), Florence Every (Cape Colony), Wm. F. Goulstone (N. Zealand), Mrs. Hardy, Clara J. Hardy and Edith Hardy (Melbourne), Anna I. Hood (France), Janet Jefferson (Paris, Ontario), F. K. Jones (N. Zealand), F. G. B. King (Barbados), Lucy Langhorne (Queensland), Minnie J. Lindo (Jamaica), H. Low (Montreal), Ethel Malone (B. W. I.), Ina Michell (Cyprus), Lillie Mott (Victoria), Isobel Munro (N. Zealand), Maud C. Ogilvie (India), Elizabeth Reid (Cape Town), Carlota E. Robertson (Texas), Maude Saunders (Melbourne), Mary Sheard (S. Africa), Mrs. Talbot Smith (Adelaide), Mrs. H. Sprigg (Cape Colony), Mrs. E. Sykes (Calcutta), Maude E. B. Thompson (Madras), Gladys Willing (New Zealand).

INDIGESTION.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."



E hear wonderful things in medicine nowadays.

But yesterday I heard a man make a speech, in which he said that "it was impossible for anyone who ate flesh to arrive at the full use of his faculties; he must ever remain stunted in growth, deficient in intellect and incapable of bearing hardships. If a man were only a vegetarian, look what he might be!" Yes. Look and see—a man making the statement that I have given above, trying to instil into us—we who pride ourselves on being the greatest nation in the world (as we are likewise among the greatest flesh-eaters), that it is impossible for us to arrive at the full use of our intellects unless we follow his example. And be like him—never! Never was there a stronger argument against vegetarianism than the statement that we have just heard.

We hear the same on all sides. The possessor of one "crotchet" is just as illogical as his opponent. But what is going to be the outcome of all these furious battles of theory? Well, if I am not very much mistaken, its influence will be nothing. We see for ourselves that he who upholds one theory is just as illogical and impossible as his most formidable adversary. No compromise can ever be arrived at in a case of this kind.

The partisans of various fads who uphold minor doctrines agree on one point only, that is that the teaching of medicine demonstrates the validity of their arguments! Poor medicine, it has a hard task to perform to throw the weight of its teaching into two diametrically opposed propositions! I could never see how medicine could favour any violent measure, it certainly has never done so in my time.

One of the most extraordinary ideas ever held was that a person was responsible for the diseases with which he is afflicted. This doctrine is as false as it is uncharitable. The only suggestion of truth in it is that a few diseases are due in a certain, probably very minor, degree to indiscretion, or more commonly, ignorance.

The subject I have before me demonstrates this point very clearly. Indigestion is usually supposed to be due to overeating. I am not going to say that overeating is not a cause of indigestion, nor even, that it is not a common cause, but I do say that it is not the chief cause. I have been told that everybody overeats. Great authorities have said that such is the case. Everybody does not suffer from indigestion, so that overeating cannot be the chief cause of indigestion, if it be true that everyone overeats.

We do not go to medicine to dictate to us how much we should eat. We are all endowed with an intelligence and with a special appetite which tells us how much to eat, and I feel confident that nature is the best guide. Of course you can disobey Nature and eat more than you require but do you not disobey your doctor? I am afraid that most of you do.

Indigestion does undoubtedly arise from indiscretion in diet as regards the quantity eaten, but very much more the quality of the food and the way it is eaten.

Some people cannot digest certain articles of food, and these they rightly avoid. In certain individuals the slightest indiscretion produces great discomfort, with others the stomach will stand great abuse without retaliating. Thus we speak of strong or weak stomachs.

Indigestion has been divided into any number of varieties, and contrary to what is usual in such cases, the majority of these classifications are based upon sound principles. But of all the various ways in which dyspepsia has been classified none do I like better than the following division into three main groups. The "irritative," the "atonic" and the "nervous" or "neurotic."

There are many kinds of dyspepsia that lie on the borderland between two or all of these classes; but, as a rough classification I have found it exceedingly useful. It was the first I learnt, it is the simplest and I have found it the most convenient.

Let us talk about irritative dyspepsia first. This, as its name tells you, is due to irritation of the stomach. We have all heard of this condition and most of us have suffered from it. It is a very common affection in England. Both sexes and all ages suffer from it though perhaps not to the same extent. Does it occur in infancy? most certainly it does. Let us go to the children's department and see for ourselves.

As we pass the patients we see that the majority of them are very young children, some merely babies, all accompanied by their mothers or other relatives. We go into the consulting-room and ring the bell. A woman appears with an infant of eight months' old in her arms. Immediately she enters the room her child is sick. The poor child has been sick already four times to-day and has been ill for a fortnight. She is quite wasted. Her poor little limbs are nothing but skin and bone, and her face wears that singular look, like a very ancient man, that is so constantly present in ill-fed children. We hear from the mother, as indeed we can see for ourselves, that when the child is sick she brings up large curds of milk.

We know at once what is the cause of this child's trouble—wrong feeding. The curds of milk tell us this plainly. Wrong feeding—it is this that causes all the gastric troubles of childhood and most of those of adults—but more of this later on, let us return to the case before us.

We ask the mother how she feeds the child. She tells us "with the bottle." We ask her what she puts into the bottle. She answers "cow's milk," and this is what we expected. We then ask "do you use pure cow's milk?" She answers "yes." "Anything else?" "No." "Do you give the child any other food?" "Now and then a biscuit." The next question one feels inclined to ask is "have you any notion how to feed an infant." And if she told the truth she would answer emphatically, "No; I have no idea how to feed a child." And so it is with most mothers. They do not know how to feed their infants, especially between the ages of eight and sixteen months old.

For the first months of life milk should be the only food for infants. A little later some other form of nourishment is required. Gravy with bread or potato is best to begin with. After the child is two years old she may have much the same food as an adult.

I said milk is to be the only food of infants during the first months of life. There is rarely any difficulty here; but when mothers are unable to nurse their babies, it often becomes an exceedingly important and difficult question how to feed the children. To rear children with artificial food is a most laborious task, and if it is not done correctly they are almost certain to die.

The best artificial food for infants is undoubtedly ass's milk, but the very great expense of this prevents it from being used, except by the very wealthy. For those that cannot afford ass's milk cow's milk must be used. But cow's milk of itself is much too rich and not quite sweet enough. It also clots in the stomach in large flakes causing, as in the instance before us, sickness and rapid wasting.

We must mix the milk with something that will prevent it from clotting *en masse* and that will dilute it. No substance fulfils these conditions better than barley-water.

Until the child is three months old, one part of milk to two of barley-water is the right proportion. As the child grows older the quantity of the barley-water may be reduced.

Barley-water should be made in the following way. Boil a tablespoonful of pearl-barley in a pint of water for half-an-hour, and strain. It will not keep over-night, so it must be made fresh every day. If it is kept long it sometimes develops a very poisonous substance which has caused several deaths.

There is absolutely no difficulty in making barley-water, and there is no excuse for a person serving up a thick gruel and calling it barley-water. This I have myself seen done.

You may perhaps think that I have exaggerated the importance of infant feeding. But look at the death-rate of infants. Is it not terrible? And instead of diminishing I am sorry to say that it is on the increase. The majority of deaths under a year old is due to wrong feeding.

Some people have the most extraordinary notions of the value of infants' lives; some do not consider the death of a baby as anything serious. But have they not souls just as much as adults! Surely we ought to give as much trouble to save the life of a baby as we would do to save that of a grown-up person. I am disgusted with the terrible returns of infant mortality. Doubtless the death-rate of infants must be very great, but it is absolutely unnecessary that it should be as high as it is. It can and ought to be reduced.

Let us leave the children and go to the general medical department. We shall not have to wait long to see some cases of irritative dyspepsia.

First we see a school-boy, looking very green and ill. He has been indulging in a hamper and is now suffering atonement for his greediness. Let us ask him what were the contents of the basket. "Oh! there was a big cake, then there was a ham and a pot of marmalade, four bottles of sweets, and a veal and ham pie, three tins each of sherbet, biscuits and anchovy paste and three pots of jam."

We do not wonder that the boy has indigestion—neither does he. A hamper is necessarily followed by dyspepsia, and he is quite resigned to bear the consequences of the feast.

The next patient whom we investigate is a girl of sixteen, suffering from the effects of eating "twenty-two green apples and a pound of pea-nuts" yesterday.

Patient after patient of all ages and both sexes enter the room complaining of gastric pain or vomiting, and on inquiry we get a history of various mistakes in diet. One woman has indigestion after having eaten three herrings, which had gone bad—not at all an uncommon event among out-patients. A family of father, mother and four children

come suffering agonies, the result of having partaken of a mouldy rabbit-pie. Unripe fruit, over-ripe fruit, too much alcohol, mussels, crabs, etc., are all common causes of irritative indigestion.

It is not only in hospital patients that we see the irritative form of indigestion. It occurs among all classes, and is indeed more common among the well-to-do than among the poorer members of the community.

All the causes of irritative dyspepsia may be grouped into three classes: indiscretion in the quantity of food eaten; unsuitable food or food that is unwholesome, and insufficient mastication.

There is little to be said under these headings, but I will make one or two remarks about each.

I have already shown you that improper food is a fertile cause of indigestion. Any substance that is not thoroughly fresh or that is not well cooked is likely to cause indigestion in those partaking of it. As I wrote about food some short time back it is unnecessary to enter into the question of feeding here.

Insufficient mastication is a very important cause of dyspepsia. A piece of meat, for instance, that has been well masticated will be digested in about one-fourth of the time that the same piece of meat would take if swallowed whole. Always chew your food well and you will remove one of the greatest causes of difficult digestion.

The treatment for this condition is to give a dose of castor oil, if the patient is a child; and a dose of calomel or blue pill, in the case of an adult. Attention to the feeding is of paramount importance. With adults it is best to withhold food of any kind for twenty-four hours, and after that to eat sparingly and only of very digestible food.

While on this subject, I should like to mention that a "bilious attack" though differing considerably from the affection we have just described is to be treated in the same manner as irritative indigestion.

The second great variety of indigestion is "atonic dyspepsia," that is the condition when the stomach is out of "tone" and does not properly perform its functions.

Unlike the affection we have just discussed, atonic dyspepsia is a very chronic malady, and instead of lasting a day or two often drags on for months or years. It also differs from the irritative form of dyspepsia, in that diet is by no means the chief factor in its causation, and also in that it does not attack all ages and both sexes indiscriminately.

One of its chief causes is anæmia, and therefore we should expect to find it most commonly in young women. This is indeed the case, the great majority of sufferers being girls between fifteen and twenty-five years of age.

The outpatient department of hospitals give relief to more of these cases than to any other form of illness, they are so common. The symptoms are pain after food; pain in the chest; heartburn; palpitation; water-brash; nausea; loss of appetite and sometimes vomiting. Anæmia is almost always present. Not by any means rarely this condition terminates in ulceration of the stomach, and then, in addition to the above symptoms another is added which is most alarming—that is, vomiting blood.

The treatment of this condition is exceedingly important, because, if it is treated properly and at once, the danger of gastric ulcer is very greatly diminished. There are various ways by which this condition is treated, for its manifestations are of most diverse characters, and the patients are very, very capricious.

As it is an "atonic" affection a tonic treatment is, as a rule, better than any other. A mixture containing iron with possibly arsenic often does a great deal of good. But as you cannot give either of these drugs to a patient with a weak stomach, it is necessary to get the stomach well as soon as possible. Nothing will do this better than bismuth and soda. An occasional pill of aloes and belladonna is also very useful.

The last form of dyspepsia is the "nervous" or "neurotic" kind. The very mention of the word "neurotic" should at once suggest that the condition is almost exclusively confined to women. But, for once, this is not the case; by far the greater number of sufferers from this complaint being business men. And the reason for this is not far to seek.

A city man gets up, let us say at half-past seven. He goes down to breakfast. Having swallowed down his meal with lightning rapidity, he rushes off to catch his train. At lunch time he has his meal and plays a game of chess. He comes home in the evening to dinner. This he eats more or less in a "physiological" manner, and rests after it.

Can anyone expect his poor stomach to stand such insults as these? During digestion the majority of the blood in the body is required by the digestive organs. Consequently, rest after meals is essential so that no more blood than is absolutely necessary should course through the limbs or brain. But here, a man "gallops" through one meal (this of itself would give anyone indigestion) and runs off immediately afterwards, and over another meal he plays chess; and then talks about his "hard luck" because he suffers from indigestion!

The treatment for this condition is as simple in theory as it is difficult to carry out in practice. It is—"Do not hurry over your meals, and always rest both body and mind afterwards."

There are other varieties of true nervous dyspepsia—such as that which occurs in people who are overburdened with cares; the gastric pain of hysteria and some spinal complaints and possibly that obscure condition "migraine." These are all very serious affections and most difficult to cure, as the cause is too often impossible to remove.

Before I leave you, I will give the following maxims to everybody suffering from indigestion or dyspepsia of any kind—

1. Avoid food that is very hot or very cold, especially ices.

2. Avoid potatoes, cheese, pastry, and take farinaceous foods in great moderation. Do not take brown bread in preference to white; it is less nutritious, in every way inferior and far more indigestible.

3. Avoid tea, coffee, and alcohol in all forms—beer, wine or spirits.

4. Never take any drugs if you can possibly help it. Above all, never take "pepsin," unless under the immediate supervision of a physician.

5. Masticate your food thoroughly. Eat slowly and rest half-an-hour after each meal.

6. Do not take one big meal in the day, but four, five, or even six small ones.

7. Always have your meals at the same hour every day.

8. Take a walk every day, rain or shine.

9. Avoid anything that disagrees with you, and never again be tempted to touch that particular article of food.

10. Never eat anything that has not been thoroughly cooked; nor drink anything that has not been boiled.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

ESSIE WRIGHT.—You certainly suffer from catarrh of the throat, and probably of the nose as well, although you do not give us any information regarding the latter. What is your occupation? The condition which troubles you is often due to excessive use of the voice. Again, do you breathe through your nose? you cannot expect to have a healthy throat if you breathe through your mouth. Doubtless you will tell us "that your nose feels as though it were stuffed up" so that you cannot breathe through your nose. What this means is that the condition of your nose is the cause of the throat affection and must be seen to first. To cure the condition you must spray out your nose and throat three or four times a day with a lotion made by dissolving a teaspoonful of the following powder in half a tumbler of tepid water:—

℞. Sodii bicarbonatis, Sodii biboratis, Potasii chloratis } āā ℥fs.
Sachar. abl. ℥j.

In addition to this an astringent lozenge, such as rhatany or red gum, taken occasionally would do good. We are pleased that you derived so much benefit from sulphur ointment.

PRISCILLA.—Undoubtedly the best thing you can do is to leave your nose alone and not meddle with it. It will probably improve if left alone.

HEALTH-SEEKER.—No; ferns in a bedroom are not injurious to health, provided that the room is not overcrowded with them. The plants to be avoided in rooms are those that have strong scents, especially lilies, jasmine, stephanotis, certain orchids and laurel.

FLOSS STANLEY.—The condition of your face is due to the soap you use. It is exceedingly common for the face to become red and to smart after washing with soap which is not intended for toilet use. If you use a good soap which is made for washing the face with you will not be troubled further.

I. R.—1. Styes on the eyelids are very apt to recur, but if they are thoroughly and carefully treated at first the tendency to form again is greatly diminished. When you have a stye, bathe the eye frequently with a warm solution of boracic acid (1 in 40). When a yellow point has become manifest, look carefully and see if there is an eyelash in the centre, if there is, pull it out and the trouble will soon subside. Bathe your eye with the lotion for at least a week after all traces of the stye have vanished. If you do this the condition will not return.—2. You should not use a hard brush to scrub your teeth with as it is liable to make the gums bleed. We doubt whether any amount of rubbing could injure the enamel.

CONSTANCE.—We know of no substance that will darken the hair that is not a dye. You had better ask the advice of a hairdresser about this point.

F. G. F.—Your eyes became crossed because of your long sight. No doubt when you first began to read you did not wear spectacles, and this is the cause of your squint. You say you wear glasses now, but are you sure that they are accurately suited to you? We strongly advise you to see an oculist about your eyes, as they ought to be looked to without delay.

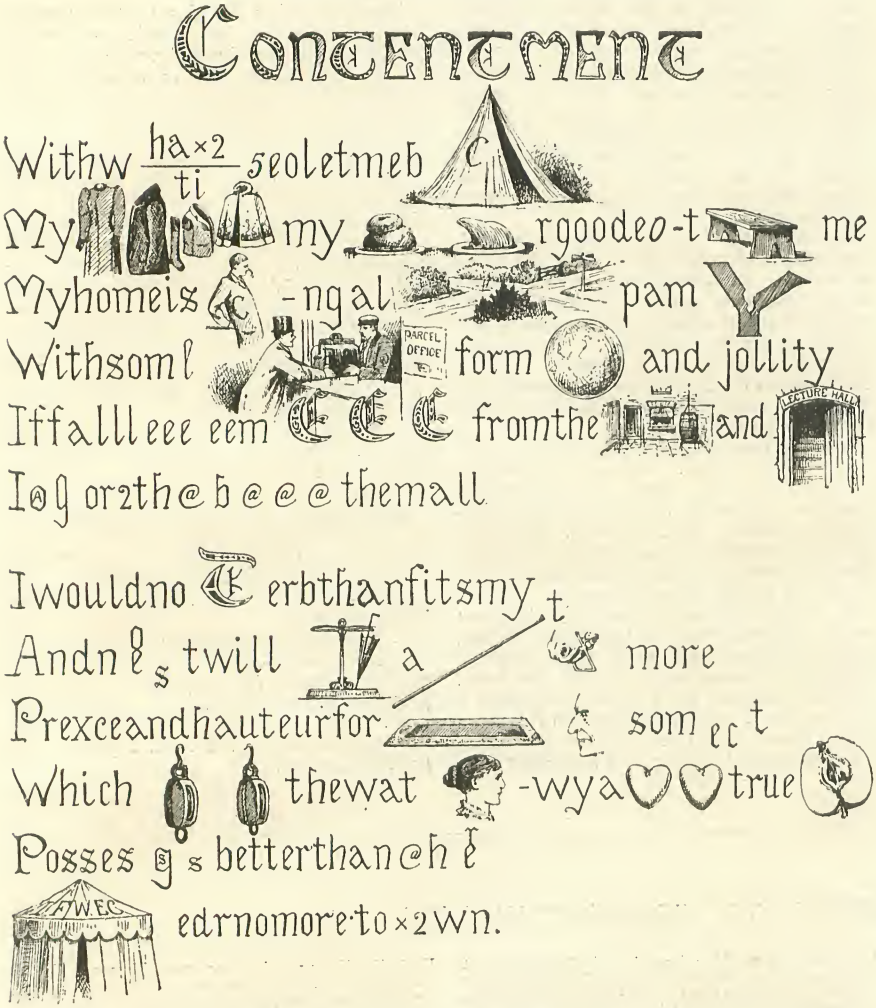
MISCELLANEOUS.

VILLA FARMS, OR TWO-ACRE ESTATES.—There are a good number of foolish people in the world, but surely you would not be so unwise as to invest money in land at Methwold, or any other place, without investigating the property first. You must of course go and see for yourself, interview the tenants already existing there, and also ask the opinions of outside farmers as to the quality of the land and the chances of success in fruit-growing. It would also be as well to call on the clergyman of the parish, who would know better than any one else, perhaps, the success or non-success of previous tenants. Caution is needed in every investment, but especially so when it takes the form of a freehold tenancy. We have great faith in this form of land-culture, and should like to see our towns less populated, and our country places more occupied by actual owners of, and workers on, the land. But each person who contemplates a purchase of land must have her wits about her.

A SEEKER AFTER LOVE.—Perhaps the pseudonym you have chosen gives the key to your want of success, so far. Don't seek after love, be love, give love first—"He *first* loved us." "Perfect love," we are told, "casteth out fear," and "fear hath torment." Begin by invariably looking on the bright side of everything, and every person, and think (however *mistaken, or perhaps* unkind) that they mean to do right; and when you cease to find out faults, it is wonderful how happy you will be; and when your first thought and feeling is love and tenderness for others, you will cease to be unsociable and afraid. So make a fresh start, dear little girl, don't seek, give with both hands, and your reward is certain. Write direct to the address given, please; it was given for the purpose.

KNOW-LITTLE.—The terms "bulls" and "bears," as employed on the Stock Exchange, are used to denote certain classes of brokers who act on opposite lines to each other. A man who contracted to sell certain stock, of which he was not possessed, at a given price, is called a "bear;" while the man who bought it—yet only nominally, as he did not intend to receive it—is a "bull," and the contract is only a wager, depending on the rise or fall of the stock. In the event of the rising, the seller, or "bear," pays the difference to the buyer. "Bearing" the market, means to depress it so as to buy to advantage; and to "bull" it, is to raise the price of stock when operating for a sale. There are some women acting as stockbrokers, and reputed to be very clever in that profession.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be January 15, 1898; from Abroad, March 17, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

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OF THE

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1897.

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How to Give.
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The Children's Party Supper. By L. H. YATES.
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MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT
TO
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

THE
CHARMING CORA

A Complete Story.

BY

IDA LEMON,

AUTHOR OF
"A WINTER GARMENT,"
ETC.

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A GROUP OF SCHOOL-BOYS.

By K. E. COLEMAN, Author of "Little Leo," "The Red Topaz," etc.

CHAPTER I.

KING ROBIN.



"WELL, I declare, here comes King Robin!"

The brief light of the December afternoon was waning, and the scarlet of the western sky was fading to a dull orange. The ground was covered with crisp, powdery snow, and a group of merry-hearted schoolboys were chasing each other down a long slide at the side of the road. It was the foremost of these who saw the swiftly advancing figure and cried out joyfully, "Hullo, here comes King Robin!"

Robin King ran at full speed to join his schoolmates, and went down the long slide as if he meant it. He was a broad-shouldered, long-limbed lad of about twelve, with fair curly hair, bold blue eyes, and cheeks whose natural rosiness the frosty air had changed to scarlet. With his legs spread wide apart, his chubby red hands outstretched windmill-fashion, his school-satchel swinging at his back, and his blue cloth cap tilted carelessly on the back of his head, Robin went down the slide with such impetus that his pace never slackened till he reached the end, a feat which provoked an admiring shout of "Well done, Robin! Rob's the boy for sliding! Three cheers for Robin Goodfellow!"

Robin, without wasting a minute, came down the return slide, and started off again, followed by the train of his admirers. Backwards and forwards they went, now and again colliding, and not seldom falling in a heap one on the top of the other, a disaster which only provoked shouts of uproarious laughter.

At length, their breath failing them, one after another desisted, Robin being left to the last. But after a time he too gave in and stood still, fanning his hot face with his pocket-handkerchief.

"My patience, but that was jolly!" he said. "How long have you fellows been at it? That brute Langley kept me in to read my lines, and jawed me for five minutes longer about my abominable writing. I thought he'd never let me go."

"Well, you're here at last, old fellow. Let's come back after tea and have another go at it."

"No, we'll do better than that," said Robin, "we'll go skating."

There was a chorus of excited exclamations.

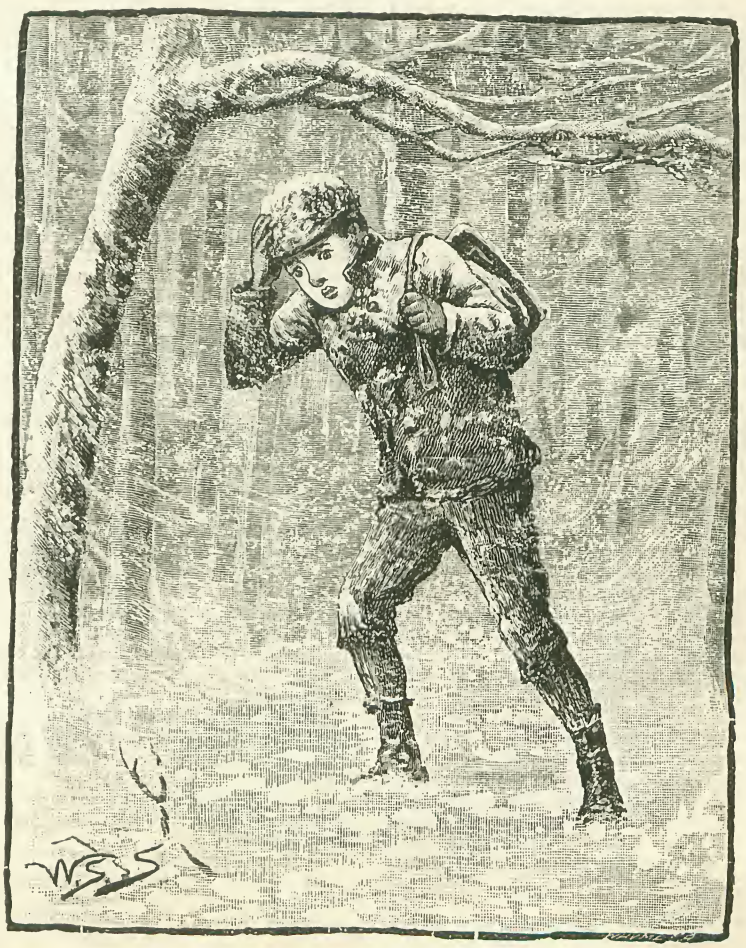
"Skating! The ice won't bear yet."—"How d'you know it won't?"—"Who told you it would, Rob?"—"What ice is it?"—"Are you greening us?"

"Honour bright, boys, the mill-pond bears. Jimmy Low, the baker's boy, told me he'd been on it this morning. If it bore Jimmy, it will bear us."

"The mill-pond's jolly deep," observed a big boy called Fergus Hume.

"That makes it all the safer. Deep water

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"'HERE COMES KING ROBIN!'"

always freezes before shallow," replied the dauntless Robin. "Do let's go. It will be such a lark to tell the other chaps to-morrow we've been skating. Won't they be wild they didn't know?"

"I vote we go," said Dobbin Major, usually called Dobbie for short.

"I don't believe my mother will let me go," observed a small, delicate-looking little lad.

"I shan't tell mine, Spider," said Robin. "If she don't know where I am she won't worry. I shall just tell her I'm going out if she asks."

"That's a bright idea of yours, Cock Robin," said big Fergus patting him on the back. "I put it to the Right Honourable gentlemen present, that this assembly unanimously resolves it won't tell its mothers where it's going."

"Agreed! Agreed!"

"What time shall we meet?"

"Eight o'clock sharp. That'll give us time to do our prep. first."

"Then hurrah for our next merry meeting!"

The boys scurried away in different directions to their respective homes. Robin turned out of the main road into a dingy little street, and running up the steps applied his latchkey, slammed the door and burst into the shabby little parlour like a whirlwind.

The cloth was laid for tea, and his mother was on her knees before the fire making toast.

"You are late, darling," she said gently.

"So I am," replied the boy, glancing at the clock as he threw his arm round his mother's neck and gave her a careless kiss. "Old Langley kept me in again, and coming home there was such a jolly slide, and a lot of our fellows on it, so I stayed and had a good turn."

"Well, run and wash your hands quickly. I told Emma to make the tea the moment she heard you come in."

Robin dashed upstairs, three steps at a time, shouting at the top of his lusty young voice, "The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," and was down again by the time the patient little maid-of-all-work had brought in the tea-pot.

The buttered toast his mother had been making went down at an amazing rate, and the loaf looked foolish by the time Master Robin had satisfied his appetite.

"Have you many lessons to do, dear?" asked his mother, as, tea being over, he got out his books with what seemed to her an unprecedented air of industry. Usually she had to drive him to begin his preparation.

"No, not very many. I'm going out presently."

"Going out again this cold night? Whatever are you going to do?"

"I'm going to meet some of the fellows," explained Robin, burying his head in his lexicon to avoid further questions.

His mother looked a trifle anxious and wondered what choice piece of mischief was brewing. Poor mother! she suffered no little anxiety on behalf of her boy, who was unspeakably dear to her; for he was all she had to love, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

Robin's lessons were prepared that night with a carelessness that augured trouble for the morrow; but then he was always getting into trouble, and took canings and impositions most philosophically, regarding them as necessary evils, not exactly agreeable of course, but all in the day's work. At ten minutes to eight he shut up his books with a bang, bundled them into his satchel and prepared to leave the room.

His mother looked at him wistfully.

"You won't be very long, will you, Robin?"

"I don't know, mother. I'll be back as soon as I can. Don't worry if I'm late."

He was out of the room and up the stairs without heeding her remonstrance. His skates were hanging on a nail. He had oiled and cleaned them in readiness at the first signs of frost. He caught them up, rushed downstairs, and had his hand on the handle of the front-door, when his mother's voice arrested him.

"Robin, you won't get into any scrape, will you, dear?"

"All right, mother," and he was gone.

She heard his footsteps echoing down the frosty road, then, with an anxious sigh, she returned to the fireside. He was so terribly reckless that she was always in fear for him; but fortunately she had no idea that there was any question of ice yet. Had she known where he was going, she would have run after him and dragged him back by main force.

Robin ran on, his skates clinking cheerily at his side, and presently overtook Fergus Hume.

"Hullo, Ferg!" he cried, "ain't it a ripping night? The moon will be up in half-an-hour."

"We're going on a wild goose-chase, you know," responded the sober Fergus. "I don't believe Jimmy Low's tale for an instant. Did you ask him if he'd walked all over the pond?"

"No; but if it bore in one place it would in another."

"H'm, I don't know about that, and anyhow, Jimmy's such a crammer you can't believe a word he says."

"Well, we can try it ourselves. We needn't run any risks. Hullo, there's Wilson and little White. Does your mother know you're out, Spider?"

"No," replied the little fellow. "I took your advice, King, and didn't tell her."

By this time they had left the town behind, and soon reached the field wherein the old mill-pond lay. The moon was rising now, and they could dimly see the big sheet of ice lying black and tempting. Standing on the edge were two other boys, Dobbin Major and Minor.

"Well, will it bear?" was the breathless inquiry.

"Don't know, haven't tried," replied Dobbie.

"What an ass you must be, or rather what a couple of asses," said Fergus. "Hullo, Robin! Steady there, old fellow!"

But Robin, with characteristic imprudence, was half-way across the pond.

"Strong as a house!" he shouted joyfully. "I say, boys, it's ripping ice."

As he spoke, there came an ominous crack which made Arthur White nervously implore Robin to return.

"Stuff and nonsense! ice that cracks always bears. It's the snow-stuff that doesn't crack but gives way all of a sudden that's dangerous."

By this time Fergus Hume and Wilson were also walking about the pond.

"It seems safe enough," said the elder boy at last; "not over-strong perhaps, but still I think it will do."

Hume's decree was the signal for a general putting-on of skates, and in a couple of minutes all six boys were skating briskly to and fro.

Little White had hung back for a moment.

"Are you quite sure it's safe, Robin?" he asked anxiously.

"Safe as a house, little Spider," answered Robin cheerily. "If it bears us big fellows, it won't give way under your feather-weight."

"Little coward!" jeered Dobbin Major, who, not being distinguished for bravery himself, was ever ready to scoff at the fears of others. "Go home to his mammie if he's afraid."

"I'm not afraid," answered the little boy, and in another minute he was skating with the rest.

"I say," presently called out Fergus Hume, who had been exploring; "don't any of you fellows go to the lower end of the pond, there's a spring there and it won't bear," then with a sudden shout of alarm—"Spider, you young idiot, come back!"

But little White, either not hearing Hume's warning, or anxious to show Dobbie that he was no coward, had skated away towards the dangerous ice. At Hume's cry he turned sharply, hesitated, and then gave a shrill cry of terror. There was an ominous rending sound, a dull splash, and then an awful silence.

The catastrophe was so sudden that for a moment the five boys stood motionless; then Robin skated briskly towards the black hole, calling out as he went: "Make a line, you fellows! No, Fergus, not you next, you're too big—little Dobbie, that's right! throw yourself flat and hold on to my ankles."

He threw himself face downwards as he spoke, and began to crawl nearer to the black hole with the shining edges, and little Dobbie crawled after him, followed by Wilson, Fergus Hume bringing up the line. Dobbin Major, with praiseworthy prudence, made his way unobserved to the bank, reflecting that one in the family was quite enough to be drowned. He had, however, the sense to take off his skates, and shout lustily for help, and in about a minute his shouts were answered.

Mr. Langley, the grammar-school master, had walked out to see a friend who lived just outside the town, and was passing the field on his way home, when he heard a shout. Instantly coming to the conclusion that some idiot had been trying the ice, and had fallen in, he set off running with all his might towards the pond. He arrived just in time to see Robin King lean forward and make a grab at a dark mass which rose to the surface for an instant; then the ice broke again, and with a sickening splash Robin disappeared from sight.

Little Dobbie, who was holding on to his ankles, would have been pulled in after him, but for the weight of the two bigger lads, who hung on his rear; nevertheless, instead of retreating, the brave little fellow crept close to the very edge, and when Robin—after an awful pause—came to the surface with Arthur White on his arm, Dobbie caught at his coat-sleeve, and held on like grim death for what seemed to him an eternity, every moment expecting the ice to give way and plunge him into that terrible black gulf.

But help was nearer than he knew.

"Hold on!" shouted Mr. Langley, as he pulled off his coat and, advancing boldly to the edge, threw one end of it into the water. Robin caught it without relinquishing his hold of Arthur, Mr. Langley and the three boys pulled together with all their might, and somehow or other the two dripping forms were hauled on to the ice and carried safe to land.

Mr. Langley sent Wilson, who was a swift runner, off for the doctor; then he turned his attention to the sufferers.

Robin's teeth were chattering, and he was shivering so that at first he could not stand; but he was all right, and with hardly a glance in his direction, Mr. Langley busied himself over Arthur White's unconscious form. He turned him over on to his face, did his best to empty the water out of his lungs, and then, calling Fergus Hume to his side, the two set to work with a will to produce artificial respiration.

But no sign of life rewarded their efforts; and the awestruck boys began to whisper to one another that little Spider was dead.

"Which of you suggested this mad piece of folly?" asked the master sharply, looking up for an instant, though without pausing in his work.

"I, sir," replied Robin, without a moment's hesitation.

"Ah; I thought as much. If White dies——"

He broke off abruptly. A glance at the lad's white, agonised face told him that there was no need to point a moral.

Robin's remorse for that night's work was poignant enough to change the young master's righteous anger into pity.

"You had better go home at once," was all he said; but Robin still lingered. He could not go until the awful suspense was put an end to one way or the other. Half-an-hour passed, and still the two worked on without bringing a sign of life into the awful stillness of Arthur's face; then Mr. Langley happened to look up, and his eye fell on Robin, whom he had imagined safe at home by this time.

"Why don't you do as you are told, sir?" he said sternly. "Do you want to get your death of cold? Here, Dobbin Major, you don't seem to have distinguished yourself so far"—for the master's keen eye had taken in the significance of that figure on the bank—"come and take Hume's place, and you, Fergus, take that shivering idiot home, and tell his mother to give him a hot bath. I'll send the doctor round to have a look at him, when he's done what he can for poor White."

There was a hopelessness in Mr. Langley's tone as he said the last words, which went to Robin's heart, as he set off for home with Fergus.

"We'd best run," said the elder boy, but Robin shook his head.

"I can't, I'm half frozen," he said, through his chattering teeth; and Fergus grasped his arm, and never let go till he saw him safe in his mother's arms.

Half-an-hour later, when he had had his hot bath and a warm drink, and, safe in bed, was at last beginning to feel warmer, he heard the doctor's step on the stairs.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, in an agony, "go and ask him—I daren't—if Spider's dead!"

He buried his face in the pillows: the suspense was more than he could bear.

"It's all right, my lad," said the doctor kindly, and Robin burst into tears. "We've brought him round," the doctor continued; "but I can't, of course, say what the effects of the chill may be. He hasn't your cast-iron constitution, you know."

But Robin could take in nothing beyond the fact that his little friend was alive.

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" he said.

Arthur White did not die, though for some days he was very ill; and as soon as the danger was past, Robin was his bright, merry self again.

Nevertheless, the lesson of that night was not quite lost on him. One of its results was to change the half-contemptuous protection, which he had hitherto extended to little Arthur, into a warm and lasting friendship, which was of service to both boys in more than one episode of their future life.

(To be continued.)



"WILLOWS AND WATER."



We are well into the month of December, but no snow has come yet to put a pall of pearly white on the year's dying face. Still the touches of colour have gradually been growing rarer, and there has come a look of quiet maturity into the features of the scene.

"Nor spring nor summer beauty have such
grace
As I have seen in an autumnal face,"

said old John Donne of his friend Mrs. Magdalen Herbert, and so we think of December's self as we watch these quaker greys and gossamer trappings of the year's close. The prevailing pearl and russet tone, like the sober wedding attire of Jane Eyre, is a very fitting background for the few gems of bright colour that still remain, as was Jane's serene calm face for the ardent heart beneath. From the top windows of the house the eye wanders to the red-tiled roofs of the upper village, across the sage-sere network of that which as we look down upon it might be called the orchard-roof. How bright saffron those branches of mistletoe are with their pale berries in the dark bare branches of the apple-trees. Brighter still looked three red and yellow apples still hanging on the bare boughs in the last three days of November. What a joy it is, in our walk to come on a great withy-bed with the yellow twigs tinged with red which swell almost imperceptibly to the breeze, and remind us of the freer motion of the summer's corn-field. The vivid green of those strips of cabbage in the cottage-garden paint the brown face of the earth with hues as gay as a gipsy's scarf against her sun-burnt cheek.

The raven-black of the privet-berries peeps from the winter-hedge and studs its dull surface with countless little eager eyes that give more brilliancy for all their blackness than the rarer treasure-trove of the lurking deepest-purple sloe.

Heavy rain descends and soon lies on the surface in this flat willow-land, and then the high road gleams like a silver stream, or a milky way in the surrounding dun. Evening falls and Hesperus shines in a pale gold sky that has that intense pure thrill of rarity that only winter air possesses.

The days pass on and it is little more than a week to Christmas and yet no snow has come. But other hands than those of frost have been at work to shift the scenes for us. Water has risen in all the low places, and our rich meadow-land has become a world of meres taking all the colours the sky paints upon it, gleaming blue and silvery white and sullen leaden grey. Not many years since our little country town became a tiny Venice, with the poor flooded folk skilfully threading their way in boats to the windows. Things are not as bad as that this year, but enough rain has come to give a subtle touch of romance to our home-landscape, like the light in the eyes of some village Hester on her marriage morning. The withy cutters are sore at being swamped out of their winter work of withy cutting, but for all that the rain will in the main be a blessing to the country-side.

At any time the walk by the disused canal has an especial Dutch charm of its own, but now that the waters have overflowed the banks the young willows stand nearly mid-stream, and in the clear crisp air with no breath of wind they seem to bend lightly over, like Tennyson's "straight staff bent in a pool" to look at the curving sister-willow in the water-world below, making a soft flush of winter colour where their bare red plumes touch the pale blue sky and the clear water. Across the canal the hedge that runs up between those two fields meets the towing-path with a hawthorn that has been allowed to grow at its own sweet will. Look what heavy-laden boughs of dark red fruit it sprays out on every side. How they take up the tender yellowish red of the willow-heads and give it a deeper note. A plain black bridge that spans the stream with no suburban attempt at so-called ornament ends the harmony of hue with its still form reflected in the stream.

This winter the very hedge-rows have been orchard-ranks of dark-red hawthorns almost plum-coloured, and the holly has given a Christmas look already to all the hedges where it gleams and puts forth its sturdy brilliant fruit. The little birds are very happy over the frequent pools. We see them fluttering their little feathers in them and

then lifting their tiny heads, and think of dear old Herbert's quiet eye that watched them long ago and wove them into the patchwork of "Man's Melody"—

"Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer,
But as birds drink and straight lift up the head
So must he sip, and think
Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead."

Though no snow has come the thick frosts in the morning make a very brilliant whiteness, and the sunrise over it in its opal glory has a grand and awful look that reminds us of the sky in Holman Hunt's great solemn picture of the scapegoat. We shiver as we draw the curtains and look at the familiar landscape in this sad wraith-like majesty of dawn. A touch of sorrow and a thought of doom always have a majesty of their own,

"Here I in sorrow sit, this is my throne,
Let kings come bow to it."

In the green mid-day the line of the low horizon-hills is straight and homely, and seems to frame a Dutch scene with Cuyp-like cows of red and black. The one round hill with its one tree that rises from the ridge calls for a touch of tower or turret to fulfil its beauty. But now in the freshness of the dawn, with the silvery whiteness of the frost distinctly pencilling the tree and bringing it out in delicate relief against the sky of gold and rose, we see in these hills all the beauty of Perugino's landscapes in the background that so intensify the pure stillness and holy grace of his Madonnas in the foreground.

Christmas with a singular feeling of untimely spring in the air, has come and gone with snow as far removed as ever. The year's stores begin to stir in the fields, the honeysuckle over the porch has put forth blue-green feelers and the barberry quite hopeful little perfect leaves, as though assured that winter's cruel fang is drawn. This is the time to delight in all the curious shades of difference in the green of the young crops. On a pale afternoon when the trees on the far ridge stand very lonely and silent but for

"The little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves,"

when the sky withholds her treasures of colour and light and seems to muse on the sun she veils in her impassive whiteness, we are keen to note the deep emerald of that field of thick young rye which shows so bright and clear against the neighbouring hedge. The little separate blades of wheat in the next field that come up in timid rows have more grace, though their pale green, as of the chrysophrase, does not add such rich colour to the canvas. The horned sheep with their white faces in that pasture-field of dingy grass all moist and rooted by the flock, look grey and rough beside the one snow-white lamb nestled by its mother. On the other side of the road the unhorned black-faced sheep have lambs that are dull and rough in aspect. There are the two old types, always old and always new: the pure white lamb, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and the other homely one, the strayed lamb foot-sore and weary that the shepherd finds and puts upon his shoulder. As we watch closely the monotony of country life these old types live afresh.

The afternoon grows paler still. How warm that spot of colour is where the great red-brown cattle slowly chew the cud as they lie near together in the dark madder-brown of the farm-barton. There is still enough light to distinguish the graceful bird that shoots swiftly from the hedge and sails so near the ground, "a lady wash-dish," my country friend tells me, "a terrible proud bird, two parts like a tom-tit." We are far indeed from the train-whistle in these quiet lanes, the musing-ground of silver-tongued Sydenham, that ancient Commonwealth divine, and the birds seem to know it; in a few more minutes a lovely white-finch with many bright touches of red and yellow in its wings, flies across the road as we take a sudden turn, to find ourselves, before evening sinks, in a very parliament of rooks cutting the air with level flight or cawing hoarsely as they settle to their unknown business in that Runnymede that lies beneath the ridge crowned with thick Scotch firs. "If you see one rook it's a crow," is the old country saying, and crows are far enough if that be true!

A wealth of berries that has given the lie to the saying that many berries mean a hard winter, have made that bright-eyed robin with his resplendent waistcoat so fat and impudent, that even the shake and rattle of the donkey-cart over the newly-mended road does not disturb him from taking stock of us with his bead-like eye.

Let no one imagine that the country is dull in winter. The winter-scents of earth and rotting leaves are keen and bracing, the winter-sights may "take their colour from an eye that has kept watch o'er man's mortality," but without them all the wealth of summer's glory would be in vain, and would only leave us, like the "brown faces" in Giorgione's great pastoral,

"Sad with the whole of pleasure."

"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART II.

IN HEALTH.



IN the set of sumptuary laws given us by the King for our guidance in the care of His daughters a good deal is said about dress. As we read, our hearts re-echo the old cry for lovely things. We still admire "bells and pomegranates" on the hem of garments made for glory and beauty. We still count the "fringes" on border and seam. We still show our parental love by making robes of many colours and pieces (Gen. xxxvii. 14). We still give goodly raiment to our beloveds (Gen. xxvii. 15).

No less strict and abundant are the dietetic rules laid down. As far as a difference in climate will permit we should follow these rules. It has been truly remarked, that amidst every surrounding of neglect and privation the Jews are essentially a healthy people. If we want our girls to be equally so, we must exercise care and forethought about their food. We should consider individual taste in the matter. Though it may be, and is, scientifically true that "a fresh herring offers the largest amount of nutriment, for a given sum of money, of any kind of animal food," it would not do to restrict our daughters to an entire diet of such fish. We should soon find that the halfpenny herring, though containing 240 grains of carbon and 36 grains of nitrogen, would cease to nourish. Then again, though beans and lentils may be the richest of all foods in certain constituents, yet a small appetite and weak digestion cannot assimilate enough of them to grow fat thereon. We need common sense so much in catering for our households. Highly seasoned meats are rightly condemned (by thinking housewives) for their growing families. Yet condiments are of extreme value in rendering food more palatable, stimulating a jaded appetite, supplying a necessary substance, and assisting in the due mastication of food. Salt, again, is eagerly sought for by animals and men. The saline earths called "saltlicks" are the greatest attraction to the wild beasts of the desert. Yet, though it immediately stimulates the sense of taste and increases the flow of saliva, we would not condemn our households to a continual course of salted meat. How to give, when to give, why to give, must be learned carefully by every guardian of the King's daughters. In this connection it would be useful to read prayerfully and carefully the fourteenth of Romans. The wisdom of St. Paul is even more in evidence therein than his principle.

I have begun this chapter upon the health of our girls by talking of food, as cookery has a great deal more to do with health than many persons imagine. It has much to do also with their moral and spiritual development, of which more anon. The chief object in cooking food at all is to render it more promotive of good health. Digestion is so much impaired by unskilful handling of meat. Heavy, half-baked bread, cannon balls of boiled puddings; badly made pastry; half fried vegetables, are more than "misfortunes." They are culpable failures, bringing in their train delicate health.

In ordering the menus for our households, we should remember that our bodies need flesh-forming, heat-giving, and mineral matters in the food. All animal food, cheese, eggs, fish, peas, beans, and lentils, strengthen and toughen muscle and bone. Dripping, butter, sugars, treacles, jams, are so much carbon to keep the fire of life alight. Potatoes, all green vegetables, bread and fresh fruits supply potash, soda, iron and phosphates. Now, in different ratios, every girl requires all these constituents in her daily food. But remember, the volatile, active, energetic maiden needs a great amount of both nitrogenous and carbonaceous matter, otherwise her body would quickly wear out. On the other hand, our studious, indolent, peaceful daughter would only accumulate "too solid" and too much flesh if urged to share the quantity of her sister's feasts. Appetite must be regarded and

tastes consulted. It is not from "cussedness" as our American cousins call it that nature dictates beef to one child, mutton to another—fat to Jack Sprat and lean to his wife. It is a wise and intelligent crying out for certain needs required by the structure of two hundred bones, and numerous muscular fibres we call our body. There are miles of thread-like nerves, bundles of tissues, organs of respiration, circulation and digestion, to be kept in order. And "appetite" or "fancy" is one of the masters who tries to provide for this beautifully constructed and perfectly adjusted machine. So we should bow to his dictates and follow his guiding. "Without reproof, by substituting the more excellent way, she secured obedience without seeming to seek for it," has been said of a great mother lately gone to her rest. In a more mundane fashion we can often do the same about food. A thin child will not eat fat. Give her, then, milk, cream, cheese, oil on her salad, butter with her potatoes. More trouble, eh? but with perfectly satisfactory results. Our daughters will grow as the polished corner-stones of the temple—firm, strong, steady, reliable, beautiful.

There are nine things at least wanted to keep the bodies of the King's daughters in health—

(1) Plenty of air, (2) plenty of light, (3) plenty of sleep, (4) plenty of warmth, (5) plenty of food, (6) plenty of exercise, (7) plenty of work, (8) plenty of play, (9) plenty of love.

We have spoken of number five pretty fully. The first and second requisites on our list we can bracket together.

Girls—growing girls—should live almost entirely in the open air. Even when in the house plenty of oxygen should be present pouring in through open windows. The well-fitting window frames and door panels which we insist upon, the "register" fireplaces with their small chimneys, make our modern buildings almost air-tight. Therefore windows must be open day and night if the King's daughters are to be kept healthy. As early in the morning, too, as possible, they should be encouraged to run out of doors. To pick fruit for breakfast, or roses to lay beside mother's plate, or to feed a pet rabbit. Not a long walk, I beg, before the first meal. Nothing is so tiring or injurious for a growing girl. If our daughters are thus much in the open air, they will of necessity get all the sunshine possible in foggy Albion. They will not have blanched faces and anæmic frames. "Where the sun never comes, the doctor does." Do not be afraid of freckles and tan and burn. They are not unbecoming to our young people. Cover the round heads with sensible hats to prevent the sun striking on the brain. Tie a "puggaree," made of a yard or so of plain muslin, round it in the summer to prevent a stroke of heat at the back of the neck. Then send the girlies out without fear. Respiration and digestion imperatively demand fresh air and exercise. Here we come to point 6.

Perhaps, nowadays, there is a tendency to give our girls too much exercise. What with gymnasiums, athletics, bicycles, they are more apt to overdo than to underdo. I consider that every woman-child, until fully grown and developed, needs one hour's rest in the middle of the day. Spines would less seldom be bowed, shoulders less often round, backs less frequently bent, if our maidens lay down more often. Straight as young poplars, graceful as young birch trees, we should watch them growing up as plants in their youth, full of colour, full of refinement, drinking in sunshine and air through the, I dare not say how many thousand, pores of their bodies. In order to do this thoroughly I would remark, *en passant*, that plenty of water is necessary for the King's daughters. In the East, most scrupulous cleanliness is the rule. All through the sanitary code of Moses, the erstwhile Prince of On, washing is one of the things insisted upon. I once heard a very, very old daughter of the King—yes! really His daughter by faith and trust and adoption—



A MOTHER'S CARE.

object to a thorough cleansing before entering a hospital by saying, "I often heard speak of washing a dead body all over, but never a living one." Now I think our little girls should consider a daily bath just as much a necessity as their daily bread. But NOT a cold one. I believe more harm has been done by the craze for cold water than by omitting the bath altogether!

Delicate, sensitive, shrinking little bodies have been trained to the ordeal of a daily plunge in ice cold water, under the mistaken notion that it was good for them. Gasps of convulsive breathing, sobs from over-burdened lungs, hurried beating of an over-driven heart. Who has not experienced such? A glow follows. True, but at what a price it has been obtained. Remember the Oriental bather basks in sun-warmed water. In our northern latitude that is seldom to be met with. The sea is indeed sometimes quite tepid, and a few of our more exposed rivers. But the little, dark, coffin-shaped bathrooms in most modern dwellings are simply ice-houses! Let Dorothy and Phœbe and Rose take the chill off, and liver, lungs, and heart will thrive. Sweet little King's daughters! We would not condemn you to one pang, one shock, one fear that is unnecessary.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace surpassing this—
He giveth His beloved sleep."

And what God gives as a good gift, we should see that His daughters enjoy to the full. From pole to pole this gentle thing should be more cultivated. In the arms of "nature's soft nurse" especially we should place our little girls. A poet author more than 300 years ago—Miguel de Cervantes—recognised the beneficient influence of Ole Luk Loy. "Sleep covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the heat." Yet how little court we pay to the "sweet restorer, balmy sleep" on behalf of our children. How little attractive we make the small white bed and soft pillow. We treat Ole Luk Loy so foolishly. We let our weary little girls set up, thinking they can "make it up" another time. Now, as a matter of fact, the loss of sleep can never be repaid—once lost never regained.

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

Nature's debt in this matter is a cumulative one. Every hour spent in repose paves the way for another. Of course there is no strict rule to be laid down. The habit, however, of early to bed should be cultivated. Every child under twelve should be asleep before nine o'clock every night. The bedclothes should be warm but light. Heavy quilts only weary the little frames and put an extra burden on them. One pillow, a pair of soft blankets and a down quilt are all that is necessary for refreshing slumber. See that your girls lie as straight as possible in bed. In a convent school, where every action is studied and observed, the students lie with hands crossed on the breast. A nun goes round at midnight to see this posture is maintained. One of the pupils has told me how quite unconsciously arms were brought into position just before that inspection. This may sound prudish and absurd to many, but a right principle underlies it. It is quite a natural position too. Strange to say, a wee baby girl with whom I am brought much in contact, always folds her hands on her breast whilst going to sleep. For the King's daughters enjoying His gift it is a beautifully ideal attitude. Do not be in a hurry to wake them in the morning; nature will do so at the proper moment.

In the matter of warmth I think we are not generous as a rule. We light fires in parlour and schoolroom, but send our children to a chilly vault-like sleeping-room very often. I

think many a cold and cough might be nipped in embryo, if a little fire was thought necessary to undress by. The cosy feeling of welcome warmth, the flicker of a cheerful blaze, often makes "going to bed" a pleasure instead of a pain. Chilblains on feet and hands would not so often cripple our girlies if flannels were put on hot and toasted, and nightingales even heated moderately before being wrapt round the slight shoulders. I would not call this undue coddling, but simply a husbanding of strength and vital forces for necessary work in life.

Plenty of work and plenty of play are equally necessary for the King's daughters. We all know what too much of the former made Jack. In Denmark alone 29 per cent. of the boys and 41 per cent. of the girls are in a precarious state of health from overwork. It has truly been said that "people anxious to make their daughters attractive could scarcely choose a course more fatal than overpressure. It sacrifices the body to the mind." Yet I assert that our girls ought to be educated as far as the limits of their strength will allow. Instruction is one thing, intellectual waste and overpressure is another thing. "The problem in all educationary work is to communicate the maximum of necessary and ornamental knowledge with the minimum waste of cerebral power in the child." The King's daughters have, in future domestic life, a *rôle* to play which they can never shirk. One day these children may have to morally and physically educate other children. It is for this function we have to give them the best preparation. In plenty of "work" I would include domestic hygiene and practical pedagogy. This will be, literally, the only knowledge absolutely necessary for our girls. It is, *ipso facto*, the only training so many of the King's daughters fail to get. In a future paper on Home Influence, I hope to enlarge this idea and show how our girlies may be trained to be good housewives, good scholars and good women. If we have managed to give them the seven other things, food, warmth, sleep, air, light, exercise, and work in plenty, I think we shall find the King's daughters quite strong enough, quite quick enough, quite healthy enough to get plenty of play for themselves. Why, broom-drill and housekeeping will even be a pleasure! There will, of course, always be a small number of girls too sensitive, too delicate, too studious to make play for themselves. Rout them out, dear fellow-guardians! Invent messages. Provide means that Fanny and Blanch may skip and jump with her kin. Remember, "no trout is half so shy as a sensitive growing youth or maiden." Encourage independent action and help the children to be happy.

The last requisite is plenty of "love." Of this I shall treat fully in another chapter. "A little child is a figure full of pathos. Without volition of its own it finds itself in a most difficult scene; it looks around on every side for help, and we who are grown waywise should make it feel at all times tenderly welcome, and nourish it in the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust and approbation."

With these words from the mouth of a greatly successful mother of King's daughters, I must close this article.

"Let the woman beware," said the Secret One to Manoah of old. So let each one of us remember that loving our girlies is part of our work in the world. Not an ornamental fringe, but the very web and woof of life. It is our duty to give our children an environment of loving sympathy. "Cursed be he that doeth this work of the Lord negligently, deceitfully, carelessly or heedlessly" (Jer. xlviii 10. marg.)

(*To be continued.*)







COMPETITION FOR "STAY AT HOME GIRLS."*

FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY.

"What I Do With My Time."

I am a real stay-at home girl, for though I am 18 years of age, I have never been to school in my life. I am an only child and have always been taught by my mother, but have taken music lessons from a master. Until I was 17, my studies took up most of my time, but now I am free to do other things. My life is a very busy and happy one, & I have no desire to leave my home, unless of course I should have to earn my own living. I have a great many pets—a beautiful pony; a dog; parrots, & canaries—& my first morning duties are to feed and attend to them all.

I am my own groom & I quite enjoy putting my pony through his morning toilet, & he knows me so well that he will let no one else touch him with the brush or comb. Grooming a horse is splendid exercise & on a frosty morning there is nothing better for sending a delightful glow over one's whole body. If I wish to ride I just saddle up & go off for a good gallop.

After my family is put right for the day, there are the pot plants & garden to be watered, & the flowers cut for the dining & drawing rooms. Arranging flowers is a very fascinating occupation, & I generally spend a good hour over it. I take a great interest in the garden & have my own particular beds to plant & keep tidy. I sow & plant out all the annuals each year, & I sincerely pity the girl who does not know the delight of gathering flowers she has grown herself. Medicus advises girls to garden if they wish to be happy & healthy, & I am sure that if more followed his sensible advice, there would be fewer nervous & lazy girls in the world.

I am very fond of writing,—both stories & letters—& I am a reporter for several papers and magazines. I also belong to a literary society & have correspondents in Scotland, America, Germany & New South Wales. My one ambition is to be an authoress, but though I have hitherto been very successful in getting short tales &c. published, I shall have to work very hard before I think of writing even a child's book.

I generally write for an hour or two in the morning & again at night.

I like to practise my music in the early part of the day, for one seems so much fresher than in the afternoon.

I mend & sort all the stockings & then perhaps do some plain or fancy sewing until lunch time. On busy days I arrange the table for lunch, & take the pot plants into the hall & drawing room. Cooking is also another of my hobbies & I delight in trying all sorts of new dishes. I make the cakes for afternoon tea & for any little party or musical evening we have.

About a dozen young friends, including myself, have formed a tennis club, & we play on our court every Saturday afternoon. One of our club rules is that we girl members must take turns to make the cakes for coffee each week. Of course there is much good natured rivalry & it is splendid practice for us, especially as we have to bake for half a dozen hungry boys.

Next year I am to attend cookery and dressmaking classes, for though I may never have to earn my own living it is well that I should be able to if necessary.

Friday is my busiest day, for besides doing little odds & ends in the house, I always make a point of giving all my bird cages a thorough cleaning & my pony an extra rubbing. I spend part of the morning in the kitchen, & in the afternoon I have to hose, sweep & mark the tennis court for next day's play. It may seem strange for a girl to do these things, but we have such a splendid climate, that most girls would rather do a boy's work in the open air I think, than sit & sew in stuffy rooms.

I read a great deal, especially in summer when the heat keeps us indoors until 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. I read mostly history & books of travel, but I think my favourite men writers are Sir Walter Scott & Charles Dickens.

"The Girl's Own Paper" has helped me in different ways many a time & I just *love it*.

My Sundays are spent very quietly and happily. In the morning mother & I go to church, but as our church is rather far away, we spend our Sunday evenings at home. The afternoon I spend in reading, & practising my sacred music.

My literary friends & I have rather a novel way of amusing ourselves. For instance,—I write part of a story & then send it on for a friend to conclude. The result is really very interesting & instructive, for different people have such different ideas. I am fortunate to know two clever young authors, & a letter from either of them is a lesson in itself.

To some girls, my life may seem very quiet & humdrum, but I would not change it for that of the average society young lady who is afraid to soil her hands by the lightest work.

I do not care for dancing, so when we have no visitors, I generally spend my evenings with my pen, books & music.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

Alice Margaret Dunn
Fortitude Valley
Brisbane
Queensland.

* These compositions are printed exactly as written by the prize-winners.—Ed.

FIFTH PRIZE ESSAY.

"What I Do With My Time."

An uneventful everyday home-life like mine seems an unpromising subject on which to write, but I will, nevertheless, try and describe it as interestingly as possible.

I am the only girl,—in fact the only young thing of any description,—at home; for my three brothers are in India, my sister is in Ireland, and pets are not permitted. My parents and I live in London with my Grandmother, who is a very active old lady, despite her advanced years, and likes to do nearly everything herself. All she does not do my Mother does for her, so there is little or nothing in the way of home-duties left for me. We do not entertain or go out much now, so I have to make my own employment for my time. But before describing my present mode of life, it is necessary to go back a few years. I was educated at a Church of England High School, and remained there for eleven years. I think now with great pleasure of those happy old school-days, and am quite convinced that there is no more delightful method of education for girls than the modern High School system. Nearly all my dearest and most valued friends date from the old school-days, and that is, I think, one of the chief causes of my loving gratitude to my "alma mater." I was nineteen when I left school, and, instead of experiencing the expectant, keen delight that I have heard most girls feel on "coming out," I was deeply grieved at having to say goodbye to the dear old place and the loved faces. However school-days must come to an end sometime, and by degrees I reconciled myself to that fact, and realised that a new life was before me. One thing I determined most strongly and that was that I would not waste my life. Our dear old Head Mistress, in speaking to us girls, used to lay great stress on the awful seriousness of life and the tremendous responsibility resting on everyone as to the use they made of it; and if I have learnt to realise anything of the greatness and possibilities of life, I owe it all to her. My real innermost desire was to take up a branch of work on which my heart had been set ever since I was quite a young girl. But this I found to be impossible, for my Mother raised insurmountable objections, adding as the crowning obstacle that I was far too young. Of course I did not agree with her, for what girl ever yet thought herself too young for anything she longed to do? The idea of "waiting a few years" was very uncongenial to me, and the struggle came to me as it must come to all girls with whom it is a question of self or duty. I think a conflict of this kind is all the harder when the opponent of duty is something which *in itself* is good and noble. It is then that it is so hard to realise that after all this splendid work is only a subtle form of selfishness. It is so difficult for a girl, especially in these days of advanced thought and action amongst women, to see that home must be right and that the noble ideal work, if in opposition to home, must, for her, be wrong. Of course I am now only thinking of girls whose positive duty it is to remain at home. I am quite sure that when this crisis comes in a girl's life, her whole after-career and character are influenced to an unbounded extent by the choice she makes. But is it not terribly hard for an eager, enthusiastic girl to realise that duty done quietly and lovingly at home is as grand in the sight of God as the noblest work done amongst poor or suffering? Is it not difficult for such a one to grasp the truth of the words, "They also serve who only stand and wait"? Happy indeed is the girl who in this struggle can renounce self and welcome duty and say in the beautiful words of Christina Rossetti:—

> "Lord, I had chosen another lot,
> But then I had not chosen well;
> Thy choice, and only Thine, was good;
> No different lot, search heaven or hell,
> Had blessed me, fully understood;
> None other which Thou orderest not."

Fortunately for me, just about this time something occurred that completely changed my way of looking at things. This "something" showed me things in their right proportion and in their true light. The result was that I was content to stay at home, and for the rest, to wait.

So I turned my attention to self-improvement. I remember taking a sheet of paper (I always was, and am still fond of drawing up tables and lists!) and dividing it into two parts. At the head of one side I wrote, 'Things I know," and at the head of the other, "Things I ought to know and don't know." When carefully filled up the result was humiliating to a degree; but it led to the determination that this state of affairs must be corrected. Accordingly, with the approbation of my Mother, I started the plan which I have ever since carried out, of studying a subject every year for the Cambridge Higher Local Examination. During my last year at school I had done the literature for that Exam.: I now began with History and Arithmetic, and worked steadily at them for a year. Next, I did French and German, and this last year I have been working at the Divinity Group, which has interested me exceedingly. For next year I hope to study Political Economy, which will, I think, take up less of my time than my former subjects, and will give me more leisure for independent reading. The C.H.L. sets a high standard in all its branches, and requires extensive reading, so I find my days pretty well filled up by my studies. It is exceedingly interesting work, and as long as I am needed at home, I hope to keep up my yearly exams. Besides the principal subject at which I am working, I generally have a minor course of lectures going on at the same time, on such varied subjects as architecture, ambulance and sick-nursing, which make a pleasant variety. But I do not spend all my time at books. I also learn the violin, and my Mother, who is anxious for me to play really well, provides me with first-class instruction, and takes me to numerous good concerts. I practise two hours a day with fair regularity, and belong to an excellent orchestra, which is a great interest to me.

But fond as I am of my work, I am also very fond of "play," and enjoy my holidays like any schoolboy, revelling in the rare delight of being able to "do as I like," and read what I like, and have plenty of time in which to do it. For I am firmly convinced of the truth and wisdom contained in that deservedly popular proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and I by no means wish to be "a dull boy."

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"Daisy."

Eaton Place, London. S.W.

VARIETIES.

Self-respect.

One of the good and true things said by the late President Garfield was this:—

"I do not much care what others think and say about me, but there is one man's opinion which I very much value—that is the opinion of James Garfield. Others I need not think about. I can get away from them, but I have to be with him all the time. He is with me when I rise up and when I lie down, when I eat and talk, when I go out and come in. It makes a great difference whether he thinks well of me or not."

The Polite Shop-Keeper.

Lady (*after going over the whole stock of blankets*): "You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend with whom I had an appointment here."

Shop-keeper (*weary, but polite*): "If you think your friend is among the blankets, madam, I shall be happy to go over them again for you."

I wouldn't Worry about That.

Young Lady (*out yachting*): "What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck?"

Captain: "The fact is we have broken our rudder."

Young Lady: "I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water, you know; and it isn't likely people will notice it."

The Book Collector.

A book collector had just purchased, at an exorbitant price, a volume which, except for its rarity, had no value whatever.

"It is very dear," said a friend.

"Yes," replied the collector, "but it is the only copy in existence."

"But if it should be reprinted."

"Are you mad? Who would be fool enough to buy it?"

A Jury Trial.—Our life is a constant trial, and all our neighbours are on the jury.

A Grateful Sound.

"Grateful is the noise of noble deeds
To noble hearts."—*Tennyson.*

Answer to Double Acrostic I. (p. 103).

1. M aryboroug H (*a*)
2. O rellan A (*b*)
3. Z ebulu N (*c*)
4. A lmon D (*d*)
5. R ozinant E
6. T oynbee Hal L

Mozart. Handel

(*a*) Queen's County and King's County were colonised in the reign of Mary Tudor, the respective chief towns being Maryborough and Philipstown.

(*b*) Orellana discovered the river Amazon in South America.

(*c*) Zebulun signifies "dweller" or "dwelling": see Gen. xxx. 20, and marginal note. For the prophecies concerning himself and his descendants, see Gen. xlviii. 13, and also Deut. xxxiii. 18, 19.

(*d*) A river of Perthshire affluent of the Tay.

"THE WATCHMAN."

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

WATCHMAN, awake! the night is coming on—
Awake! and tell the dreary hours till day;
Send thy shrill echo down the empty streets
To chase the prowling fiends of night away.

All honest folk in hard-earned slumber lie—
Slumber not thou upon thy lonely beat;
Keep watch and ward within the city walls,
Till, on the hills, the night and morning meet.

Fierce was the storm! the faithful sentinel—
A frozen corpse upon the ramparts, he!
But still men hear the Watchman's warning cry
Sounding from out he far Eternity.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND GUY IN CUMBERLAND.

IT was quite dusk when Madge made her way to the old spot to meet Jack the following Tuesday evening.

She was looking forward to seeing him with glad expectancy, but at the same time with a deep sense of annoyance and regret that his friend was to accompany him.

"As if he couldn't be with him all day long in London without bringing him here to spoil my pleasure," she mused bitterly. "I know I shall be in the way; they will be always going off together. Besides, Mr. Fawcett is certain to dislike me, and then Jack will feel hurt," and she looked across the hills with a deep shadow on her face.

"But I won't care," she continued, shutting her lips tightly, "and at any rate I shall have Jack near."

Just then voices were heard approaching, and in two minutes the figures of Jack and his friend appeared round the hillside. Madge saw them and gazed forward eagerly, but she made no sign, and, for the first time, omitted to greet Jack with the usual signal.

He, however, knowing she would be somewhere near, though he could not see her for the dusk, gave a shrill whistle.

For answer Madge waved her handkerchief, but remained silent and stood on the far side of the stile until they joined her. Jack put one hand on the top rail and vaulted over, proceeding at once to embrace her warmly.

She only returned it, however, with stifled eagerness, being too proud to show her feelings before Guy, who stood looking on.

Jack noticed her changed manner and laughed good-humouredly as, turning to Guy, he remarked, "Allow me to present you to Miss Harcourt," adding—"Last year she could whistle and climb stiles, but she's put away such childish tricks now, eh, Madge!" and he linked his arm through hers.

Madge gave Guy her hand very coldly, scarcely deigning to look in his face, and the trio started homewards.

"Have you made a solemn vow never to whistle again, or is it only because Guy is here?" asked incorrigible Jack, nothing daunted by her cold manner.

"I sincerely hope Miss Harcourt would not let me make any difference," put in Guy hastily, not at all sure what to make of his cold reception.

Madge frowned slightly, remarking, "I don't know what Jack does in London, but he talks a great deal of nonsense when he is at home."

Jack threw a threatening glance at Guy and said slyly, "Don't give me away, old fellow."

Guy laughed.

"Well, his conversation isn't exactly what one would term intellectual at any time," he remarked, "but I'm afraid I haven't any right to judge him."

"Certainly not!" was the merry answer. "Wait till you've heard Guy when he's wound up, Madge, you'll think better of me ever after."

"He must be unique," she said, with a faint smile, but her face was turned to Jack, and Guy, not seeing the love-light in her eyes, grew more puzzled.

If it had not been that her hand was clasped tightly on her brother's he would have thought she was not pleased to see either of them. As it was, he thought she was the handsomest, haughtiest girl he had ever met, and it was not long before he added Jack's epithet "odd."

"How are they all at home?" asked Jack presently. "Has the mater got over her alarm about Guy's dog? She did get worked up, and no mistake."

"She is still," replied Madge, "but where is the dog? Haven't you brought him?" and for the first time she addressed herself directly to Guy and looked into his face.

Guy replied that he had left his dog with a friend, as Mrs. Harcourt did not care about dogs, while mentally he said, "What splendid eyes, if only they weren't so hard. What a pity she spoils herself so."

"Oh, you needn't have minded that," she replied carelessly, "Mrs. Harcourt makes a fuss about anything," and the expression of her mouth was not pleasant.

Jack noticed it and frowned a little.

"Are you and the mater at daggers drawn still?" he asked. "I imagine as much from your letters, but you don't overburden me with news."

A sudden dimness crossed Madge's eyes and her lips twitched a little as she replied, "I have no news at any time."

Guy noticed the change and decided he had judged her too harshly, but he changed his mind again, when on Jack's inquiring, "What of the mater?" she replied coldly—

"Mrs. Harcourt and I are always civil to each other."

After that, as nothing again occurred to redeem her, he gave her up. his unfavourable impression rather deepening than otherwise after they had reached the house. Mrs. Harcourt, on finding the dog had not come, received them quite affably, and continued cheerful all through the meal, which immediately followed their arrival.

Jack talked incessantly, in his usual light-hearted manner, and his spirits seemed infectious, for even Mr. Harcourt brightened up and condescended to indulge in "small talk." Only Madge remained silent and passive; and Guy very soon felt at home.

Directly after supper, he noticed a quick look pass between the brother



"MADGE SAW THEM AND GAZED FORWARD EAGERLY, BUT SHE MADE NO SIGN."

and sister, and immediately afterwards Jack rose and said, "Excuse me a few minutes, old chap, I'm just going for a stroll with Madge, she always looks for it the first evening."

"Of course I will," was the ready answer, "*and don't* hurry back on my account. You said you were not going to make a visitor of me, you know."

"No fear," remarked Jack, lighting his pipe. "This is Liberty Hall, isn't it, mater? You can turn the whole house topsy-turvy if you like, no one will mind," and with a wicked twinkle in his eyes, he hurried away to join Madge.

He found her waiting for him at the hall door, and slipping her arm through his, she led him at once down the garden, to a little summer-house quite hidden from view.

Here they were no sooner seated than every spark of hauteur vanished from her face, and with a sudden rush of girlish enthusiasm she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him warmly.

A full moon had arisen since they went indoors, and in the silvery light Jack saw with a glow of pride the flushed cheeks, parted lips and shining eyes of his only sister, and a sudden deep tenderness, mingled with sympathy for her loneliness, stole over him. He laid down his pipe, and turning half round, folded her in his strong young arms, with a look of genuine love and admiration, and kissed her lips with the warmth and earnestness of a lover.

"So you're glad to have your old Jack again, are you?" he asked playfully. "You haven't forgotten how to love him yet, at any rate."

"Oh, Jack," she murmured, with a deep-drawn breath of feeling, "if you only knew how I have wanted you, and what it is to have you. I sometimes feel quite frightened at my love for you, it is so deep. I don't seem to have anyone else in all the world belonging to me. If I could only be with you oftener."

He stroked her hair fondly.

"You will be soon," he said hopefully. "I'm going to speak to father about it before I go back. There's no reason why we shouldn't go away together some time this summer."

"Where to?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh! somewhere nice. I must talk it over with Guy."

"But you don't mean Mr. Fawcett to come with us?" she exclaimed in a voice of dismay.

"Yes, why not? He's a grand fellow. You'll like him awfully when you know him. If he didn't actually stay with us, he would be sure to stay in the same neighbourhood. We always go away together, you know."

"And I suppose my company would not make up for his, although you have him all the year round," she remarked bitterly.

"I don't know what you mean," he replied, with a shade of annoyance in his voice. "I wish you wouldn't be so silly, Madge. What's the matter with Guy, why don't you like him? You received him to-night as if he were a deadly enemy."

"I hate him," she answered quickly. "I've hated him for months, and I've no doubt he'll have the same feeling towards me in a day or two."

"What nonsense! How on earth can you hate a man you have only spoken half a dozen words to? And what don't you like about him?"

"It isn't the man himself. I don't care in the least what he is personally, but it's the hold he has on you. I hate him for being here now; for being always with you and for being such a 'grand fellow' as you call it, in your eyes."

She sat up erect and looked straight before her, while the hard look crept back into her eyes. "I hate the very sight of him and I am sick of his name," she continued half-fiercely. "Your letters are full of him; it is Guy here, Guy there, Guy everywhere. You have him always in London and yet you must bring him here, although you know perfectly well how I want you all to myself. It's too bad of you, you needn't have done it," and she bit her lips to still their quivering.

"My dear girl," exclaimed Jack in astonishment, quite taken aback by the sudden storm he had aroused. "You must be crazy to be jealous of Guy. I never heard of such a thing. What difference can his being here possibly make to you and me?"

"A world of difference to me," she answered bitterly. "Two's company, three's none. Besides, he is your guest, and of course you must entertain him; a lot of time you will have left over for me."

Her breast heaved with something like a sob, as she continued, "But you needn't mind, I'm not going to be in the way. I know I'm a wet blanket in any company, so I'll keep away from you. You needn't be uneasy about me, I'm getting used to these sorts of things, and I shall no doubt take it very stoically."

"My dear Madge, do you know you're talking like a child?" remonstrated Jack very seriously; "I shouldn't hear of your keeping away from us. You know perfectly well that when I come home I always want you all day long. You will completely spoil our visit if you keep up this absurd idea. Guy will be miserable, because he'll think it's all his fault. I can't think what's come to you."

A suspicious glisten about her eyes caught his attention, and he softened instantly.

"Look here, Madge," he said gently, leaning towards her and putting his hand on hers, "you've been worrying about Guy coming till you've got quite silly about it. You must make a fresh start and try not to be prejudiced. You know I couldn't like him better than you, and if it comes to the point, of course I prefer your company to his. I brought him because I thought it would be a pleasant change for you. If you'll only try we shall be ever so jolly together, and Guy knows what you and I are to each other, so he'll take care not to be in the way."

She bent her head lower and clasped her white fingers through his.

"Promise me you'll try, Madge," he continued in a winning voice. "I know you wouldn't like to spoil my visit."

"Yes, yes, I'll try," she murmured hastily, with a catch in her voice. "You know I'd do anything for you. It's only because I love you so much I'm so silly. I will try really. You haven't the least idea how I love you, Jack. I seem to live for only three things; to read, to think, and to love you."

"You do far too much of the first two," he said gravely.

"I know I do, but I can't help it. I have been driven to it; there is nothing else. I must read for occupation, and thinking comes to me as naturally as eating, I simply can't help it. I am always thinking. I sometimes sit just reasoning and wondering till my head is throbbing so, I don't know how to bear it."

"Then why don't you give it up? Isn't there something else you can do? Suppose I send you a camera, how would you like that?"

"Not at all, I should soon weary of it. I want to *know*. I am always craving to find out about things, and I can't rest."

She clasped and unclasped her hands unconsciously as she gazed past him out into the night.

"Oh! you can't think what it is never to rest, and never to feel happy, but to be always, always craving. Those stars," and she raised her eyes to the skies, "they are just points of light to you. You don't care whether they are two or three miles away or billions; whether they are crowded with inhabitants, or just molten gas; you are far more interested in the result of a football match or horse-race. But to me, they are worlds and suns and solar systems, scattered in space at appalling distances. I know the names of all the largest ones we see, and most that is known about them, but what of that? I am wild to know more. See, that bright one opposite is Sirius. It is the brightest of them all and sheds forty-eight times as much light as the sun, and is probably twenty times as large. Then that other bright one is Jupiter; it will only be visible two more months and then disappear, but the astronomers know exactly where it has gone and when it will come back and the identical spot where it will be first seen. It is a fascinating study, but it is cruel."

She paused and a deep yearning look came over her face.

"I would like to have my heaven back," she said wistfully. "The children's heaven, which is only a few miles off, just behind the blue; and where myriads of shining angels with golden harps walked in streets of gold. It was better than knowing about the awful magnitude of space. It made you hopeful instead of crushing you down. The stars were only the angels' candles then. A beautiful delusion is often better than a cold and bare truth."

She clasped her white hands round her knees and leaned forward. "I would like to have my heaven back," she said again wearily.

The sadness in her voice touched him deeply, and he drew nearer to her. "Poor old girl," he said tenderly, "I wish I could make you happier. Don't you think you might help yourself a little more. Why not give up studying learned subjects and worrying your head about things that don't really matter in the least."

"I don't seem as if I could, Jack, I want so to know, and it seems such a hopeless quest. You know we may be wrong all the time on some of the most interesting subjects. Fancy the years that people believed the Ptolemaic doctrine, that the whole universe revolved round the earth. It's quite funny to think of it now," and she smiled a tired little smile, "but it was all right then, and everyone looked up to Ptolemy as such a great and learned man. One could understand people fancying themselves a little when they believed that. I think I should like to have lived at that time, it would be nice not to feel quite so dreadfully insignificant. Not that it has made much difference, for people fancy themselves now as much as ever, although they know better how foolish and ignorant they are. I can't think how they can; to me the thought of our insignificance is almost overwhelming." She paused a few moments, then added, "And all the time you are so careless and gay and lighthearted in your indifference. Oh! I wish I had been made like you, I am so sick of everything."

"If you did more as I do, you would grow more like me," he said. "Why not take up golf, read novels and study the fashion papers for a change?"

"I can't," she answered in hopeless tones. "It's no use trying. Exciting novels aggravate me, and I don't care for games a bit."

"I wish you did," he said, looking perplexed. "Do you know you're growing so bitter and hardened that you gave me quite a shock to-night."

"Yes, I know," she answered in a voice of suppressed eagerness. "I do it on purpose, I want to grow hard. I can't bear to know so little, so I try not to care about anything. It's all so confusing, you know. I—I—oh, Jack, you don't know what I'm becoming. I can't even say the prayer mother taught me now, it seems like a farce. At night the stars laugh at me and in the day the sunshine mocks me. I can't get away from myself and my own ignorance and the hopelessness of unravelling things. I must know more about God if I'm to love Him," and the strained look deepened on her face, as she knit her brows to steady her voice and quell the rising emotion in her heart. "My stepmother's bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and hypocrisy have sickened me against religion altogether," she said, and drew her hand across her eyes wearily.

"Poor old girl," he said again, gently, "you have got in a bad way, and no mistake. I could see it in your letters and have been feeling quite anxious about you. But it'll all pass off in time," he continued in a hopeful voice. "It's chiefly owing to the life you have been leading, and you'll soon be able to change it now. You see if you don't laugh at yourself, Madge, before very long, and wonder how you could have given way to such feelings!" and as he spoke he rose and prepared to return to the house.

Madge sighed, and stood up beside him, but she said nothing in answer.

"We mustn't stay longer now," he continued, "but we can have another chat to-morrow. You're going to be nice to Guy, aren't you? Come, you said you would for me, you know."

"I'll try," she answered, "but I'm not certain to succeed."

"That's right," he said brightly, and putting his arm round her, he led her back to the house.

Guy looked up curiously as they entered, and was struck by the change in Madge's face. She looked very white and tired, and though her lips wore their old compressed look, there was a spiritless expression about her dark eyes that affected him strangely. Then he noticed the cold civility between the girl and her step-mother and wondered at it, for it seemed to him greater than the circumstances warranted, and finally he went to bed still more confirmed in his first impressions, that Madge might have been very nice, but had completely spoilt herself.

(*To be continued.*)

HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

Mouth Washes.

The juice of a lemon with an equal part of glycerine and water. Sanitas, Condy's fluid, or myrrh diluted freely with water are useful to cleanse the mouth with in illness. Powdered alum or alum water will often cure small gumboils.

To give Inhalations,

the remedy to be inhaled may be put into a jug and a cloth put over the mouth of the jug, leaving an aperture large enough to admit of the mouth and nose, partly fill the jug with boiling water and inhale with deep inspirations. An inhalation is best taken at night; and any chance of a cold afterwards should be avoided. Turpentine, one dram, is very good to inhale in cases of bad colds to one pint of boiling water. Where the breath is offensive, one dram of creosote to one pint of hot water every four or six hours is useful. Tincture or benzoin co. is sometimes used where the breathing is difficult owing to laryngitis, two drams to a pint of hot water, vinegar, two drams, or eucalyptus oil, one dram, to a pint of water, is also good where the cough is troublesome.

In Bronchitis

a steam tent is made by hanging curtains or screens round the bed and putting it near the fire, on which a bronchitis kettle should be kept boiling, or an ordinary kettle with a child's tin trumpet, or a funnel of brown paper or cardboard on the spout, helps to direct the steam towards the patient. The kettle may be kept boiling on a spirit lamp or oil-stove, if there is no place near the fire available.

Glycerine Injections

are given in a small syringe sold for the purpose, and able to contain one or two teaspoonfuls of glycerine; it is sometimes more convenient than the simple enema.

The Dressing of Wounds,

whether large or small, require care, in order that they may heal well and quickly. The following rules ought to be attended to.

(1) The wound must be cleansed and kept clean. (2) The divided tissues must be accurately re-adjusted and kept in position. (3) The part must be kept at rest. (4) All fluids must be allowed to escape and be taken up by the dressings. In small superficial wounds, washing with water that has been boiled is sufficient; but if the wound is deep or has been exposed to the air for any time, it is safer to use some antiseptic lotion, such as carbolic, one in forty, or perchloride of mercury, one in two thousand; however small the cut is, it will heal up very much quicker if the part is kept at complete rest.

Wounds heal in one of three ways, (*a*) by first intention, (*b*) by granulation, (*c*) under a scab.

By First Intention

means when the edges are carefully re-adjusted, and the wound heals without any discharge or pus forming.

By Granulation,

when into the wound is poured lymph, little blood-vessels force up this lymph; tiny excrescences are formed, these are called granulations, and they increase and grow until the wound is healed up; if the wound is active the little cells increase tremendously, and those that are not used die, and these dead cells are called pus, and must be cleansed away when the wound is dressed.

Healing Under a Scab

means that the admission of air to a wound being a serious thing, it is prevented by means of a scab; an artificial scab is sometimes formed by painting the part over with collodion.

In Dressings,

where antiseptic treatment is carried out, the idea is to prevent air getting to the surface of the wound and so causing decomposition. The existing germs are destroyed by washing the part with an antiseptic lotion. The wound is then covered over with some substance thick enough to prevent these germs from again getting to the surface of the wound. Lint and wool steeped in antiseptic lotion cover the wound and kill any germ before it gets to the wound. It is of great importance then to see, if you are nursing wounds treated antiseptically, that the dressings put on by the doctor are not allowed to get loose or dirty, and must not on any account be taken off or loosened without the doctor's leave.

For Ear-Ache

laudanum placed on a piece of warm cotton wool. A roasted fig, split in half, and laid over the ear as hot as possible to be borne. A piece of hot onion placed just inside the ear, or a mustard plaster put behind the ear will give relief.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON DESIGNING.

PART I.

To the amateur craftswoman there is always a peculiar fascination in working from her own designs; and, well knowing the technical necessities of her branch of art, she ought to be easily able, if a draughtswoman, to create good practical patterns, or to adapt ornament from other sources to her own requirements. Unfortunately, amateurs often fail entirely to produce pleasant effects, either from ignorance of the true principles of design, or else because they do not sufficiently recognise simplicity as an essential part of beauty.

The fundamental principles of design, whether applied to construction or ornamentation, are all founded on truthfulness, and are briefly these—

That utility precedes ornament.

That convenience should dictate shape.

That the most obvious fitness entails the greatest beauty.

That all decoration should enrich without obscuring the original form.

That material should suggest treatment.

That any attempt to make one material assume the characteristics of another is false art.

That all decoration loses its beauty when it is felt to be superfluous.

These laws, being of universal application, cannot be tampered with safely, while the amateur who obeys them is unlikely to make any serious mistake.

Many others, less important, but useful to bear in mind, deal with especial branches of art, or forms of ornamentation, and admit of exceptions.

In its widest sense, the design includes the form of an article, as well as its decoration, although, as a rule, it is only the latter with which amateurs are concerned.

In any case, it is a fatal error to imagine that delicacy and elaboration of detail can ever atone for weakness of composition; and to draw out a carefully considered plan ought always to be the artist's first proceeding.

All designs are founded on geometrical principles, although sometimes the main lines are so overlaid with ornament, that this fact is not at once apparent. A little consideration will show that, however irregular a figure may be in itself, its regular repetition brings it under geometrical laws; and, if the repetition be arbitrary, design itself is absent. It is obvious, therefore, that, before attempting to make any working plan, proper tools must be obtained, and their use understood.

A good-sized drawing-board, drawing-pins, some cartridge paper, charcoal, or a BB. pencil, a good F. pencil, a piece of brown india-rubber, a T square, a small set-square, a pair of compasses, fitted with movable arms for pen or pencil, a six-inch rule marked with inches and angles, and transparent paper for tracing are all necessities, and their use will be explained as we proceed.

One may sometimes draw a rough sketch of one's ideas in miniature, but it is important that even the most elementary plan should be of the same size as the space to be decorated, or the ultimate effect cannot be accurately judged.

The drawing-paper must be pinned tightly on to the board, with one edge of which its own should be perfectly parallel; and if the plan is to be a square, or parallelogram, a straight line must be ruled by the help of the T square's shaft, whose head should be held firmly against the side of the board.

On this foundation-line, the required length should be marked off, and at the points where the corners are to come, the corner of the set square should be placed, and upright lines ruled by its aid. These can be continued by use of the T square, as far as required, and the fourth side obtained in the same way.

To form a circular plan, the foundation-line should be ruled through the middle of the paper; a place being fixed on for the centre, the point of the compasses should be inserted into the paper there, and the pencil end brought on to the line at the required "radius," which is half the diameter, or length through. Then, the point being firmly held, the circle must be described by swinging the pencil-arm round on the paper. The foundation-line divides the circumference, or line round, into two, and these semi-circles had better be again divided by the following method. Insert the point of the compasses where the diameter cuts the circumference, and stretch them to any length greater than the radius: describe with the pencil-arm a semi-circle; proceed in the same way from the other end of the diameter, and mark the exact points where these arcs intersect, finally ruling from one point to the other a line which, if all has been correctly done, must pass also through the centre. This divides the circle into four segments, and these can be subdivided on the same principle. In this way can be formed an octagon, or eight-sided figure, a straight line being drawn from each one of the eight points on the circumference to the next. By marking off the length of the radius on the circumference, the hexagon, or six-sided figure, is obtained.

To make a triangle, the length of the base should be measured on the foundation, divided into two, and at the middle a line raised at right angles by means of the set-square. The compasses should then be extended to the required length of the other sides; the point inserted at one of the bottom corners, and where the pencil cuts the upright line, is the apex of the triangle, whence lines must be ruled to the ends of the base.

These figures, the circle, triangle, square, hexagon, and octagon, are most generally used, and the formation of others, such as the pentagon and ellipse, is almost too complicated for an untrained geometrician to attempt.

To draw one line parallel to another, the compasses should be extended to the width of the required space, arcs made from different points along the first line, and a second ruled, touching, without cutting, all the arcs.

Such an elementary plan obtained, its filling up proceeds according to what sort of ornament is desired, whether a diaper, panel, border, or frieze, to mention the most usual forms; and each demands compliance with certain fixed laws governing its construction.

A diaper consists of an ornamental square, or alternate squares, exactly repeated all over the surface to be decorated. Obviously, therefore, the space at command must, first of all, be divided on the plan into squares, into one or two of which the ornament must be fitted. It is not necessary, however, that the latter should itself be square; in mediæval architecture, where the best specimens of diapers are to be seen, the pattern is generally founded on the circle, or is formed of a conventional flower, with any number of petals. If two similar or contrasting devices be used, they should unite at the corners, or leave a space between, which describes a more or less geometrical figure. It is well, therefore, to know the qualities of repetition which the different shapes possess. A square, for instance, repeats itself; that is to say, four equal squares joined together at the corners surround a space exactly corresponding to any one of them. In the same manner three triangles surround a triangle, and six hexagons a hexagon. But square spaces are also formed by the conjunction of four octagons, and in an irregular form, of four circles. The diamond, a four-sided figure with two angles greater than the others, repeats itself, and is also formed by the joining together of four hexagons. Circles surround only star-like spaces, whose points correspond in number to the circles employed. The triangle and hexagon likewise form each other, as do the square and oblong parallelogram.

Except the triangle, no polygon, having an unequal number of sides (such as the pentagon) can form a repeat, and, if used at all in "all-over" patterns, should be enclosed in a square or circle.

Although, strictly speaking, the repeat of a diaper can only be square, all the arrangements of single and alternating figures mentioned above are used in so-called "all-over" designs, the essential law of which is that the ornament looks the same, whether viewed from one end or the other, in contradistinction to those which are called up-and-down patterns.

The division of a given parallelogram into squares for a diaper is easily done by measuring off the required size from one corner all along two sides, and ruling lines at right angles from the points obtained by means of the set-square.

If the surface to be decorated be not a parallelogram, two lines should be ruled across it at right angles to each other, and the plan based upon them. Whatever device occupy the square, it must start from a centre, and approach each side in a similar manner, therefore the centre spot must next be obtained by drawing diagonals from the corners, as already advised. The squares will thus be cut up into quarters, which, in one or two henceforth to be considered as a field for experiments, should again be divided, thus providing eight equal sections. Then, by stretching the compasses to the length of the line between centre and side, a circle should be firmly drawn which will just touch each side. Should the chosen device be of six segments, the eight sections are not needed, the radius of the circle being measured off six times on the circumference, starting at one of the quarter divisions, and lines drawn from the centre to the points thus obtained. On these plans we can test our decorative ideas with a soft pencil or charcoal, and, for the latter, the special rough paper is convenient, although ordinary cartridge does very well, and can be had in larger sheets.

The agreeable distribution of parts is so important, that the design should first be drawn out in broad masses, these corrected until quite satisfactory, then carefully outlined with a chalk or HB. pencil, and the charcoal dusted off. For correction of charcoal and chalk, bread should be used; for pencil, india-rubber. The details should then be put in with charcoal, and when perfect, gone over with Indian ink and a fine pen, or, for large work, the geometrical instrument called an ink-pen will be found useful, and makes a beautifully even line. When the pattern is to be light on a dark ground, the ultimate richness of effect, and the value of the contrasting masses, can be more accurately judged by doing the first sketch in white chalk on brown paper, and fixing the lines, when approved of, in white paint.

Next a sheet of tracing-paper should be tightly pinned over the drawing, so that it cannot shift, and every permanent line carefully traced through with an F. pencil.

Where no colouring is wanted, this is sometimes the last preparatory stage; but if, as is very likely, the many alterations should have made the original sketch dirty and untidy, it will be necessary to make this tracing of the main lines only, omitting anything doubtful, and then transfer the former on to a clean

square. The method of transference is as follows—

Rub a soft lead pencil evenly all over a piece of cartridge-paper, and take off with an old rag all black that is thus removable, enough remaining for the purpose. Many people buy blue paper, but lead is far cleaner, and mistakes in its use can easily be obliterated with bread. This transfer sheet must be laid, lead or blue downwards, on to the clean paper, the tracing placed over that, exactly in the position which the new drawing is to fill, and all three fastened securely down with pins. Every line on the tracing should then be gone over with a "pointer," which may be either a piece of bone tipped with lead, a knitting-needle, or, as I prefer, a pointed stick of jade. This transfers the drawing faintly on to the new paper, but when the leaded and tracing sheets have been removed, all the inevitable errors of transference, broken lines, weak curves, and ugly joints must be corrected with an F. pencil, and the fuller details carefully drawn in. When colour is to be employed, Whatman paper must be used, and the tints put on now in clear washes with a sable brush.

Now a second tracing should be made, and every square filled up if required, but as a rule enough only of the surface need be covered to form a good repeat, this being the last stage before putting the pattern on to the material, which process varies with nearly every different handicraft.

I have described this method of transference thus fully, because it applies alike to all patterns.

"All over," and "up and down" designs must be planned in much the same way as diapers, the difference lying chiefly in the primary divisions. When these are triangles one should be formed of the desired dimensions in the way already described, and repeats of it transferred all along the horizontal foundation with their corners touching each other. Then a second horizontal should be drawn touching each apex, thus forming a line of triangles pointing alternately up and down, and a tracing being made of this repeat, it can be multiplied all over the field.

Circles, hexagons, and octagons are founded on the square, as already directed, but the squares may be either placed diagonally, or horizontally.

Powderings are figures sprinkled at regular intervals over the ground, differing from other "all overs" in being isolated, and must be planned for on the system of squares, or diamonds, the devices being placed on the intersections.

The fundamental law of a border is parallelism to an edge, which means that however much the ornament may twist and wave, it must be kept within two imaginary lines at different distances from the edge of the material, and must at regular intervals touch these lines. This rule is not infringed by simple repeats of a figure whose main stem is at right angles to the edge, because here the parallelism is suggested by the figures all springing from one line, actual or inferred.

Obviously the first thing to do is to make these two lines following the shape of the object for which the border is wanted.

When this is square the arrangement of a corner has to be considered. When circular, the main lines of the border must converge towards the inner edge, and all ornamentation being smaller on that side than the other it is impossible to use any pattern founded on a square.

Having ascertained the exact length and width required, the former should be divided up into equal spaces, each less, or but little longer than the width, for as a general rule, if the repeat be much longer than the width, the border partakes of the nature of the frieze or of panelling.

In a specimen plan a yard long by three inches wide, we could divide the former by the latter twelve times, each repeat being three inches square; but where alternate figures are to incline to either edge of the border, an unequal number of repeats is desirable, so that a complete device may come in the centre, instead of the boundary between two. In this case, therefore, it would be better to divide the above length into nine spaces of four inches.

Supposing that the yard has to include two corners, each three inches square, six inches should be deducted, and the remaining thirty divided either into ten spaces of three inches, or, in case of alternation, fifteen of two.

With an oblong article, the length of the shorter sides must also be reckoned for, so that a repeat may be obtained whose measure is common to all the dimensions. For instance, a mat of one yard by twenty-four inches, requiring a border of three inches, may be arranged in repeats of two inches, nine of these exactly filling the space left between the corners on each shorter side.

It is not essential that the corner should be the exact square of the width, and very often a narrow border has a very large and important corner. Still the principle of equal division of the sides invariably holds good.

To border a circle, an inner circle must be drawn at the desired distance from the edge and both divided into the necessary repeat by radii from the centre. For alternation the number of spaces must be even.

In octagonal or hexagonal borders, the corners may be cut off by lines at right angles to the sides from the inner angle to the outer edge. The parallelograms thus left can be divided into suitable spaces.

Some measurements will be more complicated than in these examples; but, however tedious, such accurate planning-out is imperative before the more artistic work begins.

The ornament of the border depends either on the fancy of the artist, or the existing decoration of the field which requires it; but its main features will either be a third parallel midway between the original two; diagonals drawn from side to side; right angular lines, as in the Greek frets or key-borders; circles contiguous or interlacing as in the guilloche; or arcs facing alternately one side or the other. For all these the geometrical plans must first be arranged.

Except in a guilloche the corner is seldom identical with the general repeat, but it ought to be only a variation caused by the necessary change of direction in the principal lines.

Sometimes the main line can be curved gracefully across the corner, and where the repeat is simply an isolated figure, this may be placed diagonally in the corner, or in its stead, a rosette used containing its elementary features.

Large and florid corner ornaments occasionally suffice for the entire border, when the stem or most elaborate figure should originate from the angle.

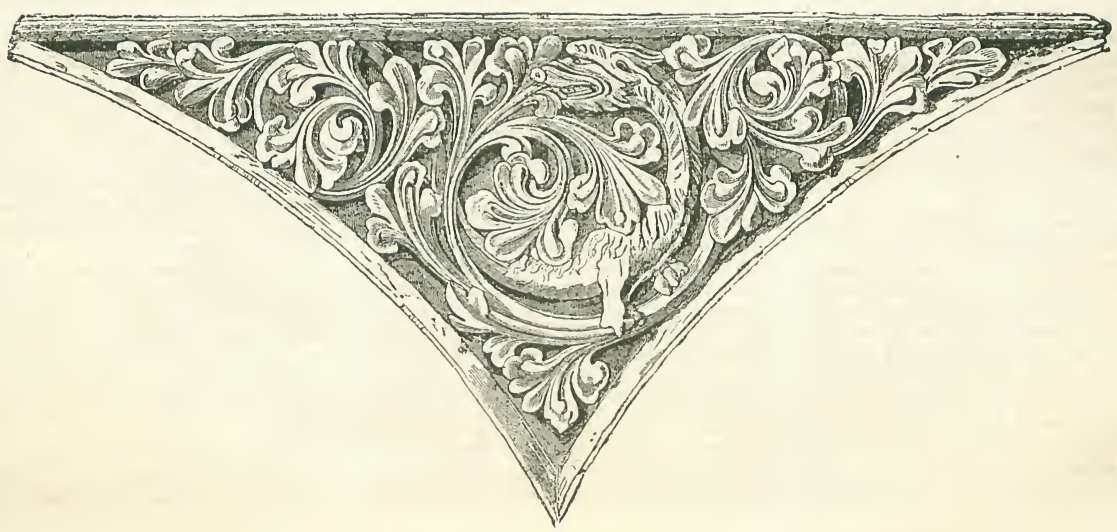
In the frieze, more independent in its nature than the border, the eye, instead of being carried along an edge, may rest on a central feature more conspicuous than the remainder. The frieze may certainly be a series of repeats, but these are generally so long in proportion to the width that the sight hardly takes in more than one at a time. Serving usually as a heading to something else, its upper half need not match the lower, and is better lighter; the best arrangement being a rich group of interlacing curves springing from a centre, and the lines on either side of this although not exactly corresponding, must make some show of symmetry. For repetition, the ends coming together, should compose a single device.

Panels of any shape are subject to the same laws as friezes, and symmetry is even more essential to their beauty. When two parts are to match, the main curves of one should be carefully drawn, traced, and transferred to the other before minor details are added.

Of course many beautiful examples of Eastern and ancient art have ornament composed without any reference to geometry, but such a method requires a master-mind to make it successful, and is not to be recommended to beginners.

Therefore I have devoted all my space in this article to geometrical methods of composition, intending in another to treat more especially of ornamental detail.

CONSTANCE JACOB.



SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE days after Mr. Bertrand's return, Rex Freer arrived at the house in a state of triumphant excitement. This was by no means his first appearance since he had left Cloudsdale, for he never passed the house on any of his numerous expeditions that he did not run in for ten minutes' chat, and the girls were getting accustomed to see his head appear at the window as they sat at work, or to hear the loud rat-tat on the door which heralded his coming. They soon had practical demonstration of his "managing powers," for, more than once after definitely making up their minds that nothing would induce them to stir from the house, they found themselves meekly putting on hats and jackets to join a tobogganing party, and to accompany the young gentleman part of his way home. Lettice was always easily influenced, but high-spirited Norah made many protests against what she was pleased to call his "Indian ways," and on one occasion even went so far as to dare a direct refusal. Lettice had left the room to get ready for a walk along the snowy lanes, but Miss Norah sat obstinately in her chair, the heel of one slipper perched on the toe of the other, in an attitude which was a triumph of defiance.

"Well!" said Mr. Rex, putting his hands in his pockets, and standing with his back to the fire in elderly gentleman fashion. "Why don't you get on your coat? I can't wait many minutes, you know, or it will get dark. Hurry up!"

"I'm not going. It's too cold. I don't like trudging over the snow. I am going to stay at home."

Norah raised her thin, little face to his with an audacious glance, whereat "the strange boy's" eyes dilated with the steely flash which she knew so well.

"Then please go upstairs and tell Lettice not to trouble to get ready. I can't allow her to come home alone, along the lonely roads," he said quietly, and Norah slunk out of the room and put on her snow-shoes in crestfallen silence, for it did Lettice good to have a daily walk, and she could not be so selfish as to keep her at home.

This afternoon, however, the call was longer than usual, for Rex came as the bearer of good news. "You have only to make up your mind to do anything, and the rest is quite easy," he announced coolly. "The mater has made a point of speaking to everyone she has seen about the music lessons, and she has heard of a capital man in Lancaster who is willing to come down for an afternoon once a fortnight. I met your father in the village, and he agrees to the terms, so now there is nothing left but to write and fill in the day to begin. Thursday suits him best. Do you say Thursday first or Thursday fortnight?"

"Oh, the first Thursday. I don't want to wait a day longer than I can help. Oh, how lovely! So it is really settled. I wanted it so badly that I was afraid it would never come true. How am I to get over to your house, I wonder?"

"I'll drive over and bring you back next morning. We might use our bicycles, but the violin case would be rather a nuisance, and I suppose you'll need a bag of some description. I'll be here at eleven, and then we shall get home to lunch. Edna is in a great state of excitement at the thought of seeing you."

Norah pulled a funny little face of embarrassment. "I'm rather shy, you know," she said, laughing. "I've only seen your mother once, and the other two are absolute strangers; it seems funny to be coming over to stay. Is your father a formidable sort of old gentleman?"

"Humph—well—I think he is rather! He is awfully fond of getting his own way," said Rex, in a tone which implied that he failed to understand how any one could be guilty of such a weakness. "But he is an awfully decent sort if you take him the right way; and poor little Edna would not frighten a mouse. You will feel at home with her in five minutes. I only wish she knew Lettice. We must arrange for her to come over some time."

Norah looked at him with a feeling of curiosity which was not altogether agreeable. "Why do you wish that she knew Lettice? Do you think she would like her better than me?"

"Oh, yes," said Rex easily. (He was just like other boys, Norah told herself, and had not the slightest regard for a poor girl's feelings.) "She is such a jolly, affectionate little thing, you know, that Edna would take to her at once; Lettice, I mean, 'Lovely Lettice!' I say, isn't she pretty?"

"Yes, she is—lovely. It's a very good name for her." Norah spoke with all the greater emphasis, because, for the moment, she had been guilty of an actual pang of envy of her beloved Lettice, for she regarded the "strange boy" as her special friend, by virtue of having been the first to make his acquaintance, and it was not agreeable to find her own claims to popularity brushed aside in this unceremonious fashion. "Lettice is a darling, and everyone likes her because she is sweet-tempered, and never says unkind things to make other people miserable," she added, not without the hope that Mr. Rex would take the hint to himself. He did nothing of the sort, however, but only yawned—thought he must be going—and marched away with stoical unconsciousness of the aching little heart which he had left behind.

On Thursday morning Rex drove up to the door in his father's dog-cart. He was a little before his time, but Norah was waiting for him, wrapped up in her warm scarlet coat; her violin case and bag ready on the hall table. Before he came she had been lamenting loudly, because she felt a conviction that something would happen to prevent his arrival; but when it came to setting off, she was seized with an attack of shyness, and hung back in hesitating fashion. "Oh, oh! I don't like it a bit. I feel horrid. Don't you think father would drive over, and bring me home to-night?"

"H—ush! No! Don't be foolish, Nonie! You will enjoy it ever so much when you get there. Remember everything to tell me to-morrow," whispered Lettice encouragingly, and Norah climbed up into the high seat, waved her hand to her two sisters until a turn of the drive hid them from sight.

"If you want to cry, don't mind me," said Rex, coolly; and the remark served better than anything else could possibly have done to rouse Miss Norah to her usual composure. The saucy little nose was tilted into the air at once, and the red lips curled in scornful fashion.

"I wonder how it is that schoolboys are always so rude and unpleasant?"

Mr. Rex laughed, and gave the horse a flick with the whip, which sent him spinning round the corner at break-neck speed. Norah understood that he was proud of his driving, and wished to impress her with the fact that it was very unlike a school-boy performance. She pressed her lips together to stifle an exclamation of dismay at his recklessness, and her silence pleased Rex, who liked to see "a girl with some courage," so that presently he began to talk in quite a confidential strain. "The professor will be at the house about half-past two, so you won't have too much time to spare. He is a tall, lanky fellow, six feet two, with a straggling black beard, goggle eyes, and spectacles. He looks awfully bad-tempered, but I suppose he can't do more than rap your knuckles with a pencil, and they all go as far as that."

"No one ever rapped my knuckles," said Norah, loftily. "You told Hilary a few minutes ago that none of you had seen him, and that your mother had engaged him entirely on her friends' recommendation. So you can't know what he is like, or anything about him!"

"How do you know that the friends did not describe him?" cried Rex quickly. "You can't know what they

said. I tell you he is a tall, cadaverous fellow, with a stoop in his back, and a white beard."

"Black! black! You said black last time," cried Norah in triumph. "You are making it up, and I could imagine what he is like as well as you, if I liked, but I won't, because it is so horribly uncomfortable when you really meet. I tried that trick with Lettice once, when a friend of Miss Briggs came to visit us. She was a very nice old lady, and awfully kind (she made me a sweet little pin-cushion for my room) but she was ugly! She looked just like a fat, good-natured frog, with light eyes very far apart, big, big freckles spotted over her face, and such a great, wide mouth. Well, I saw her first, and then I went upstairs and Lettice met me, and asked me what she was like. I felt mischievous, so I said that she was dark, and tall, and stately, with a long, thin face, and beautiful, melancholy eyes. Lettice went rushing downstairs, and when she saw her she stopped quite short, and began to choke and gurgle as if she were going to have a fit. She pretended that she was laughing at something Raymond was doing in the garden; but it was horribly awkward, and I vowed I'd never do it again. I should hate people to laugh at me, and it's unkind to do things that you wouldn't like other people to do to you—I mean—you know what I mean!"

"I know," said Rex, gravely. He looked quite serious and impressed, and Norah cast inquiring glances at his face, wondering what he could be thinking of, to make him so solemn all of a sudden.

At last. "Look here," he said, "talking of meeting strangers, don't stare at poor little Edna when you meet. There is something about her eyes, and she is very sensitive about it. Try and look as if you don't notice it, you know."

"Oh, I will!" cried Norah gushingly. She knitted her brows together, trying to think what the "something" could be. Something wrong with her lungs, and something wrong with her eyes—poor Edna; she was indeed to be pitied. "I am glad he told me, for I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world," she said to herself, and many times over, during the course of the next hour, did her thoughts wander sympathetically towards her new companion.

It was a long, cold drive, but Norah could have found it in her heart to wish it were longer, as the dog-cart turned in at the gate of the Manor House, and drew up before the grey stone porch. Mrs. Freer came into the hall to welcome her guest, with a grey woollen shawl wrapped round her shoulders, and her little face pinched with cold.

"How do you do, dear? I am afraid you are quite starved. Come away to the fire and get thawed before you go upstairs," she said, cordially, and Norah followed, conscious that a girl's head had peeped out of the door to examine her, and then been cautiously withdrawn. When they entered the room, however, Miss Edna was seated demurely behind a screen, and came forward in the most proper way to shake hands with the new-comer. Norah was only conscious that she was tall, with narrow shoulders, and brown hair hanging in a long plait down her back, for the fear of seeming to stare at the "something" in her eyes about which she was so sensitive, kept her from giving more than the most casual of glances. Conversation languished under these circumstances, and presently Mrs. Freer took Norah upstairs to her room to get ready for lunch. Before that meal was served, however, there was another painful ten minutes to go through downstairs, when the mistress of the house was out of the room, and Rex came in to take her place. Edna was reported to be shy, but in this instance it was Norah who was tongue-tied, and the other who made the advances. It is so extremely difficult to speak to a person at whom one is forbidden to look. Norah fixed her eyes on Edna's brooch, and said, "Yes, oh yes, she was fond of skating." Questioned a little further, she gave a rapid glance so far upward as to include a mouth and chin, and was so much abashed by her own temerity that she contradicted herself hopelessly, and stammered out a ridiculous statement to the effect that she never used a bicycle, that is to say always—when it was fine. Edna sat silent, dismayed at the reality of the sprightly girl of whom she had heard so much, and it did not add to Norah's comfort to hear unmistakable sounds of chuckling from the background. She darted an angry glance at Rex, scented mischief in his twitching smile, and turned at bay to stare fixedly into Edna's face. A broad forehead, thin cheeks, a delicate pink and white complexion, the dark grey eyes, wide open with curiosity, but as free from any disfigurement about which their owner could be "sensitive" as those of the visitor herself.

"Oh—h!" gasped Norah. Rex burst into a roar of laughter, and Edna pleaded eagerly to be told of the reason of their excitement.

"He told me I was not to look at you. He told me—there was something—wrong—with your eyes; that you didn't like people to stare at you. I—I was afraid to move!" panted Norah in indignation.

"Something wrong with my eyes! But there isn't, is there? They are all right?" cried Edna in alarm, opening the maligned eyes to about twice their usual size, and staring at Norah in beseeching fashion. "How could he say anything so untrue!"

"I never said there was anything 'wrong.' I was very particular how I put it. I said there was 'something' about your eyes, and that you were sensitive about meeting strangers, and did not like to be stared at. All quite true, isn't it? It's not my fault if Norah chose to think you squinted," declared Rex, getting the best of the argument as usual, and nodding his head at Norah with the air of triumph which she found so exasperating.

Edna looked from one to the other in startled fashion, as though she were afraid that such flashing looks must be the commencement of a quarrel, and drew a sigh of relief when Norah's dignity gave way to giggles of uncontrollable amusement.

The Squire made his appearance at the luncheon table, an irascible-looking old gentleman, with red, weather-beaten face, grey hair, and fierce white whiskers sticking out on either side. The ribbons on his wife's cap trembled every time he spoke to her, and she said, "Yes, love, yes!" and "No, love, no!" to everything he said, as if she were afraid to differ from him on any subject. Norah jumped on her seat the first time he spoke to her, for his voice sounded so loud and angry. He said, "I am afraid you have had a cold drive," in much the same tone as that in which the villain on the stage would cry—"Base villain, die a thousand deaths!" and when he called for the mustard, the very rafters seemed to ring. "What on earth must he be like when he is really angry, if he is like this when he is not displeased?" asked Norah of herself; but there was something in the Squire's keen, blue eyes, which took her fancy, despite his fierceness, and she noticed that when he spoke to his little daughter his face softened, while each time that she coughed, he knitted his brows and stared at her with undisguised anxiety. Edna was evidently his darling, and her delicate health the cause of much anxiety.

At two o'clock the two girls ensconced themselves behind the window curtains and exchanged confidences while watching for the first appearance of the Professor from Lancaster. Edna told Norah all about the school which she left; how grieved she had been to say good-bye to her friends, and how sadly she missed their bright society, and Norah comforted her in warm-hearted fashion. "Never mind, I am coming every fortnight, and when the bright days are here you will be able to drive over and see us. I hope you will like me, for I think I shall like you very much indeed, in spite of your eyes." Then they pinched each other, and crouched together with "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of excitement, as a small, wiry figure came hurrying towards the house. It was Mr. Morris, of course, but the collar of his coat was turned up and his hat pulled over his face, so that it was impossible to tell what he was really like. Only one thing was certain, he had neither a white nor a black beard, as Mr. Rex had predicted.

"Let me have the first lesson. He won't think I am so bad if he hears me first," pleaded Edna; and at the end of an hour she came out of the drawing-room to announce that Mr. Morris was rather terrible, but that she was sure he was a good teacher, and that she had not been so frightened as she expected. Then it was Norah's turn. She played her favourite pieces, one after the other, while Mr. Morris sat at the edge of the table, watching and listening. Never a word of praise or blame did he say until she had finished the third selection. Then he looked at her fixedly with his light, grey eyes (they were rather goggle, after all) and said quietly, "Well, and what do you mean to do?"

"Mean to do? I—I don't think I understand."

"Do you mean to be a young lady amateur who plays well enough to entertain her friends in her own drawing-room, or do you mean to work seriously, and make a really first-rate performer? You can do either you like. You have the talent. It is for yourself to decide."

Norah's face was a study in its raptured excitement. "Oh—h?" she cried breathlessly, "I'll work—I don't care how hard I work! I love it so much. I want to do my very, very best."

"Then I'll work too, and do all I can to help you," said Mr. Morris in return. He jumped off the table as he spoke, and advanced towards her, rubbing his hands as one who prepares for a pleasant task. "Now then!" he cried; and for the next hour Norah was kept hard at work, with never another word of praise, but with many sharp corrections and reminders to call attention to hitherto unsuspected faults. She was radiantly happy, nevertheless, for the first step towards correcting a fault was to discover its existence, and what was the good of a teacher who did not point out what was wrong? At four o'clock Mr. Morris took his departure, and Norah found that Edna had retired to her room to rest, as was her custom every afternoon. Mrs. Freer was also invisible, but Rex came to join her in the drawing-room, looking particularly cheerful and self-satisfied.

"Well, has the old fellow departed? How are the knuckles? Is he any good? He looks a miserable little specimen."

"He's a delightful teacher! I like him immensely! He told me I could be a splendid player if I would only work hard enough."

"Oh, well, I could have told you as much as that myself." It was clear that Rex thought it the polite thing to inquire about the success of the music lesson, but also that his attention was fixed on some other subject. "Look here!" he said suddenly, "the mater and Edna always rest for an hour or two in the afternoon, and I promised to look after you. Would you like a real, genuine, blood-curdling adventure?"

Norah gave a shriek of delight. "Rather, just! I should think I would. What is it?"

"You can pin up your dress, and put on a big old coat?"

"Yes—yes!"

"And you won't mind if you get rather grimy?"

"Not a bit. I'm used to—I mean, I can soon wash myself clean again."

"Come along then. Follow me, and tread lightly. I don't want anyone to see where we are going." Rex led the way down the cellar stairs, and Norah followed him afire with curiosity.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

Weary One. — You are right in ascribing your symptoms to "nervous debility," but we rather think that anæmia is the fundamental cause. Have you received any treatment for the condition? Iron with some strong nervine tonic, such as strychnine, would be about the best medicine to take Healthy exercise, as far as this is possible, and plenty of good food are also necessary. You are almost certain to grow out of this state in time.

May Blossom.—It is not at all uncommon for pianists to suffer from cold hands when they have run down in health. The condition you describe, that your hands get very cold and occasionally very hot, is due to disturbance of the circulation. It is almost for certain due to anæmia. You are right to take iron, as no drug is more useful in this condition. You should never play the piano in a cold room.

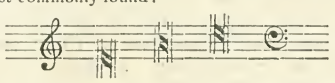
Star.—As you do not tell us whether your friend's lips get "dry and cracked" only during the winter, or at all seasons, it is difficult for us to be certain that our advice will prove of use to her. Nevertheless, we will tell you what to do for lips that get cracked only during the colder months. A cold wind dries the lips, and they, like every other tissue in the body (and, indeed, most substances apart from the body), crack when they get dry. Usually there is one deep crack down the centre of the lower lip; the reason for this is explicable on anatomical grounds. The treatment is to prevent the lips from becoming dry. For this nothing is better than glycerine or vaseline. Cracked lips are usually sore from inflammation — some slight astringent antiseptic will allay this. Two applications are of especial service—cold cream and a solution of sulphate of zinc (gr. v.) in glycerine ʒi. If there is a very deep crack in the lower lip, which refuses to heal, the application of nitrate of silver (lunar caustic) is an exceedingly effectual though somewhat painful remedy.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

P. T.—Thank you for your very pleasant letter. The verses you enclose are marked by one error, the alternate use of the second person singular, and the second person plural "thee" and "you," in addressing the same individual. The lines do not contain anything original in thought; at the same time, for a "first attempt," they are well up to the average of those submitted to us by our correspondents. Your writing is very neat.

H. C. and T. K. H.—We have sent you the poem asked for, but must repeat here that it is quite an exceptional course taken, in this one instance only.

R. E. C. (Bath).—1. We transcribe for your benefit this paragraph from Sir George Grove's Dictionary of Music:—"In the following examples they (the clefs) occupy the position in which they are now most commonly found:—



We presume the clef to which you refer must be the second on the stave. But we cannot see why the question should be asked, as, certainly, the "second tenor" clef is not in familiar use.—2. We give you the conditions for the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford. You will thus gain a general idea of the standard, and can write to Durham for exact particulars of the degree at that university. The candidate must (1) pass a preliminary examination (partly in writing, partly *viva voce*) in harmony and counterpoint in not more than four parts. He has then (2) to present to the Professor of Music a vocal composition containing pure five-part harmony, and good fugal counterpoint, with accompaniment for at least a quintett stringed band. (3) A second examination follows after the interval of half a year, embracing harmony, counterpoint in five parts—canon, mutation, fugue, form in composition, musical history and a critical knowledge of the full scores of certain standard compositions. The fees amount in all to about £18. We can only answer two questions at one time, and hope that they may be of service to our "gentleman reader," whom we thank for his kind letter.

"Advance."—The terms for board and lodging in a family at Leipzig (which we take as a typical place for musical education) vary from 600 to 1200 marks a year (£30 to £60). The fees at the Conservatorium are 360 marks (£18) with an entrance fee of 10 marks. The total expenses of a pupil's residence in Leipzig may be calculated at from 1350 to 1800 marks a year (£67 10s. to £90). You might possibly obtain a position as English companion or governess in lieu of payment for board and lodging, but we should imagine that the amount of practising required from you would prove a difficulty. If you write "An das Directorium des Königl. Conservatoriums der Musik zu Leipzig," you will receive a little pamphlet containing full information. We wish you all success.

Would-be Musician.—1. We should recommend you to procure and study Sir John Stainer's Manual on Harmony.—2. We believe that past examination papers are published, but you can obtain exact information by writing to the Secretary of the Associated Board, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Jenny Jones.—Some have said that the Jones family exceeded the Smiths in number; but, at least, some ten or fifteen years ago the Smiths were credited with the largest following, and Williams, Taylor, Brown, Wood, Hall, and White followed the Joneses in the order given.

Lover of "G. O. P."—The bramble-finch is a species of *fringilla*, the mountain finch; the name is *fringilla montifringilla*. A siskin sings very well. You know it belongs to the same species as the bramble-finch, and its Latin name is *fringilla spinus*.

Robin.—The duties of a housemaid vary in every household, as a rule. She does the drawing-room, but if there be a parlourmaid, she, the housemaid, generally does the dining-room. As an under-housemaid, she will probably have all the sitting-rooms to do before breakfast; and in some houses, the upper as well as the lower halls. Directly the bed-rooms are vacated, she strips the beds, opens windows, etc., and sets the bed-rooms in order. Some housemaids assist in waiting on the mistress, and at table. At dusk shuts up windows, lights up bed-rooms, and turns down beds, etc. The under-housemaid follows the upper maid's directions, and, as a rule, receives her training in this position.

L'Esperance.—1. In case of extreme attenuation, a recent writer advises cod-liver oil, in very small doses, several times daily. This should be beaten up in warm milk and drunk while in suspension after every meal. External rubbing with linseed-oil, diluted with orange flower water and glycerine. The friction must be very gentle, and evenly applied for five or ten minutes at a time, morning and evening. Instead of the linseed-oil lanoline may be used, which is a direct nutrient to the skin.—2. We do not understand why you should change to cookery, when you have already qualified yourself as an artist, and draw, paint, and sketch well. Why not go on with this, and qualify yourself as a teacher of sketching, especially during the summer months, when you might do well.

Cat Lover.—1. The cat appears to be a fine, though not a perfect specimen of a tabby. Your only test would be to send it to a cat show.—2. Your writing is unformed, and very much cramped. Could you not adopt a more flowing style, and endeavour to improve your capital letters?

Myrtle.—We have seen the road skates in use several times, and thought they looked delightful, and so easy to use, we are told. We think neither they nor a cycle would be improved by going over very rough roads, though you could always select the best and smoothest parts.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART III.

SURREY.

SURREY is not a good county in which to study ecclesiastical architecture, for although it possesses several large churches, and amongst others that remarkably beautiful edifice, Saint Saviour's, Southwark, yet none of its important churches show any marked characteristics, and even its smaller churches partake quite as much of the architectural peculiarities of the adjoining counties as of that in which they stand; this is especially the case with their towers. Thus those of St. Saviour's and Lambeth Church might just as well be in London as where they are. Then also as Surrey was a poor, very sparsely populated county in the Middle Ages, covered in part by forests, and elsewhere by heath, characteristics which are still to be noticed in that stretch of country between Sheire and Cranleigh, which is nearly all forest, or those vast expanses such as Blackheath near Chilworth, the ancient churches were very humble structures, but in later years its beautiful and wild scenery has attracted the opulent and well-to-do to set up their houses here, and owing partly to this circumstance, and partly, no doubt, to the fact that the old churches, being poorly built from the first, had fallen into a ruinous condition, few of them remain. Sheire, Cranleigh, Ewhurst, Godalming, St. Peter's,

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THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

Guildford, and Compton are probably the most interesting; the three first are quite like Sussex churches. "Restoration" has been perfectly "rampant" in Surrey, so that the few old churches which have escaped destruction and re-building are robbed of that picturesqueness and interest which attaches to ancient buildings which have been untampered with.

Many of the old village churches in this county had curious towers; the lower portion constructed of rubble, or rough stone work, and the upper portion of timber, the whole crowned by a dwarf spirelet of wood, sometimes painted white, and at others covered with lead. Most of these have now disappeared, several very recently. A very characteristic example, however, still remains at Thames Ditton, near Kingston. The lower portion of the tower is very rudely built, and dates probably from the thirteenth century. The belfry storey is of wood, and the curious combination of roof and spire is covered with metal; the whole forms a quaint object, but is a singular example of very humble not to say rude church architecture.

HOW TO START AND MANAGE A MOTHERS' MEETING.

HAVING for many years spent very happy hours at a mothers' meeting, I thought it possible that those who do not happen to have experience of parish work may like to know how, in a very simple way, we may enliven the monotonous lives of some of our poorer friends and neighbours.

We began by going round to the cottages, and after explaining what we intended to do at the mothers' meeting, we cordially invited them to come. The only convenient days of the week for working people are Monday and Thursday. We chose the latter day, from 2 o'clock to 3.45. At least two people are required to conduct a mothers' meeting satisfactorily.

When we started our meeting we had to pay 2s. per week for a room. This payment included fire, gas and cleaning. Later on we were able to have it in one of the mission rooms. Very good red and white flannel, plain and twilled, unbleached calico, blue flannel, shirting and sheeting, wide and narrow holland for aprons we got at cost price through the kindness of a personal friend (a merchant in Manchester). There was often a saving of twopence or threepence per yard on the flannels. The women paid by instalments. Nothing was allowed to be taken home until it was paid for. We gave no bonus, but provided buttons, cottons and needles, this expense for some years being covered by an annual donation of £1 from an old lady. By the time the garments were made they were usually paid for. One of the senior women took a pride in getting everything out of the trunk on to our trestle table, and she also put them away. The box was given to us by the friend who, with me, started the mothers' meeting. Two yard sticks, a table, and two account books were all we needed beside.

In one book there were two columns for each week, one for the amount *bought*, say 2s. 6d., the next for the amount *paid*, say 6d. The following week 2s. was entered in column one, thus showing at a glance how much each member owed. Every woman had a number. For some unknown reason they liked very much to have an early one, and members were moved up as there were vacancies. Each woman was given a yard of calico, at about twopence per yard, to make a bag to which was sewn her number. A payment of one penny each week was paid towards an annual treat, of which I will speak later.

For the encouragement of girls leaving school I may say that I began the mothers' meeting at seventeen and three-quarters, but a very dear old married lady was at the head. Another friend, a very little older than myself, did the accounts on a most admirable system.

Proceedings commenced with a cup of tea and two biscuits for each woman. Two ounces provided thirty cups of good tea. Each woman brought her own cup every week to avoid the trouble of washing up. The tea was made in an urn from the school, and we provided a sugar basin and milk jug. We handed round the gingerbread and Osborne biscuits in paper bags. A pound was the quantity bought; three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a pint of milk, was the average quantity used. The total cost was 1s. 2½d. per week. The tea made it a more sociable gathering. About 2.30 the goods sold had been measured off and payments entered. Names were then called over from another book and a note made of any who were sick. A story book was read for half an hour and a lesson followed for another half an hour—incisive, interesting, with illustrations from real life. They frequently chose the subjects they would like for a course. One year we had "Great pictures and the lessons we may learn from them." Other years addresses on "One fault and the opposite virtue," the substance of addresses given in church by the Rev. H. R. Heywood. A course on the "Epistle to the Romans;" "Good women of the Bible" (the last subject was by special request of the women), "The Sermon on the Mount," a course on the Creed, the substance of lectures given at Oxford by Canon Gore.

A small book, *Kept for the Master's Use, Creed and Character*, by Canon Scott Holland, were the foundation of two other courses. Every lesson was most carefully prepared and adapted to the women and illustrated by local events, etc. The lady who gave the lessons never attempted to read anything aloud, knowing that would never attract their attention. It is always best to choose subjects and make them your own, reading up anything that bears upon the subject, and looking out during the week for illustrations from real life. At 3.30 the work was put away, the doxology was sung and prayers were said for missions in Africa, Calcutta, etc. (as well as very short prayers the women had learnt by heart); a prayer for their husbands, children, etc., followed, and any who were ill were mentioned by name. One lady stood at the door and shook hands with each as they left. I have omitted to say that a short talk of five or ten minutes preceded the reading. This gave an opportunity to tell them any special church or parish news. If we had been away we could tell them about the place where we had stayed. After a church congress an account of what had taken place was given instead of a lesson. A visit to Oxford, London, or the seaside; the death of any great churchman, or the preferment of a well-known man, gave us plenty to talk about, and it was not at all unusual for the women to ask to hear more instead of the story. In this way their interests were widened. Missionaries, the bishop, and various clergy, etc., were mentioned by name in the prayers. Each one seemed to like to feel they were helping in this work.

They thoroughly enjoyed hearing about places and people at a distance.

In reply to a question what kind of reading they liked best the votes were as follows, as far as I can remember: Two police news, one foreign places, four places like London, Oxford, or the seaside, twenty news about our own church or poor men who have risen. I am sure no young girls need hesitate about helping at a mothers' meeting, for they would say over and over again, "Oh, I do like a bit of life and a bit of fun." Jokes from Punch and amusing stories were thoroughly appreciated.

I don't think I have ever enjoyed any afternoon parties more than the delightful afternoons at the mothers' meetings.

Once a year we had a day in the country or by the sea, and one year we were able to go away for four days, the total cost per head being only 10s. (including 3s. 6d. railway fare).

On one day a drive and a tea was given to them, this being the annual custom when we went away for a day. With this exception they paid their own expenses.

Since then I have seen mothers in town and country parishes, and heard favourable and unfavourable remarks in the meetings. Individual interest seems to be most appreciated. Many times I have heard working women say, "I shan't go no more; you may go or stop away for anything anybody cares. They don't so much as say good-afternoon to you separately. It's just one good-afternoon as they come in, and if you're a bit late never a word; there's not a bit of life about it." On the other hand such a little satisfies them. Some home-made toffee on the 5th of November makes the day seem quite an important one, and a penny birthday card is often framed, not for the value of the card, but "to think of her remembering."

I suppose there are very few people who do not feel interested in young girls, but there is a special charm to older women of the working classes (many of whom live alone in one room) in a prettily-dressed fresh young girl with cheery, gracious manners. Young girls do not hesitate to teach in the Sunday-school, even when they have literally no aptitude for imparting what they know; but I think it is often realised that a young girl with a desire to please—although possessed of no special gifts—might cheer and brighten older people at a mothers' meeting, etc., in a way better than many of us twice their age. At a tea-party of old people, the enthusiastic ejaculation, "Bless her" or "Bless him," is generally applied to the more youthful entertainers.

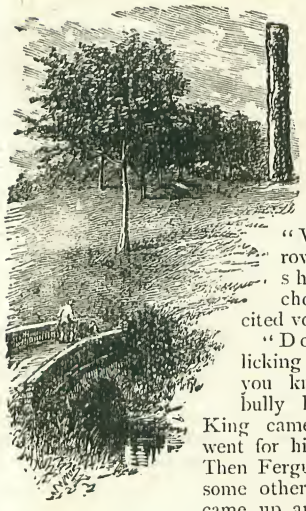
E. H. PITCAIRN.

A GROUP OF SCHOOL-BOYS.

By K. E. COLEMAN, Author of "Little Leo," "The Red Topaz," etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOWNFALL OF DOBBIE.



"SAY, you fellows, what do you think? Robin King is going to fight Dobbie."

"When?"

"Where?"

"What's the row about?" shouted a chorus of excited voices.

"Dobbie was licking Spider—you know what a bully he is—and King came along and went for him like mad. Then Fergus Hume and some other big fellows came up and separated them, and said they must fight it out; and they are just going to begin now in the corner by the chestnut tree."

"Come on," cried Harry Wilson excitedly, and the boys set off running at the top of their speed.

A crowd was collected at the lower end of the playground. Football was deserted, and the ball lay idly in the middle of the ground, for what English boy would not rather watch a fight than play football?

"I am afraid old Robin will get licked," observed Jimmy Short as they approached the group.

"I don't know that," retorted Wilson, taking up the cudgels for his chum.

"Dobbie's two years older and a good bit taller."

"Yes, but look how fat he is! He's spoilt his wind by eating tarts. Besides, he's a rank coward. He'll lick a little chap like Spider till he can't stand; but did you ever know him to stand up to a fellow his own size?"

"Granted; still weight and height do tell, you know."

"And so do pluck and muscle. Robin's as hard as nails, and every spare inch of him is good, honest muscle. Look at him now!"

They had pushed their way to the front, where the two combatants stood facing each other.

Dobbie's greater height and bulk showed to considerable advantage at first sight, but on closer inspection he was too fat and had a swollen puffy appearance, the result, as Wilson had said, of inordinate indulgence at the pastrycook's. He was pale and looked a trifle uneasy. Robin was a more formidable antagonist than the little fellows he was wont to thrash. Wilson's remark was perfectly true that he had never been known to fight a boy his own size.

Robin King stood facing him sturdily. His brow was unusually thoughtful, and there was a certain anxiety in his frown as he measured Dobbie's inches; but there was also a look of dogged determination on his face to go in and win in spite of odds, and there was certainly no sign of the white feather in his bearing.

His eye lit up as the newcomers pushed their way to the front, and he called Wilson to his side.

"I want you to be my second," he said. "Old Fergus is acting umpire. Why, Spider, what's the matter?"

Little Arthur White was clinging to his arm, the tears in his eyes.

"Oh, Robin, I am so sorry, it's all my fault," he said. "Don't fight him; he's so much bigger than you, and I don't want you to get hurt for my sake."

"Shut up, you little donkey! I'm fighting him for my own pleasure, and what's more, I mean to lick him," replied Robin sturdily, smiling affectionately down on the little face upturned to him. Perhaps he remembered the time when he had seen that same face white and cold and apparently lifeless, and the anguish of remorse he had felt on that occasion. Thoughtless as he was, the memory of that night was never very far from the surface of his mind.

"Cheer up, Spider!" said Wilson, patting him encouragingly on the back. "Robin's going to pound old Fatty into the middle of next week. Aren't you, old chap?"

"I don't know, but I know I'll do my level best," said Robin through his teeth, and he pulled off coat and waistcoat, handed them to his second, and advanced slowly into the centre of the ring.

Stripped to their shirts, the disparity of size between the two boys looked even greater than before; but the muscles on Robin's bare arms stood out like cords, and his skin was glossy as silk, while that of his adversary was blotchy and pimpled with over-feeding, and his fighting members themselves had the appearance of overgrown sausages.

"Time!" called Fergus Hume, who stood, watch in hand, at the edge of the ring, and at the word the two combatants began to walk slowly round each other with fists squared and watching eyes.

There was a breathless silence in the ranks of the spectators. Dobbie made the first attack, but it was Robin who got the first blow home. Skilfully dodging his opponent's fist, he sprang in like lightning before he had recovered his wind, and landed a good one on Dobbie's nose. The elder boy staggered; then, maddened by the pain, lost his temper and rushed in on Robin with such a storm of blows that, for one anxious moment, his friends thought he would go down under them.

But springing *lightly aside, our hero* recovered himself and attacked Dobbie in turn in the pluckiest manner. Then the combat raged furiously. Dobbie's height and weight told cruelly, but Robin had the proverbial pluck of the British boy who never knows when he is beaten, and when his blows did get home they left their mark.

"Time!" called Fergus, and the two boys subsided on to the knees of their seconds.

Robin's lower lip was cut, and he had a nasty bruise round his left eye; but Dobbie's nose was bleeding profusely, and our hero's hopes rose jubilant at the sight.

"Well done, old chap!" said his second; "you did uncommonly well. Couldn't you dodge a little more though, and then run in before he's recovered his balance? It's your best chance with a heavy chap like Dobbie."

"All right, I'll try. I'll not give in so long as I can stand."

"Give in! Stuff and nonsense! You'll lick him this round, you see if you don't! Dobbie's no staying power; he loses his wind and then he's done for. You mark my words."

"Time's up!" sang out Fergus, and Robin, starting up from Wilson's knee, flew at Dobbie with such fury that that courageous person quailed, and received the blow on his back instead of his front. A roar of derisive laughter assailed his ears, mingled with shouts of "Well done, Robin!" "Give him another, Robin!" "Finish him, old chap!"

But Dobbie was not finished yet. Like a baited bull he turned and attacked his foe, and Robin, mindful of Wilson's counsel, stood on the defensive, and dodged and parried till he saw his chance, when he dashed in and made the most of it. By the end of the round Dobbie was puffing and blowing "like a hippopotamus," as Jimmy Short expressed it, while Robin, with one eye shut up and an ox's lip was as game as ever.

The third round was conclusive. Dobbie never got a single blow home, while Robin pounded him to his heart's content, and repaid with interest many a little fellow's wrongs. The juniors threw up their caps and yelled with joy when Dobbie, beaten to his knees and actually blubbering with pain, made his submission, and Robin, "crowned with glory," retired to receive the congratulations of his friends.

So ended the great fight that was quoted for years afterwards in the Homeric annals of the grammar school. So was accomplished the downfall of Dobbie, who, after that salutary lesson, rarely, if ever, ventured to bully a little boy again.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

WHEN YOU ARE ANGRY.—All girls who possess self-control will try to avoid word or action while anger is active. The advice, "When you are angry count ten; when very angry a hundred," is founded on a true knowledge of this emotion, for its instincts are to speedy and violent action. If this inclination is struggled against, the anger will gradually lose in power and at last come to an end. No one ever regretted delay of this kind.

JUDICIOUS SKIPPING.—"The art of reading is to skip judiciously. The art is to skip all that does not concern us, whilst missing nothing that we really need. No external guidance can teach this; for nobody but ourselves can guess what the needs of our intellect may be."—*P. G. Hamerton.*

WELL THOUGHT OF.—Would you have people think well of you? Then do not speak well of yourself.

CELEBRITY.—What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you.

THE ART OF SEEING.—"Look twice to see accurately. Look only once to see beautifully."—*Amiel.*

FAMILIARITY.—Familiarity brings about the closest friendships or the most violent hatreds.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER X.



THE Manor-house dated back for nearly two hundred years, and the underground premises were of an extent unknown in modern houses. Rex led the way through various flagged divisions, and leaving behind washing, wine, and coal cellars, came at last to a large door locked and bolted. Here he stopped, and drawing a bunch of keys from his pocket, fitted one into the lock, and pushed and dragged at the door until it opened before him. "Now then!" he said, turning to Norah, "we will prepare for business. I've got a lantern here and two old coats; button yourself up in this, and you will come to no harm. I found these old keys in a drawer to-day, and it struck me that one of them might fit this door, so I came down to experiment before coming to you. There is a tradition that there was a subterranean passage leading from this house to the lake, and I believe I have discovered the entrance. I'll show you what I mean. Be careful how you tread, for the floor is strewed with rubbish."

He took Norah by the arm as he spoke, and led her forward for two or three steps. At first the darkness appeared impenetrable, but presently her eyes became accustomed to the imperfect light, and she saw that she was standing in a long apartment, filled with all manner of odd, injured, and useless articles. Scraps of broken furniture, balks of timber, probably remains of scaffolding, strangely-shaped pieces of iron lay on every side. It was evidently a lumber-room of past generations, which had been deserted by later tenants, for the grated windows were thick with dust, the cobwebs hung in wreaths on the walls. Rex lighted the lantern, closed the door as quietly as might be, and dodged in and out the piles of rubbish to the far end of the cellar. "Come here! What do you think of this?" he cried triumphantly; and Norah groped her way forward to find him standing before a part of the wall which had been broken down for some purpose and left unrepaired. The stones and mortar were piled high on the ground, and hidden behind them was a large hole opening into a dark passage. "This looks like the genuine thing, doesn't it? Are you game to explore and see where it leads?" queried Rex, and Norah assented eagerly—

"Oh, yes, yes, I should love it! It looks so beautifully mysterious. There may be hidden treasures. Would they belong to me if I found them?"

"You would have a share, of course; the rest would be mine because I discovered the opening. Now then, I'll go first, and hold the lantern; you will have to stoop, but it may get higher as we go along."

The passage proved to be smooth, and, to Norah's relief, quite dry and free from those "creepy, crawley animals" which were the only things about which she was really nervous; but Rex was wrong in thinking that it might improve in height, for it grew ever narrower and lower as they progressed, until at times they were obliged to bend almost double. "This is the way people have to crawl about inside the Pyramids," said Rex. "It's a queer kind of place, but I mean to go on until I find where it leads. I say, though! don't you come on if you would rather not. You could go back to the cellar and wait for me."

But Norah would not listen to such a suggestion. What if her back did ache, it was not every day that she had the chance of such an adventure; besides, she had no particular wish to be left alone in the dark, while it yet remained to be proved how she was to turn round when the time came for the return journey. For five minutes longer they trudged forward in silence, then Rex's stick struck against some other substance than stone, and his outstretched hand came across a bar of iron. It proved to be a half-closed grating, shutting out the entrance into the further portion of the passage; but Rex was not to be turned aside by such a trifle as this. He handed the lantern to Norah, and after much pushing and banging managed to raise it sufficiently to make it possible to scramble underneath. Norah followed in agile fashion, but hardly had she done so than there came the sound of a fall, and a sharp, metallic click.

"What's that?" cried Rex, quickly, and Norah stretched out her hand to discover the cause of the noise. It came into contact with something hard and cold, and her heart gave a leap of fear, for she realised in an instant that the trap-door had fallen, and that the sharp click which they had heard had been the catch with which it had swung into its rightful position.

"I—I think something has fastened the grating," she said, faintly. "I can't make it move. We shan't be able to get back this way."

"Oh, what nonsense! Let me come and try," said Rex, impatiently, but the passage was so narrow at this point that it was impossible for him to pass, and he had to content himself with directing Norah's efforts. "I'll hold the lantern; look up and down and see if you can find the fastening. Push upwards! Put your fingers in the holes, and tug with all your might. Try it the other way. Kick it with your feet!"

Norah worked with all her strength, and she was a strong, well-grown girl, with no small muscular power, but the grating stood firm as a rock, and resisted all her efforts. "It's no use, Rex," she panted desperately, and there was silence for a few moments, broken by a sound which was strangely like the beating of two anxious hearts.

"Well, we shall just have to go on then, that's all," said Rex, shortly. "A passage is bound to lead somewhere, I suppose. The worst that can happen is that we may have a long walk home, and you couldn't come to much harm in that coat!"

"Oh no! I shall be all right," said Norah, bravely. For a few moments she had been horribly frightened, but Rex's matter-of-fact speech had restored her confidence in his leadership. Of course the passage must have an outlet. She considered where they would come out, and even smiled faintly to herself at the thought of the comical figure which she would cut, striding through the lanes in the squire's old yellow mackintosh. She was determined to let Rex see that though she was only a girl, she could be as brave as any boy, but it was difficult to keep up her spirits during the next ten minutes, for the passage seemed to grow narrower all the time, while the air was close and heavy. A long time seemed to pass while they groped their way forward, then suddenly Rex's stick struck against some obstacle directly in his path, and he stopped short.

"What is it?" cried Norah fearfully. It seemed an endless time to the poor child before he answered, in a voice so strained and hoarse as to be hardly recognisable.

"The passage is blocked. It is walled up. We cannot get any further!" Rex lifted the lantern as he spoke and looked anxiously into the girl's face, but Norah said nothing. It seemed as if she could not realise the meaning of his words, but there was a dizzy feeling in her head as if a catherine wheel were whirling round and round, and she felt suddenly weak and tired, so that she was obliged to sit down on the ground and lean against the wall.

Rex bent over her with an anxious face.

"You are not going to faint, Norah!"

"Oh, no—I am—quite well."

There was a long silence, then—"Rex!" said Norah, in a very weak little voice, "did anyone know that you were down in the cellars to-day?"

Rex cleared his throat in miserable embarrassment.

"No, Norah. I am afraid no one saw me."

"Will they miss the keys?"

"They are very old keys, Norah. Nobody uses them."

A little frightened gasp sounded in his ear, but Norah said no more. Rex clenched his fist and banged it fiercely on his knee.

"Idiot! idiot! that I was. What business had I to let you come. It's all my fault. It was no place for a girl, but the opening looked right enough, and I thought——"

"I know—besides you asked me if I would like an adventure, and I said I would. I came of my own free will. Don't be angry with yourself, Rex; it is as much my fault as yours."

"You are a little brick, Norah," said a husky voice, and Rex's hand gripped hers with a quick, strong pressure. I never thought a girl could be so plucky. I'll never forget——" he broke off suddenly, and Norah's voice was very unsteady as she asked the next question—

"If—if we shouted very loudly would anyone hear?"

"I—er—think how far away from the house we must be by this time, Norah!"

There was a long, throbbing silence. Rex sat with his head bent forward on his knees, Norah stared blankly before her, her face looking thin and ghost-like in the dim light. The silence grew oppressive, and presently the lad raised his head and touched his companion on the arm. "Don't look like that, Norah. What is it? Norah, speak! What are you thinking about?" He had to bend forward to hear the answer, for Norah's lips were dry, and her throat parched as with thirst.

"Poor—father!" she gasped, and Rex started at the sound with a stab of pain.

"Don't! I can't bear it. Norah, for pity's sake don't give in—don't give up hope. Something will happen—it will—it must! We shall get out all right."

"But if we can't go forward, and if we can't go back, and if no one can hear us call," said Norah, still in the same slow, gasping accents, "I don't see—how—we can, Rex! How long shall we have to wait before we——"

"If you say that word, Norah, I'll never forgive you! We must get out—we shall get out! Come, rouse yourself like a good girl. I will go back to see what I can do with that grating. It's our only chance. Lead the way until we come to the broadest part of the passage, and then I must manage to pass you somehow or other. It has to be done."

Norah put out her hands and dragged herself wearily to her feet. The feeble gleam of the lantern seemed only to call attention to the inky blackness, and the air was so close and noisome, that she breathed in heavy pants. It had been a delightful adventure to explore this passage, so long as it was in her power to turn back at any moment; but now that there was this dreadful terror of not being able to get out at all, it seemed like a living grave, and poor Norah staggered forward in sick despair. As they neared the grating, however, it became possible to stand upright, and this, in itself, was a relief, for her back was aching from long stooping.

Rex laid down the lantern at a safe distance, and put his hand on the girl's shoulder. "Now then, Norah, I am going to squeeze past. I may hurt you a little, but it will be only for a moment. Stretch your arms out flat against the wall, turn your head sideways, and make yourself as small as you can. I will take off my coat. Now! Are you ready?"

"Ready!" said Norah faintly; and the next moment it seemed as if the breath were being squeezed out of her body, as Rex pressed her more and more tightly against the wall. A horrible gasp of suffocation, a wild desire to push him off and fight for her own liberty, and then it was all over, and they were standing side by side, gasping, panting, and tremulous.

"That's over," sighed Rex, thankfully. "Poor Norah, I am afraid I hurt you badly, but it was the best plan to get it over as quickly as possible. Now then, hold up the lantern, and let me have a look round!" It was a time of breathless suspense as Rex went carefully over every inch of the door, examining niche and corner in the hope of discovering the secret of the spring by which it was moved. The grating was rusty with age, and had evidently stuck in the position in which he had found it an hour before, when his vigorous shakings had loosened the springs by which it was moved. Try as he might, however, he could not succeed in moving it a second time; there was no sign of knob or handle; he could find no clue to its working.

"It's no use, Rex," said Norah feebly. "You will have to give it up." But the lad's indomitable will would not permit him to agree in any such conclusion.

"I will never give it up," he cried loudly. "I brought you into this place, and I'll get you out of it if I have to break every bar with my own hands—if I have to pick the stones out of the wall! Move along for a few yards, I'm going to lie down on my back, and try what kicking will do."

No sooner said than done. Rex stretched himself at full length on the ground, moved up and down to get at the right distance, and began to assail the grating with a series of such violent kicks as woke a babel of subterraneous echoes. Not in vain he had been the crack "kick" of the football team at school; not in vain had he exercised his muscles ever since childhood, in scrambling over mountain heights, and taking part in vigorous out-of-door sports. Norah clasped her hands in a tremor of excitement. It seemed to her that no fastenings in the world could long withstand such a battery, and when Rex suddenly sprang to his feet and charged at the door with the strength of an infuriated bull, she fairly shrieked with exultation.

"Go on! *Go on! It shakes. I'm* sure it shakes! Oh, Rex, kick! kick for your life!" It was a superfluous entreaty. The strength of ten men seemed to be concentrated in the lad for the next ten minutes, as he fought the iron grating, changing from one position to another, as signs of increasing weakness appeared in different parts of the framework. Norah gasped out encouragement in the background, until at last, with a crash and bang, the old springs gave way, and the grating fell to the ground.

"Now—come!" shouted Rex. He did not waste a moment in rejoicing; now that the barrier was removed both he and Norah were possessed with but one longing—to get out of the passage as quickly as possible, into light, and air, and safety. Two minutes later they were seated side by side on one of the beams of timber on the cellar floor, gazing into each other's faces with distended eyes. Rex was purple with the strain of his late efforts, his breath came pantingly, his hair lay in damp rings on his forehead. Norah's face was ghastly white; she was trembling from head to foot.

"Thank God!" said Rex, solemnly. They were his first words, and Norah bent her head with a little sob of agitation.

"Oh, thank God! We might have been buried alive in that awful place."

Rex took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead, looking anxiously at his companion the while. "You don't think you will be ill, do you, Norah? You look horribly white."

"Oh no!—oh no! I shall be all right in an hour, but I shall never forget it. Rex! I think we ought to be awfully good all our lives—we have had such a wonderful escape, and we know now how it feels. When I thought I was never going to come out of that passage, I was sorry I had been cross to Hilary, and—so selfish! I made up my mind if I had another chance——"

"I don't believe you have ever done anything wrong, Norah," said Rex, in a low, husky voice. There was a long silence—then—"My father will feel inclined to kill me when he hears about this!" he added shortly.

Norah started. "But need we tell them? I don't think it would be wrong to say nothing about it. We are safe, and it has taught us to be more careful in future. It would only upset every one and make them miserable if they knew we had been in such danger. I'll slip quietly to my room, and it shall be a secret between us, Rex—you and I."

Rex looked at her in silence, with his big, keen eyes. "You are the best and kindest little soul in the world, Norah," he said. "I wish I were like you."

(To be continued.)

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By A GIRL-PROFESSIONAL.

CHAPTER III.

CLEAN SWEEPING.



In the four weeks which preceded Mrs. Norris's entrance we were busily occupied in buying and fixing our furniture, and in unpacking and placing that which came to us from the country home which by then was being vacated. Also, as I mentioned before, a domestic angel had to be sought and found. As this latter quest had something of the amusing in it, I may be here allowed to digress a moment from sober details and tell our experience.

As we had planned the house, we had left out of calculation a room for a servant to sleep in. The smallest of the three rooms at the top could only be entered by going through one of the other two, and it seemed as though this put it out of the question for anyone's use but our own. My bed had been fixed here, and our mother was to have the larger room next this, while the bachelor kept the front one. Such a lavish spreading out was of course a folly, but we had yet to learn that. The last-named individual suggested that the maid should have a bed in the kitchen; it was certainly big enough. But against this I set my face like a flint, having far too exalted a conception of my future kitchen to admit of its being so desecrated. The next suggestion was that she should be one to sleep out and come in by the day, and this plan seemed most feasible; so feasible indeed, we felt we had alighted upon a most practical solution to the great vexed servant question in general!

Accordingly we inserted an advertisement in the local weekly paper, which was published every Friday evening. We asked for a "Superior general servant, well accustomed to wait at table." The paper was supposed to appear at seven o'clock; by five there came a smart knock at the door and I opened it to a much-befringed, rather lackadaisical "young lady." We duly questioned her, took her reference and then sent her away, promising to let her hear in the course of a week if her reference proved satisfactory. As she turned away from the door another applicant knocked, and the same performance was gone through again. And so it went on until, tired out, we turned out the lights and went to bed, having interviewed about twenty-seven applicants in all. Indeed, we had had to take turn about in answering the repeated knocks, and at last had curtly informed the later comers that we were "suited," though which to choose from them all we could hardly say. They were not taking specimens, many of them, all the charwomen of the neighbourhood seeming to see their chance in our offer; so we finally decided in favour of the first applicant, especially as the reference she gave was to a house quite near, and, when tested, proved satisfactory.

As I wished to get her into training, it was agreed that she should begin the next Monday morning, and she duly appeared about eight o'clock. Her dress was poor and much patched, but her fringe was more than enough to make up for all deficiencies! My heart was not very light as I set about the task of drilling her, and I was glad there was no critical stranger to note defects. It was not altogether a disappointment when, before the middle of the week, she announced her intention of leaving, as she had a better offer. We parted company with little regret on either side, I fancy. I paused after that to enjoy freedom for another fortnight, then we advertised again, this time limiting the hours to the afternoon between three and five o'clock.

On this occasion the applicants were much less numerous, but of a decidedly better class; ultimately the choice was left between three, "Florence," "Rose," and "Nellie." Florence was little, fair, and very quick and bright; she seemed capable, but rather small. Rose was a decidedly pretty girl; her manners were taking and her complexion was dazzling. As she inquired what her duties would be, I incidentally mentioned that window-cleaning was not one of them, as I employed a man for that purpose; whereat she said, very demurely, there was "a very nice man, a friend of mine, who cleans windows beautifully, ma'am." I suspected that it was possible he might do other things as well, and mentally decided against this attractive Rose.

The last one of the three seemed a girl of quite another order, tall, rather plain-looking, very reserved and short in speech, and somewhat ashamed of taking a situation at all. She said she was an orphan, but wished to keep a home for her brother, and must get some work to do in the day. Asked if she was used to housework, she informed us she was "thoroughly domesticated and could do everything." As she stood high above me, it seemed to me that she might soon tower over me, so I somewhat reluctantly informed this paragon that her services might find a better market elsewhere, and decided in favour of the little maid who came first. Fortunately for me this proved a happy choice. Though small in body she had a fine spirit, and there was nothing she resented more than a hint that her work might be better done. Under her care our door knocker shone like gold, and the doorstep was a model to its neighbours, while we laughingly declared we were tempted to dine off the kitchen floor it was kept so white. She was deft in waiting also, and altogether proved as nearly like the treasure we sought as we could have wished. The one drawback was that it was against her parents' wish that she was out in service at all, and they gave her no peace when she reached home at night, naturally somewhat tired after her day's work and an hour's brisk walking. But she was a plucky little soul and determined to have her own way; had not circumstances turned against her she would probably be with us still.

When she had been with us four months her mother met with an accident which broke her leg in two places; she was taken to the hospital, operated upon, and all but died under the treatment. For this Florence was greatly blamed, and her family persecuted her so that at last she was compelled to give in, and I was left to "suit myself" again.

After this came a long unsettled period; they came and they went; three months was the longest "stay" we had, and I was beginning to feel life very wearying with its continual fret and friction. Some came so late in the morning I had to make all the fires and get breakfast before they appeared, and those who came the latest were the earliest to go away at night. At last, after many trials, we concluded that the servant problem was not solved, and as the opportunity of a vacant room came we decided to go on the ordinary lines and sought at a registry office for a general to "sleep in."

As the one who eventually arrived to fill the post stayed in it a year with varying success, I will hark back to the beginning and recount our furnishing experiences.

We had three large pieces of furniture coming from home: a chamber organ, an air-tight bookcase-secretaire and my own secretaire, which was the case of an old-fashioned cottage pianoforte transformed. This latter went downstairs to the breakfast-room where its use was most required, and it made a handsome object to look at. The other secretaire was placed in the back dining-room; it was too large and heavy to be in the front, and our thought was to make a sort of reading-room of the smaller one eventually. The organ we placed cornerwise to the left of the dining-room window, where it looked handsome and was not in the way of the chairs or table. Then the opposite corner cried out to be filled. We had two shelves with embroidered borders which had fitted into recesses in a former home. These placed to form a cosy corner looked very well, as their colours went with the wall-paper, and we got a carpenter to come in and fix them with brackets. They held some of our best books and a bit of china. Underneath these we placed our large morocco-covered armchair, a small octagonal table to hold a palm stood in front of the window, and afterwards a nice bamboo-table took up its position between the armchair and the fire-place.

We had no fender or fire-irons, and when we came to calculate the price of these we found it would cost us but very little more to lay down tiles and a curb. Accordingly Mr. Clay was requisitioned again, and he laid a hearth of small tiles of a deep yellow tint with a plain black curb, and the effect was good in the extreme. For the back room we felt we were not warranted in incurring the expense until necessary, so contented ourselves with placing a similar curb there and having the hearth nicely whitened.

In the drawing-room no change was needed, Mrs. Norris having fenders for every fireplace. This good lady was rather anxious we should take in all her goods and chattels, as she was resigning an eight-roomed house and was loth to store any of her furniture. But we held off, debating in our minds the wisdom of so doing, as she owned they wouldn't sell for much. Shabby second-rate things would not accord with our ideal of fitness. However, considering the slenderness of our means and the many necessary expenses, we were glad enough to take in her dining-table, a solid mahogany one, and a flat-topped cupboard which served as a sideboard *pro tem.*, and to these she afterwards added two leather-seated chairs, much worn.

Carpets and curtains were our first and principal outlay, entailing many measurings and much thought before we finally decided where to go and what to buy. For the dining-room, with its paper combining yellow, green, and grey, we decided that green of a soft quiet shade would be the most harmonious colour, and brown in furniture and ornaments. Before going to the larger furnishing warehouses we took a look about us, and in going up Regent Street saw the very carpets for our purpose in the window belonging to a firm whose name is incontestable where good taste is concerned. So we ventured in here. It was the manager himself who waited upon us, and he entered very kindly into our plans and gave us very helpful hints. We ended in purchasing a Roman carpet for the dining-room, self-coloured and reversible, of a soft, green shade, and sufficient serge of splendid quality to make a pair of curtains and a table-cover, with

ball-fringe and galloon to match. These we made up ourselves. The prices quoted here were rather lower than above those in the catalogues we had consulted, so we asked to look at stair-carpeting also.

"Roman" was strongly recommended for this, but it was too costly, as we required close upon forty yards and stair-rods to boot. So we came back to a plain felt which had been our first thought, and in the best qualities found an exceedingly pretty shade of chestnut brown which would suit our walls and contrast well with the white painted sides of the staircase. It was agreed that a man should be sent to take exact measurements for these and for the brown paper which was to go underneath before this was cut off the piece, that there might be no mistake, and the same man was to lay them down for us when we were ready.

After this we had the distractingly important purchase to make of a new dinner-service, and also some tumblers and water-jug, and an umbrella-stand for the hall which we wished to be in the form of a terra-cotta jar. For these we betook ourselves to the china department. The final result was the selection of a complete service of seventy-two pieces of the "York" design; may-blossom and roses in grey on a white ground and a fine gold edge. It was somewhat thin and very pretty in shape, but would not prove the more breakable on that account; the joy I had in unpacking and arranging that dinner-service no one knew; to this day it is the pride of my heart, so dainty does it look, and it has suffered but slight damages, so far all repairable.

Our umbrella jar of glazed brown clay we found at an art pottery dealer's in the Queen's Road. When all these purchases came in we began to realise the joys of possession, tempered alas, by the realisation of how little money remained in the fund. Some Mungh mats for the hall we bought at two shillings each, and very excellent we found them in wear and in appearance. Here also we picked up a bright Jap rug for our breakfast-room. We had two or three brown sheepskin mats for the bedroom doors among our home goods; odd pieces of carpet also, all of which found a happy resting-place somewhere, as this mansion took a deal of filling.

The home things arrived about a week before Mrs. Norris came in, and we had a busy time in placing them and arranging all our belongings. How homely a touch they gave, seeming to breathe a spirit of comfort into the barrenness, almost like the presence of mother herself. There were a few pictures, a fine set of engravings for the dining-room walls, my own drawings, and a few older odd ones, some ornaments and clocks. Of clocks indeed we had a grand supply, very nice ones too; we had been noted for timepieces in the olden days, but I fear we were not any the better timekeepers for all that, at least we of the younger generation were not!

One of the small cases contained jam, a part of the supply which we had made during summer days. I remember well how nearly I broke down when I opened that case. Wedged in between the jars were all sorts of odd little things such as only mother could have thought of putting in, and as I came across these fresh evidences of her loving care the tears streamed down my face. "There is no one in all the world like my mother!" I cried. One of the jars, a tall, glass one, holding some five or six pounds of jam, had broken into splinters, but the jam itself remained in a solid column not a bit the worse! With these jars the larder shelves looked quite "fit," as in addition I had a small stock of orange marmalade made in one of the spare weeks while we were waiting for the tenant to come.

We were quite straight, delightfully straight by the time Mrs. Norris made her entry, but the manner of that I must tell in another chapter.

L. H. YATES.



HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

EYE DROPS.

If you are told to drop in any application to the eye, to be of any use it must have access to the surface of the eye-ball. The patient should sit down with the head held well back, the lids should be separated widely with the fingers, and the drop placed in the outer corner of the eye and allowed to run over the surface of the eye-ball. One drop of castor oil or olive oil is very soothing if an eye has been inflamed by something flying into it.

In bathing the eye where there is any discharge, care should be taken to see that all rags or pieces of wool used are at once burnt, as discharge from the eye is frequently of an infectious nature.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

are those which are carried from one person to another by the breath or emanations of the person. Isolation from the rest of the household is necessary at once to prevent the further spread of disease. For this reason a room at the top of the house is best if possible. Remove all unnecessary furniture, carpets and curtains, and hang a sheet outside the door, large enough to cover all the crevices of the door when open, and to allow of a few inches to lie upon the floor. The sheet must be kept wet with carbolic, one in forty, or some other disinfectant. The easiest way to keep it wet is either to syringe the sheet with the fluid or to have one corner of the sheet kept lying in a basin filled with the disinfectant, the whole of the sheet will be then kept wet by the moisture being drawn up by capillary attraction. Visitors should not, on any account, be allowed to enter the infected room, and the nurse should be kept away from the rest of the household as much as possible, and only mix with others after she has used some disinfectant for her person and changed her dress. A cotton washing dress should always be worn in the infected room, and calico sleeves drawn over the dress are an extra safeguard; the sleeves of an old night-dress may be used for this purpose, and taken off when the nurse leaves the infected room. The floor of the room should be wiped over with a cloth damped with some disinfectant. All linen or clothes for the wash should be soaked in some kind of disinfectant before leaving the room. All utensils, jugs, etc., must be rinsed in disinfectant solution before leaving the room, and should be kept for the patient's use alone. The nurse should on no account use the same things as the infected person, and should always stand to windward of her patient when attending to her, and must be careful not to take the patient's breath.

MEASLES

is infectious some days before the rash comes out, and therefore is more difficult to isolate in time to prevent the spread of disease; the same precautions should be taken as to isolation. Avoid trying the eyes with too much light at first, and be careful as to keeping the person in a room at an even temperature, as the lungs are easily affected by any cold in a person who has measles.

AFTER INFECTION IS OVER

the room must be thoroughly disinfected. If you do this disinfecting yourself, sulphur gas is best to use to disinfect an uninhabited room. Paste up all crevices of doors, windows, fireplace, etc., with paper. Put one pound and a half of sulphur in an old iron saucepan, which should be stood for safety on bricks placed in a pan of water, the sulphur should be lighted (a little methylated spirit poured on it makes it light more easily), the person should then at once leave the room, pasting up the door by which he has made his exit, on the outside. The room should be then left to fumigate for twenty-four hours, after which it should have a thorough airing; all bedding and blankets, etc., must be sent to be baked, and the room cleaned, some disinfectant being used in the water. All drawers, cupboards, etc., should be left open during the fumigation.

IN CONVULSIONS,

a common occurrence with children when teething, remove all tight clothing, and if convulsions continue, place the child in a hot bath for ten or fifteen minutes, or until movements cease. Then put to bed in a hot blanket. Give an aperient, such as one grain of grey powder.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



NIGHT'S shadow yet lingers
In valleys and dells,
But dawn's rosy fingers
Touch uplands and fells;
While wildly and sweetly,
Above, and around,
The joy-bells weave featly
A net-work of sound.
Yonder, in the East, lo! the Love-star rises clear.
Awake! awake! oh, Earth, for the Prince of Peace is here;
Let care and sadness cease, while upon the ear there swells
The "tidings of great joy," told by silver tongues of bells.

Thus rings the glad message,
And earth wakes to pray,
And bless the sweet presage
That dawns with the day;
And while their glad voices
Die softly above;
In heaven still rejoices
The King—who is Love!
Clap, clap your hands, ye hills, for the Prince of Peace is born;
Ye valleys, seas, and floods, wake to praise the joyful morn!
All people who do dwell on the earth unite to sing—
To you salvation comes with the coming of your King!

THE VISITATION OF GOD IN DAILY BREAD.

By the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married," "The Five Talents of Woman," etc.

Is it the visitation of God or only that of the baker's cart that gives us daily bread? The writer of the book of Ruth thought that it was the former, for he says that Naomi "had heard in the country of Moab how that the Lord had visited His people in giving them bread."

The visitations of God are too often spoken of as if they brought only things that are bad, and not those that are good. You are visiting a house. The house-mother tells you that she has just buried her fifth child, and adds but it was "the visitation of God." You know better. You know that the child died from fever, brought on by the untidy, dirty habits of its mother, which stopped up the drains, and by the carelessness of its father in not getting a plumber at once to open them. It is not in a home like this that we see the visitation of God, but in one full of healthy, happy children. A man who has been drinking meets with an accident, and loses his life. People say that he died by the visitation of God, but those who know the man well think that his death was caused by the visitation of drink. If there is a famine in a country it is generally attributed to the visitation of God, though the real cause of it may be political or agricultural blundering. Would it not be much truer to say that the repeal of the corn laws, which gave England cheap bread, was the visitation of God?

If we saw the visitation of God in the harvest, we would be more thankful for it than some of us are. We see men and horses ploughing the ground, men throwing in seed and steam-machines reaping and threshing, and we think that man and not God is the Lord of the harvest. And yet who gives men and horses strength to work, who enabled man to invent the steam-engine, who gives to the seed reproductive power, who sends rain and sunshine to mature the golden grain? Manna was considered miraculous food, because it came down from Heaven, but is it not as great a marvel that our bread should come up from the earth as that it should come down from the sky? The harvest is a yearly miracle.

There was the other day a leading article in a well-known paper criticising this year's harvest. It ended with the words, "Upon the whole, there is no ground for serious complaint." How good of the writer to thus patronise the harvest, if not the Lord of the harvest! It must indeed be satisfactory to the Almighty to be assured that there is at least one newspaper which finds no ground for serious complaint against Him in reference to the harvest. Farmers are proverbial grumblers. One of them, who is notorious for this, had a splendid crop of wheat. A neighbour, though he wondered what the farmer could find to complain about, made a bet that he would grumble. Next time they met, the neighbour said to the farmer, "Grand crop of wheat that is of yours." "Yes," was the reply, "but it takes a lot out of the ground."

Many people, however, besides farmers, are thankless for the visitation of God in giving them bread. One reason for this, perhaps, is because it is daily bread. Owing to the goodness of God, we in this country are accustomed to plenty rather than to famine. We get bread daily, and it seems to come to us as a matter of course. If it came not daily, but on rare occasions, and there was considerable doubt about its coming at all, we would be much more thankful when it did come.

And yet this feeling of absolute certainty in reference to our bread is quite out of place in an island like England. Those who have studied the matter tell us that in this country at any one time there is only enough food to feed our great population for about a fortnight. If a European war were to break out, we should be in the position of a besieged town, and our baker would seldom or never call upon us. "Oh, but the navy and army will always safeguard ships into Britain." Let us hope so, but surely we ought to think of Him, without whom we could not build ships, and sailors and soldiers would not have strength and courage to fight our enemies. We in this country must live from hand to mouth, so let us never become too proud to pray for daily bread, or to thank our Heavenly Father when He gives it.

Another good practical result would come from the continual recognition of the visitation of God in giving us bread. We would use more carefully, and shrink from wasting human food. How sad it is when walking through streets where people are poor, chiefly by reason of their own carelessness, to see half loaves of bread lying in the gutter! When Carlyle, the great writer, used to find a piece of bread on the street he would pick it up, place it on a stone or doorstep, and say that some poor person, or even a dog, might be glad of it. And Mrs. Carlyle had a similar righteous horror of seeing God-given bread wasted. It used to pain her greatly to see her neighbours, one of whom was Mrs. Leigh Hunt, "flinging platefuls of what they are pleased to denominate 'crusts' (that is what I consider the best of the bread) into the ashpits! I often say, with honest self-congratulation, In Scotland we have no such thing as 'crusts.'"

Very pathetic, too, is the account which this lady gave of her efforts to make bread that would not "sour" on her husband's stomach. "Knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only



THE PORTRAIT.

person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert. One o'clock struck, and then two, and then three; and still I was sitting there in an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness . . . It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini, sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace, came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself 'After all, in the sight of the Upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource, were the really admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman living at Craigenputtoch, with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these same qualities would have come out more fitly in a good loaf of bread.'"

If that man is to be regarded as a benefactor of his species who made two stalks of corn to grow where only one grew before, not less is she to be regarded as a public benefactor who economises and turns to the best practical account the food-products of human skilled labour. Though men are the bread-winners of households, the "cares of bread" do not fall upon them at all more heavily than they do upon women, for it is quite as difficult to lay out to the best advantage the family income as to make it. "A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man or woman to spend it."

The proverb says that God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks. The second part of this saying is true only in the sense that women too often fail to make the most of the food which has been given to their families by the visitation of God. Certainly those who visit the so-called poor, know well that what they most stand in need of is not money or clothes, but ability to cook.

It would be well if young ladies would undertake the preparation of a portion of the daily food in their homes, in the most tasteful and economical way. This would make servants respect the art of cookery, and give up the scorn which they feel now for economy. To feed people in dainty ways only requires the exercise of the same powers that are called forth in arranging a dress or beautifying a room, or doing several other kinds of work, which are generally considered to be, but which really are not, more sublime and beautiful. Call cookery a department of chemistry, and cook herself a scientific chemist, and you can see at once the dignity of her work. On cooking health depends, and on health temper and efficiency, and on efficiency success. If wives want cheerful and prosperous husbands, and healthy and successful children, let them learn to put to a good use the food-supply that has been entrusted to them by the visitation of God.

The good old word "lady" is now so "soiled with all ignoble use," that it is more respectable to be called "woman" than "lady." And yet "lady" is an honourable word, and one that teaches a useful lesson. It is derived, as most people know, from two Saxon words, and means literally, a loaf-giver, or one who distributes food. The word points to home, as the especial sphere of woman's duties, and teaches us that she is far more of a lady who looks after the feeding and other duties connected with a household, than she is who leads a useless life, and only thinks of gossip and dress. The Lord Jesus Christ was made known to His disciples in breaking of bread, and may He not be found by ladies, or loaf-givers, when they go through the drudgery of household duties cheerfully and well for His sake? He who gave loaves to the multitude will acknowledge ladies or loaf-givers as fellow-workers with Himself, especially if they gather up the fragments, and allow nothing to be lost in their houses.

It is true that the Master gently rebuked the over-anxious attention of Martha to household details; but we may be sure that if Martha, when she had done her best in the kitchen and at the table, instead of pressing new dainties upon her Guest, or fussing about with dishes and flasks, had felt that there were higher things than eating and drinking, things for which He cared infinitely more; if she had sought to enter into His thoughts, and sympathise with His aims, and learn some new lesson or take some new gift from Him, He would have been just as pleased with her as He was with Mary. We cannot doubt, indeed, that even the Lord Jesus, little as He cared for what we call "the good things of this life," approved of thrift, industry, skill, good sense, and good taste; or that, though He was content with simple fare, He preferred to have it properly cooked and delicately served.

We conclude with some words from a beautiful sermon, called "The Best Dish," by the Rev. Dr. Cox: "None of you girls, I hope, will ever think yourselves too fine, or too cultivated, to attend to your domestic duties, or even, if need be, to turn up your sleeves and pin on an apron, and toss off some dainty little dish which may stimulate the appetite of the weary or the sick; for even in such humble services as these you may be pleasing and serving the Lord as truly and devoutly as in any act of public worship. But I also hope that you will not forget there are still higher duties than these; that in ministering to the spirit you do more and better than in ministering to the body. For if there is one creature more pitiable than the fine lady who cannot condescend to the cares of the table or the house, it is the woman who degrades herself into a mere kitchen drudge, and whose soul seems never to get out of the pepper-box and salt-cellar."

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XI.

A MORE FRIENDLY FOOTING.

TEN days later Guy lay on a wicker lounge on the lawn watching the sunset. The previous day he had sprained his foot slightly in jumping a ditch while playing golf, and, as it had been very painful since, he was resting it.

He was thinking of Madge now, as he lay with his hands behind his head and his pipe in his mouth, idly gazing at the sunset. He knew her better, but she remained just as much of an enigma to him, and very nearly as distant as on the first evening.

To-day he had scarcely seen her at all or spoken to her, except for a little incident in the morning which had somewhat surprised him.

He had been taking a short stroll in the garden and had come upon her suddenly in a secluded spot, just finishing off a wreath of white flowers which she had been making. She had started and looked up quickly when she became aware of his presence, then bitten her lips as if vexed, while a scarlet flush tinged her cheeks.

"You seem very busy," Guy had said pleasantly, surveying her handiwork with interest.

"Oh, no, I am only making a wreath," had been the careless answer, while she continued her work without looking up.

Guy stood and watched for a moment, and then, as she was about to tie it, he said, "Let me help you. Two can make it so much firmer than one."

She appeared to hesitate a moment, but finally accepted his proffered aid, then, the wreath being complete, she had prepared to move away in silence.

Guy was disappointed; he had hoped she would stay and talk a few minutes.

"Is it for a great friend?" he had asked rather doubtfully, fearing she might resent the question, yet desirous of delaying her.

"Oh," she had replied coldly, then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, she added hurriedly, looking past him, "I have no friends, only two graves."

After that she had left him, and he had not seen her again until dinner-time, when she had preserved an almost unbroken silence.

"No friends, only two graves," he repeated to himself as he lay idly watching the sunset, and because he had a kind heart, a deep sympathy began to stir within him for this lonely girl. He would like to have done something to help her, and he wished they had had more in common together. He could not help feeling that in her eyes he was a veritable ignoramus, and that, as she continued to ignore him rather than otherwise, he was in some way distasteful to her. He did not bear her any grudge about it, but wished he had been a cleverer fellow that she might have enjoyed his visit more.

Before he had got far with his cogitations on this particular evening, however, voices were heard approaching, and Madge and Jack appeared round a bend the other side of the lawn.

Jack's arm was thrown carelessly

round her shoulders, and she seemed to lean against him confidingly as they came forward together.

Guy watched them and thought what a handsome pair they were, and he wished he had a sister who cared about him as Madge did for Jack. He thought he would have been a better man perhaps if he had had someone else to think about besides himself—someone belonging to him.

As they drew near he sat up and put his feet to the ground, being just in time to ward off a small toad-stool Jack threw at him.

"All right," he cried, "wait till I get you in London, I'll be even with you! Don't leave your letters about, that's all."

"You touch my letters if you dare," was the laughing reply, and Jack threw himself down on the couch and rested his feet on his friend's knees.

Guy shook his head gravely and addressed himself to Madge, who had seated herself on a garden-chair and was tilting it as far back as it would safely go, in a dreamy, abstracted manner.

"Do you know, Miss Harcourt, your brother's a sad character," he said. "Do you ever make him confess to you? I think a good lecture from you occasionally would do him good."

"What does he do?" she asked, turning her dark eyes wonderingly to his face.

"What doesn't he do, you mean, and what doesn't he say, I wonder, to the poor little Misses Brown, Jones, and Robinson who have the misfortune to cross his path. Just because he's got a mistaken idea into his head that he's irresistible, he thinks he may do and say whatever he likes."

Jack laughed gaily.

"Chuck it, old man," he said. "You only talk like that because you're jealous."

"I expect it's six of one and half a dozen of the other between you," remarked Madge, adding, "If girls will be foolish, what more can they expect?"

"Go it, Madge, laughed Jack, "I should just like to hear you pitch into Guy, or at any rate argue with him."

"I should sue for terms of peace without striking a blow," said Guy at once. "I can't do many things, but I can argue least of all."

"You're about right there," put in Jack slyly; "you're really a terrible muff. You may be able to write, but you can't spell, and for the rest, why, you can't even flirt."

"Perhaps Mr. Fawcett considers it childish to flirt?" suggested Madge.

"I don't consider it at all, and I've never tried it, but I should say it was worthless," was the candid answer. "However, I should never be likely to excel, because in what little experience I've had with girls, I've generally managed to mortally offend them in about fifteen minutes."

Jack lay back and laughed heartily, for Guy's remark had brought to his mind one or two very humorous situations resulting from his too plain-speaking.

"Can you imagine a fellow in his senses telling a smart girl he had only known about five minutes that she shouldn't wear such tight shoes?" he asked Madge. "Those are the sorts of things he does. Once when I persuaded him to come with two girls to the exhibition, he offended them both and placed me in the worst predicament I ever knew."

"Oh, ah!" laughed Guy, "but the joke was, he wanted to have the nice one to himself all the afternoon, but the other wouldn't be left alone with me. I was delighted, because I didn't want to go, and he doesn't ask me on these occasions now."

"Do you remember Lady Liscard's picnic?" asked Jack mischievously.

Guy coloured slightly.

"Yes," he replied, looking as if he didn't want Jack to say any more, and adding, "I wish people wouldn't bother me to go to those kinds of things; I'm always like a fish out of water with smart society girls. I couldn't string off a lot of empty compliments if I tried, and I can't for the life of me talk about the weather for three hours."

Madge looked at him with a dawning interest in her eyes, but she did not make any remark.

"When are you going to quarrel with Madge?" asked Jack wickedly. "Isn't it about time; I should like to be present."

Guy glanced towards her quickly, and then replied quietly, "I have too much respect for Miss Harcourt to say anything that might hurt her feelings."

For answer Jack gave him a hearty slap on the back, exclaiming, "Capital, Guy! I didn't think you'd got it in you; we shall make a man of you yet! I hope you feel honoured, Madge; you are the first of your sex I ever knew to succeed in wringing a compliment out of Guy."

Madge raised her eyes and again looked at him with a faint show of interest, but remained silent, while incorrigible Jack continued, "Now you've made a start you'd better go on, old man. Practise your hand on the mater a bit. I shouldn't wonder if I don't have you cutting me out right and left when we get back to town."

"You needn't be afraid," answered Guy, readily. "I've not the faintest intention of attempting anything of the kind, though," with a sly look, "I daresay I shouldn't find it so very difficult. Begging Miss Harcourt's pardon, I must confess the majority of girls bore me awfully."

"Consequently it's rather a misfortune to you to be an eligible bachelor," said Jack, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, for he loved to tease Guy about his eligibility.

"That's a matter of opinion," he replied. "Personally, I should question very much if I am eligible. I haven't the least doubt but that I should bore a girl as completely as she would me."

"Oh, you needn't take that into consideration at all in the present day," remarked Madge sarcastically. "Few people think of each other's happiness in marrying. Money and position are by far the weightiest considerations."

"You take a hard view," said Guy, looking thoughtful.

"I take the world's view and the most apparent," she said coldly.

"I doubt if you're right," remarked Jack, rising and stretching himself. "What's the good of running the poor old world down; I think it's a downright jolly place," and he tucked his hands in his pockets with an expression that clearly suggested that he spoke from long experience.

Suddenly he roused up.

"By the way, Guy!" he exclaimed, "Madge and I have been over to Haines' this evening. He wants me to play my round off with him to-morrow afternoon. He says we can have the links all to ourselves, and he has to go up to town on Tuesday. I promised to go if you didn't mind; what do you say?"

"Of course I don't mind. Just because I was stupid enough to jump clumsily and hurt my foot you're not to stay at home."

"Well, if you're sure you don't mind, I'll go in and send him a line," and on Guy's repeating his assurance with emphasis, he left them and went indoors.

When he had gone, Guy again leaned back idly and proceeded quietly to study Madge, who was now seated with her elbows on a table and her chin resting on her hands, abstractedly surveying the distant scenery.

For several minutes neither spoke; Madge, because she was busy with her own thoughts and scarcely conscious of his presence, and Guy, partly because he was still somewhat afraid of her and partly because he liked watching her in silence.

That his companion interested him more than anyone had ever done before was not surprising, for she interested everyone, and fascinated and repelled by turns all who knew her.

With Guy, the fascination did not go very deep, and had he returned to London that night he would probably have forgotten about it very soon. He was far too matter-of-fact and easy-going to be quickly or easily impressed. Besides, Madge was so distinctly distant to him that her manner effectually quenched any warmth of ardour he might have felt, and at present he was quite content to watch her when she happened to be in his company, and forget her when absent.

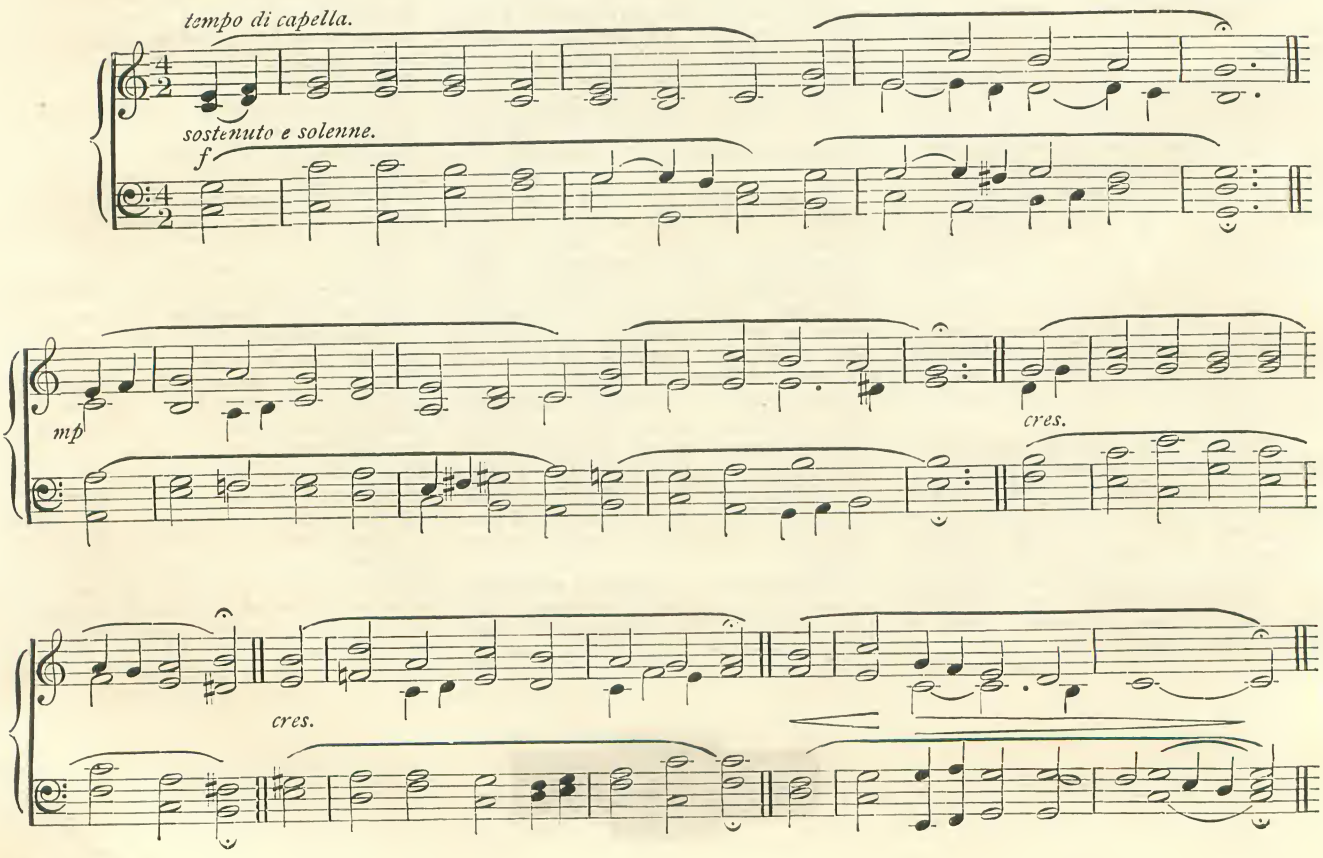
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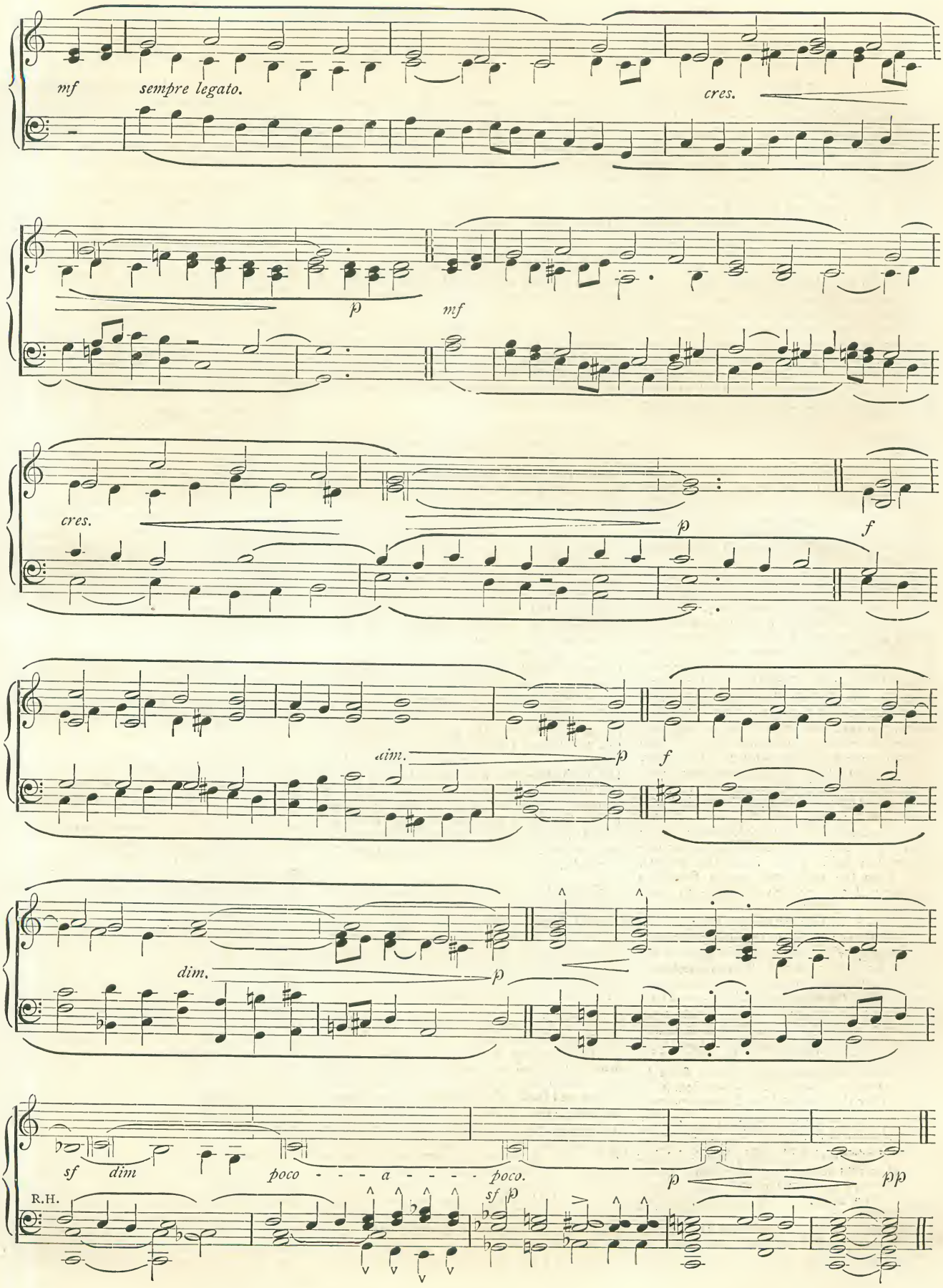


CHORALE.

FOR PIANOFORTE OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

MYLES B. FOSTER.




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SOME ECONOMICAL IRISH DISHES.

By the Author of "We Wives," etc.

"HELEN, dear! will you give me some recipes for the things you have in Ireland? They would do so nicely for the servants' hall!"

The speaker—a regal-looking dame in blue velvet and rosepoint—looked at her niece sweetly as she spoke. She seemed quite unconscious of the hidden meaning in her speech. But all down the glittering table in that old banqueting-hall ran a ripple of laughter. Helen's aunt was always putting her foot into it. Now she was insinuating that the food in Irish homes was only fit for the servants' hall!

Helen did not mind. Not she. But a cousin sitting near—a Major, he of the —— Regiment, stationed in Cork—looked quite furious. He was engaged to a lovely blue-eyed Irish maiden—so perhaps his views on the subject were not impartial. He had his mother reduced almost to tears before he had done descanting on the generous, dainty hospitality extended to many in the Emerald Isle. But all the same, Helen made out a list of economical Irish dishes, and left her aunt to use them when and where she would.

The first on her list was, of course, the far-famed *Irish Stew*. None of your sloppy, watery, greasy compounds. In Ireland such a thing would not be tolerated. Helen's recipe produced a savoury, toothsome, unique dish—much to be appreciated on both sides of the Channel.

For this stew Helen's aunt would have to lay in a lean, juicy bit of mutton. The best part of the scrag end does very well. It must be cut into neat chops, with most of the fat and all gristle trimmed away. Carelessness in this matter or false economy will render the stew indigestible and stringy. To every pound of meat two pounds of whole, peeled potatoes and half a pound of sliced onions. Helen told her aunt that most cookery books tell the amateur to boil meat and potatoes together. The real Irish way is to simmer the meat and onions in one pot with only a little water. Potatoes brought to a boil in a separate pan—strained, and added with pepper and salt to taste. This insures the ingredients being well cooked, yet guards against sloppiness. When all the stew is thus mixed, cover down tightly, and never lift the lid again for one hour and a half. Juice from the onions, gravy from the meat, and steam from the potatoes will give enough moisture to cook the whole.

Result—A savoury, rather dry stew.

Another way of cooking this dish (Helen left both recipes), which makes it still more fit for delicate palates, is to put all the ingredients, without any water, into a brown earthenware crock. (The lid must have a hole in it to let out steam.) Place the jar in a moderate oven and cook for rather more than two hours. This will be a browner, drier stew than even the first one, and I believe the husband of Helen's aunt—(sounds like a phrase from *Le petit Precepteur*, doesn't it?)—considers it far too good for the servants' hall!

Colcannon.—I wish Helen's aunt (or my readers) could have heard the rich Kerry brogue in which Helen's cook, Dinah, let her into the secrets of this truly Irish dish. It was strong enough to stand on, and thick enough to cut with a knife! So Helen said, and we must believe her.

Colcannon is a dish universally partaken of in Ireland on All Hallow E'en. In its smooth, soft depths a ring is hidden, with all its prophetic bliss for the finder thereof. But colcannon without a ring is eaten all the year round whenever a cook can be got who does not mind the trouble of making it.

Potatoes and curly cabbage form its component part. Well wash and peel the former, letting them lie to whiten in fresh water for a short time before cooking. Dinah's suggestive remark was, "They must be cleaner than usual." Chop the cabbage "as fine as snuff." (This is Dinah's expression.) When the potatoes are parboiled add the cabbage with a tiny—a very tiny—pinch of soda.

Boil all together for ten minutes. Have at hand a wooden masher and pound the mixture well after having, of course, drained all the water off.

Smooth as cream, green as grass, your colcannon ought now to be, and when to it is added a goodly lump of butter, no better vegetable could be desired. A sprig of parsley as a bonnet will accentuate the colour and decorate at the same time.

Bacon and Cabbage.—It seemed as if there was no need for Helen to put such an obviously simple recipe on the list of Irish dishes for her aunt. But Helen knew otherwise. When she first married and went to live in the Emerald Isle, she took an English cook with her. Now Helen's better half hails from Paddyland, and his favourite (it really might be spelt in capitals) dish is bacon and cabbage. Helen thought him vulgar, I am afraid; also she despised his taste. Bacon and cabbage as cooked by Mrs. Jenkins was certainly most unappetising! Meat served on one dish. Vegetable in another. Neither well done. bacon stringy. Cabbage with a bone in it.

But when Dinah came to rule, things were changed. Pig's cheek and cabbage became a luscious, much-appreciated meal. The secret was only—to boil both together in one pot! If Mr. Editor can overlook the triviality of this recipe and put it in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I can answer for it that his readers will never regret following it. It is the Irish dish *par excellence*, though not as economical as it sounds. Helen knew her servants to choose it for their festival dinners rather than beef or chicken. This is a fact; whilst her husband suggested regaling the bishop on it when last he dined at the parson's!

Potato Cakes.—For this, equal parts of cold boiled potatoes and white flour are wanted. Knead well together with a little milk, if necessary. Flour your pastry board well, and roll out the mixture about half an inch thick. Cut into three-cornered scones and bake on a griddle. These must be eaten hot, with plenty of butter. They are delicious!

Honey Cake.—This is another hot cake fit for supper or high tea.

Mix together half a breakfast-cupful of white sugar and one breakfast-cupful of rich, sour cream (Dinah was always leaving driblets in jug and basin after afternoon tea or Helen's morning cup. It was not difficult for enough to get sour very frequently). Dredge into the mixture two breakfast-cupfuls of finely-sifted flour, and about two tablespoonfuls of clear honey. This will flavour the cake nicely, and must be stirred in well, so as to be thoroughly mixed. Add half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda (it is called bread soda in Ireland), and beat with the back of a wooden spoon until air bubbles appear.

Bake in a buttered tin for three-quarters of an hour, and eat hot.

This may not sound a very economical recipe; but Helen drew her aunt's attention to the fact that neither eggs nor butter are used. As a matter of fact, a cake sufficient to allay the hunger of four or five persons can be made for eightpence—a not exorbitant outlay.

Economical Christmas Cake.—Helen rather doubted if she ought to put this amongst distinctive Irish cookery recipes. Its original birthplace may be England. But it was given to her by a typical Irishwoman, and has only been met with by her in Irish households, so she does not withhold it from her aunt's servants' hall.

The first thing to recommend this cake is, that the longer before Christmas it is made the richer it tastes. It takes all November and December to bring it to perfection if kept in an air-tight box. By this early preparation, some of the fuss and turmoil of Christmas week is done away with—especially if, like Helen, her aunt mixes her plum pudding and mince pies not later than stir-up Monday.

Put half a pound of butter in a large bowl, breaking over it five eggs. Heat until the mixture looks "curdy," and add a handful of coarse brown sugar.

Add this boiling mixture to the eggs and butter, and keep stirring, whilst a second person sifts in slowly one pound and a half of well washed, well dried, carefully picked currants, three-quarters of a pound of flour, and two ounces of citron peel chopped small.

Put into a shape papered, but not buttered, taking care that several folds of paper are *lining* the bottom of the tin. Bake in a moderate oven for three hours.

To look at, this rich, cheap cake might be prepared for a wedding. To eat it is delicious; but only if kept for at least a month before cutting. Nothing better could be desired for birthday in the parlour, or weddings in the servants' hall.

Buttermilk Bread.—Helen's aunt greatly prided herself upon her home-made bread. Helen thought it vastly inferior both in looks and taste to the flat cakes she was accustomed to in Ireland. So she just jotted down a rule of thumb recipe for the latter, and inserted it slyly at the end of her instructions.

To every pound of whole wheatmeal (or brown flour) add a handful of seconds, a spoonful of salt, a small pinch of baking soda, and as much thick, sour buttermilk as will make an ordinary cake mixture.

Flour the pastry board and lift the dough on to it. Knead very thoroughly and lightly from outside to inside, working the mixture always towards the centre. Now, with a firm turn of the wrist, roll out the dough from the centre outwards, pressing firmly and evenly. When one inch thick, flour thickly with the hand, and bake in an oven or griddle. This bread ought to rise and be quite four inches thick when done. One slice of this is as satisfying as four or five of baker's bread, and far more wholesome. If brown bread is not liked, white flour can be used in the same way.

* * * * *

Helen has not paid a visit to her aunt since she sent her these recipes. But she hears, on good authority, that her Irish stew is not relegated to the servants' hall; that her honey cake is much appreciated upstairs at afternoon tea; that colcannon is often introduced to visitors as something quite new and strange; and that the household bread bill is reduced by one-half.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Girls' Employments.

Dispensing. — *What qualifications are needed for women dispensers?*—Margery.

The full course of training in pharmacy is a long and rather expensive one. It covers a period of three years, and is estimated to cost about £200. The intending dispenser is advised to apprentice herself to a pharmaceutical chemist in order to obtain a business training, and also to attend lectures on chemistry at the laboratories of the Pharmaceutical Society, Bloomsbury Square; University College, London, or at one of the colleges in the provinces, such as University College, Liverpool, or Mason College Birmingham. A less expensive, though not so good a plan, is, after passing the A. S. A. examination, which may be managed in a few months, to obtain a paid post as assistant-dispenser to a doctor. While holding such a post, a girl could continue her chemical and pharmaceutical studies, so as to enable her, at the end of the three years, to obtain the Pharmaceutical Society's diploma. It is necessary to remember that without this diploma no one may open a chemist's shop. But women who are unambitious or unpossessed of capital, are sometimes content to remain assistant-dispensers, and in this capacity they may earn from £35 to £75 a year.

Factory Inspectorship.—*How can I become an Inspector of Factories and Workshops? What are the subjects to be studied? I am nineteen, and have received a good education. I have tried to get into the General Post-Office, as woman clerk, but failed, owing to the keen competition.*—Sally Brass.

We fear that "Sally Brass" is aiming too high in thinking of a factory inspectorship at present. To begin with, she is much too young. A factory inspector ought not to be less than twenty-five, and we should say preferably, not less than thirty. The duties are not such as can be summed up by saying how many hours they occupy, or what subjects must be studied. They demand mainly such rare personal qualities as judgment, tact, observation and knowledge of the world. Primarily it is the inspector's business to see that the regulations of the Factory Act are carried out in places where women are employed. It is necessary to ascertain that women do not work overtime more than the amount fixed by law, that young persons are not detained beyond the limits which apply to them, and that all sanitary conditions are properly observed. To enforce such regulations as these, a person of considerable authority and force of character is required. Women of less experience, however, may seek employment as Sanitary Inspectors of Workshops under the control of municipal bodies, especially of vestries. And from a sanitary inspectorship it may be possible later to pass to the higher office.

We give this pleasant extract from the letter of a girl-correspondent who leads a life of travel. The letter is answered elsewhere.

"I am sure that you must be a kind friend to your world of girls in all countries; far, far over the sea, at the Cape, in America, in Melbourne, even in China and Japan, I have met many an English girl who read with great pleasure the yearly volumes of our Paper. It follows me about in my travels like a loving voice, from a dear yet unknown home."

Star writes: "*Can you give me the explanation of the following lines in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." They occur in stanza lxxxviii, verse* 12.

And last, returning from afar
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fallen into her father's grave.

The "crimson-circled star" is the planet Venus, often called the Evening Star.

As the planets derive their light and heat from the sun, and revolve about him as their centre, he may be called their father. "The sun and his family" are frequently spoken of. "We thus see that the sun presides over a numerous family," says Sir Robert Ball (*Story of the Heavens*), in describing the solar system. "The members of that family are dependent upon the sun, and have a size suitably proportioned to their subordinate position.

But why *crimson-circled?*

We may again turn to the *Story of the Heavens*. "Look to the west; the sun has but lately set, and over the spot where his departing beams still linger, we see the lovely evening star shining forth. This is the planet Venus." At a certain part of the year only is she visible in the west; but when she is she may often be girdled by the glory of the sunset crimson, ere she too sinks into "her father's grave," *i.e.*, sets in the clouds, the darkness, or the waves, which have already appeared to receive the setting sun.

We thank Star for sending us so interesting a question, and suggest that our readers should study for themselves the appearances of the planet Venus.

"Dilys" *inquires the author of the following lines:*

"Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't."

They appear as an inscription upon the pillar erected on the mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury, and are there anonymous. Aaron Hill (1685–1750), however, writes in the epilogue to *Zara:*

"First then, a woman will or won't, depend on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an end on't.
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice."

Samuel Tuke (died 1673) writes in *Adventures of Five Hours*, act v. scene 3:

"He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will."

The lines, therefore, on the monument would appear to be a compound of olden quotations.

Our Open Letter Box.

Can any one tell Star the author of a poem entitled—

"Creeping up the stairs."

"A Lover of Poetry" wishes to know the last three verses of a ballad entitled "Mary Hamilton" (Whyte Melville's "The Queen's Mairies"), and to be informed whether it has been set to music.

Miss M. K. Pugh writes from Hastings to answer Lilac's query as to a quotation:

"If she gets Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, she will find the words in one of his most beautiful poems, *The First Settler's Story*. The whole moral of the story runs thus:—

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds,
You can't do that way when you're flying words;
'Careful with fire,' is good advice, we know;
'Careful with words,' is ten times doubly so."

E. A. T. asks where the full text can be found of the hymn containing the following verse:—

"Father of Heaven, Thy children stray,
Groping, at noon, their homeward way;
Long is the road and fierce the sun,
When will the weary way be done?
Footsore and faint, to Thee we cry,
Father of Heaven, be very nigh."

We have to thank F. P. and Bessie Cleevely for the information Lilaac required as to the authorship of the verse quoted recently, beginning:

"Boys, flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds."

(Will Carleton, *The First Settler's Story*, published in "Our Own Gazette," February, 1893). If Lilaac will send her address to Miss Bessie Cleevely, Thorntonville, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, she will have a copy of the lines sent her by post. It is against the rules for us personally to forward the extract.

Vera Vernon writes to inform "Tony Whiskey Tibbins" that the lines by Lady Nairne with the refrain:

"Will ye no come back again?"

are to be found in "Fifty Years of Scottish Song," arranged with pianoforte accompaniment by James T. Smith (London, Bayley and Ferguson, 34, Paternoster Row; Glasgow, 54, Queen Street). The words occur also with slight variation under the title "Bonnie Charlie" in "The Franklin Square Song Collection." We are much obliged to Vera for this (the only) reply to the question, and for her suggestion that the music is by Finlay Dunn. The first verse runs as follows:

"Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'
Safely ower the friendly main.
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he ne'er come back again."

Wyandotte *inquires the name and address of the publisher of a poem called "The Captive Slave."*

Longfellow and Whittier have many stirring poems on slavery, but we cannot discover one with this title. Perhaps some correspondent can offer a suggestion?

Vendetta asks for the author and the source of the following extract:

"Well I know thy heart-strings quiver
Answering music to my own."

Also for the meaning of the Christian name "Alwyn."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



STUDY AND STUDIO.

NORMA.—Many thanks for your letter of acknowledgment. You see that we are still mentioning your society, and wish you all success. Kindly be sure to apprise us of any change in address or management.

VERA VERNON.—Many thanks for your information which we publish elsewhere. The piece described in Lily Watson's "Child of Genius," "Gavotte from Bach's Second Violin Sonata, transcribed by Saint-Saëns," is certainly a real piece of music, and you can obtain it, as also Grieg's "Reveries," by writing to any good music warehouse.

ETHEL.—1. The "Lake Poets" were Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, so called, because they lived in the English Lake District. Wordsworth's poetry, especially, is inspired by the scenery of that region.—2. We think you would find plenty of fresh, pure air, sufficient exercise, and plain wholesome food, the best cure for "rings under the eyes," as you say they are not caused by overwork. Attend to your general health in every possible way.

E. N.—Your designs strike us as very good. We should advise you to send specimens to some of the great firms of pottery manufacturers and inquire if they would be of any use. Of course, as to their value, everything depends on the demand there is for such designs, and this only an expert could tell you.

ELOCUTION.—We cannot insert your query unless we know more of the poem you wish to find. The extract quoted does not seem to us worth following up, but this may be an unfair judgment on our part from so brief a specimen.

WM. GILMOUR.—We are grateful for your suggestion that the passage beginning "I expect to pass through this world but once," and ending "for I shall not pass this way again," appears in the works of Xenophon. We should really be very glad if this quotation (*vide* p. 815, October part) could be actually traced to its connection in the pages of Xenophon, Marcus Aurelius, or elsewhere. We must confess that we have not hitherto been able to light upon it in its original home.

ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—Your letter does you great credit. If you work from 9 until 8 P.M. (far too long!) at dressmaking, we do not see how you can find time for hard study. We should advise you to begin by reading some of Walter Scott's novels and looking up the history of the period, so as to get a clear idea of the setting of the story. If you are very weak in any special subject (*e.g.*, arithmetic) get a manual, and work a short sum every day. But it would be far better for you to attend some evening classes in the nearest Polytechnic or Evening Continuation School, as lonely work when one is tired is apt to be rather discouraging. The Diamond Jubilee Society (Miss Noble Green, Rowan Bank, Peebles, N.B.) might help you, and the fee is only 1s. a year for each class joined, with an entrance fee of 1s. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

INGEBORG.—We are glad to hear from a Danish girl. Certainly you can "prepare for an examination by correspondence." Apply to the Secretary, Association for Education of Women, Clarendon Building, Oxford; also to the Hon. Sec., Queen Margaret Correspondence Classes, 31, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow. From either you will doubtless receive full particulars.

INQUIRER.—Your verses show an observant ear, and we rather like your conception in the lines—

> "Nature's sounds, with those invented,
> Make a stirring monotone."

But the "form" is open to criticism. The rhymes are incorrect, *e.g.*, "alone," "come," "dome." "Then the firing of a gun," is a halting line. All these matters need attention in the writing of verse. You are quite right in trying to describe what you actually see and hear, and in any case, it is a good exercise for you in composition. Many thanks for your kind expressions.

ARGEMONE.—We are pleased to hear from you in New South Wales. You will not be wrong in applying the same rules to the pronunciation of Greek as to the pronunciation of Latin, and you say the latter are given you. There are, however, a few special points which we will note here (from Dr. Curtius' grammar) for your assistance:—"Before γ, κ, χ, or ξ, γ is pronounced *ng*, and is in Latin represented by *n*; *e.g.* τέγγω is pronounced tengo; φόρμιγξ, phorminx. Of the diphthongs, αι and ει are both pronounced as *ei* in height; οι, as *oy* in boy; ου, as *ow* in bow (or now); υι, as *wy* in why; ευ and ηυ, as *ew* in new. When two vowels, usually pronounced together, are to be pronounced separately, the latter has over it a diæresis; thus παΐς is pronounced pa-is. The sign ' placed over an initial vowel, represents the letter *h*; ἓξ is pronounced hex." No doubt your own grammar tells you whether the vowels are short or long. It is not at all likely that we pronounce as the ancient Greeks did, and whatever we do, we cannot hope to be very near correctness. We wish we could help you more. We are very glad to hear that you are making such good progress in Latin. If you like to send us a Greek sentence or two, we could write them out for you as usually pronounced, but we fancy your difficulty may arise largely from want of familiarity with the Greek characters.

ABBOTSFORD.—We are glad to hear brighter news of you. No, we do not consider that short-story writing is, as a rule, waste of time. The short story has in our days been brought to a pitch of great perfection. But in your case we felt it would be wise to rest awhile, and then attempt a more sustained effort. If you have some good ideas, however, for short stories, do not let them slip, but embody them before they have melted back again into the unknown.

SCATTER-BRAINS.—1. Carlyle means by saying "no one should ever write poetry unless he cannot help it," that the greatest poetry has in it what we call "the inevitable"—something that forces itself into utterance, instead of being laboriously manufactured. This is the mark of genius. His observation would not apply to the writing of verses such as those you send us. It is a capital exercise in composition for you. "Evening" is the better of the two pieces. The metre of "Jubilee" is rather shaky. We cannot tell you that these are true "poetry," but that, you know, would be very high praise indeed.—2. We only publish stories by practised writers in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Two questions are all that may be answered at once, but we thank you for your charming letter, and wish you success in your medical career.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 938.] DECEMBER 18, 1897. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SISTERS THREE.

By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

NORAH was white and subdued for the rest of the evening, but as she was a stranger to three out of the four members of the household, this unusual fact attracted little attention. It was taken for granted that, like Edna, she was exhausted by the excitement of the first music lesson, and both girls were dispatched to bed at an early hour.

Next morning Rex hied off to the Vicarage, to work for a couple of hours with the vicar, a scholarly recluse, with whom he was reading for college, and the girls were left alone to pursue their acquaintance. Conversation naturally turned on Rex, but Edna told the story of his discontent from a fresh point of view.

"Father doesn't ask him to choose a profession if he would rather go into business, but he thinks every man is better for a college education, and that Rex is too young to decide for himself until he is twenty-one. If he works till then, he can do what he likes in the future, but Rex is so obstinate. He thinks he is a man because he is nearly eighteen, and wants to have his own way at once. It makes father so angry."

Norah pursed up her lips. She could imagine that a conflict of wills between



"'I WON'T DETAIN YOU ANY LONGER,' SHE SAID ICILY, AS SHE ROSE FROM HER SEAT.

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the old Squire and his son would be no trifling matter. In imagination, she saw them standing facing each other—the father ruddy, bristling, energetic—Rex straight and tall, his lips set, his eyes *gleaming. They* were too like each other in disposition for either to find it easy to give way.

"Boys are a great trial," she said, sighing profoundly. "We have two, you know, Raymond and Bob. They have gone back to school now, and the house is so peaceful. I am glad I wasn't born a boy. They never seem happy unless there is a disturbance going on. But both Rex and your father seem so fond of you. Can't you coax them round?"

"Oh, I daren't! Edna looked quite alarmed. Mother and I never interfere; we leave them to fight it out between themselves. But if they go on fighting for the next three years it won't be very lively, I must say!"

Edna would have been as much surprised as delighted if she had known that the conflict which had so long destroyed the peace of the household was at an end, even as she spoke. No one could fail to notice that the Squire was in an unusually radiant frame of mind at luncheon, or that he addressed his son with marked favour; but it was not until the drive home was nearly over, and the gates of Cloudsdale in view, that Rex enlightened his companion's curiosity on the point. He had cleared his throat once or twice in a curious, embarrassed manner, before he began to speak.

"Er—Norah—I've something to tell you. When we were shut up in that hole last night, I was thinking too. The governor has been very good to me, and it seems ungrateful to stand out about college, when he is so keen on it. It is only for three years. I—er—I told him this morning that I would do my best till I was twenty-one, if he would promise to let me have a free choice after that."

"Oh, Rex, did you? I am so glad. I am sure you will never regret it. You will always be glad that you did what your father wished, even if it is hard at the time. I think you are very, very good and kind, and unselfish."

"All right! You needn't gush. I hate girls who gush," said Rex, curtly, and Norah understood that she was to say no more on the subject, and collapsed into obedient silence.

It seemed a day of good resolutions, for Norah could not but notice that Hilary looked ill and was obviously in low spirits. Her greeting had been more affectionate than usual; nevertheless, the remembrance of the quarrel of a few days earlier still rankled in Norah's mind, and the resolutions of yesterday were too fresh to allow her to be satisfied without a definite reconciliation. The first time they were alone together, she burst into impetuous apologies. "Oh, Hilary, I wanted to say that I'm sorry I was cross on Monday. I don't mind a bit about the drawing-room; alter it in any way you like. Of course you know better how things should be, after staying in London. I'm sorry I was rude, but I did dust it, really."

To her surprise, the tears rose in Hilary's eyes, and she looked absolutely distressed. "Oh, Norah, don't! I'm sorry too. I didn't think I had grumbled so much. But Miss Carr's house is so beautiful, and when I came home——"

"I know. But it looks ever so much nicer in summer, when the doors are open and the flowers are in bloom. If you like to move the piano, and make it stand out from the walls, I'll give you my yellow silk for the drapery. Aunt Amy sent it to me for a dress, but I've never used it."

"Thank you, Norah; it's awfully good of you, but I shall have something else to do besides draping pianos for the next few weeks, I'm afraid," said Hilary, dismally. "Mary has given notice!" and the poor little housekeeper heaved a sigh; for Mary had been a model housemaid, and it would be a difficult matter to replace her in this quiet country place.

"Mary given notice! Mary! Oh, how horrid! I hate strange servants, and she has been with us so long. Why ever is she——" Norah checked herself with a quick recollection of the events of the last week, but Hilary did not shirk the unfinished question.

"She was vexed because I found fault. I felt cross and worried, and vented it on her. I didn't realise it at the time, but I see now that I was unreasonable;" and to hear Hilary confess a fault, was an experience so extraordinary, that Norah sat dumbfounded, unable to account for the phenomena.

The threatened loss of Mary was too important a family event to pass unnoticed in the general conversation. Lettice was full of lamentations, and even Rex had a tribute to pay to her excellence. "The big, strapping girl, who waited on me when I was laid up? Oh, I say, what a nuisance. I wish she would come to us; she has such a jolly good-natured face."

"If she came to you, I would never stay at your house again. I'd be too jealous," said Norah dolefully. "We shall never get anyone like Mary."

"We may be thankful if we get anyone at all. Girls don't like living so far from the village," groaned Lettice in concert, and the virtues of Mary, and the difficulties of supplanting her were discussed, at length, throughout the afternoon. Hilary's sense of guilt in the matter made her even more energetic than usual in her efforts to find a new maid. She visited the local registry offices, inserted advertisements in the papers, and wrote reams of letters; and, on the third day, to her delight, a young woman arrived to apply for the situation. It was the first time that the duty of interviewing a new servant had devolved upon Hilary's shoulders, for all three maids had been in the family for years, and, in her new doubtfulness of self, she would have been glad to ask the help of Miss Briggs, but that good lady had taken Geraldine for a walk, and there was no help at hand.

"I don't know if she is afraid of me, but I am certainly terrified of her!" said poor Hilary, smoothing her hair before the glass, and trying to make herself look as staid and grown-up as possible. "I don't know what on earth to say. Lettice, come and sit in the room, there's a dear, and see what you think of her. I shouldn't like to engage anyone on my own responsibility." So the two girls went downstairs together, and Lettice looked on from a quiet corner, while Hilary sat bolt upright, cross-questioning the new servant. She was a tall, awkward girl, untidily dressed, with a fly-away hat perched on the top of her head, a spotted veil drawn over her face, and the shabbiest of boas wound round her neck. "What a contrast to our nice, trim Mary," groaned Lettice to herself, while Hilary cudgelled her brain to think of appropriate questions.

"And—er—have you been accustomed to housemaid's work?"

"Oh, yes, miss. I'm very handy about a house, miss. I'm sure I could give you satisfaction, miss."

("I don't like her voice. She has not nearly such nice manners as Mary," sighed Hilary to herself. "Oh dear me!")

"And—er—can you—er—get up in the morning without being called?"

"Oh yes, miss; I'm fond of early rising. It's never any trouble to me to get up."

"And—er—we are rather a large family, and I am very particular. Are you quite strong and able to work?"

"Oh yes, miss; quite strong, miss. Never had a day's illness in my life."

"And—er (there must be other questions to ask, but it's terribly difficult to think of them. I can't ask her to her face if she is honest and sober—it's absurd" thought Hilary in despair).

"And—er—er—I suppose you are good-tempered, and would not quarrel with the other servants?"

"Oh yes, miss. Oh no, miss. All my mistresses would say for me, I'm sure, miss, that there never was a girl with a sweeter temper. I couldn't hurt a fly, miss, I'm sure I couldn't, I've such a tender heart."

("I'm sure she has nothing of the kind. I don't like her a bit; but, oh dear, what can I do? If she goes on agreeing with all I say, I have no excuse for telling her that she won't suit.")

"And—er—you would have to attend to all the bedrooms, and the schoolroom, and help the parlour-maid with the waiting. If you have not been accustomed to a large family, I am afraid you would find it a heavy place."

"Oh no, miss; not too heavy, miss. I'm never so happy as when I'm working. I've been brought up to work."

"Yes—but—but—but I'm afraid you would not suit me," cried Hilary, summoning the courage in despair, and determined, at all costs, to put an end to the interview. "I won't trouble you to send your character, for perhaps your mistress might object to give it twice, and I—er—you see—I don't quite know when my present maid is leaving, and I think—I am afraid——"

"Oh, it's no trouble at all, miss. I'll bring it with pleasure. I am sure you would suit me very well. I've always heard of you as such a good mistress, and I'd like to live with you; I would indeed!"

Hilary sat dumbfounded. She was beginning to feel quite afraid of this terrible young woman who stood up before her, looking so tall and formidable, and tossing her head until all the shabby black feathers shook again on her hat. "I—I won't detain you any longer," she said icily, as she rose from her seat. "You can leave your address, and if I change my mind I will let you know." She laid her hand on the bell as she spoke, but, to her amazement, the young woman suddenly flopped down on a chair, and folded her arms with a determined gesture.

"I won't stir an inch till I've had my lunch," she said; and from beneath the skirts of her dress there appeared a pair of stout, hob-nailed boots; from within her muff, two big, brown hands; and beneath the veil, a laughing, mischievous face.

"Rex!" screamed Hilary, at the pitch of her voice. "Oh, you horrible, deceiving, bad, impertinent boy!"

"Rex!" echoed Lettice in chorus. "Oh, oh! how lovely! how delicious! However did you do it? Norah!—Norah! Norah! Oh, do come here!" In rushed Norah, breathless with curiosity, to know what had happened, and the next ten minutes was passed in a clamour of questionings. When had he thought of it? How had he thought of it? Where had he found the clothes? How had he dressed? etc., etc.

Rex paraded the room with mincing steps, and simpered at his own reflection in the looking-glass.

"Old things of the mater's and Edna's. Brought 'em over in the cart, and dressed in the summer-house. What a nice girl I should have made, to be sure. Seems quite a waste, doesn't it? I say, though, I am nearly suffocating with heat. Can't I go and take them off somewhere?"

He was crossing the hall on the way to the cloak room, when who should come tripping downstairs but Mary herself, trim and neat as ever, but casting a glance the reverse of approving at the strange young woman who had come to supplant herself.

"Good morning, Mary. I've come to apply for the place," said Rex gravely; then suddenly picking up his skirts, displayed his trousered legs underneath, and executed a wild schottische round the hall.

Mary gave a shriek, put her hand to her heart, and sank down on the stairs, brushes and all, in a breathless heap. "Oh, Mr. Rex, oh! I never in all my life! Oh, what a turn you gave me! Oh! oh! oh!" And she gasped and panted till Norah became alarmed, and went up to pat her on the shoulder.

"Don't, Mary, don't! Oh, Mary, I wish it was all fun. I wish you weren't going."

"So do I, Miss Norah. I don't want to leave you, but Miss Hilary——"

"I don't want you to go, Mary. I would rather have you than anyone else."

"Ha! ha! ha!" Rex pranced round the hall in wild delight. "Look at that now! Reginald Frere, Esq., peacemaker and housemaid-waitress. Apply—Brathey Manor——"

"What in the world is the matter? Has everyone gone mad? How am I supposed to write in this uproar?" Mr. Bertrand appeared at his study door with an expression of long-enduring misery, whereat there was a general stampede, and the house subsided into silence.

(To be continued.)



A BABY'S FIRST SHOE FROM OLD KID GLOVES.

We think "Our Girls" will find this pattern exactly what they want for utilising old evening gloves. We are again indebted to our friend in Antwerp for the idea, which is thoroughly practical and works out well.

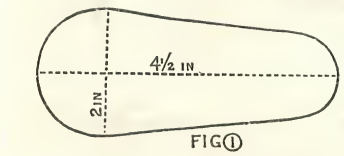


FIG ①

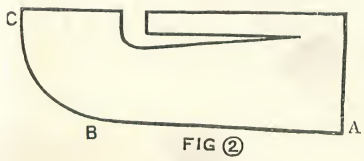


FIG ②

Only the long arm pieces are required; cut them off at the wrist and rip up the seam. Figs. 1 and 3 must be cut out in buckram—not too stiff a kind—exactly according to measurements given. Lay the buckram pattern on the kid and cut that slightly larger all the way round, excepting the centre part of Fig. 3.

A thin silk lining of any delicate shade should be cut the same size as the kid. The seam at the back of the shoe A, Fig. 2, consists of kid and silk lining sewn together from the inside, then insert the buckram, which cannot overlap and cause a hard seam.

Turn in all the raw edges of the silk and oversew them to the kid over the buckram; make the sole quite complete in a similar way. When joining the "upper" to the sole, be careful to commence oversewing from the outside at A, Fig. 2, and work up to B, then begin again at A and work round the other side to B. The remaining portion round the toe C requires to be slightly puckered on to the sole to allow room for baby's toes.

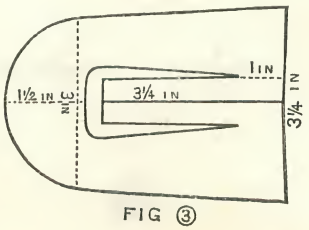


FIG ③


FIG ④

Bind the shoe round the top and strap with ribbon or fine silk braid to match the lining, and add a small button and loop to strap.

The toe may be decorated with a bow of kid or pompom of the ribbon used for binding. Sometimes a tiny bell is inserted in the pompom, to the great delight of the small wearer.

"Cousin Lil."

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

The Aucuba.

The bright coral-red berries of the aucuba are now showing in pretty contrast with its light green spotted leaves.

This useful hardy shrub was introduced from Japan in 1783, but as it is dioecious and bears male and female flowers on different trees, no berries were ever seen on the early specimens, for it happened that they were exclusively of the female sex.



AUCUBA BERRIES.

However in 1861 Mr. R. Fortune, the great traveller and botanist, brought over from China some of the male pollen-bearing trees, and now the wind carries the fertilising dust far and wide, and the sprays of red berries appear amongst the foliage in profusion.

This shrub is not only ornamental, but has the useful quality of thriving well in smoky air, and hence we see it so frequently growing in town gardens and squares.

Laurel-Leaf Glands.

I do not suppose that the honey-glands of the common cherry-laurel are often observed, as they exist on the under side of the leaf and are therefore hidden from the passer-by.

We may often have wondered why, in early spring, we so frequently see bees, wasps and flies buzzing about our laurel hedges, and apparently so busy in collecting something which they need at that season. If we examine the back of one of the leaves we shall discover the attraction, for at the base of the leaf and near the midrib are from two to four glands exuding a sweet liquid which affords welcome sustenance to insects. What particular use these glands may be to the shrub itself is not known; they seem to be a speciality of the laurel for, although I have examined a large number of shrubs and trees I cannot find similar glands in any other plant, though doubtless some may exist.

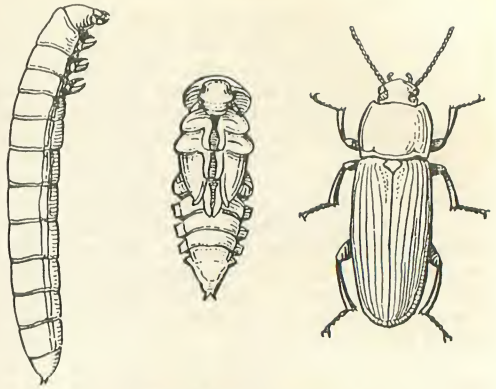
The so-called laurel is really a species of cherry, and in favourable years it bears long sprays of purple berries. The true laurel is the bay tree, *Laurus nobilis;* it also bears cherry-like fruits, but only in the southern parts of England.

The Mealworm Beetle (*Tenebris Molitor*).

When our feathered pets are of a kind that will not prosper without insect diet, it is always rather a difficult problem as to the best mode of supplying them, during both winter and summer, with food which will keep them in health and vigour.

Ants' eggs are collected and dried and can always be purchased throughout the year, and these afford a useful food for many species of birds although I have not found them always approved of by my own special pets.

Raw meat is another resource, but it is troublesome to prepare and very difficult to keep fresh in hot weather. The one item that seems indispensable in bird-keeping is the mealworm, and, as many people have asked me "what is a mealworm?" I will take it for my subject to-day. If my readers will refer to the illustration they will see a long sort of caterpillar which is the aforesaid mealworm, the larva of the mealworm beetle.



MEALWORM BEETLE.

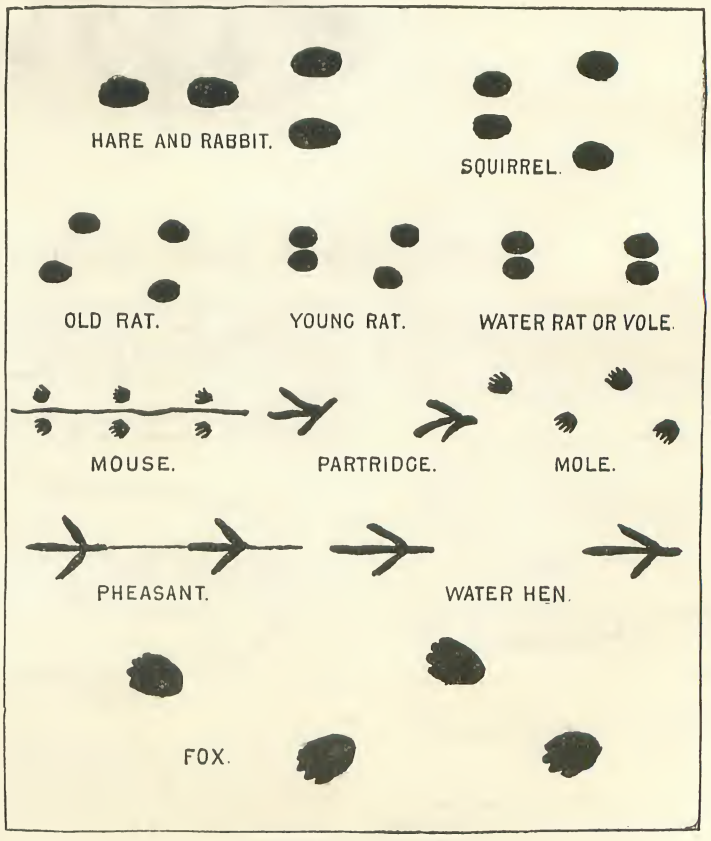
Magnified about six times larger than life.

Instead of being soft like an ordinary grub, it is hard and polished, of a brownish yellow colour, and in all respects extremely like the destructive pest called by gardeners the wireworm. The latter, however, is the larva of a different species of beetle which feeds on plant roots.

The mealworm beetle is always to be found in mills, granaries and bakehouses, in fact wherever flour is kept, for in it the beetles lay their eggs, and these hatch into minute thread-like grubs, which in two years' time grow into flat long-bodied mealworms, perfectly harmless, scentless creatures, easily kept in a tin box filled with barley-meal and flour. They grow and fatten all the quicker if the box is kept in a warm place and some layers of flannel are supplied, as they feed upon flannel as well as upon flour. The flannel should be moistened occasionally with a little beer or water.

At length the worm turns into a curious mummy-like chrysalide, and then into the perfect beetle which, although it is black, is not in any way related to the so-called black beetle or cockroach, which is not a beetle at all, and is of a reddish brown, the male possessing four strong wings.

The mealworm beetle is as innocent and



FOOTPRINTS IN SNOW.

harmless as its larva; I sometimes find a wandering specimen near my bird-cages, and I know I can safely pick it up and restore it to the box where its kith and kin reside, with no fear of its biting or leaving any odour on my hands.

The English nightingale is unfortunately so fond of this insect, that bird-catchers can always trap it with the greatest ease by clearing a space upon the ground and placing some mealworms on limed twigs.

The bird flies down immediately to secure the dainty, and is held fast and caught by the snare so cunningly set.

Foot-Prints in Snow.

A heavy fall of snow gives us a clue to the nocturnal wanderings of such animals as hares, rabbits, foxes, rats and mice.

With a little practice, we may learn to recognise their respective foot-prints in the garden and fields.

Some animals run, others leap along; each creature has its own manner of getting over the ground, and what we cannot see when we catch a glimpse of them when their limbs are in rapid action is faithfully revealed by the snow-prints.

We can soon learn hare and rabbit-marks, which always show two feet in front, one before the other, and the hind feet parallel.

The fox runs like a dog, with alternate prints, the squirrel places its short fore-feet close together, and the hind feet widely apart.

Rats vary much in their movements; land and water-rats, young and old rats, all mark the snow differently and are very puzzling to define.

I think mice are the cleverest little people in snowy times; they know that they can easily be seen by owls, so they form tunnels in the snow from one spot to another so that they may go to and fro in safety; their fore and hind feet make parallel marks as they leap along.

If a mole chances to be on the surface of the ground he makes a furrow as he flounders through the snow and his foot-prints are alternate.

I was much puzzled by a three-pronged impression always with a connecting line in the middle, but at last I discovered it to be made by the pheasant; it plants one foot exactly in front of the other, and the long hind toe makes the trailing line between the footprints.

Pigeons and doves, having very short legs, are apt to help themselves along with their wings, and these leave a sort of blurred trail rather difficult to make out until one has seen one of these birds plodding with difficulty through the snow.

With a little study we may soon distinguish the birds that walk from those that run or hop, and once our attention has been called to this subject of footprints, we shall find it a rather amusing interest added to our winter rambles.

Otoliths.

As the ground is frozen and all nature seems asleep at this wintry season, we must defer our out-of-door rambles and go into my museum for some otoliths for to-day's study.

The word sounds like something very scientific and out of the way, and yet without knowing it these objects have been constantly upon our dinner-plates, for they are little snow-white bones to be found in the heads of haddock, whiting, gurnard and cod. How these little stone-like bodies assist the hearing of fishes is, I believe, not very clearly known, but that is supposed to be their use in the economy of the fish.

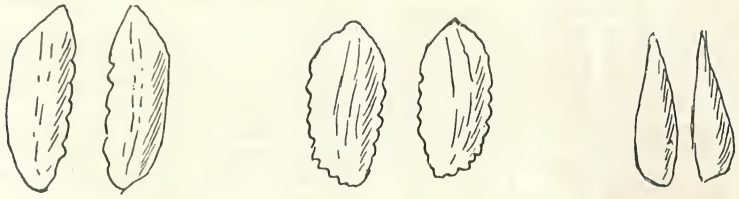
One exists in each lobe of the brain, so that if we wish to find them we must completely divide the head of a whiting, when boiled, and there hidden on either side we shall discover the otolith. It appears to be quite unattached to the skull, and simply lies in its cavity to aid in the conveyance of sound to the fish's brain.

I may mention a use to which I have put these ear-bones with a rather good result.

Having a store of rose-beetle wings and otoliths I resolved to decorate a banner screen with them in this fashion. I traced, on a piece of rich dark green satin, a flowing design of jasmine sprays. With fine white silk I tacked on sets of five otoliths starwise, each star to represent a jasmine flower, while the beetle wings did duty for the leaves. Each otolith and beetle-wing was edged round with fine gold braid which kept them firmly in place and also formed the connecting stems. The beetle wings had to be pierced with a very small needle and each sewn on separately with fine green silk. The ear-bones will not admit of piercing, so two stitches of white silk across either end attached them firmly to the satin.

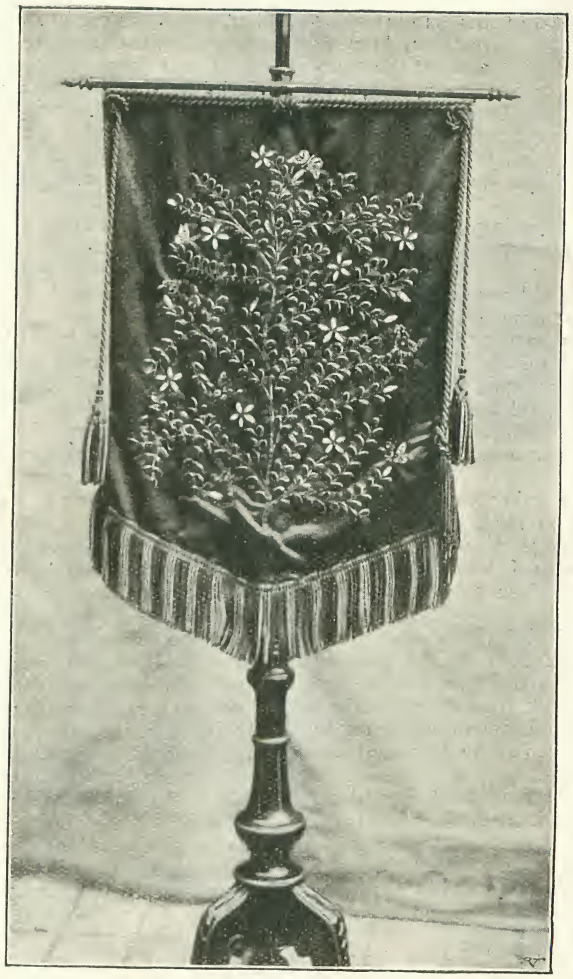
The plate will give an idea of the effect, which is remarkably good, and my rather original banner screen has, I must say, been much admired.

Rose-beetles are not usually to be found in any number, but an even better result may be obtained by Indian beetle-wings which are sold at all Berlin-wool shops.



Haddock. *Cod.* *Whiting.*

OTOLITHS.



OTOLITHS.

The otoliths must of course be saved up from our daily repast until we have sufficient for the pupose: the ear-bones of the haddock are, I think, the most suitable for this novel fancy-work.

To add a little varied colour to my screen I embroidered a few butterflies, copied from nature, in coloured silks and introduced them with good effect amongst the jasmine sprays.

The screen is made up with old gold cord and tassels and lined with silk of the same colour.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE UNFORSEEN.



THE following day turned out very wet, but in spite of the rain and Madge's persuasions, Jack persisted in going to his golf match in the afternoon.

Guy stood with his hands in his pockets, leaning against the door-post, when the trap came round, and watched Madge put Jack's mackintosh round him, saying as she did so, "I wish you wouldn't go, Jack. If you get cold you'll perhaps be laid up with pleurisy again."

"But I'm not going to take cold, sister mine," he replied gaily. "It isn't really raining, it's only drizzling. I shall keep this old cape on, and look at the thickness of my boots."

"But it looks so heavy all round, it will be worse later on. You'd better take father's overcoat as well."

Jack laughed good-naturedly, saying, "What about my goloshes and umbrella, etc. You'd better send them in the pram with nurse.

"Hope you'll enjoy yourself, Guy," he added. "You must gently remonstrate with Madge if she talks too learnedly, because I know your brain won't stand it. You know where the cigars are."

"I shall be all right," was the ready answer, and just then Madge hurried past him, out into the rain. A sudden desire to kiss Jack before he went had come over her, and she mounted on to the step, regardless of the rain and the pony's restiveness.

Jack kissed her fondly. "Good-bye, old lady," he said. "Look after Guy, won't you?"

"You'll take care of yourself," she urged, without replying to his question. "And come straight home when you've finished the game."

"I will if I can, but I may have to go in to dinner with Haines," and with a last wave he drove off.

Madge stood and watched him until he was out of sight, then walked slowly up the steps into the hall.

"You'll catch your death of cold," remarked Guy, looking down at her feet. "Hadn't you better change your slippers, they must be wet through."

Madge looked down mechanically and answered, "I never take cold." Then she added uneasily, "But Jack does, he has a delicate chest."

"He's well wrapped up, I don't think he'll hurt," said Guy reassuringly. "And he won't be out long. You needn't bother about me, I can read the paper."

"Oh! very well!" she replied, rather relieved, "I shall be in the drawing-room if you want anything," and she walked away at once.

Guy went into the smoke-room and threw himself into an easy chair, but it was with rather a disconsolate air than otherwise. He didn't at all appreciate her ready acquiescence to leave him alone, and had hoped she would ask him to sit with her. After an hour's solitude, he finally decided to go in search of her, and throwing away his cigar end, proceeded to the drawing-room.

He found her alone with an open book in her hands and some work beside her. When he appeared she laid down her book and took up the work, and Guy, remarking that he had grown tired of his own company and hoped she wouldn't mind if he stayed, took a low chair opposite to her.

"You read a tremendous lot, don't you?" he asked, as a preliminary.

"Not so much as I used to, I have grown tired of it."

"Have you taken to work instead?"

"No, I very rarely work, except to knit. I am fond of knitting, as I can think all the time."

"I can't imagine what you find to think about. I hardly ever think, and when I do I generally get to the end of a subject in about ten minutes."

"It rather runs in our family," she replied, keeping her eyes rigidly on her work. "There have been some members of it who have written as well as thought."

"Do you ever write?"

"I?—no—I don't want to. There are quite enough writers already, they will soon out-number the readers."

"Still, it might be a pleasant occupation. I should have thought you would have been glad of something to do."

"Oh! I don't mind," and she shrugged her shoulders slightly. "I made a good deal of fuss about it at one time but it wasn't any use. Now I have given up bothering. I can play the piano, dress tastefully and do a little sewing, what more can a woman want?" and her lips curled cynically. "That's all you men expect of us, isn't it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," and he knit his brow thoughtfully. "Personally I don't see why a girl shouldn't have some definite work, if she wants it. What should you like to do?"

Madge was silent a few moments, then she said in a quiet, determined voice, "I have given up thinking about it; it only did more harm than good. I had a lot of wild, eager dreams at one time; I know better than to indulge in them now."

"I think it's rather pleasant to dream," he said.

"I think it's folly," she answered firmly. "The wisest plan is to make the best of the day before you and let the future be a blank."

"I don't see how one can help looking forward to things."

"It requires a certain amount of training, but one is proof against disappointments and caring too much about things, when one has succeeded."

"Have you succeeded?"

"To a certain extent; sufficient to save myself a great deal of useless fretting."

Guy looked at her curiously. She seemed to him to look so strangely immovable and self-contained, was it possible she had ever fretted and pined about anything?

The study of human nature had not yet been included in Guy's catalogue; he could not read "between the lines" of his fellow-creatures.

"Still, I suppose you are looking forward to coming up to town by-and-by," he said presently. "Jack talks about it sometimes."

"Does he? Well, I suppose that is the exception. I certainly always look forward to being with Jack. Not that I care much about going to London, but at any rate it will be away from here."

"You don't like this place?" inquiringly.

"Like it?" and Madge raised her eyebrows very significantly. "Hate is hardly a strong enough word for my sentiments."

"I think you'll like London immensely," he continued, not wishing to dwell on a subject that was evidently a very sore one.

"What do you think I shall like about it?"

"Oh! everything. The rush and excitement and change. It will have been almost worth while to have lived in a dull place."

"I don't agree with you, and I don't think London will please me. If I have a desire it is certainly not for town life."

"I wonder what it is?" he said, hesitatingly.

She was silent a little, then said musingly, "The new young world, across the ocean, where freedom is not a mere name. I am sick of England. People crowd so here, even the rural nooks are now over-run with trippers and defaced with advertisements, and the air is stifled with forms and ceremonies, bigotry, bickerings, and plagiarism. There is so much jostling and struggling, with everybody trying to make his neighbour a stepping-stone for himself. I would like to breathe the fresh free air of the Australian bush and live a life untrammelled by

old, worn-out customs and orthodoxes." She tossed her head with a restive movement, while a glow of fervour shone in her eyes. She reminded Guy of a young horse, panting to try its speed, and get free of the harness. "I can't breathe here," she said, "I want to feel free."

"Do you mean you would like the wild life, say, of a sheep-farm? Surely you wouldn't like the way in which they have to rough it?"

"Yes, why not? I should have loved to go out with Jack. It isn't always because they like it, that women sit with their hands on their knees. But there, I am talking nonsense," and she rose as she spoke with a half-impatient gesture. "It is so foolish to dwell on what might have been, or what one longs for. Shall I play to you? Do you like music?"

He would rather have heard her talk a great deal, but he didn't like to say so, remarking instead that he should be delighted.

"You had better make yourself comfortable as Jack does," she said carelessly. "He is fond of music at any time, but he always finds it a great improvement to have his feet off the ground."

"I always did admire Jack's taste," he answered laughing, and disposed of his feet accordingly.

The performance that followed was a great surprise to him, for he had not heard her play before, and had no idea she excelled as a pianist.

Not that he was anything of a judge, but at least he knew, he had never in his life before been able to sit and listen to music for a whole hour without growing weary. Perhaps it was because her playing was like herself, strange and fitful and fascinating; made up of many phases. Now soft, now fiery, now plaintive and wailing, now weird and harsh and discordant. It held you as her own personality did. You might not quite like it altogether; it might seem eccentric, but for all that you felt drawn towards her, in spite of the faults that persistently repelled you.

When at last tea was announced Guy was amazed to find how quickly the time had flown, and was very loth for her to leave off.

After tea she disappeared, and he did not see her again until about eight o'clock. She was expecting Jack every minute, and he saw by her face she had only come in hopes of finding him.

But time passed, and no Jack appeared, and meanwhile the rain began to fall in torrents.

At ten o'clock it was the general opinion that he was going to remain with his friend for the night, on account of the rain; except with Madge, and she persisted in expecting him every moment, and grew visibly anxious in spite of her efforts to appear unconcerned.

At half-past ten Guy found her at the open door and sought to reassure her.

"It's a good thing he's staying there, such a night," he said, "the old fellow's got a wise head about some things, after all."

It was pitch black and the rain continued to pour in torrents, in spite of the rough wind. It blew it in their faces and Madge shuddered visibly!

"I never knew him stay out for rain before," she said, "and he isn't over fond of Mr. Haines."

"Oh! but he wouldn't think of that on such a night. Don't you think you'd better come away from the door, you're getting quite wet."

She moved away slowly, without replying, and soon after they all retired to bed.

But sleep and rest would not come to Madge, and she lay awake far into the night listening to the wind, as it howled dismally round the house. A superstitious weakness seemed to take possession of her, sending a chill terror through her heart, and to her over-strung nerves the shrieking of the blast was as the cries of a great crowd of human beings in helpless agony. At last, driven almost to distraction with the weight of an indescribable dread, she reached a book and succeeded in reading herself to sleep from sheer weariness.

The next morning very early, as two labourers went to their day's work, they came across a strange object by the roadside. A trap appeared to be overturned in the ditch, and the pony which was harnessed to it had slipped down, and was too entangled in the harness to get up.

They hurried forward and quickly succeeded in cutting the pony free and dragging the trap away.

In the ditch lay a dark object, enshrouded in a large waterproof cape; the form of a man it was, and part of the cape appeared to have got twisted round his head.

With a nameless horror, they unravelled the cloak, and raised the still form; and the cold, dead face that lay upturned to the smiling heavens was the face of Jack Harcourt.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME NEW MEZZO-SOPRANO SONGS FOR GIRLS.

MANY a little daughter's heart must thrill at the tender feeling of May Hodge's words in "Nobody Else," which is set to music by Herbert Crimp (Keith Prowse). The story is of a deft wee woman who brightened and kept home together because there was,

"Nobody else, you see."

and the air is quite easy and enjoyable to sing.

"The Mission of a Rose," by F. Cowen (R. Cocks), is excellent in words and music, and affords good scope for true sentiment and just phrasing. No. 1 key is the most desirable for a mezzo-soprano voice. In a more classic and dramatic style is "The Captive" (La Captive), a posthumous work of Benjamin Godard's (Metzler), suitable to a high mezzo; it requires and repays study, for it contains some lovely passages. The accompaniment seems difficult at first, but after two or three earnest readings it is soon mastered, and the unique and poetic idea of the song is appreciated. An interesting series of sixteen songs with English lyrics by May Gillington (J. Williams), edited and arranged by Dr. Carl Reinecke, is well worth looking through, for some of them are quaint airs of Scarlatti Haydn, Grétry (such as No. 10, "The Prophet of Spring"), &c. No. 14 is J. S. Bach's beautiful "My Heart Now Awake Thee," also known under the title of "My Heart Ever Faithful." There is something very appealing in the simplicity and truth of James Whitcomb Riley's verses, "A Life Lesson," the music to which is by Constance Maud (Boosey).

"There, little girl, don't cry!"

is the slight refrain, but to girls of an older growth it contrives to teach a happy lesson.

From grave to gay, a lyric to "Sarah Jane" entitled "The Broken Heart" (Cramer), is most laughable yet refined; the words by R. S. Hichens are so neat and witty and the music so plaintively funny, both exactly matching, that it cannot fail to provoke smiles on the most serious face!

Then there is a very interesting little ditty, though it is not written for the feminine gender, namely, "The Mousmee," by Walter W. Hedgcock (R. Cocks); the singing of it is likely to amuse many a father or brother, so we mention it as being delightfully quaint and fresh. In fact quite a small oasis in the desert of common-place themes is this tale of the sweet little Mousmee.

"In her far-away Japan
With its junks and Fu-ji-san
And its tea-houses and temples and the smiling riksha-man!"

"A Message from Home" (W. Morley) is a prettily conceived story of Mary Mark Lemon's set to very tuneful and easy music by C. Francis Lloyd. "The Dreamers" by Edith Cooke (Cramer) is distinctly interesting and good in every way, and in a lightsome vein. "The Ivy and the Wall" by Reginald Somerville (Metzler), though slight is pleasing, with a gentle moral.

Lawrence Kellie's "Apple Blossoms" (Metzler) describes delightfully in words and music—

"The colour, beauty, wonder of the spring;"

of the accompaniment (which one certainly yearns to see in C) we say, "learn it and it will repay you tenfold." Another grand original lay is "The Throstle" by Alfred Cellier (Metzler). Herbert W. Warering has written a charming Sevillana, "The Mule Bells" (Cramer), which is most characteristic throughout in bright bravura style; and lastly, the plantation song, "Piccaninny Mine, Good-night," by H. Trotère (Cramer) is a darkey's remembrance of a lullaby long ago, and the words and music are written with much taste and feeling, making it very attractive for piano or banjo.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.

"THE CURFEW."

By W. T. SAWARD, B.A.



O SWEET sad hour of rest,
  Thou canst not come too soon;
Light lingers in the west
  To guide the rising moon.

Sweet curfew hour of peace,
  We wait thy solemn bell,
All toils and passions cease,
  And, at thy magic spell,

The folding landscape round
  Sinks into slumber still;
Only the ivy-crowned
  Church speaks from the hill.

Voice from the ages past,
  Not for the city's roar,
Some deep seclusion vast
  Or unfrequented shore

Still welcomes what thou bringest,
  The sweet, calm peace of old;
The vesper that thou singest
  Is more than all their gold.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART III

INVISIBLE WALL BUILDERS (*concluded*).

"Support the weak, be patient toward all" (1 Thess. v. 14.)

"Forbearing one another and forgiving one another" (Coll. iii. 13.)

DURING our last evening talk, my dear girls, we named one or two of the stones which help towards invisible wall-building. This evening our list will be a longer one, for, as in the case of more substantial structures, the materials are many, varied and always at hand. Here are a few of them.

Readiness to take offence at trifles or even at nothing. Imaginary grievances. Speech. Silence. Pride. Obstinacy.

There are persons so over-sensitive, or it may be so miserably self-conscious, that every word or act of their neighbour is supposed to be directed at themselves, and is at once mentally appropriated by them. There are no more active and persistent builders of invisible walls of partition, than are the people with whom self is always to the front.

Mind, dear girls, I do not mean selfish people in the ordinary sense of the word, those who want the best of everything, no matter at what cost to others. On the contrary, the people I allude to habitually appropriate the worst of everything and are, for this very reason, most uncomfortable people to be associated with. Their characters abound with contradictions, for they are often truly kind, generous and self-devoting, though they make themselves miserable and keep their friends in constant fear of giving them offence by some innocent word or action.

I have no doubt you, my dear girls, can remember schoolfellows or companions of this difficult type. So lovable in many ways, but so touchy and hard to get on with, that you were never quite happy in their company, because you never knew which of your sayings or doings might be misconstrued. I am afraid that those who are always on the watch for grievances and who take offence so easily, find a pleasure in nursing their imaginary pigmies, until they become very real giants to themselves. Turn the light of common sense on these fancied grievances—creatures of a morbid imagination—and they will quickly disappear.

Better still; look at them by the light of the love which "thinketh no evil," and though they may have sprung into being for an instant, they will cease to exist as quickly. It is the nursing and cherishing which gives them all their importance.

Is there one amongst you, my dear ones, who is at this moment pondering over some seeming slight, or mentally repeating a little jest, harmless enough, though in your case it has proved to be "not convenient"—a mere careless word that was uttered without the intent to pain any one, least of all a friend? If so, I beseech you to look at the other side and try to recall to mind the many kind acts and words which have come to you from the same source, but of which you have taken little account.

Has she, whom you now look upon almost as an enemy, been heretofore your friend? If so, is it likely she would inflict pain needlessly and wilfully? Do not believe it for a moment. Set yourself resolutely to banish that one incident from your mind. Let your thoughts dwell on all that has been sweet and pleasant in the past, and you will not only keep your friend but be fortified against future misunderstandings. Nurse your special grievance a little longer and silence will add another stone to help in building an invisible wall between you. How often it happens that, whilst a few misunderstood words have laid the foundations of a wall of separation, a few frank ones, spoken at the right moment, have levelled them again, and the old friendship has been established on a firmer basis than before.

Nurse a grievance in silence and the wall steadily rises. Pride adds stone to stone by suggesting that it would be humiliating to speak first when you were not the person in fault. Defer the frank question which would probably have brought an honest expression of regret from the friend whose word or act has pained you, and still higher goes up the wall. It would have been easy to speak at first and the words—"Believe me, dear, I never meant to pain you; forgive me for having done it, though, but for your telling me, I should never have known," would have sounded very sweet in your ears.

Most likely you would have learned a good lesson from the little misunderstanding. You would have taken yourself to task and owned that you had been too ready to take offence when none was intended, and future misunderstandings would have been avoided.

Sometimes, however, too long a time is allowed to elapse and another difficulty arises. We have not only felt aggrieved, but we have shown it by cold looks, short answers, or by keeping out of the offender's way. She, innocent of all intention to pain us, naturally feels aggrieved in turn and retaliates, thinking the while that no real friend could be so fickle, and that she has been mistaken in giving the name to one who was unworthy to bear it.

Thus the two, who were really so much to each other, drift apart. A thoughtless word or act began the separating wall; silence added to it, pride proved a rapid builder in raising it higher and higher, and obstinacy put on the



IN THE TWILIGHT.

coping stones. A mere grain of sand at first, it has been magnified into a mountain, and now the invisible wall defies every effort to demolish it.

The worst of it is that the warmer may have been the friendship, the closer the relationship, the more difficult will it be to rekindle it and to reunite those whom the merest trifle may have severed.

You will remember, dear girls, the text I quoted as we began our talk a month ago: "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city," and it is easy to understand why this should be.

A passing acquaintance may be very pleasant but very soon ended. It is like a tiny shrub which is easy to transplant and which will quickly adapt itself to a new soil and neighbourhood. The love or friendship of a warm, true heart is like a stately oak whose roots spread far below the surface and, though unseen, give stability to the tree. But if the oak should be uprooted by a sudden storm, it cannot be replaced. As it lies prone on the ground to which it is just united by a few root fibres, it may even put out a few green leaves on the branches nearest to this source of sustenance, but they will not last. The real life is gone.

So it is with great friendships that have been rudely broken. The hurricane which tore up the oak and destroyed the growth of ages may have come and gone in a few hours.

The careless word that began the building of a wall of separation between very friends was spoken in a moment, but it demolished the growth of many happy years. The attempt to restore things to the old footing is like trying to plant anew the shattered oak. The lingering regrets of the erewhile friends and the yearnings for the old companionship are somewhat like the few green leaves which sprang from the prostrate oak—they fade under the combined influences already named. Silence, pride, obstinacy.

It is a happy thing for us if we can look back upon some occasion in our early lives when affection and faith or even forgetfulness conquered the effects produced by hasty words and prevented a breach of friendship. I smile to myself sometimes as I recall one such instance.

I had a schoolfellow between whom and myself a very warm affection existed. We were called the inseparables, for we walked and worked together. Neither envied the other any school distinction. We were in the same class, but each was contented with the second place provided her friend held the first; but we worked and fought together as one, so that no third girl should pass us in the race. My home was about midway between hers and the school, so she invariably called for me on her way thither. Returning, I am afraid we spent a good deal of our time in walking to and fro with each other, so loth were we to part, and we were scolded for being late at dinner.

One day we disagreed about something. Each was sure the other was wrong and neither would give in. We parted in haste. We were early at the dinner-table, but I can answer for myself that my usually healthy appetite was absent, and what food I took was not enjoyed.

We had parted in silence after declaring that we would not speak to each other again; but I was already distressed at the remembrance of our quarrel and hopeful that my friend might be the same. Would she call for me? I asked myself. I would be ready and on the watch earlier than usual; but if she passed the house without turning to look for me, I would keep to my resolution and not even speak. She should go her way and I would go mine.

I watched and waited in vain. There was more than one road to school. She must have taken the other to avoid meeting me, I said to myself. My heart swelled with indignation, for I had hoped almost against hope and made myself late for school, all in vain. Moreover Louise was absent. I had dreadful thoughts on this score. Had she contrived to stay away because of our quarrel?

I lost two places in class and failed to regain them before I heard from another schoolfellow that she had brought a message to our governess to excuse Louise's absence. "Her aunt is here, but only for the day, so her mother is keeping her at home this afternoon," said the girl. I was comforted after this and recovered one place.

On the following morning Louise met me as usual, and with a smiling face began to tell me of her aunt's visit and of some pretty presents she had brought and which I must go to see.

Coming home, Louise stopped suddenly at the point on the road where we had parted the day before. "We quarrelled here yesterday," she said. "We were not going to speak or be friends any more. I had forgotten all about it. Must we stop talking now?" Blessed forgetfulness! It prevented the building of a wall of separation, the severance of a friendship, and the extinguishing of a love which lasted till death claimed one of us. Aye, and it lasts still in the heart of the survivor.

This may seem a childish story perhaps, but I, after the lapse of many years, rejoice as I look back upon it and thank God that sweet memories were not spoiled and sweet intercourse ended through the nursing of a little grievance on either side.

"Silence is golden," as a rule, but there are many exceptions to it. The silence which is the result of pride or obstinacy has in it no ring of the precious metal. It is the veriest dross to be trampled under foot and contemned.

It would take a long time to instance all the stones that help to build walls of separation, but injudicious meddling and tale-bearing follow closely on those already named.

Sometimes it happens that one who has taken offence at a mere trifle begins to think she may have attached too much importance to a very little matter. Or if she has nursed a grievance she becomes tired of it, and feels that it is interfering with her own peace of mind. She discovers that the blame rests partly on herself, for has she not put the worst possible construction on what has been said or done?

Unfortunately the meddler comes in and begins by condoling, then with busy tongue harps upon the little grievance, which under such treatment gains renewed importance. The meddler has become the mischief-maker. She urges the aggrieved one not to give in, but to show a proper spirit. "A proper spirit!" What is it? Let us look at the life of our Lord and Master. Let us listen to His teaching. "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." "Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them which despitefully use you." "Judge not and ye shall not be judged. Condemn not and ye shall not be condemned." "Be ye tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Deal thus with those who have offended you, and you shall find that the only proper spirit is the Christlike spirit, which you, if you are His disciple, are bound to imitate. We have another side of the subject to look at before we leave it. The over-sensitive or unhappily self-conscious amongst our friends and neighbours who take offence at nothing and nurse grievances or meet them half-way, demand alike our pity and kindly consideration. No true disciple of Christ would take advantage of such failings to inflict a needless wound. If you and I are Christians we shall be specially tender and careful in word and deed when we are in the presence of such, lest we should cause a weak one to offend.

"Support the weak, be patient toward all."

I must mention a few more of the stones which go towards building invisible walls of separation, but without many words of comment. After all our talk on the subject you will find it easy to judge of the mischief they do. Tale-bearing, "the whisperer separateth very friends." Breach of trust. A suspicious temper. Prejudice. Envy. Selfishness. Impatience. The "jesting which is not convenient." Do we not all know how often sensitive natures have been wounded and friends separated by a foolish jest? There is an old saying, "Those who cannot take a jest should never make one," but as we cannot be sure who will appropriate the jesting speech that carries a sting, we should be doubly careful not to mingle venom with our mirth.

I should not like to end our talk to-night, my dear ones, without a word in allusion to another invisible wall of partition of which we are builders, and in which the very stones we have spoken about are part of the materials that go towards its erection.

A prophet of old cried out to God's ancient people, "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God." And is it not so to-day with each and all of us who are oppressed with a sense of sin, planned or committed. Do we not feel it rising like a dark shadow between us and Him to whom we owe "life and breath and all things." It stifles the coming prayer, it lifts us from our knees and moves us to shun instead of seeking God's presence. We long for it, yet flee from it, because we are afraid. We know that we do not deserve a welcome. The sins known to us are enough to build up the wall. What of the unnumbered ones? "Who can tell how oft he offendeth?"

Peter was bold of speech and act, boastful too, as we all know; but he, once, in the early days of his Apostleship, understood something about what sin can do. He saw the miraculous draught of fishes and realised the power of the Godhead in Christ. He sank on his knees at the feet of Jesus saying, "Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

Oh, my dear ones, if you and I are sensible of the power of sin in building a wall of separation between us and our God, let us not shrink away in silence and fear. Let us come the oftener to His footstool and pray the more. Let us not say "Depart from me," but "Lord, bring me near to Thee." "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." "Cleanse thou me from my secret faults." "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Remember what Isaiah said as to the separating power of sin, but thank God also with heart and voice for the Gospel message which brings gladness, comfort, strength, and peace.

We may have vainly looked for a mediator between us and an aggrieved earthly friend; but we have One who will never fail us, to mediate between us and our Father, God, and who is Himself the "way" to the throne of grace. The more we look for help and guidance in the Book of Books, the more we find to cheer and comfort us. We need not want words. God will give His Holy Spirit to them that ask, and we shall be taught how to speak, or without words, the heart-longings we cannot utter will go up to Our Father through our great Intercessor.

We are met half-way by sweet messages, and the invisible wall which our sins have raised between us and God will vanish into nothingness as we listen to the proclamation, "Be ye reconciled to God." "Now in Christ Jesus ye who sometime were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For He is our peace who hath made both one and hath broken down the middle wall of partition."

OUR PUZZLE REPORT: "A WELL-BRED GIRL."

SOLUTION.

A Well-Bred Girl

Never talks during music at concerts or at-homes;
Never turns round in the street to see other girls' frocks;
Never laughs loudly when in a public place;
Never coughs when talking to others without raising her hand to her mouth;
Never conveys cheese to her mouth with a knife;
Never loses a post in accepting an invitation to dinner;
Never omits to make her duty call after a dinner-party or entertainment;
Never instils envy in others, but incites them to content;
Never intentionally hurts the feelings of those in an inferior position.

Prize Winners.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Elsie Bayley Hook, nr. Winchfield, Hants.
Mary Jane Bryan, Bryon's Lane, Sutton, Macclesfield.
R. Howse, Maisey Hampton, Fairford, Glos.
Annette E. Jackson, Bournemouth.
May Lees, Waterworks Road, Tattenhall.
L. Morgan, 57, Chardmore Road, N.
Robert Murdoch, 9, Newton Place, Glasgow.
Helen M. Norman, 64, Lilleshall Road, S.W.
Edith Neck, Beatrice Philpott and Winifred Philpott, 83 and 103, Foulden Road, Stoke Newington, N.
G. Rhys, Clyne, Penarth, Glamorganshire.
C. E. Thurger, Unthanks Road, Norwich.
M. Utting, Bracken Brae, Thorpe, Norwich.
Florence De Ville, Sevenoaks.
R. A. Wells, Shadingfield, Wangford, Suffolk.

Special Mention.

Eliza Acworth (*equal with prize winners*).
Rev. Alexander B. Orr (*for arrangement of solution*).

Most Highly Commended.

Maud L. Ansell, Florence Eppstein, Edith W. Flint, Ellen A. Fox, Edith E. Grundy, A. L. Hall, Wm. H. Hatch, A. J. Knight, Hildegard A. Löwen, S. Mason, Florence Miller, Rev. V. Odom, Edith F. Sellers, S. R. Smith, Isabel Snell, Annie F. Stoney, Wm. E. Trezise, Mrs. Vaux, Florence A. Wallis, W. V. Wood.

Very Highly Commended.

Muriel V. Angel, Jane L. Campbell, G. Carr, G. F. Chute, E. W. Floyd, Kate Hooker, Cherie Massie, Jeannie D. Massie, A. C. Mellor, M. Oxley, A. Preece, Alice L. Salter, Amelia Salter, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, R. Carr Smith, Florence A. Steele, May T. Stephens, Florence Watson, Jessie Woodruff.

Highly Commended.

Ethel Abigail, C. E. Ainley, G. Aitchison, Mrs. Andrew, L. B. Ashford, Mary E. Bailey, Alice M. Barton, Clara Bason, Ellen Bason, A. J. Batchelor, Janet M. Bell, Violet Biggs, Lizzie Bowring, I. Cargey, Annie J. Cather, May Causton, Lucy Chakona, I. H. Christie, William Clark, Mary G. Coley, J. Ethel Collingham, Elizabeth A. Collins, Daisy Coombs, Amelia Cornall, Helen Cornall, Constance Cumpston, Mrs. Dalton, Mrs. Ranald Daniel, Agnes Dewhurst, Mrs. A. E. Dobbs, Arthur G. Dunn, Edith Edmonds, F. G. Edwards, B. Fletcher, J. A. Flynn, Agnes M. Ford, Lillie Galloway, Clara Gawthorp, Edith E. Gotobed, Mary D. Gourlay, Louie Green, Ada Greenwood, Ethel Gregory, Jas. W. Halbert, Mary Harrison, Frank S. Hills, M. Hodgkinson, Eva Hooley, H. Hopkins, Minnie Hudson, Annie Jones, Mrs. Kemp, Ellen H. Kemp, Leonard F. Kemp, P. R. Kemp, A. E. King, Alice F. Knight, Gladys M. Knight, Blanche de Labilliere, Maud de Labilliere, Clare E. Law, John L. Laws, Grace W. Lewis, W. E. Lewis, Florence Lush, Maude Lutton, Louise McCready, M. Mackenzie, John H. Marchant, May Merrall, Mabel Merry, Mrs. Amy Moraine, Mrs. F. M. Morgan, May Morris, Florence Morse, Chas. A. Murton, A. Nichols, Carrie North, Rosa Oliver, James Ore, Madge Orford, Gertrude Peace, Lizzie Peacock, Marion B. Perston, F. A. Powell, F. A. Prideaux, A. C. Pringle, N. E. Purvey, Lily Radcliffe, Ethel Rayner, Edwin Rhodes, Emalia Robertson, A. L. Roofe, Elizabeth Rose, Louie Saggers, Jessie C. Savory, M. Shadforth, Mamie Smart, W. P. H. Smiley, Ada Smith, Grace Simpson, Ella R. Sole, Isabel E. Strong, Dora Sturdy, Constance M. Swan, Mary J. Taylor, Mrs. G. M. Thompson, Miss Thornton-Varley, Edith Tichener, Winifred M. Wakefield, Beatrice C. Walker, Robert S. Watkins, Lilian G. Wayman.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

A record number of solutions rewarded our effort to instruct a well bred girl how not to behave. To the sixteen hundred and thirty-one solvers who receive neither prize nor mention we commend the nine precepts as worthy of the most particular remembrance. Abstention from nine unlady-like practices will yield a reward which will last long after the three half-crowns are spent and the "mentions" are forgotten.

In spite of the table of contents, the puzzle was not a poem—excepting in the sense that every work of Art is a Poem. But habit is so strong that many solutions were headed "Puzzle Poem," and in one instance no other title was given, reducing the whole thing to an absurdity. In several other instances there was no heading of any kind, excepting the name of the sender, and the solution resolved itself into a laudation of the solver. "Mrs. A. B., London, Never talks," etc.

Of difficulties there were not, unfortunately, enough, and many hundreds of solutions were substantially correct. It followed, therefore, that the strictest accuracy was required for the prize-winners, and anything more than a trifling variation debarred from mention altogether.

The beauty of a simple puzzle, or one of its beauties, is that it is sure to present non-existent difficulties to the solver, who has been taught by experience to distrust simplicity. Hence "stalks" become "sticks," and we learn with respectful amazement that a well-bred girl "never ticks during music." "Sings," "yawns" and "whistles" in the same connection have originated we know not how. The first is not strictly true, because even the best bred girls sometimes sing during a concert. As to "yawns"—well, we have seen—but never mind, there is no reason why we should go out of our way to be unkind. The statement that a well-bred girl never whistles during music is, as far as our own experience goes, quite correct, but it is not to be found in the puzzle. In the same line at-homes would not do without a hyphen, inverted commas or capitals to denote the special meaning of the expression. You can speak of an At-home as you speak of a concert or any other form of entertainment, and obviously that is the sense in which the words are used in the puzzle. There is a way of punctuating this line which also destroys the sense; it is by introducing a comma after music and another after concerts.

Punctuated thus the line means that you are not to talk during music or at Concerts or At-homes, which is absurd. You may talk at concerts between *the music, and at* At-homes there is very often nothing else to do.

In the second line hundreds of solvers failed to notice the peculiar roundness of the eye. In such a close competition we could not but regard this as a serious failure. A very few solutions omitting the "round" were admitted into the "highly commended" list, but only because they were exceptionally good in every other respect. Scores of solvers left out the apostrophe after "girls" and as many more put it in the wrong place. This again was a serious error. The "frocks" were very commonly converted into "dresses," but we think, though on such a point it behoves us to speak with much humility, that the former word more accurately describes the picture. But we regarded the difference as of trifling importance.

In the fourth line there was much conflict of opinion between "lifting" and "raising." We need not go into the question very deeply. The picture justifies either reading, and inasmuch as it is not at all usual to *lift* one's hand to the mouth we have decided in favour of "raising."

In line 5 *conveys* spelt "conveighs," and *cheese* spelt with a z would not do. Neither did "lips" as a substitute for *mouth* commend itself to us. Conveying cheese to the *lips* suggests a rabbit-like action in feeding, while girls adopt a mode which is less obtrusive and more convenient.

Another awkward point has arisen. Three perfect solutions come from two houses in the same road. In all probability they were evolved in conference. We do not object to this in the least, but it hardly seems fair that more than one prize should go to the conspirators. If we receive an assurance that there was no collusion between the two houses we will review the situation.

The solution commended for its "arrangement" is the most perfect thing of its kind we have seen. It is a beautiful piece of penmanship and combines a solution, a key solution and a running commentary all in one. As it is executed in three different coloured inks each part stands out quite distinctly from its fellows.

In answer to many recent inquiries we ought perhaps to say that we do not require key solutions to be sent.

"Ellen Baron" in a recent award should have been Ellen Bason.

FOREIGN AWARD.

On a Visit to The Country.

Prize.—The only perfect solution has been sent by M. W. Noble, c/o Mrs. Ross, 21, Cyprus St., Launceston, Tasmania, to whom we have sent the prize of one guinea.

Very Highly Commended.

Florence E. Bapty (Bombay), Norah Shannon (Demerara), George Waterstrom (Victoria).

Highly Commended.

Amy Esam (New Zealand), Annie Jackson (Canada), Elizabeth MacPherson (New South Wales), Mary Ruttonji (India), Louisa S. Thomas (Switzerland).

Honourable Mention.

Winifred Bizzey (Canada), Anna I. Hood (France), Ethel Malone and May Malone (West Indies), Mrs. S. F. Moore (West Australia), Alice E. Riley (Italy).

THE PAIN OF THE WORLD: HOW TO FACE IT.

By MARY CLIFFORD.

SOME one, falling asleep, oppressed by the pervading pain of the world, had a dream. She thought she was sitting in her room alone, weighed down with a sense of the unreachable misery always going on in sight and out of sight, when the door opened and a dear friend came in and sat down silently by her side. Not a word was said, but gradually comfort began to overshadow her, and then there rose a gleam of light shining round and a sense of divine promise was shed abroad.

That dream is a picture of the manner in which relief has come to me in very dark moments. Perhaps all my readers feel we have had a terrible time of pain in the world during the last two years. Armenia, Turkey, Greece, and India, have gone through anguish which we have realised as no sufferings can have been realised before. Telegrams and newspaper reports have reached us, and continue to reach us, while the battles, famines, and massacres, have been actually going on. Blameless people in great masses have suffered these things; there has been no escape for them, or, in our realisation, for us. As a matter of common sense we could only believe that the facts were a good deal worse than any report has represented them to be. We have heard how here and there faith and hope have disappeared, and we have looked into the darkness and thought of those sad words of Martha and Mary, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."

It is because of these doubts and misgivings that I have asked you to face this matter to-day for a little while. We want some strong, definite comfort that will not fail when these waterfloods overwhelm us.

Now, as we sit alone, absorbed in these awful sorrows and wrongs—to children and ignorant men and women, to innocent animals, tortured preventably and unpreventably for centuries—what do we see? I see a door open in heaven, and out of it comes Christ, and He enters and sits down with us.

That is just what happened and what has comforted me, when all other comforts for the time failed.

Into this world of sorrow and mystery Christ came. We are never told whether in His manhood He understood the reason of the existence or the entrance of sin and misery into the world. It may have been hidden from Him as it is from us. But He came. All the anguish, the unnecessary suffering, the hereditary suffering, the fatal mistakes, the cruelty, the success of evil, went on round Him, as it does round us, and if any one ever felt the blackness and the burden of it all, He did. He not only felt the miseries, but He felt the dread of them just as we do. As we are, so He was. But all through He was satisfied with God. The name Father was more full and great and real to Him than to any of us; and there never was one moment when His whole being did not say, "My father, my God."

This seems to me solid comfort. We have the simple fact to fall back on that our Lord Jesus Christ, who was in the midst and faced the worst, was never shaken. He knew the Father, and could wait.

Now our Lord must have known the staggering effect on our faith of this mass of suffering. Our own personal trials are not a difficulty, nor are the beautifully borne trials of good enlightened people. We ourselves feel the need of discipline, and we see its valuable fruits in others. It was those things that seem to tell against the justice and the good government of God, that our Lord knew would threaten our belief: the apparent defeat of His purposes when He was put to death; the failure in character of His disciples; the seeming absence of the restraining grace of God; the awful miseries coming on both innocent and guilty in that very city of Jerusalem.

He who realised the force of these things was always trying to prevent His followers from being dismayed and disappointed because of them. Three times, you remember, He warned them, each time with added detail, that He was not at this time going to reign but to die, and in the eyes of men to fail. Much of His later teaching dealt with the period of national chaos that would come instead of the ordered kingdom they had expected. And one of His disciples He earnestly put on his guard against the despair that was likely to follow a great lapse into particularly mean sin. Even to this day non-Christians speak of the failure of Christianity, and it was clearly in our Lord's mind to fortify us against the discouragements which tend to such a view.

It all points to this conclusion. We, placed as we are as to education and light and knowledge, are in a position of sore temptation as to doubt and depression. We had better face the matter. Whatever we are, we must be true. We want to see clearly what comfort we have a right to take. Some day, when all is clear, I believe we shall thank God for letting us live here and now.

This paper was thought out chiefly in Cumberland. After a spell of fine weather, rain and storms set in, and instead of lake and ghyll and fell shining in ever-changing lights, the clouds poured down hopeless drenching rain and we wandered wet-footed among bogs and swollen streams and dripping trees. One evening, when the low-hanging clouds oppressed us with a sense of menace and pitilessness, quite suddenly there appeared high up a space of fair sky, gold and crimson and clear pale blue. Instantly we travelled in thought to the mountain top, where the uncertain footing and baffling mists would have vanished, and where with an unveiled sun we should look over the wide view and see the broad beneficent relations and harmony of a great landscape. Now, if we mount and rise above the misery and perplexity pressing round us, and try to view the world from a little way up and off, what do we see? A world spiritually and morally still in the process of making. Amid much darkness we can see the movement of a tide making for righteousness, and we are conscious of the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters. Against that slowly rising tide is always swelling a strong current of evil, sin, lawlessness, which sometimes seems for a time to have its way unchecked. It is only by long watching that we are sure the tide is slowly winning its way.

> "For while the tired waves vainly breaking
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back through creeks and inlets making
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main." *

Now the problem is an intensely interesting one how, in such a world, could a holy Creator fit His living creatures to co-operate with His purpose of attaining goodness and perfection?

What we observe is this.

First, a condition of wonderful interdependence. Every living being belongs to all the rest. Past generations helped to make us; we are helping to make those who will come in the future. None live or die alone. If we rise, we lift others up; if we fall, we drag others down.

This is all perfectly familiar to us. We see the unoffending child of the drunkard born with an hereditary temptation to drink, and we see the child of the good father, from no merit of its own, born with healthy instincts and desires. It is this interdependence which brings the hard things. Where would the Arab slave trade of Africa be to-day, if the Christians of the sixth century had not so debased their religion that Mahomet, a reformer on wrong lines, arose?

So here, in mercy, comes in the warning note of pain. Wrong, cruelty, injustice are not evil alone; they are miserable, they hurt. Therefore at this very point we begin to see the law of sacrifice, the law by which the sting of evil may be taken from pain, making it a sacred and even a beautiful thing. According to this law all life is won through suffering. The seed dies before the new germ sees the light. Every birth means anguish, every effort means exhaustion, every victory means a struggle; through the grave and gate of death comes resurrection.

By this law the strong serves the weak, the greater yields its life for the less. It is clear that in the government of the world pain is on the side of deliverance. I know some will doubt whether this is true, remembering the seemingly bad effect of suffering on some natures, the deterioration, selfishness and loss

* Arthur Clough.

of hold on goodness which we have witnessed. But in estimating the effect of a persistent cause, we must ask, not for the exceptional cases, but for the common effects. For one case where pain has produced selfishness I see a hundred where it has produced generosity. It is the inherited sin, and not the suffering, which deteriorates the nature.

Now, we do not forget that the process of making that is going on in the world is twofold. The individual is being made at the same time that the races of men and of all living things are being matured and developed.

It therefore ought to throw light on the question if we ask what has pain done for me personally? Physically it has been a warning note, telling where mischief lurked; mentally it has nerved to effort, it has strangely trained our spirits; it has in a wonderful way multiplied our capacity for sympathy, the very weakness of it has brought us into touch with God and man. We see in others what extraordinary beauties it reveals. In the Welsh railway accident last June, a party of ordinary Sunday-school trippers developed sudden heroism. A little boy of ten begged that his mother might not be told how badly he was hurt. A girl with a broken leg and fractured thigh said gently, "Go and see to others." A man enclosed in wreckage held a candle aloft for two hours while his comrades were being dug out.

As I have now been writing a curious thing has happened. A lovely delicate prismatic reflection from a piece of pottery became visible directly a shadow fell upon the sheet of paper. In the light it disappeared, but in the shadow there it lay, exquisite, enchanting.

As we turn from the individual to the masses our hearts fail, I know, and we cease to expect the same compensations or training or results. We think of the horses and mules in Spain and Italy tortured needlessly for centuries. We think with anguish of the sixty thousand massacred Armenians. Or we find ourselves in the midst of an Indian famine, the people suffering in millions, the earth and sky pitiless, the faces of old and young worn to the last point of endurance, patient but hopeless. What does pain do for all these? Can we believe that God cares?

Remember, He is not man, limited, soon exhausted with numbers. His capacity for caring, for realising units, is simply infinite. No idea of God is rational which limits His intellect and will; and this will we hold to be love—love which led Him to give Himself to face pain and humiliation, and be the greatest sufferer of all in permitting and enduring His creatures' pain.

In His life on earth, our Lord was against misery just as He was against sin, and He always removed it as soon as He could. People often merely told Him something was wrong, and knew that when it was in His hands it would sooner or later be set right.

This is our comfort with regard to the suffering of animals. He is against it; He would have us exert ourselves to end it. The animal creation suffers because it shares our nature and our lot. The compensations may some day be one of those surprises that far more than satisfy us.

"It is sooth that sin is the cause of all this pain, but all shall be well and all manner of things shall be well." *

"Truth for ever on a scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own." †

* Mother Juliana of Norwich.
† Whittier.

There is no reason to think, from this point of view, that each one of those Armenian victims was not remembered and dealt with as you and I feel we have been dealt with in our sorrows. In every place where there was a massacre in Armenia, there has also been a revival of true spiritual religion. If the results of this Indian famine are to be in any degree a drawing together of races, an improvement of village life, especially by abolishing the fatal power of the money-lender, future generations will bless those who suffered and helped to bring deliverance. Great awakenings seem to ask great prices of pain. The slave-trade was not found an intolerable disgrace till its wrongs were endured and realised.

But there is perhaps a farther extension in the interdependence of creation. How do we know what the effect of the events in this world may be upon the rest of the universe?

The matter is shrouded in mystery. We are told of Job, an honest, brave, good man, who, for some cause utterly unaccountable to himself, suffered long and cruelly. In the end he opened his eyes upon the unseen, and was satisfied; but he never knew—what we know—that wonderful beings belonging to another sphere were looking on and being taught lessons, that they never would have learnt without watching that struggle, to be absolutely faithful in weakness and pain and loss.

How, then, shall we face the pain of the world? First with hope. Remember, the pain belongs to a condition of things that is passing away. He who rules is against the sin, but He is also heart and soul against the misery. He suffers more than we do in the long struggle of deliverance, but the end is sure. The promise is certain that the whole creation will be set free. Therefore let our hope never for one instant fail.

But then we must face it too with willingness—a willingness that can freely trust that infinite power of caring for each living unit of creation. Here, as elsewhere, the path of obedience is the path of insight. A world such as this without suffering would become far more hopelessly sad than anything we have yet seen. "What should we sinful creatures be, if there were no pain?" asks an old saint. We must be willing to meet all our own share of disappointment, and all the possible troubles of those we love, trusting not in any present deliverance, but only in the depths of the character of Him who is over all.

That was a beautiful story of the two sisters. The strong, capable, younger one was suddenly disabled by an accident and taken to a hospital; the weak, incapable invalid was left at home alone. My friend found the younger sister constantly repeating to herself the 23rd Psalm, altering the pronouns to suit it to her sister; "The Lord is her shepherd, therefore she can lack nothing. He shall feed her in a green pasture, and lead her forth beside the waters of comfort."

There is scarcely a more perfect instance of the way in which such trust has been justified than that recorded in the last entry of Captain Allen Gardiner's diary. He had gone in 1850 on a mission to the heathen inhabitants of Patagonia. After a year's labour, among immense difficulties, he and his five companions were starved to death at Spanish Harbour. Their remains were found some time after, and pencil notes in a journal. The last ran thus: "Great and marvellous are the loving-kindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, and for four days, although without bodily food, without any feelings of hunger or thirst."

And then—and this is a very noteworthy point—we must face the pain of the world with a resolute choice and determination not to spend our lives doubting. "Whenever we stand in front of a mystery which we cannot read, whether of nature, history or experience, we have to choose whether we will still believe in Christ and through Him in the Father, shutting our eyes to every contradiction; or whether we will believe in the contradiction and shut our eyes to the face of Christ. One or the other we must put our trust in, one or the other we must *ignore*. . . . *Shall* we trust in the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, His Father and our Father? or shall we trust in the powers of Doubt, Denial and Darkness, —the riddles of nature, of history and of experience?"

We do not suppose that belief is in itself a matter of will—it is primarily a matter of reasonable evidence; but when we have to balance the reasons for and against the trust in an Unseen righteous Person, we are wise to give immense weight to the truth that the one solution that lies like a clear sky behind the mystery and conflict, is that of a Father who is patiently restoring an immense and complicated living creation.

This bracing of the soul has a most definite effect. Miss Frances Power Cobbe tells in her autobiography how as a girl she lost all hope in an unseen holy Being, and was filled with despair; when one day the thought stirred within her, could she not rise up, live actively up to the right; and good she still held to, so that if there were a God, He would approve? From that time she prayed again, and faith in God returned. "Act as though you believed," came as a voice from the unseen to another, known to many of us here, who, hearing it, obeyed and found assurance.

And lastly, set to work. Plunge into the flames and save some one. Run into the waves and throw a rope to the wreck. Brooding over the mysteries of suffering and doing nothing demoralises our whole nature.

Professor Rendel Harris, who said that he went reluctantly to see if he could help the Armenians in their awful distress, told us that he went a pessimist and returned an optimist. As soon as we begin to try to clear away the injustice and misery and wrong, we begin to understand, to hope, to glow with the warm touch of responding hope and love; and to our astonishment, we gradually see that after all joy and light and colour are the predominating things, and not sorrow and darkness and gloom.

For that is the truth. Life, and not death, is what wins and conquers and endures:

"The poet king is great and glad." *

Sick people and sad people turn instinctively to the cheerful, bright friend, and not to the mournful one.

We, who are weak and strained with effort, are far too apt to concentrate our attention on the griefs and wrongs that are crying for redress, and we let ourselves forget that happiness is the evident intention of creation. An observant happy person can add in a hundred little ways daily to the comfort and welfare of the living things he comes near. Do not let the shadow of brooding gloom come over you: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." One who knew the end of suffering said, with assurance: "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy." Yes, and that means that "sorrow is the very stuff joy is made of."

A day will come when we shall thank God that He laid our lot and that of all the beings we long to help, in this still young world of strife and mystery, of happiness and of growth, and, as Dr. Vaughan calls it, of opportunity and wonder.

* E. B. Browning.

OUR CLIMATE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

"UNCERTAIN as weather" is an old saw, but it is none the less expressive for being old. Most of us are inclined to grumble at this uncertainty and, truly, it proves sometimes very unkind. When you have arranged a picnic for Tuesday; when Monday and Wednesday are gloriously sunny and bright, but on the Tuesday, the only day you care about, it pours in torrents all day long, you do wish that our summer was a little more settled.

But there is another side to the question. Settled weather is not synonymous with pleasant weather. The climate of parts of Norway and Scotland is settled—settled rain for three hundred and fifty days out of the three hundred and sixty-five. Nothing can be more settled than the climate of the Sahara or the great Australian deserts, but it does not seem particularly pleasant for all its sunshine.

Foreigners, especially Americans, are always maligning our weather. Let Brother Jonathan say what he likes about our "samples," they are quite as good as his, and if they do not last quite so long, well—we have greater variety!

By the way, talking of weather samples reminds me that a friend of mine, just returned from America, told me that there was little to choose between New York and London as regards weather. Both are subject to the same sudden variations of temperature and atmospheric pressure; in both to-day is as totally unlike yesterday as it will be to-morrow; but in the western land the weather is, on the whole, less pleasant.

Until the "influenza" came to take its place nearly every form of illness that affected us was put down to "our wretched climate." If we had a sore throat, a toothache, a headache, rheumatism, a boil or a corn it was due to the weather. It was "the heat yesterday" or "the cold last night," or "that thunderstorm last week."

Let us think about what the weather can do and what it cannot. But before we consider these points, it is as well to remember that we cannot alter it. We may condemn but we cannot reform it. If, therefore, we are to avoid its pernicious effects we must learn how to combat them, and this we can do.

The weather alone cannot be the cause of any illness or affection, not even that of the most trivial kind. It requires some other factor besides; that factor is resident in ourselves, it is—well—I don't know, neither does anyone even though he gives it a name. Call it individual peculiarity, idiosyncrasy, inherent disposition, liability to certain diseases or what you will. As none of these expressions mean anything definite you do not commit yourself by using them.

When we say the climate is the cause of an affection we therefore mean that the climate together with an unknown factor caused that illness. The latter factor being unknown, we cannot combat it; so we must confine our attention to the former and do our best to render ourselves free from its evil effects.

The conditions of the climate which have an influence upon health may be divided into three groups: first, the state of the weather, for instance, heat, cold, mist, rain and electrical conditions; secondly, those due to position and the local conditions of the soil, such as a marshy, seaside, or mountainous district or a clay or sandy soil, etc., and lastly, some germ or factor residing in the soil which produces some special disease, for example, goître, malaria or cretinism.

I wish it to be clearly understood that my remarks refer only to the British Isles. Some conditions of the weather, which I have described below as being practically harmless in England, are often exceedingly dangerous in the tropics.

Excessive droughts are not common in England. When they do occur they are accompanied by great heat, and the two together do produce certain disquieting symptoms. Lassitude, giddiness, indigestion and sickness are attributed to this cause. The epidemics and more serious diseases that so often follow great heat or droughts are due to interference with the water supply.

Typhoid fever and hydrophobia are thought by most people to be due to heat, but both of these are due to germs, and the weather is a very secondary matter, if indeed, it has any causal influence.

Constant rain, and consequently a prolonged moist condition of the atmosphere is held to be the cause of about nine-tenths of the diseases of mankind. Moisture of itself can do little harm. The body is always moist; the skin is never dry during life, it would die if it were. Four-sevenths of the body consists of water, so what harm can the extra moist condition of the air do?

But I do not wish you to say that I disbelieve in the effect of damp in producing illness. I do nothing of the kind. I only say that of itself dampness is not important. It is the combination of damp with cold that does harm. When we come to speak of cold I shall show you what serious results may follow exposure to cold and wet.

Mist may be defined as cold, damp air, and it produces many affections of the lungs, due chiefly, if not entirely, to its coldness.

Cold is really a very fertile cause of illness. Its method of action has been "explained" in many ways, but as none of these explanations are satisfactory I shall not trouble you with them.

Cold and damp together produce what are popularly called "chills." These chills are very dangerous and often form the starting-point of many ailments, both trivial and serious. You might live constantly in the rain, if you never got cold, and it would do you no harm, but when once you become cold it is another matter altogether.

We all know how common it is to get a sore throat or a head-cold after being exposed to inclement weather. When one comes to more serious affections, such as pneumonia, it must be remembered that a chill is one of the symptoms, and so one must be very careful not to consider the chill, which is a symptom, as the cause of the disease. We know now that pneumonia is caused by an organism.

Great heat is often responsible for very serious results, not so much in this country as abroad. Sunstroke or heat-stroke is perhaps the most important of these. It is singular, however, that a disease almost precisely similar is sometimes produced by sleeping in the light of the full moon in tropical climes. This rather suggests that it is the light and not the heat which produces this affection. Sunstroke is mentioned twice in the Bible, and is probably one of the oldest known diseases, though for a long time it was confounded with apoplexy.

Besides the ever-varying weather, soil and locality, which are stationary factors, are also important from the point of view of the physician.

There are, as every one knows, malarial districts, goîtrous districts, fever districts, etc., in almost every part of the world.

The Fen country is the last home of malaria in England, and even there it is becoming rarer every year. Doubtless before many years are accomplished it will become, like the "large copper" butterfly of the same country, a thing of the past.

There are many districts in England where goître or "Derbyshire neck" is common. The best known of these districts is, as its name suggests, Derbyshire. Cretinism, a form of idiocy, also occurs in the same places, and as both this and goître are due to affection of the thyroid gland, both have doubtless the same cause. This cause is usually said to be excess of lime in the water, but it is doubtful if this explanation is correct.

What can we do to prevent the deleterious effects of climate? When it is hot you can dress lightly; when cold clad yourself warmly, and if it is wet you must do the best you can to remain dry. If you are unfortunate enough to have malaria or goître you should remove from the district where it was developed. This is all. It needs no physician to tell you that. Your own intelligence could direct you so far.

Everyone seems to know by instinct how to dress lightly when the weather is warm, but it is surprising how ignorant most persons are when it comes to warmth.

The popular idea seems to be that warmth can only be obtained by heavy clothing, and the heavier the clothes are the warmer they must be. As a general rule this is correct, but the proposition upon which it is founded is incorrect. If you were to dress in silver mail and go out into the frost, you would quickly freeze to death, notwithstanding the weight of your garment.

It is not upon the weight but upon the conductivity to heat of the material used that its warmth depends. Most of our clothes are bad conductors of heat. Flannel is one of the worst possible; it is, therefore, one of the best of all materials to wear. It keeps out the heat of the sun in the summer and keeps in the heat of the body during winter.

Another point about clothing. We talk of a warm coat, etc., but no substance used as clothing possesses or gives any warmth of its own. It only prevents the heat manufactured by the body from escaping. Air is a bad conductor of heat, and therefore loose clothing is warmer than is usually supposed.

Singular as it may appear, white is the best colour to wear both in summer and winter, but its extreme impracticability during the rainy months prevents it from being used during winter.

The animals that live in the frozen North change the colour of their costume during winter, becoming white. This is chiefly as a protection against enemies, but it also helps to keep them warm.

The seaside does not agree with everybody. Gouty or asthmatic persons do not as a rule get on well near the sea. This fact is said to be due to excess of ozone in the air.

Talking of ozone, what pretty and romantic tales we hear of this substance. I have heard of it as "The essence of life," "The element upon which health is dependent," that "Life was impossible without it," that "though a gas like the air, it was of a deep and beautiful azure colour," that it had "a most fragrant smell," and that it possessed other virtues as great and many as those of the philosopher's stone!

Always ready to learn and deeply impressed

by the accounts of this most wonderful substance, I determined to make some ozone. I made some, a large bottle full, by no means without trouble or expense. Having taken the bottle full of oxygen and converted as much as possible into ozone, I tightly corked the bottle and took it out of my room into the sunlight so as to be better able to appreciate its "deep and beautiful azure colour." I must have made a mistake! It differed in no way from the air outside the bottle! Perhaps the quantity was insufficient to present the "deep azure colour."

Recollecting the story of the 'Efreet who was imprisoned in the copper bottle, I thought perhaps my ozone might treat me in the same manner as the above-mentioned 'Efreet did the fisherman. But this substance apparently only possessed good qualities, so curiosity got the better of prudence, and I returned to my room and opened the bottle.

A smell something between that of lucifer matches and chlorinated lime filled the room. I began to sneeze and cough. Tears rolled down my cheeks and I felt half suffocated. I opened the window and threw out the bottle. I must have made a mistake somewhere! But no, I took some of the ozone to one of the most celebrated chemists then alive, and was told "that is ozone sure enough."

I have never used ozone medicinally and I never shall.

Ozone is produced by lightning, and it is said to be the cause of the unpleasant feelings that distress so many people during a thunderstorm. Except at the seaside and during a storm, ozone is very rarely present in the air in an appreciable quantity.

The seaside is not the panacea for all conditions of mind and body that it is supposed to be. I like the seaside immensely myself, and like to see children paddling. But whatever may be said to the contrary, man is not a wader, and it can do children no good to paddle all day long—as most mothers consider essential when they take their children to the seaside. A physician once told me that he believed more harm than good resulted from allowing children to run about with their feet in the water. There is another danger in this amusement and one that I personally believe to be far more important; that is that broken bottles are by no means rare at the seaside, and they can inflict wounds of a most serious nature. Children who paddle ought to wear light boots or shoes to protect their feet. Sandals would be splendid things for the purpose. If this matter were seen to and visitors at the seaside would not be so wickedly thoughtless as to throw bottles, sardine-tins and other rubbish into the sea close to the shore half the disadvantages of a seaside holiday would be abolished.

A GROUP OF SCHOOL-BOYS.

By K. E. COLEMAN, Author of "Little Leo," "The Red Topaz," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE END OF ROBIN KING.

It was the middle of July; it only wanted a week to the midsummer holidays, and the choicer spirits of the Paxton Grammar School were in more than their usual high spirits. Such boys as Robin King, for instance, seemed absolutely to suffer through the impossibility of finding sufficient vent for their exuberant youth.

It was one Saturday morning, and the great school-room was filled with a restless crowd who were counting the half-hours and even the minutes to twelve o'clock, when they would be released.

A sudden inspiration as to how to spend the afternoon came to Robin King as he sat with a sum in front of him, and his thoughts anywhere except with the problem in his exercise-book. The idea was too good to be kept to himself, so Robin surreptitiously tore a leaf from his book, scribbled down the message, wrapped it round a marble, and threw it dexterously across the room to Fergus Hume. Unfortunately Fergus did not see the missile, which, Robin's aim being good, hit him on the nose, and provoked a natural exclamation, which attracted the attention of the master, whose desk was nearest.

"What was that, Hume?" he asked sharply.

"I don't know, sir. Something hit me," replied Fergus; then, catching Robin's eye, he looked hastily round, spied the missile, which had rolled under the form, secreted the paper in his pocket, and innocently held up the marble for the master's inspection.

"Who threw that?" was the very natural inquiry. A dead silence was the only answer. Robin King would have scorned to tell a lie to save his skin; but his code of honour was not sufficiently quixotic to lead him to incriminate himself needlessly, so he fixed his attention on his sum with praiseworthy diligence.

"If I catch a boy throwing anything in school again, I shall cane him," said the master, and Robin winked at Fergus to emphasise the if.

How little did he or anyone think that that was the last prank he would ever play in school!

Twelve o'clock struck at last, and the boys rushed out with shouts of glee.

"Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can."

It was a lovely morning, the first fine day after an unusually long spell of wet weather, so no wonder they were jubilant.

Robin linked his arm in that of Fergus. "Well," he inquired, "what do you think of it?"

"First rate. Who shall we ask to go with us?"

"Wilson, of course, and Jimmy Short, and Spider, and Percy Young, and Dobbie Minor."

"No, not little Dobbie. He's sure to tell his brother, and, if that sneak comes, I for one won't go."

"We'll make him promise not to say anything about it. I like little Dobbie. If it hadn't been for him, I shouldn't be alive now, no more would Spider."

"All right, let him come, only mind you impress upon him that he's not to tell his brother. Hi there, Wilson!"

"What's up?"

"We're going to Bramstone Woods this afternoon. Will you come?"

"Rather! Which way shall we go—by the road or the cliffs?"

"The cliffs, the cliffs!" cried Robin excitedly. "It will be awful sport."

"They're awfully dangerous, you know, especially after rain. I think we had much better not," said Fergus.

"Rubbish! they're safe enough. And I say, boys, if we go that way we shall go through Bramstone, and there's the jolliest little inn, where you can get a ripping tea for ninepence."

That settled it. Six out of the seven boys interested voted unanimously for the cliffs, and even Fergus gave way, only stipulating that they should go by the road so as to have a chance of reaching the woods alive.

"Mother," said Robin when he had reached home, "can you spare me ninepence? I'm going with some fellows to Bramstone Woods this afternoon, and we're going to have tea at the inn afterwards, and I haven't a penny."

His mother sighed a little as she handed him the desired amount. It was so very hard to make both ends meet, and Robin always spent the modest sum she allowed him for pocket-money the day he received it, so that these additional calls for sixpence here or a shilling there were frequent enough to be felt as a burden. But Robin pocketed the coins with a careless "thanks, mother," little dreaming of the self-sacrifice which the gift entailed.

He was very much excited at dinner-time, and went off immediately afterwards in the highest spirits. His mother kissed him tenderly at parting. "Take care of yourself, my Robin," she said, little thinking that that was the last time she would see her darling in health and strength.

Robin ran whistling down the road to the appointed meeting-place, and the seven boys started off for their six miles walk in the most exuberant spirits, making the quiet country road echo with their mirth, so that everyone they passed turned to watch them with a smile.

Bramstone Woods were reached at last, and here the boys became riotous. The place was a rocky gorge cleft in two by a brawling little stream, and there were big rocks to scramble over, trees to climb, and here and there an adventurous leap over the foaming beck to be attempted. Robin, always the foremost in danger, insisted on risking his life by climbing an oak-tree, which his six companions all voted as impossible; however, he reached the ground in safety with no worse mishap than torn breeches, a catastrophe of too frequent occurrence to disturb him at all, though it might give his mother some hours of patient toil to mend them.

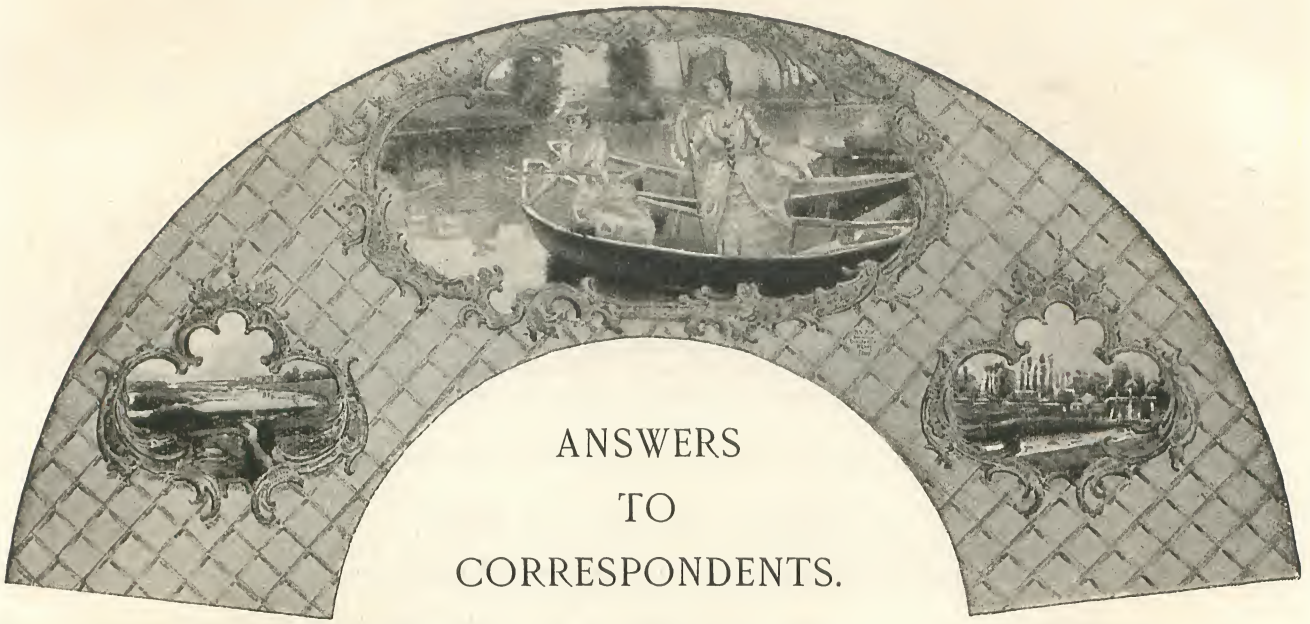
At length they grew tired of scrambling, and, with thoughts of tea in their minds, set off for the village of Bramstone, which lay a couple of miles distant on their homeward way.

"Tea for seven, with lots of jam and cake, and as quick as ever you can, please," was Fergus Hume's comprehensive order, and the landlady, who had some knowledge of the grammar-school boys, bustled about and did her best to satisfy her impatient guests.

They were so uproarious over their tea, that she put her head into the room more than once in fear for her crockery; but, wonderful to state, nothing was broken, and at last, their appetites satisfied, and full of the satisfaction which a full stomach affords to a boy all the world over, the party prepared to set out on their homeward journey, leaving the landlady to contemplate the ravages they had made in her provisions, and lament over the smallness of her profits.

"Now for the cliffs!" cried Percy Young, as they filed out of the doorway.

(To be concluded.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

AGGIE.—There are several hospitals in London devoted entirely to the treatment of diseases of the skin. Every large general hospital has a department given up to this specialty. The rule in most hospitals is that you attend once, and obtain a letter from a subscriber for your second visit. A list of subscribers is placed in the hospital. At some institutions this rule (which is more a form than anything else) does not obtain.

"DEVOTED READER."—It is not possible for us to tell you exactly what is wrong with your daughter's hair, because you do not supply us with sufficient information. Does her hair fall out from every part of the scalp, or only in patches leaving bald places? If the former, washing the head occasionally with boracic acid solution (1 in 40) may do good. If the hair falls out in patches, applying a simple ointment will help to cure the condition.

MARGARET.—There are a thousand and one preparations sold for lengthening the hair, some of which are very efficacious. Lotions and pomades containing cantharides and rosemary are among the most trustworthy.

S. FIELD.—The symptoms you describe are in all probability due to your ear trouble. The best advice we can possibly give you is to go to the hospital where you were originally treated.

PHYLLIS BROWNE.—You say "I think I have very poor blood, and not much of it," yet "I don't think that I am anæmic." What do you suppose anæmia is but "very poor blood and not much of it?" It is only in severe anæmia that the lips become white. The symptoms you describe are those of anæmia, and therefore we refer you to the advice we gave you at first. The medicine is a liquid, and should be taken after meals. If you prefer taking physic in the form of pills, you might take "Blaud's pill" instead: one pill twice a day after meals.

"RONALD'S DARLING."—"Nervousness" is a comprehensive term, and unless you furnish an accurate description of your particular case, it is hopeless for us to suggest a remedy. By nervousness, do you mean shyness? Do you feel nervous when talking with your friends, or only in the presence of strangers? In the presence of all strangers? or only of those of the opposite sex? Have you been nervous all your life? If not, for how long have you been troubled? What other forms, if any, does your "nervousness" take besides shyness? Are you subject to fainting-fits, palpitation, breathlessness, flushing or indigestion, or other symptoms that might suggest anæmia as a cause of the trouble? Lastly, do you belong to a "nervous family?" When you have answered these questions, we would be able to supply you with some definite information. As to whether your nervousness would interfere with your following nursing as a vocation—well, it depends upon the answers to the above questions.

"OLD GIRL."—We agree with the opinion expressed by your medical man as to the nature of your affection—it is eczema. Of course we do not know what you have tried in the way of treatment, but we suggest one of the following applications:—Calamine ointment, boracic ointment or ichthiol ointment. Unless you suffer from gout, rheumatism, *diabetes*, or kidney disease, internal medication is not required.

MARY.—The nerves of a decayed tooth can be destroyed by various means, both chemical and mechanical. The mechanical method is the most satisfactory, but this of course must be done by a dentist. If you have decayed teeth in your jaw, it is exceedingly important either to have them extracted or properly stopped, for they are a constant danger to health.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

ADA and MILDRED B. (*Nursing in a Children's Hospital*).—You are both too young to be admitted as hospital probationers. There are so many girls like yourselves who prefer nursing children to grown-up people that it is difficult to obtain admission to large hospitals such as that in Great Ormond Street, London. If at the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts a vacancy could be found for you, it is probable that you would have to pay a fee. We are sorry for Ada, who lives in the country, and has few girl-friends. But because she is young she ought not to be living in enforced idleness. The present time, indeed, might well be utilised in studying ambulance work and hygiene. Very likely the Secretary of the National Health Society, 56, Berners Street, London, W., could tell her that some course of lectures is being given by one of the Society's lecturers in her part of the country, and, if not within walking distance, at least within a bicycle ride of her home. Some knowledge of dressmaking, and especially of the cutting-out of children's garments, might profitably be acquired during these years of preparation, for supposing that at any time the hospital career should have to be abandoned, it would be possible for both our readers to earn a good living as trained children's nurses in private families.

AILEEN (*Waitress in an Hotel*).—Waitresses are comparatively little employed in hotels of any size and importance. But there can be no doubt that if you could obtain hotel experience it would be of great service to you should you in after life wish to go out as waitress for private dinner-parties and other entertainments, where women are now frequently preferred to men. Try to obtain a situation as still-room maid, and then work your way up. Your idea of cooking lessons from a professional waiter is an excellent one, and should certainly be carried out. A point to consider is that it is not easy to change from private to hotel service, or *vice-versâ*. But hotel work offers the fuller training of the two. Either a waitress or a parlour-maid, however, who thoroughly knows her work, is always sure to obtain employment.

ANXIOUS BEGINNER AND A GENERAL FOREMAN'S DAUGHTER (*Lady's-Maid*).—Why does "Anxious Beginner" think she must know French well in order to obtain a situation as lady's-maid? This is not in the least degree requisite. But what is necessary is a taste for dressmaking, and "A General Foreman's Daughter," who confesses she does not much like this kind of work, had better perhaps turn her attention to some other occupation, such, for instance, as that of children's nurse, towards which she seems to have some inclination. Dressmaking, millinery, and hairdressing are crafts a lady's-maid should understand. A pleasant, companionable manner is also, of course, a strong recommendation.

ISABEL DE SAY (*Army Nursing*).—No nurse is received into the Army Nursing Service until she has been trained in a general hospital. For this purpose we should advise you to try to obtain a probationership at the London Hospital, or, otherwise, at St. Thomas's.

GOOD THINGS (*Cookery*).—"Is there much chance for a girl to get a living by cookery?" Certainly; the best of chances. We hear continually of the amazing difficulties ladies encounter in engaging cooks, even when they offer most liberal wages. Also there is a good opening in any large town for an active, energetic woman as visiting cook, who would superintend affairs in the kitchen when a dinner-party is impending. There is in your own town of Nottingham a school of cookery where you would be well taught. We think Miss Carey, of the Ropewalk, Nottingham, would be kind enough to give you information concerning it if you applied to her.

RITA (*Photography*).—In the photographic trade it is possible to earn about £2 a week by retouching negatives, but girls who are only capable of putting the finishing touches to the prints earn comparatively little. Try, then, to become an expert photographist and be content with nothing less than doing the best work. So many girls fail from want of ambition. The Polytechnic, in Regent Street, is an excellent school for a beginner, and many persons learn there in order to enter the trade afterwards.

WHITE GERANIUM (*Scholastic*).—People advertise little for governesses; but on the whole, you would be most likely to see such advertisements in the morning papers, or in such weeklies as the *Guardian* and the *Journal of Education*. The registry kept at the Governesses' Home, in Harley Street, is an exceedingly good one. You might also apply to the Teachers' Guild, 74, Gower Street. But, despite registries and advertisements, the truth remains that a teacher usually obtains a post through the recommendation of her own character and qualifications. Your other question being of a medical character cannot be dealt with in this column.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. C. H.—We have heard of the chain letter, and should think it an excellent way of collecting small sums in stamps, either used or unused, but preferably the latter, as it seems a pity to expend money to collect the used ones; nor can we ever comprehend what any "philanthropic person" would do with a million of old stamps!

ANXIOUS TO DO RIGHT.—The wife of a Baronet is Lady So-and-so, or Dame So-and-so, whether in speaking or in writing. You would address her as "Lady Smith." A Baron's wife would be addressed in writing, by her equals, as "The Lady West." With the wife of a Knight, it would be the same as that of a Baronet, only not Dame. The fact of their having sold their estates, and become impoverished, would not affect the question. We have only one title in Great Britain which goes with the castle and estates, and that is the Duke of Norfolk's second title, borne by his eldest son, *i.e.*, the Earl of Arundel. This title goes with the castle of that name.



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OUR BEAUTIFUL FURS, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

PART II.

THE COMMON RACCOON.



OF all the fur-giving animals, perhaps the raccoon is the most widely known. The raccoon is exclusively an American animal, and as it is one of the most valuable fur-bearing animals, it is much hunted in consequence. Raccoon skins were formerly used as a recognised circulating medium in the States of Mississippi, and fetched about twenty or twenty-one cents apiece; it takes two of these animals to make a muff, and nine or ten to a boa; it is unfortunate in one sense that these valuable fur-giving creatures should be so small; but on the other hand, had they been larger and not so prolific, the chances are they would have long ago been exterminated. Raccoon is a lovely fur for winter, and many people prefer it, as I do, to any other, and it is not so expensive.

Genus Calobus (the ursine calob).—Now you all know the long hair muffs still in vogue with black hair trimmings; all these come from the calobus, a thumbless monkey. The fur is also in much request with the natives of Africa, who use this particular fur as a skirt, and other decorations. I suppose one monkey would make a good muff, but that, of course, depends upon the size of the monkey. Calob is the generic term of this group comprising three species, calob in Greek meaning maimed or deformed, because they are all three without thumbs.

The Mink.—The subject of our valuable furs is of so much interest that we illustrate a few more of those interesting little creatures that go so far to supply us with such comfort and give value to our dress. Such furs, many of them, must of necessity be costly, as I mentioned before, the animals themselves being so small, considerable havoc is made among them to supply the constant demand. One of many interesting little animals,



GUERZA MONKEY.



THE MINK.

the mink, is now as valuable as ever, although at one time it was not considered so, but certainly of late it has been in urgent request, and its numbers considerably reduced. The length of the mink from snout to root of tail is fifteen to eighteen inches. I believe in the early sixties as much as four dollars was given for a skin, and as many as five or six thousand of these skins were annually exported; and from America in about 1888, as many as three hundred and seventy thousand. The Russian mink skin from all accounts is not so valuable as the American by some shillings. The little animal is aquatic, as can be seen; wherever there are webbed feet rest assured the animal, or bird, is a half land and water being.

The mink is much used for muffs, carriage rugs and gentlemen's overcoats, ladies' capes, and Idalia and Stuart collarettes.

Chinchilla. — A truly lovely little animal this; it very much resembles a little mouse, only it uses its little hind legs like a kangaroo. I suppose there is not one of my readers who has not

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heard of the valuable chinchilla fur. Fancy what a number of these poor little creatures have to be slaughtered to meet the constant demand, and it is in consequence fearfully persecuted; the fur is the softest of all furs. Fortunately the animal is pretty prolific, having six young at a birth, so it will take plenty of hunting before it is quite exterminated. For fur ties, muffs and ladies' capes the fur is very much in vogue. The little animal only measures fourteen or fifteen inches in length.

It is also particularly cleanly in its habits, like most beautifully furred animals. It is also a vegetable feeder.



CHINCHILLA.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST STRAW.

WHO was to tell Madge?

This was the question that filled the minds of the three stunned occupants of the breakfast-table a few hours later.

No one had attempted to taste any food or seemed likely to do so, yet they sat on in silence.

Upstairs lay the still form that had been brought to the house nearly three hours before, and the hardest task of all, a task they all shrank from with fearfulness, remained unfulfilled. Every moment they expected to hear a footstep on the stairs which would make the necessity to speak immediate, and yet no one knew how to do it, nor who should bear the burden of it.

At last Mr. Harcourt pushed away his untasted breakfast, and in a trembling voice exclaimed, "No, I can't do it, it will nearly kill her. I couldn't bear to see her face, I must leave it to you;" and with bent head and wavering steps, he went into his library and shut the door after him.

Guy turned anxiously to Mrs. Harcourt and asked in a hoarse voice, "Who shall it be?"

"If you could?" she answered hastily, "It will not be so bad from you as from me."

Just then a door upstairs opened and someone crossed the landing. Instantly Mrs. Harcourt started up, muttering, "Yes, yes, you, not me!" and before Guy could speak she had gone.

As Madge entered the room she commenced an apology for being so late, for she had slept heavily after her restless night and was much beyond her usual hour.

But she broke off suddenly on seeing the unoccupied table and untasted food and raised her eyes with an exclamation of surprise to Guy, who was standing before the hearth with a white, fixed face.

Instantly a presentiment of evil came over her, and grasping a chair-back she asked fearfully, "Where are the others? what is the matter?"

Guy remained silent, with his gaze on the ground, utterly unable to meet her eyes, and in accents of deepening dread she continued, "Why is no one having breakfast? Why do you look so—so——"

She paused, then suddenly stepped close up to him, and leaning forward, gasped in a low, horror-struck voice, "Is it Jack?"

But words would not frame themselves in Guy's tortured mind, and it was only after a tremendous effort he was able to begin nervously. "You must prepare——"

But here Madge interrupted him, and with a quick, frightened movement clutched his arm, exclaiming breathlessly: "Don't keep me in suspense; what is it? Is he—hurt?"

The touch on his arm, and the sight of her straining fearful eyes, seemed suddenly to put a new strength into him, and taking her hand between his in a strong clasp, he said, in a low, pitying voice, "Worse?"

"Dead?" and her voice rang out through the room with a strange, hollow sound, while her lips grew white and drawn, and her eyes dilated with suppressed anguish.

He stroked her hand soothingly, while he answered in a voice as gentle as a woman's, "Yes, he met with an accident last night on his way home, and they brought him here three hours ago."

She drew her hand from his and pressed it to her head, a dazed, stunned look resting on her face, but no sound broke from her parched lips.

Guy tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat; he could only stand and gaze at her helplessly. Then gradually the full extent of the truth seemed to dawn upon her, and with something like a groan she turned and walked unsteadily to the door.

Guy hurried after her and sought to detain her, but without looking up or heeding him, she said, "Tell them I don't want anyone to come near me."

Then she passed slowly upstairs into her own room, and locked the door behind her.

What passed in the girl's heart through that awful day no one ever knew. Alone, in a desert of almost intolerable anguish she went through one of those "temptations in the wilderness, which, in succinct or loose form are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man."

God's voice pleaded, "My child, give Me thy heart; only trust Me for a little time, and in the end thou shalt understand."

And the voice of the tempter said, "Be hard, be callous, be indifferent. The light and joy have gone out of your life; the days as they come will bring you neither hope, nor love, nor happiness; therefore drown feeling; stem the tide of anguish by the force of your will; there is no rest for man but in the cold torpor of absolute indifference. If you have a God, He does not care. He has other and weightier matters to attend to than the little affairs of men."

In the evening, as the sun was setting in stormy, blood-red splendour over frowning hills, Madge drew up her blind and looked out.

But the sight did not stir either wonder or admiration in her breast, neither did the garden beneath, with its thousand recollections, soften the set lines of the young face.

For as we administer chloroform to numb the pain of the body, so already had Madge begun to drink deep of the fatal draught of callousness and forced apathy to numb the anguish of her soul.

The voice of God had pleaded in vain, and unconsciously the poor tempted soul had fallen down and worshipped the arch-fiend.

A few minutes later, as Guy was sitting alone in the little smoke-room, with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, striving likewise to master the strange, deep, soul-stirring questions that filled his mind, he heard the door open and someone enter.

He rose hurriedly and turned to meet a pair of dark eyes, whose very calmness sent a chill through his heart.

"Oh, Miss Harcourt, I am so glad

you have come," he said quickly. "I'm sure it is bad for you to be shut up alone; I have been so anxious. I can't tell you how I feel for you."

"Hush," she murmured, half-fiercely. "Not one word of sympathy; I can't bear it, it mocks me. I have come to know what happened. Tell me quickly, you needn't be afraid. I am quite equal to it."

He placed a chair for her, but she refused to sit, motioning to him impatiently to go on.

"We don't know much," he said, "but Dr. Hills says death was caused by suffocation after he had been stunned by a blow. He was found in a ditch with the trap on top of him, so he must have got off the road in the dark and been overturned. We have heard from Mr. Haines that he left there as right as possible about eight o'clock. He must have been stunned when he fell, and the cloak having blown tightly round his head, he must have been suffocated almost immediately."

A violent shudder ran through her and she bit her lips as if to prevent herself crying out: then, quickly regaining her composure she remarked, "No doubt you are right, but after all it doesn't much matter how it happened; where is he?"

"In his own room."

"Take me to him," she said briefly, and stood aside for him to pass and lead the way.

In the chamber of death, they stood side by side and gazed on the still form they had both loved so well, but it was in the man's eyes that tears gathered and it was the man's lips that trembled—the woman stood calm, dry-eyed and seemingly passionless.

Presently she bent forward and pressed her lips to the cold forehead, but she drew back hastily with a shudder, for the icy touch chilled her to the marrow. It seemed to break down her unnatural manner, for a vacant look crept into her eyes, and she pressed her hand to her head and knit her brows as if striving to remember something.

"I wish I could cry," she said in a hoarse whisper. "There is a weight like lead on my head."

She swerved a little and he turned to her quickly.

"Perhaps you won't let yourself," he said soothingly. "Shall I go away and leave you for a little while."

"No! no! don't go," and she clutched his arm with a sudden fierce grip. "I feel as if I should go mad; why doesn't he speak to me or look at me. It can't be Jack, he was never like that; he was scarcely ever still a moment. It is a mistake," and she gazed at him with wild, imploring eyes. "Jack could not look like that, he was so full of life and spirits. Tell me it is all a mistake and I have been dreaming," and her voice had a piteous wail in it.

Guy moved his lips and tried to speak, but a sob choked his utterance and he turned his head away, for he could not bear the look in her eyes.

She turned again to the silent figure and leaned over it. "Jack," she breathed, "Jack darling, don't you hear me? I'm Madge, your own Madge. You can't go away and leave me; I haven't anyone else. You wouldn't be likely to go and leave me all alone. They told me you were dead, but it must have been because they were jealous; they knew I loved you better than anything else in heaven or earth. Say they only did it to frighten me, Jack.

"He doesn't speak or take any notice," she continued fearfully, the dazed look in her eyes deepening, "Can—it—be—true."

Then suddenly, with a low cry which Guy never forgot, she threw up her arms and fell forward across the dead man's body.

(To be continued.)

NO. 22.

CHAPTER I.

"CASE coming in, Sister."

"Not another fracture, Mr. Lee, I hope?"

"No, it's a head case. The poor chap was brought into the surgery insensible. He will be in here in five minutes," and the breathless young dresser, who had been sent to prepare the ward for the coming of its new inmate, dashed off again.

The tall Sister to whom he had spoken moved quietly down the long ward when he had gone, giving a few quick orders in her low pleasant voice and with the sunny smile which made all her subordinates her more than willing slaves. And by the time the five minutes named by the dresser had passed, a bed was ready for the new patient; whilst the occupants of the other beds were awaiting eagerly the little excitement of seeing a new case brought in.

"Where's 'e goin'?" one man asked, a man who had been nearly a year in the ward and was thoroughly *au fait* in every item of its management. "22 bed? Oh, that's a good bed that is, just at the corner where you can see both ends of the ward."

"'E won't care about that, 15, don't you be afraid," called the neighbour in the next bed; "'e's bad, 'e is. Mr. Lee, 'e says, 'head case—insensible.' I heard 'im. 'E won't care for no ends of wards, nor nothin' o' that!"

"'E will soon, 16, soon as 'e's a bit better," retorted 15, the first speaker (using, as hospital patients do, the number of their neighbour's bed instead of his name), "'ere they come," and pulling himself up in bed he watched with the keenest interest the small procession which entered the ward, bearing a silent form upon a stretcher.

The little bustle attendant upon its arrival was quickly over, and in what seemed an incredibly short space of time, the new patient was lying in his bed, whilst the rest of the ward chatted and chaffed and laughed over its tea.

No place in a hospital can be so lively and bright as the accident ward. The patients for the most part are suffering from some injury which does not materially affect their general health, and they are generally as merry as heart could desire. To-night the customary jokes and laughter went on as usual. Only by that quiet bed where the new patient lay in absolute unconsciousness silence reigned. The Sister looked down at the still form, a little puzzled frown puckering her forehead.

"He looks like a gentleman," she said to the staff nurse; "I wonder how he met with this accident, and who he is. Will you see if he has any card or any means of identification in his pockets? We ought to communicate with his friends directly," and she glanced curiously again at the white face on the pillow. It was a well-bred, rather than a handsome one, but the clear cut lines of cheek and jaw, the broad sweep of the open brow, had a distinctive beauty of their own.

"There is nothing in his pocket," the nurse said, returning to the bedside, "but a handkerchief, a gold pencil-case, some loose silver, and this letter," and Nurse Evans handed it to the Sister.

"No envelope, nurse? And the letter simply begins 'Dear Guy.' Then we are no nearer to the poor man's identity than we were before." She glanced from the address at the top of the paper to the signature at the end. "Oh, it is his wife," she exclaimed, "it is signed, 'Your affectionate wife, Grace Warden;' then I can telegraph to her at once and write as well. What a relief!" and moving from the bed she went quickly to her own small room at the end of the ward, and wrote a telegram which she addressed to

Mrs. Warden
Higham Court,
Senley, Cornwall.

CHAPTER II.

LADY WARDEN came down to breakfast on a morning in July decidedly out of temper. Her maid had discovered the ominous fact at an earlier hour; her sister-in-law was made aware of it when the two ladies met on the great staircase of Higham Court. Lady Warden's first words were pettish; there was a frown on her face.

"It is too annoying of Guy!" she exclaimed, as soon as she caught sight of Miss Warden. "What in the world was he thinking about to allow me to go through such a night? He vowed he would be home by the nine o'clock express, and then not to come, and to leave me in suspense! It is thoughtless of him."

"Perhaps there is some explanation this morning," Miss Warden said gently; "it is not like Guy to put anyone to inconvenience, much less his wife," and she smiled down upon the pretty, petulant face upturned to hers. The evening before she had had to listen *ad nauseam* to her sister-in-law's fretful complaints, and it needs all her patience to endure with equanimity the renewed grumbling in the morning. Lady Warden only shrugged her shoulders at her companion's last words and laughed pettishly, as she swept on down the stairs to the dining-room, "spoilt child" written large in every movement of the small graceful figure, in every line of the lovely face.

"Letters late too!" she exclaimed, as she seated herself at the end of the table; "how I do hate this horrible hole, and how I do wish Guy were not so passionately devoted to it, and that his uncle had never left it to him."

"I don't think you would really care very much for any place in the country, would you, Grace?" her sister-in-law said smiling.

"I don't think I should, but I couldn't detest anything more than I do this. One feels buried, and there is nothing in the wide world to do except to play Lady Bountiful,

which I loathe doing. I was never intended by nature to play the part," and she laughed a little silvery laugh with a hard note in it that grated on the other woman's ear.

"Do you never go and see the people in the village at all, Grace?"

"Never, *if I can by any possibility* avoid it. I leave all that sort of thing to Guy. He really seems rather to like it, he is so dreadfully fond of poor people. No, Helen, it's of no use to lecture me, I am a hopeless subject," and again she laughed.

"I wasn't going to do anything so audacious as to lecture," Miss Warden answered; "I was only thinking how pleased the village folk would be to see you. I expect you would find them more interesting than you think, and they would find you charming."

"Would they? No, it is of no use, Helen, I simply can't do it, and I certainly should not find them interesting." Lady Warden gave a small, ladylike shiver. "I can't bear the cottages—they smell stuffy, and the people don't understand my point of view any better than I understand theirs. We have nothing in common, absolutely nothing."

"Only common humanity, and a few odds and ends of that kind." Miss Warden's tone was a little dry. "I never think the clay is so very different, when one gets down to it, after all."

"Oh, yes it is, Helen. Those people don't feel things the least as we do, indeed they don't. They have neither as strong nor as deep feelings as we have. Do you suppose that dirty little Mrs. Smith, the undergardener's wife, would lie awake half the night if her husband did not come home as I did last night? Ah, the letters at last, and a telegram. Oh, Helen, I hate telegrams!" and the flush faded all at once out of the pretty face, as the butler handed her the silver salver, piled high with letters, on the top of which lay an orange envelope.

Miss Warden rose and took the telegram in her hand.

"How funny," she said, "it is addressed to Mrs. Warden, and this letter is the same," and she pointed to the envelope which lay beneath the orange one, a quick foreboding of evil passing through her mind. "Let me open this for you, dear," she went on, tearing open the telegram which had arrived too late the day before to be delivered in the remote village of Senley, where Lady Warden lived, and reading it, whilst Lady Warden almost mechanically opened the letter addressed to "Mrs. Warden."

"Oh, Helen, what is it?" she said, in a little pitiful whisper, "here is my own letter to Guy sent back to me. What does it mean?"

"I think, dear, that Guy has had an accident—this telegram says so, and he has been *taken to a hospital* in London. The letter enlarges on the telegram. See, I will read it to you," and Miss Warden put her arm tenderly round the small trembling figure beside her as she read these words—

"Accident Ward.
"Guy's Hospital.
"July 1st.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I am sorry to have to write and tell you that a gentleman has been brought into the hospital this afternoon in an unconscious condition, apparently having had a bad fall. He was found at the bottom of the steps close to London Bridge Station, but has not recovered consciousness, and can therefore give no account of what had happened to him. The only clue to his identity is the enclosed letter. I have just telegraphed to the address upon it. The visiting surgeon has not yet arrived, but the house-surgeon fears that the gentleman is suffering from a severe injury to his head. In any case you would of course like to come up at once to see him.

"Much regretting the news I am obliged to tell you,

"I am, yours truly,
"Kathleen Slater,
"(Sister of the Ward)."

"Do you mean to say they have taken Guy to a common hospital!" Lady Warden exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I must go at once to town and get him moved to somewhere decent; and oh, what can have happened to him? 'Unconscious,' the letter says. How horrible—oh, how horrible! My poor old Guy!" and all at once the little lady broke into a storm of tears.

"Let me go at once," she sobbed; "tell them I must catch the very next train to town. I want to go to Guy, and I must get him out of that dreadful place."

In spite of her own grave anxiety about her brother, Miss Warden smiled a little at the curious combination in her small sister-in-law, of genuine trouble about her husband, and indignation at the idea of his being in such a terrible place as a hospital.

"Poor little Grace," she said to herself, as she hastily packed her own bag, "her saving virtue is her love for Guy. It is the one depth in her shallow little nature. I wonder if it will succeed in deepening the whole? It surely must! What a strange apparition she will seem in a hospital ward! How will she affect it? And still more, how will it affect her?"

CHAPTER III.

It so chanced that Mr. Hancock, the famous surgeon, was "going round," that is to say, paying his visit to the patients in the wards, when Lady Warden and her sister-in-law reached Guy's.

Her little ladyship shuddered more than once as the two ladies walked across the colonnade, where a few students were lounging, to an open door, pointed out to them by the porter at the gate. And when Lady Warden glanced through the door, she shrank back with a renewed shiver.

"I never went inside a hospital before," she whispered, "and it looks quite dreadful."

Miss Warden smiled as she too looked down the long ward, where the late afternoon sun poured in upon the rows of beds with their clean red and white quilts and general air of trim neatness.

"I don't think it looks very dreadful, Grace dear, I only see very clean nice beds and lovely flowers on the table, and I don't think you need be frightened."

"Frightened? I'm not in the least frightened, but I think the whole place is disgusting," and raising her head with a little haughty gesture, she picked up her dainty skirts rather as if it were a muddy lane she were entering instead of an immaculately clean hospital ward.

The hush and silence, upon which hospital etiquette insists during the doctor's visit, lay over the ward; but as the imperious little lady walked down it, glancing at the beds with a certain disdainful expression, one man said to another in an audible whisper—

"Looks as if she thought we was some new kind of a insec'—don't she, 15?"

"And so we are, to 'er sort. She ain't never bin in a 'orspital before, you mark my words, 16. And whatever she's come for now beats me."

Lady Warden's face flushed a little as she caught the words, but she walked quickly on to the corner where the ward turned and another vista of beds met her eye.

A screen was at the foot of one bed, and round this a group of men stood silently, beside them a tall woman in blue uniform, and one or two nurses. To this group Lady Warden made her way without hesitation, and being entirely unawed by the majesty of a surgeon's "going round," touched the arm of the tall woman in blue. Like the rest of the group round the bed, the Sister was absorbed in listening to Mr. Hancock's words and had not heard the approach of the visitors. She turned with a start and uplifted finger.

But Lady Warden, unaccustomed to hospital discipline or indeed to discipline of any sort, exclaimed impatiently in her clear voice—

"I have come to fetch my husband, Sir Guy Warden. Is he here? And is he better?"

The men round the bed turned quickly at the novel sound of the imperious voice, whilst the Sister said quietly—

"Perhaps you will kindly come to my room, until Mr. Hancock has finished going round, and then he will come and tell you about your husband."

"I shall go nowhere till I have seen my husband," the little lady answered angrily; "where is he? Take me to him, please, then I can see the doctor and arrange to have Sir Guy moved."

"A little less noise, please," a quiet voice intervened, and the group of students divided to make room for the surgeon who came forward, and looked gravely down at the little indignant lady with the flushed face and beautiful clothes.

"Is this lady a friend of the patient?" he asked the Sister shortly.

"She is 22's wife, I think," the tall woman answered, and the surgeon turned again to Lady Warden and looked at her closely. Those keen eyes of his gauged pretty rapidly the nature of the woman before him; but there was kindliness as well as keenness in the shrewd grey eyes that looked into her blue ones.

"Your husband is going on satisfactorily, madam," he said. "If you will be good enough to go with Sister to her room for a few minutes only, I will come to you; I cannot talk to you here," and he turned back to the bed again.

Lady Warden opened her mouth, but no words came. Sheer, ungovernable astonishment had silenced her, and also to her own no small surprise it made her walk down the long ward again to the Sister's room and meekly take the seat offered her there, and with equal meekness listen to the few courteous words in which Sister told her of her husband's condition.

No one—no one in her whole life had ever spoken to her as though there were no doubt of her obedience, and she had hardly even recovered her breath again before the surgeon reappeared.

"Forgive my abruptness," he said courteously, "but I am sure you will understand that in a place like a hospital certain laws must be obeyed or we should have anarchy. Now I am glad to be able to tell you that your husband is going on satisfactorily, though he is very, very ill. He was conscious this morning, and has been able to tell us that he thinks he slipped on the steps close to London Bridge Station, but he remembers nothing after that. I will gladly allow you to see him, on condition that you are perfectly quiet and in no way excite him."

"Allow me?" Lady Warden's small proud head became very erect; "he is my husband. Of course I shall be with him. I must be with him."

"Yes, madam, he is your husband, of course, but he is also my patient," the surgeon spoke drily, "and it is my business to cure him. I will arrange that you shall be here as much of the day as can be managed, because your husband is seriously ill; but you will kindly recollect that, as I said before, a hospital has its laws."

"Oh, but you are making a mistake," his listener broke in; "of course my husband will not stay here! It is quite impossible that he should stop in a hospital and in a ward with common people too. I want to arrange to have him moved at once into comfortable rooms."

The surgeon smiled.

"My dear lady," he said, "I am sorry to say that what you wish is quite out of the question. It is absolutely impossible that your husband should be moved from this terrible place at present! The risk would be far too great; I could not sanction such a step, his life would be seriously endangered. I assure you it is not possible to move him yet. Pray believe me he is being well taken care of here. I do not think he minds his quarters at all."

The little lady, with the pretty haughty face, looked up into the kindly capable one of the great surgeon, and suddenly, and for the first time in her life, felt herself to be a person of small importance. This man was a king here, it was his domain! She was of no account! It mattered to nobody in that great busy ward that she was Lady Warden, to whom everyone in the village at home curtseyed and bowed almost reverentially. Here she was only "22's wife." It was very strange, and, strangest of all, she found herself assenting meekly to Mr. Hancock's words and agreeing to take rooms in the nearest hotel, and to come in and out of the hospital as much as she was allowed.

So it came to pass that she was soon a familiar figure in the ward, and the patients grew keenly interested in her goings and comings. To her they were at first only, as 15 had justly remarked, like a "new sort of insec'!" It was deeply rooted in her mind that they were of different clay from that which had gone to the moulding of her own dainty personality; and it never for a moment entered her head that their feelings could in any way coincide with hers.

To them she was like a being from another world, and her lovely face and dainty clothes did not at first impress them altogether favourably, and they called her "orty." But her love for her husband, her intense, overwhelming anxiety about him, made a fresh impression upon them. The sight of her pretty wistful face and small patient figure sitting quietly by 22 bed for as many hours as she was allowed to do so, made the rough men round the ward talk softly of "22's wife." He was so very, very ill that she was allowed to be with him nearly all day, and each evening when she went away her small face looked smaller and whiter, and there were darker lines under her eyes.

The interest in 22 was enormous.

"Pore 22, 'e's bad," the men said to one another, "and 'is wife, she's breakin' 'er 'eart, pore thing."

It was Wednesday, and visiting day in the big hospital. Lady Warden sat silently watching the visitors making their way to the different beds, their hands full of flowers, their faces beaming. Every bed in the ward had its share of two visitors, except 21, the one next to her husband's, in which lay a man who had been brought in only that morning from the great railway station close by, badly injured.

Guy was asleep, and his wife, as she sat and watched, began to grow faintly interested in the little scenes being enacted round her; and then she fell to wondering why no one had yet come to the patient in 21 bed. She marked the deathly whiteness of the patient's face, the deep lines that pain had carved in its youthful good looks; and then something made her aware of the anguished watchfulness in the eyes that were turned wistfully towards the door. But the stream of visitors all seemed to have entered by now; no one was moving in the ward except the nurses on duty, and the wistful eyes turned from their patient watching whilst a great sigh broke from the white lips.

"She ain't 'a comin'," Lady Warden heard him whisper, and a look of weary disappointment settled down over his tired face as the minutes passed swiftly by.

Then all at once, only twenty minutes before visiting time was over, a swift step sounded on the boards and a slight woman's form came hastily to 21 bed.

"Why, Jem lad," the woman said, and her voice was hoarse and broken by a pitiful sob; "why, Jem lad, I've been achin' to come to yer since they sent and told me, and I couldn't get away nohow."

Lady Warden's eyes suddenly filled with tears, and to the end of her life she will never forget the joy that came into the face of the man who looked up into the small woman's face.

"Well, Lizer, old woman," he said softly, "well, old woman," and the little woman stooped over him and wrapt her arms round him as though she could never hold him closely enough, and showered passionate kisses on his white face and tired eyes, and the mouth that was drawn with pain and yet had a smile of love for her.

Then she sat down by his side and took his hand in hers, but they did not talk; the man was too ill for that, and the little woman could only sit and look with wistful yearning eyes at the grey, tired face upon the pillow.

Lady Warden glanced from that bed to 22, and the white face there, the face that was all the world to her. And all at once the tears in her eyes brimmed over and fell in great, heavy splashes upon her clasped hands.

The eyes of the little woman by 21 bed left her husband's face for a moment and fell upon the dainty lady so close to her, and on the tears streaming down the lovely young face. Lizer's dress was coarse and worn; her head was covered only with an ancient shawl that had long ago seen its best days. She had come straight from her work in the great chocolate factory close by to see Jem, and had come in her working clothes.

But Lizer's heart was very tender, even if her dress was shabby and her shoes full of holes. And though the time in which she could sit by Jem was so very, very short, she got up from her seat and stole softly to the other woman's side.

"Is 'e bad, ma'am?" she whispered sympathetically, touching Lady Warden's sleeve with gentle hand; "is 22 your 'usband?"

And Lady Warden forgot that the woman standing by her was poor and shabby and not particularly clean. She forgot that, according to her, she and Lizer were made of different clay and could not at all understand each other's feelings! She only saw the honest, kindly tenderness shining out of the sorrowful eyes that looked down at her; only felt the sympathy of the touch of her arm; only remembered that this woman would comprehend what Guy's illness meant, because her husband was ill too.

"Yes," she said with a little sob, "he is all I have got, and——"

"It do seem bad, that it do, and 'e so young and all. It is 'ard on a pretty lady like you, ma'am."

Something in the words, something in the dry tearlessness of the eyes above her suddenly arrested Lady Warden's tears.

"Why," she said impulsively, "it isn't a bit worse for me than it is for you. That is your husband, isn't it?" and she looked at the grey face in the next bed.

"Yes, that's my Jem;" a little quiver came into Lizer's voice. "'E's bin a good husband to me, 'e has, and it do seem 'ard as 'e should 'a bin hurt. But it don't seem so bad for me like, ma'am, as it do for you. I'm more used to trouble like."

The words were simply said. They were merely the statement of a profound unanswerable truth. But they startled Lady Warden. A flash of illumination came to her shallow little soul.

She took Lizer's hand into her own small white one.

"You don't deserve it a bit more than I do," she said, "and it is a thousand times harder for you than for me. You can only come to him for such a short time, whilst I stay on here. Oh, it isn't fair."

"I could stay too, ma'am, now Jem's so bad. They lets yer stay if yer sick folk's awful bad, but I can't leave the work, not for long, else where 'ud the money come from now Jem's took? And when the work's done, there's the children. It do seem 'ard, but there, there's lot 'o things to put up with in this world."

"Oh, I am sorry for you!" Lady Warden said impulsively, "and I do hope your Jem will get well."

Lizer's eyes grew dim as she turned and looked at her husband.

"Pore chap?" she said, "pore chap, 'im and me, we've 'ad a good time together, though there've bin troubles enough. 'Eve bin good to me, and we've loved each other faithful. 'E ain't never beat me nor nothin' o' that. If Jem don't get well, it'll be like as if the sun was gone! But your 'usband e'll get well, ma'am, never you fear," the little woman added cheerfully; "'e ain't got death in 'is face."

* * * *

And Lizer's words came true. Sir Guy did get well, though it was by very slow degrees, and to this day he has never been able to remember any details of his fall. He became a great favourite in the ward before he went away, and what was perhaps more strange, his wife became a great favourite too.

She and Lizer had many more talks after that first breaking of the ice, and Guy used to lie and watch—with much amusement and very great delight—the growing friendship between his fastidious and exclusive little wife and the small factory woman from the Boro'.

Jem too got better, contrary to every prophecy, but it was a very white, tottering Jem who began to crawl about the ward on a day in August, and the doctors said that he would never be able to do his heavy railway work again.

It was when Lizer heard that that she broke down for the only time in all her long strain and anxiety.

"For," she said to Lady Warden, "I dunno whatever 'e will do, pore chap. 'E ain't used to no other kind of work, Jem ain't, and there's the children to think of and all."

Yes, "the children to think of and all." Lady Warden knew what that meant now. She had been to see Lizer in her own home; such a home as the small dainty aristocrat had never even dreamt of in her wildest dreams.

The one bare almost unfurnished room, for which Lizer apologised with the explanation that was Greek at first to Lady Warden—"I 'ad to put away all our bits of things, ma'am, when Jem was took; some day I'll get 'em out maybe." The three small children, the eldest scarcely more than a baby, the other two who were babies indeed; the utter heart-breaking misery and poverty of it all touched a new chord in the hitherto selfish little heart. And what perhaps impressed Lady Warden more than anything, was Lizer's unflagging cheerfulness, her pluck, and the brisk readiness she showed always to look on the best side of everything.

"I don't know how she does it," Grace said to her husband; "why doesn't she just sit down and die—give it all up?"

"She is a plucky little soul," Guy said.

"Plucky? She is just simply wonderful!

I always thought before, Guy, that pluck went with breeding, but it doesn't. Lizer has got more pluck in her little finger than I have in my whole body."

* * * *

Needless to say, Lizer's "bits of things" speedily came home when Lady Warden discovered what "putting away" meant. Needless also to add that many comforts came into Lizer's hard life, undreamt of before by the "game little woman" as Guy called her. And when it was decreed that Jem's work must henceforth be confined to the very lightest labour, Lady Warden said to her husband—

"Oh, Guy, can't we have them somewhere on the estate? Those little white children and Lizer and poor Jem. Can't we, Guy?"

Guy smiled at his wife's eagerness, and his heart rejoiced over it. Had he not longed with all his soul that his dear little Grace should interest herself in something and somebody other than her butterfly life and her fashionable friends—with a longing that had well-nigh sickened into despair?

And it has come about that a certain tiny cottage on the edge of Sir Guy Warden's park is occupied by a most beaming and radiant family party, who feel that their dwelling is absolutely palatial after the one room in the Boro'.

Jem does odd jobs in and about the garden and park, and already looks a different man; and Lizer's anxious face has grown younger and less worn, whilst she seems to live in a state of one broad smile. She—indeed the whole family—almost worship Guy and his wife, and the other poor people in the village find a curious difference in Lady Warden since her long sojourn in London.

"She do seem to have learnt summat as she didn't know afore," one old man said to another the other day.

"'Ees, so she do," his friend replied; "seems to me she've a-learnt as there's some things as is the same atween us and her, and she didn't use to think so afore. That's where it is, Joe; she've a-learnt as natur' is natur' all the world over."

Which lucid explanation perhaps conveyed to Joe's mind what a greater than Joe has conveyed to ours that—"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

L. G. MOBERLY.

BICYCLING TO HEALTH AND FORTUNE.

By LAWRENCE LISTON, M.D.

PART II.

THE RIDER.



THERE must be very few girls indeed, except those whose state of health prevents outdoor exercise of every kind, to whom bicycling is impossible or undesirable. It must be borne in mind, however, that to a beginner it is a new form of exercise, calling into play muscles otherwise little used, easily inducing weariness of those muscles and of the body generally, and demanding at first frequent periods of rest. Hence the exercise is not adapted for very young girls of imperfect muscle development and unstable frame. However light the machine may be, I do not think that girls under the age of fourteen or fifteen should cycle. It is positively painful to watch young girls striving with all their might to keep up with their seniors, straining every muscle that they should strengthen. No ordinarily intelligent person watching such a sad exhibition can for a moment doubt that harm is being done. Such a child never becomes a graceful rider, but rather perpetuates the ugly habit of evident over-exertion.

Assuming that there is no special reason why a girl should not cycle, it is well that while she is learning to ride she should go into a mild form of training. The cold morning bath in the summer, the tepid one in the winter, with plain, wholesome food and regular walking exercise (preferably up and down hill) will form admirable preparations for cycling.

This preliminary course of training is not of trivial import, especially to those who have, up to the time of learning to ride, led sedentary lives. How many people are yearly injured through rushing straight from their offices and studies to the Swiss mountains? A little of this mild preliminary training at home and the calamity of over-exertion is avoided.

One of the most important considerations for a girl cyclist is that of suitable dress. Perhaps the greatest danger to health in this exercise lies in the possibility of an over-heating of the body followed by a rapid cooling. Much can be done to avert this particular danger by the choice of such materials for dress as maintain the body as nearly as possible at a constant temperature. The underclothing, which must be made of wool or flannel, should completely cover the body from wrists to ankles, thus excluding draughts and absorbing perspiration. It is, however, important that this woollen or flannel underclothing should not be too heavy, for if it be so the rider will incur the very danger she is seeking to avoid—that is overheating.

Nobody can ride a bicycle properly in boots. The action of the ankle, which, as we shall presently see, is the secret of graceful and easy riding, is almost annulled by any attempt to do so. The right things to be worn are shoes with gaiters. The stockings worn whilst riding should vary in thickness according to the period of the year, great care being taken that, in winter, they are not too thin.

The question of the skirt is one that demands careful attention on the part of the girl rider. What can be more annoying than a skirt which is at the mercy of every little puff of wind, or more dangerous than one which catches the pedals or any moving part of the machine, and so gets wound up? A skirt well cut and of proper material will not only look well but, by impeding the rider in the least possible degree, aid in the attainment of speed with small exertion and save her from the dreadful danger of becoming entangled in her machine.

The skirt that is to fulfil these requirements must not reach lower than the ankles, and should be of about sixty inches in circumference at the bottom. Many tailors, in order to ensure the proper hanging of the skirt, put in metal weights. This is a mistake; it often causes an incessant and most annoying knocking against some portion of the machine which it may tax the ingenuity of the rider to explain, and for which I have known a machine to be sent back to the agent who sold it, for the purpose of having it pulled to pieces to discover the cause. All such devices are quite unnecessary in a well-cut skirt.

The skirt should be of light cloth, brown holland or linen for summer wear, and a thicker cloth or serge for winter time; they should not be lined, and the best colours are brown and grey. All cycling skirts should, of course, be provided with elastic loops to go round the instep and so prevent the dress from being blown about. The ever useful blouse is of the greatest service to the girl who cycles, but she should exercise moderation in the width of the sleeves, as the wind catches them sometimes unpleasantly.

A matter which deserves a little careful attention is the question as to what is the right thing to wear if there is rain. In my opinion all forms of mackintosh or india-rubber coats or capes are not only inefficient, but actually harmful and dangerous. Even at the end of a short ride in an india-rubber cape the rider is simply wet with perspiration. The wet which you certainly keep in is worse than the wet which you may or may not keep out. Far better to ride through the rain, if the distance be short and a change of raiment await you at your destination. Assuming, however, that you must ride a considerable distance in the rain, it is best to have a cape made of a cloth treated so as to keep out all but the heaviest rain, and so cut as to extend well over the handle-bar; the edge of the cape which hangs over the bar should be weighted so as not to be easily blown up (loops are not usually satisfactory), and in this way not only the arms and trunk will be kept dry but the legs also.

Method, as in many other things, is of great service in riding a bicycle; the girl who does not use her bicycle for days together and then makes a sudden call on its resources is certainly doomed to discomfort and disappointment. Unless the weather should absolutely forbid the attempt it is a good rule to ride, if only a little every day; once you have "got into condition" it is a pity to be obliged to attain that state all over again every time you venture out. Besides this you will find that regular riders avoid occasional riders, as they are prone to be rather a nuisance to their better seasoned companions. Ride regularly and you will ride pleasurably, easily and without effort; in no other way can the joys of cycling be reached, and everyone must go through the necessary drudgery of getting into condition with its attendant weariness and muscle pains before she can ride without conscious effort.

At first the beginner should ride out on a straight country road, choosing one as free from hills and traffic as possible, and one having a good smooth surface; she should ride out for about two miles and then return to change her clothing at once and have a rub down with a good big bath-towel. First rides should not be taken except in company with some one experienced in riding, who should keep a short distance ahead during the whole time. The next venture should take the form of a circular ride of about six miles, the object of this sort of ride being that the cyclist should not stop anywhere and so suddenly cool down after becoming hot from



"BICYCLING TO HEALTH AND FORTUNE."

her exertions. Heat and damp are of comparatively little moment so that you keep moving, the danger lies in standing or sitting still.

Attention to certain details ensures the ride being a source of health; carelessness in little matters may convert a health-giving pastime into an injurious labour. This remark has especial application in the matter of posture when cycling for health. No leaning over the handle-bars can be for a moment tolerated; the rider should sit erect on her machine; should you find that you cannot get up an incline without stooping over the bar—get off. Some girls, though they sit in a very fairly upright position, repeatedly pull hard at the handles in order to get up a hill. If you do this you do two things, you strain your machine and you strain yourself. It is a wise rule to get off if you find yourself pulling at the handles. A discreet rider should never allow herself to be taxed to the limit of her powers but should always have some reserve force in hand.

Economy of strength is really one of the great secrets of success in pleasant and healthy cycling. It is one thing to merely sit on a bicycle seat and propel the machine, and altogether another to "ride" it.

Foremost among the ways of economising strength is the proper use of the ankles; the rider who "ankles" well will cover more ground in less time and with far less effort than her uninitiated companion. This ankling is by no means an instinctive action, it requires attentive and assiduous practice for its proper attainment, but it well repays the girl rider for all the trouble entailed. Briefly put, it means pushing the pedal at the earliest possible moment after it has attained its highest point and dropping the heel directly it arrives at the lowest point. Once get complete command of this knack, and the disparity between you, if you are a weak rider, and your strongest friends will be almost unnoticeable. Ankling is a great leveller of riders, and a wonderful remover of the terrors of hills. Limit as much as you can the action of the knees and hips and you will, to a certain extent, force your ankles to do their proper work; the gracefulness of the action is, of course, obvious and undeniable.

Moderation must be the key-note of all beneficial cycling for girls; there must be no feeling of being done up after a ride, and if after riding, there is disinclination for food, that ride has not done the rider much good, Riding at too great a pace is a fruitful source of discomfort and injury and it is a tendency which must be carefully repressed; when a rider is in training fatigue is but little noticed until the end of a long ride, then there may be disinclination for food, and at night, restlessness with actual fever and inability to sleep. A girl who has gone through this experience during the night is not fit for much in the morning, and all the trouble might have been avoided by a little moderation in pace.

The distance ridden during each day is hardly of the same importance as the rate at which the miles are covered. I do not think that a girl of ordinary strength does herself much harm if she rides an average of a hundred miles a week at the average rate of nine miles an hour. I am, of course, speaking of fine weather riding on reasonably good roads. The three things which modify these averages are wind, rain and hills; most of the high roads of this country are kept in such a state of perfection that the question of surface may be ignored in this article.

The greatest enemy of all is wind; the resistance offered by a strong head-wind may be enormous, and great harm may be done by the rider attempting to face it. If you particularly wish to indulge in your exercise on a windy day and your purse will permit it, the best thing to be done is to take your machine by train some miles out against the wind and then to ride back in the direction in which it is blowing. Do not start off to ride from home with the wind and train back, for you may be over-heated when you enter the train and so easily catch cold.

Nervous tension completely negatives any possible benefit in a ride, and one should therefore strive in every way to avoid everything that may produce that condition. The unpleasant and sometimes disastrous manœuvre familiarly known as "side-slip" or "skidding," holds a foremost place among these things to be avoided. I know of nothing which will daunt a timid rider more than skidding. The chief factor in its production is a greasy or sticky road, the result of rain, and I do not recommend the girl who hears her brothers or friends say that the roads are causing this misery to take her machine out for that day. With reference to this topic of nerve-strain it may as well be stated now that town riding in dense traffic should be rigidly avoided; the worry, even though it be an unconscious worry, of steering through a crowded thoroughfare must be harmful, quite apart from the physical danger incurred. Such a performance must be classed with gymkhana or trick riding, with the added danger of the surrounding vehicles.

Though it is desirable to maintain as far as possible a level pace throughout your ride, some variation must be made in the ascent and descent of hills of varying gradients. Should you come to a short hill, a gradual acceleration of pace for some little distance before its commencement will often enable you to climb it with ease. The acceleration, like all changes of pace, must be gradual; no sudden tugs or jerks can be recommended on a bicycle. It must be carefully remembered that this method of climbing is only applicable to short rises in the road. For longer hills zigzagging may be tried, but if the rider finds that she is stooping or pulling at her handles or in any way unduly taxing her strength, she had far better walk; the walking in such an instance is doubly beneficial in that it rests one set of muscles and exercises another.

"Coasting" or riding down hill with the feet on the foot-rests of the machine is best confined to male riders in a country with which they are thoroughly familiar. When a girl rider goes downhill she should see that her brake is well in hand and she should never allow the machine to get away from the control of the pedals on any hill. It is well to be more especially careful in an unfamiliar country and not to relax your attention until you see the bottom of the hill. Taking into consideration the possibility of entanglement of the skirt in the pedals, it is perhaps safer and wiser not to coast at all.

Touring is not dealt with in connection with health riding as it is only girls blessed with exceptional physique who can indulge in it. The large majority of girls will do better to make some place their headquarters and take rides in various directions. The necessity of getting to a certain place by a certain time and the possible fallacies in the transit of luggage are thus avoided.

Apart from considerations of health this modern cycle is of inestimable use to working girls; the teacher can get with ease to far distant pupils and extend the area of her labours whilst economising time. It is no unusual sight to see a district nurse in the country places visiting her widely-scattered patients on her machine. The seamstress, the girl clerk and the workers in shops are all the better fitted to be bread-winners by their brief but happy glimpses of the country, if it be but once a week that they escape from their enforced confinement.

Surely then every encouragement should be given to the rational use of this great outcome of clever minds, for who can doubt the benefit and profit to be obtained from the inspiriting and exhilarating exercise which brings us to the sweet smells and sights and sounds of the country where the evidences of the working of the great Creator are least obscured by monuments to the effort of man.

Truly the girl who takes advantage of these opportunities and uses them will soon realise that she has bicycled to health and fortune.

VARIETIES.

In Search of Health.

We have boiled the hydrant water,
  We have sterilised the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbe
  Through the finest kind of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
  Every patent health device;
And at last the doctor tells us
  That we've got to boil the ice.

Seasonable.

Last summer a dealer in fuel in the West End of London, being unable to clear out his stock, posted the following notice on his door:—

"Good firewood for the summer season, giving out very little heat."

A Tale of the Telephone.

An old farmer was in a merchant's office and asked if he could supply the merchant with some fresh butter.

The merchant told him that he would inquire if his wife needed any. So he stepped up to the telephone, called her up, and talked for a few seconds through the instrument. Then, turning to the countryman, who was standing with his hands in his pockets, his eyes dilated, and his face very red, he told him that his wife said she would not need any butter.

The indignant countryman blurted out, "Look here, mister, if you don't want any butter, why didn't you say so? I ain't such an idiot as to think that you've got your wife shut up in that little box."

Claiming Kindred with the King.

A poor man presenting himself before Philip II. of Spain asked for charity, telling him he was his brother.

"How do you claim kindred?" said the King.

"Oh," replied the man, "we are all descended from one common father and mother—Adam and Eve."

On that the King gave him a small copper coin.

The poor man then began to grumble, saying, "Is it possible that your Majesty will give no more than this to your brother?"

"Away with you," replied the King; "if all the brothers you have in the world give you as much as I have done, you will be richer than I am."



A HOUSE DRESS AND AN EVENING GOWN.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

One of the great regrets that we have this season is to find that skirts are to become longer, and that our comfortable short ones are to be declared unfashionable. Such an alteration should have been made at the beginning of the summer, not at the moment when we have to encounter London mud, country roads, or the unswept streets of small towns. The skirts of very smart gowns quite touch the ground, or even rest on it for over an inch; a wretched length for walking, and so difficult to hold up. However, I feel inclined to think, from my own observation, that the many who have to go to and fro without carriages will continue to like, and wear, the short skirt. We are more independent in our ways of dressing than we were; and, though the advance is not great, still we can hold our own opinions in some degree. Of course, so long as we have the bicycle to ride, we shall be compelled to have the short skirt; and I notice that most women of moderate means content themselves with a bicycle costume, which will answer for walking as well.

There is no doubt at all of the popularity of tartans this winter; and for blouses they are immensely used, both in silk and woollen fabrics. The wide box-pleat is again to be seen, and it has, of course, fancy buttons in the centre as of yore. Tucks also remain in fashion, but many of the newest blouses are made on the cross, especially if the tartan used be a large one. Here quiet colours are preferred; but in Paris the largest-sized tartans and the brightest colours are used, and no doubt look charming under that clear sky, where they would keep clean much longer than in dirty London. The Russian blouse shape is the one most liked, and it is made to bag over the waistband all round, in the prettiest new blouses. Velvet of the prevailing hue of the tartan is used for waist and collar-bands; and this is an excellent addition, and improves the appearance very much, besides taking off a little from the rawness of the tartan. This rawness or glaringness of it has been the reason, I believe, why it has never had any great popularity in England; and it is strange that everyone has a feeling of it, though few people go further than to say it looks too showy and bright.

The fashionable tartans are not Scotch, but are those for which the French have always been fond, namely, fancy tartans; and they are certainly, some of them, very pretty and even mellow in their colouring.

The Russian blouse is, of course, the thing to wear; but the ever-useful cape has by no means disappeared, and there is no fear that it will, in view of the numbers of handsome ones that have been prepared by the furriers and are worn by the best-dressed women. These are mixtures of fur and velvet, with handsome *passementerie* and lace. In fact, nothing is more remarkable than the manipulation of fur this year, and nothing shows the pitch to which the tanning and preparation of all kinds of pelts has been brought, and their wonderful suppleness. The fur flounces are as soft, or softer, than cloth would be, and when put on over the shoulders yield as easily as if they were made of velvet.

The improvement in electric seal this year is very great; and I was surprised to see the prices asked for capes made of this material at the West End shops. Of course they



A RUSSIAN BLOUSE AND FUR CAPE.



A LONG MOUJIK JACKET.

looked nearly as well as the real thing, and were beautifully lined, and finished with equally good materials and work.

We illustrate a velvet Russian blouse, trimmed with a narrow edge of chinchilla fur, and with it a fur cape. These represent the last ideas in London, though it is said that the next idea is already in existence and will be seen at no very long distance off, and that is the three-quarter length coat, which, perhaps, my readers will remember was depicted in the last number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. I heard that many of them were already worn; but amongst the well-dressed people in the Park, I cannot say I have seen any, but I have no doubt that some kind of tight-fitting coat or jacket will make its appearance soon, as they generally come in after a reign of loose-fitting coats. Meanwhile, we who have Russian blouses or capes need not be uneasy, for we are quite up-to-date. The bands worn at the waist of some of the handsome Russian blouses are very handsome, but rather too bright; and I am glad to say that I have seen some very handsome leather belts, which seem more suitable.

Just now the small fur necklets are worn outside the high collars, not inside — where really there seems no room for them. The feather ruff is very fashionable, more so than the short feather boa, and it is a very becoming finish to the costume.

And now a word must be devoted to skirts, about which so many stories have been told; but which seem to have settled down, and show no remarkable change after all. We have not lost the stiffening and the horse-hair, for all skirts are stiffened quite as much as ever, and even silk petticoats are stiffened to the knee. This is so much the case, that there has arisen a talk of crinoline; but I do not think this is more than the irresponsible chatter of a few fashion scribblers, who bring this threat up periodically, when the times are dull and there is nothing to say. The new skirts are fitted most carefully round the waist and the hips; and no good dressmaker now neglects this part of her duty, which is as important as the fitting of the bodice. The fitting of all the new skirts is also tighter, probably, down as far as the knee, and there is a tendency to return to the old-fashioned umbrella cut. Indeed, many things are now cut on the bias, including tartan bodices and blouses, which are considered to look better in this manner.

In the way of trimmings, there are quantities of ruffles still to be seen; and I also notice that knife-pleated or kilted flounces begin to show themselves, and the pretty accordion-pleated skirts are as much used as ever. In one of our illustrations a very pretty evening gown will be seen, made in thin China silk, with lace insertions. Evening blouses are also made of this silk, and are girlish and pretty. I think that blouses are really more popular than ever, and amongst the very nicest may be reckoned those of tartan velvet, which have made their appearance in the West End shops. White linen collars and cuffs are still worn with velvet, and even silk blouses, as well as woollen ones, and no doubt they are becoming to many young faces, but not, I think, to anyone past girlhood. The lace blouses are very pretty. White lace over black, and black lace over a colour, are both decidedly elegant: and the sleeves of all of them are made of the lace alone, which gives them a transparent, dressy appearance, suitable for evening wear. Large buckles of paste, jewelled and gilt, are now placed at the back of the bodice, on the waistband, and not in the front. Cut steel are, perhaps, the most fashionable, and they are a long square in shape. Buckles are in great favour for putting in everywhere; into the centre of bows of ribbon and rosettes on millinery and evening dress.

All millinery may be described as rather gorgeous in colour, and exuberant in decoration. However, as it is pretty, we can afford to overlook some of its drawbacks. The toque is everywhere, and is worn like the straight-brimmed sailor hat, straight over the forehead, while the large hat, and the toreador are much slanted on one side. Bonnets are smaller, and nearly all have two or three feathers upstanding at the side; and one marvels to see the art of curling applied to every kind of feather, even cocks' feathers, which seem so handsome as they naturally are.

It seems as if all one's clothing, both masculine and feminine, had to pass through the hands of the scientists, and prove its right to be called healthy and hygienic in wear. The last thing that has fallen into the hands of the enemy, is starched clothing; and I quote from a recent newspaper account as to how it has fared in their examination of it.

"Prof. Max Rubner, who lectures on hygiene at the Berlin University, has published a very interesting article on the use of starched underlinen in summer. After extensive and careful investigation he has come to the conclusion that starched linen forms a very strong obstacle to the discharge of heat, an influence that becomes stronger in proportion as the outside temperature rises. In winter, when we try hard to retain our bodily heat, the protection given by starched linen is very small, on account of the low temperature on the outside, and in summer, when we try as hard to cool off as much as possible, starched linen energetically keeps the heat in. It is true enough that with the rising temperature perspiration will dissolve the starch, but even then it is very disagreeably felt. In this condition it closes up the pores of the linen, and renders difficult the entrance of dry air to the skin, and it is just the fresh and dry air that gives us coolness in summer."

I have recently mentioned that linen underwear, for ordinary use, has again returned to fashion; but it is not low enough in price to become possible of acquirement to the ordinary purse. The German Father Kniepp was the person to bring its benefits into general notice; but the linen he accepted as good was so porous as to be lace-like in its appearance; or so thick and heavy, that it seemed impossible to bear such a thing near one. This peculiar linen is "made in Germany," but Father Kniepp advocated linen because it dried more quickly than woollen; and he considered the retention of moisture by the latter an effectual bar to its use. And as you may be interested to hear it, I will further mention that the advocates of the linen garments have found a text to enforce their beliefs in Ezekiel xliv. 17. "They shall be clothed with linen garments, and no wool shall come upon them." When you go a little further, however, and look up the text for yourself, you will very quickly see that the ordinance had nothing to do with the ordinary Israelite, but was applied to a different class altogether. The thick and heavy linen was the first that Kniepp recommended, the open-work linen was an afterthought; and he believed that the warm air surrounded the body, and was entangled in its meshes. Thus it was warmer and dried more quickly than any other material. At any rate, the tremendous craze for woollen seems to be passing away in Germany, and perhaps a fresh craze will take its place.

WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

PART III.

SOUPS AND SOUP-MAKING.

"Nothing surely is so disgraceful to society as an unmeaning wastefulness."

Count Rumford.

It has been said—we will hope for the sake of our national credit that the statement is not true—that what one-half of society wastes would be sufficient for the other half to live upon. Even if this be not a "true bill" to bring against the wealthy as a class, it is unquestionably true that in the kitchens of the rich waste exists in a deplorable quantity. Unfortunately for us, the "unmeaning wastefulness" against which Count Rumford inveighs, is not confined to the rich; it exists in the middle-class households, and, for lack of knowledge, it exists largely amongst the working class, and even the very poor.

Only nature is untouched by this vice. She wastes nothing; even for "refuse" she has a use, and many uses. Never a plant grows but what has a function to fulfil; and if in some places she grows an abundance and in others allows a dearth, she but calls upon man to exert his powers and bring about the interchange that shall equalise the distribution. The world holds an ample provision of foods of all kinds for all creatures, but there is none to spare. We learn this latter fact when we go into a few statistics concerning the provisioning of a city like London.

In a useful book called *How London Lives*, the writer, who has collected his information first hand from reliable sources, tells us that out of the thousands of tons of fish alone, which come into the central markets and also direct to consumers, counting the whelk and the mussel as equally a unit with the salmon, the supply is not quite one fish per day per person, in this city. Of game and poultry, including the extra supplies at Christmas, the supply is not one bird per week per head, and we know there are thousands who never taste bird-flesh at all during the year, while there are a few hundreds who regard game and poultry as absolutely indispensable to their table. With meat the same rule of proportion exists, there is something under a pound per head per day brought into and distributed in the metropolis. Of milk, fruit, vegetables, bread and other "necessary" things the same may be said, in a slightly varying degree. What then becomes of the margin of surplus which we suppose exists when we see waste so lightly regarded? The fiction vanishes when we realise that the smallest waste means the direct robbery of one of our fellow-creatures—perhaps of many.

In wealthy households the food passes too frequently into the care of servants; these, springing from that strata of society which causes waste because of ignorance, have less regard still for that which is paid for by another, and are reckless in their use of it. Too much in quantity is ordered, and what is not used is thrown aside or suffered to rot; nothing can be made except by buying ingredients expressly for the dish, the "leavings" are always too insignificant to be of any account, and the very suggestion of economy is scouted by those who reign belowstairs.

If there is no excuse for such a state of affairs in the upper strata of society, there is still less excuse for those of the middle rank, for these have matters largely in their own hands to make or to mar. They have intelligence too, and books and papers that can help and instruct; if they will not see evil it is because they are wilfully blind. The wealthy are largely in the power of their servants, the code of their society prevents them from coming very closely in contact with these even when they have the will, and one establishment is much like another in the order of its maintenance, but for the middle-class household such a position is quite untenable. Although waste is not so noticeable amongst the latter, it is impossible to say that it does not exist.

Want of management, method, and forethought, are the causes of waste here, just as they are amongst the working poor.

Waste, be it noted here, is not simply an abusing of food, but it also includes that want of economy that is shown by not knowing how to extract the greatest amount of nourishment out of the materials that are used.

When we realise that it is waste of food and food materials that really impoverishes a country, we shall understand that the practice of economy in its preparation is not merely a saving to our pockets, but is a duty that we owe to our fellow-creatures. Those who now die—literally—from starvation might be saved from death many times over by the food that is—literally—thrown away.

Of all forms of economy in the art of preparing food there is none more striking than that which is illustrated by the soup pot. The French are a nation of cooks, and they cannot afford to dine without soup, for in nine times out of ten the soup represents a saving and not an extra expenditure.

It must be a small household indeed that has not trimmings, bones, and odd scraps enough to supply a small stock-pot, and even if stock of this kind be lacking, we have a score of soups that require no stock, no bones nor meat whatsoever in their composition, yet they are nourishing, satisfying and cheap; and because they satisfy they are economisers of the meat course which follows them.

Personally I do not favour the use of stock as a foundation for soups; I reserve it for gravies, sauces and the like. So also does the French cook. *Bouillon*, or the broth from fresh beef, mutton or veal, fowls, etc., after boiling, is the clear soup to which he gives preference, varying it by distinctive flavours, but never spoiling it by cooking it a second time over with other bones, thickenings, colourings, etc. To do this is, in his opinion, a grave error.

Vegetable soups, when properly made, require no stock, and *consommé*, a soup quite apart from all others, cannot rightly be made from stock. But, soups apart, a small stock-pot—preferably a brown stone jar with lid—is an indispensable adjunct to a kitchen. Bones left at the table, if washed in warm water, should all add their remaining juices to the stock-pot. Bear in mind, please, that stock should never be allowed to boil, but only to simmer, that long, gentle stewing may extract all the goodness from even the most obdurate bone. Chop all bones with a hatchet into quite small pieces. The stock that is made from bones will usually be found to be a firm jelly when cold, owing to the gelatine that is concealed in the bones, while that made from fresh meat rarely sets.

In hot weather stock should be poured off the bones as soon as it is well cooked, then it should be re-heated every day.

Soups in general we may divide into three classes, clear, thickened, and *purées*. The distinction between a thickened soup and a *purée* lies in the fact of the former owing its consistency to some thickening agent, such as rice, tapioca, potato or corn-flour, etc., while a *purée* is obtained by a careful rubbing of all the ingredients through a tamis or wire sieve. Peas-soup is really a *purée* of peas, tomato soup a *purée* of tomatoes, etc.

When rice, vermicelli or macaroni are added to a clear soup they should have been previously boiled in water, otherwise they will be liable to give a cloudy appearance to the soup.

It is not customary to serve the vegetables in the tureen when true *bouillon* is intended; they are *generally passed around* separately; if vegetables are added it is better to treat the soup as a *julienne*, and cut them all into small even strips.

If a clear soup is to be thickened use tapioca or potato flour *(fécule)* as the medium. When added early enough tapioca will dissolve and lose all its grain. A small teaspoonful of potato flour (dissolved in cold water first) is sufficient to thicken a pint of clear soup.

For thickened soup that is not required to be clear there are many agents to be employed. Bread is one that is largely favoured in France and Switzerland, either broken up and put into the pot with the other ingredients, or cut into dice and delicately fried in butter, then put into the tureen for the soup to be poured upon it.

The first desideratum for the making of a successful *purée* is patience on the part of the cook. Upon a patient rubbing of all the ingredients through the sieve will hang all the quality of the soup.

In the South of France a vegetable *purée* that is made of lentils, or peas, potatoes, or beans, will have no other vegetable save onion and perhaps a few herbs added to it. After rubbing these, together with the liquor in which they were cooked, through the sieve and bringing up to the desired quantity by adding milk or water, the *purée* is rendered much richer and smoother to the taste if one or two beaten yolks of eggs are added on taking the pan from the fire. If eggs cannot be spared use a spoonful of cornflour and one or two of cream.

Take care to season all soups and *purées* sufficiently before bringing them to table, remembering the poor man's axiom, "It's the seasoning wot does it."

To make a white soup use milk for the main part of the liquid and add a little cream at the last; turnips, artichokes (Jerusalem), vegetable marrows, white haricot beans, celery and parsnips, all make delicious white soups.

If green peas-soup is not sufficiently green, add to it a little spinach juice or a little harmless vegetable colouring.

In rubbing the ingredients through the sieve a portion will be found to adhere to the bottom; this must be cleared, and from time to time it will be found necessary to add a little water to the contents of the sieve in order to pass them.

You will generally find that in recipes, boiling cream is ordered. The distinction is important; not merely is the risk of curdling avoided, but the flavour is different. Most people know how different coffee tastes that has had boiling milk added to it instead of unboiled, so it is with cream; when it is to be added to soup of any description boil it previously.

For many of us cream is a luxury to be done without, in soup or out of it. As a substitute try the yolk of an egg added to milk, but in adding it be wary. Boil the milk, taking care not to let it boil over, and pour it boiling into the soup. Have ready a hot soup tureen and throw the beaten yolk of an egg into this. Remove the soup from the fire, let the first heat pass, then add first a teaspoonful to the egg, whisking all the time, then a little more, and gradually the whole. When cream or milk is used a suspicion, no more, of nutmeg is an improvement to the flavour. In conclusion, do not make too much soup; "little and good" is far better than much and poor.

L. H YATES.

NOVELTIES IN CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.



FIG 1.

THERE is nothing new to be said about the season of Christmas, so I am sure my readers will be grateful if I omit a long preamble and come at once to the consideration of the novelties in needlework which are here prepared for them.

The little handkerchief sachet shown in the first illustration is well worth their attention; when they shall have copied it exactly, it will be evident how easily this pretty variety of work can be adapted to sachets of other shapes and sizes.

The foundation is fraise-coloured Harris linen cut twice as long as it is wide (not less than seven by fourteen inches), to form a square when folded in half. In the centre of what is to be the top part of it is laid, slantwise, a square of very delicate canvas embroidery. These sections can sometimes be bought ready worked, but those who like to do all for themselves, can contrive a pretty ornament from fine *écru* canvas, gold tinsel, and cream and pale fraise silk. The tinsel must be fine enough to pass through the eye of a needle, and is used to trace out the principal details of the design, and near the centre of the one here given, it is the working thread in the simple drawn-work pattern which adds so light and distinctive a touch to the whole.

The canvas is button-holed round the edges of the design with the cream silk in a series of vandykes which, when the embroidery is finished, are cut round as closely as may be without snipping the stitches. The canvas is then laid on the linen background and secured in position by fine stitches of cream-coloured silk or cotton.

Pale green ribbons are carried from back to front of the sachet, crossed at the hinge as shown in the sketch, and left, at the front edge, in two rather long ends, one of which is to be passed through a loop of the ribbon sewn to the opposite flap. The ends are then tied in a generous bow and serve to close the case.

Within is a lining of cream silk and also a pocket, made of some of the same material; a sprinkling of scent-powder can be added if wished.

The sachet is finished off with fraise-coloured cord carried all round it and twisted into loops at the corners.

Reticules are so universally useful that to describe one needs no apology. Continental ladies use them much more widely than do their English sisters; both out-of-doors and in, and always assorting with their costume; they are as ornamental as they are convenient.

Fig. 2 shows an elaborate one, well suited for a Christmas gift. The foundation is a reticule of dull green bengaline on which is a panel of satin worked in ribbon embroidery. This has for some time enjoyed great popularity, which as yet shows no signs of waning. The specimen before us is worked with shades of blue, pink, green, heliotrope, red and yellow ribbons on a reddish terra-cotta-coloured background. The colours sound daring, but as they were chosen together the effect is very harmonious and the few stitches of yellow silk seen here and there at the tips of the sprays also tone in well. Silk (filoselle) occurs again, used for the stems and centres of the flowers.

In this rococo work, as it is sometimes called, a difficulty may be experienced in persuading the stitches of ribbon to set with a raised effect instead of sinking down into the satin. Cunning embroideresses now slightly pad each petal and leaf with a stitch of fine soft knitting cotton or tiny cord which is quite concealed by the succeeding stitch of ribbon.

Round the edge of our satin panel a line of fine medallion lace braid is sewn, which should be cream, not dead white in colour.

At the bottom left hand corner are bows and a slight drapery of striped ribbon of colours—brown, pink, and faint greenish yellow—repeating and harmonising with those seen in the rest of the work.



FIG. 2.

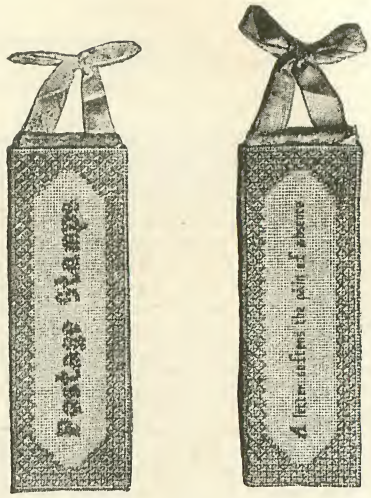


FIG 3

Green silk cord is knotted in and out this ribbon and draw-strings of some of the same cord with ribbon ties hanging from them are run through small bone rings beneath the deep heading at the top of the bag.

Perforated cardboard is no longer considered fit only for the use of children, but is returning to favour and worked in very much the same way as of yore.

Fig. 3 illustrates two sides of a modern stamp-case adapted from an old-fashioned model. The finest make of card must be asked for, and the best quality. Two pieces, each measuring about five by two inches are required for such a case as this; also some blue filoselle, very fine steel beads, and a short length of blue ribbon. The border design is the same on both sections of the case, and in the centre of one piece are the beaded words, "Postage stamps," on the other side, "A letter softens the pain of absence." This motto is written finely in silk, the small characters being but two, the tallest capitals five squares high.

When both sides are worked they are sewn together round the edges with blue silk taken over and over very evenly through each of the outer holes in turn and so as to form little straight stitches on one side and slanting ones on the other.

Inside the cover is an oblong paper envelope cut with large flaps to contain the stamps and backed with white card to give it substance. Card and paper are bound together with blue ribbon at one end, and a bow of the ribbon is added to be used in pulling the envelope out of the case.

This may seem a simple piece of work, but it needs more time and attention than might be thought at first.

In Fig. 4 I show quite a new kind of work. It is suited for doyleys, chair-backs, cushion corners, and many other articles which I could not give completed, as I wished my readers to see the needlework in detail. It is lace braid embroidery on net and worked as follows. The patterns are lace or braiding patterns plainly traced with black or dark blue lines on firm white linen.

Over this coarse *écru*-coloured mosquito net is tacked, the pattern of course showing through this. Narrow lace braid, of the width indicated by the double lines of the design, is tacked down with large stitches of white cotton to both net and linen until the whole design is traced out.

Then, with cream-coloured linen thread, the extreme edges of the braid are neatly stitched to the net alone, so that when the tacking threads are removed the linen pattern is secured at the edges of the work only. At intervals upon the design circles are marked. These indicate the positions of small rings or moulds which are supplied with the patterns and other materials all ready covered with *écru* cotton. They, like the braid, should be first tacked merely through both linen and net to secure them in the right position, then stitched carefully all round to the net only. The entire background of the net is worked over with white crewel silk, carried, in darning fashion, alternately over and under the meshes. In the coarser makes of net a double strand of this silk will be required to cover the ground sufficiently. The white is very pleasing in effect against the *écru* net and lace braid.

When the darning is completed the work can be freed from the linen pattern and the final decoration added by sewing down small sequins at intervals all along the course of the braid. Any coloured spangles can be used, but two kinds are usually chosen; blue and green sexagonal ones are seen alternately in our model. Each sequin is sewn down with a small white crystal bead which adds much to the bright look of the work. This style of work is not very ambitious, but is quickly executed and very effective. The linen patterns can be used several times for different pieces of embroidery.

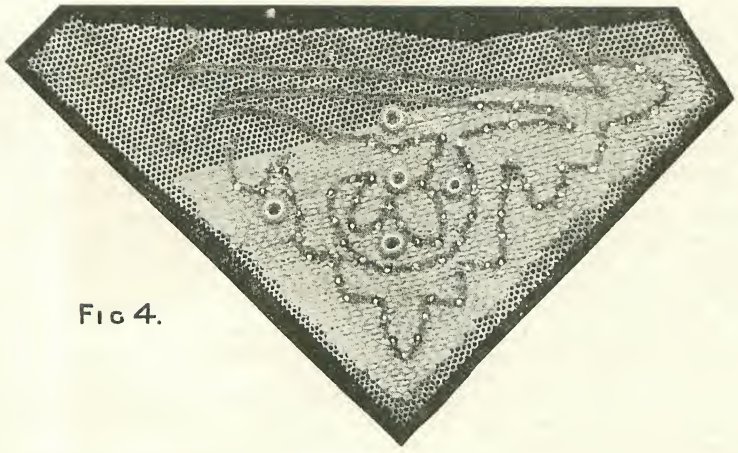


Fig 4.

The last illustration (Fig. 5) shows a dainty collarette. It is made of cut-work executed on white linen. The linen, a fine make of which must be chosen, is first stretched in a frame. The shape the collar is to be is traced upon it and within this the scrolls which form the design. All the outlines of the pattern are then outlined with button-holing in pink flax thread, the stitches being put fairly closely together. When the whole work is thus oversewn it is to be cut round, and where necessary the centres of the scrolls also taken out. The open-work band thus made is tacked on to a plain collar covered with silver grey silk and kept in place by French knots in golden terra-cotta flax thread made at intervals all along the centres of the scroll-work. This completes the embroidery, except that here and there a few lace bars made in pink flax thread are thrown across the larger spaces to connect certain portions of the design.

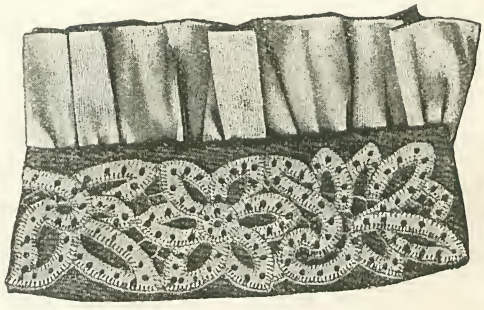


Fig 5.

The collarette must be neatly lined with pink and grey shot ribbon and a deep frill of some of the same be added at the top as a finish. The collar is closed by small hooks and eyes.

This style of work is very effective and by no means difficult to execute. Whatever colours are chosen for it must be carefully selected.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

SISTERS THREE.

BY MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

WHITSUNTIDE fell in the beginning of June, and as Hilary went a tour of inspection round the house and grounds, she was proudly conscious that everything was looking its very best. The rooms were sweet with the scent of flowers; the open doors and windows showed a vista of well-kept lawn, and in the distance the swelling height of mountains, beautiful with that peculiar rich, velvet green which can be seen in no other country in the world. Who would pause to notice the deficiencies of curtain and carpet, when they could look out of the window and see such a scene as that? As for the garden itself, it was a miracle of beauty—the flowering trees were still in bloom, while the wild roses had thrown their branches high over the tall fir trees, and transformed the drive into a fairy bower.

Hilary had special reasons for wishing everything to appear at its best today, for two visitors were expected to arrive by the afternoon train, Miss Carr, and the crippled author, Henry Rayner himself. Half-a-dozen times she made a round of inspection, each time finding some trifling alteration or addition to make to her preparations. At last all was ready; the tea-tray laid in the drawing-room; her own white dress donned, a bunch of roses pinned in her belt, and there was nothing left but to wait in such patience as she could command while Lettice and Norah exchanged glances of approval.

"Doesn't she look nice?" they whispered, and, indeed, Hilary was looking her best this afternoon, with the pretty flush in her cheeks, and her eyes alight with excitement. A few minutes after six o'clock the fly drove up to the door, and there sat Miss Carr, in her fashionable London bonnet, and, beside her, Mr. Rayner, pale and delicate as ever, but looking around him with an air of intense delight in the beautiful surroundings. Mr. Bertrand was on the front seat, and Hilary came forward to do the honours with much less confidence than she would have shown six months earlier.

"My dear, good child, have you any tea? I am perishing of thirst!" cried Miss Carr, loudly. She was so bustling and matter-of-fact, that she was the best remedy in the world for shyness; and Hilary led the way to the drawing-room with recovered equanimity. She had only had time for a quick hand-shake with the other visitor, but the glance which had been exchanged between them was delightful in its memory of past meetings—its augury of good times to come.

"And here are your other big girls. Dear me!" said Miss Carr, bestowing a hasty glance at Norah, and staring hard at Lettice over the edge of her cup. "I remember them all in long clothes, but I shall make a point of forgetting them soon if they go on growing up like this. There is a limit to everything—even to the memory of an old

woman, like myself. The boys are at school, I suppose—but the little one—my baby—Geraldine?"

"Quite well, sank you, how are you?" said the Mouse, coming forward from her hiding-place, and holding out her tiny hand, with a sweet-faced gravity which was too much for the good lady's composure. Down went the teacup on the table, and Geraldine was folded in a hearty embrace. "Bless your innocent face! I'm well, my darling—a great deal better for seeing you. You don't remember me, do you?"

The Mouse put her head on one side as if considering how to answer truthfully, without hurting the visitor's feelings. "I sink I don't," she said slowly, "only p'raps I shall by-and-by; I'm very pleased to see you."

"There now! What do you think of that? She couldn't possibly belong to anyone in the world but you, Austin," cried Miss Carr in triumph; and Mr. Rayner held out his hand to the child with a smile that showed that the Mouse had added yet another to the long list of her adorers.

It was not until dinner was over and the whole party had strolled into the garden, that Hilary had a chance of a quiet talk with Mr. Rayner, but when her father and Miss Carr began to pace up and down the lawn, he came up to her with a gesture of invitation.

"Won't you sit down for a few minutes on this seat?" Then, with a smile of friendly interest, "Well, how goes it?—How goes it?"

Hilary drew in her breath with a gasp of pleasure. She had not realised when in London how greatly she had been touched and impressed by her meetings with the crippled author; it was only after she had returned to the quiet of the country home that she had found her thoughts returning to him again and again, with a longing to confide her troubles in his ear; to ask his advice, and to see the kindly sympathy on his face. The deep, rich tone of his voice as he said that, "How goes it?" filled her with delighted realisation that the long-looked for time had arrived.

"Oh, pretty well—better and worse! I have been making discoveries."

"About?"

"Myself, I think!" and Hilary stretched out her hands with a little gesture of distaste, which was both graceful and natural.

Mr. Rayner looked at her fixedly beneath bent brows. "Poor little Two Shoes!" he said, gravely. "So soon! It hurts, Two Shoes, but it's good in the end. Growing pains, you know!"

"Yes!" said Hilary softly. It was good to find someone who understood without asking questions, or forcing confidence. "And you?" she asked presently, raising her eyes to his with a smile of inquiry, "what have you been doing?"

"I?—oh! Making discoveries also, I fear; among others, the disagreeable one that I can no longer work as I used, or as other men work, and must be satisfied to be left behind in the race. But we are getting melancholy, and it's a shame even to think of disagreeable subjects in a place like this. What a perfect view! I should never tire of looking at those mountains."

"Aren't they beautiful? That is Conniston Old Man right before us, and those are the Langdale Pikes over there to the right. I like them best of all; they stand out so well and, in winter, when they are covered with snow, they look quite awful. Oh, I am so glad you have come! We generally have good weather in June, and we will have such lovely drives.

Meantime Mr. Bertrand and Miss Carr were having an animated conversation.

"What do you think of my three little girls?" had been his first question, and Miss Carr laughed derisively as she answered—

"Little girls, indeed! They will be grown-up women before you know where you are, Austin. I like that young Norah. There is something very taking about her bright, little face. Miss Consequence has improved, I think; not quite so well pleased with herself, which means more pleasing to other people. She looks well in that white dress. As for Miss Lettice, she is quite unnecessarily good-looking."

"Isn't she lovely?" queried Mr. Bertrand eagerly. "And you will find her just as sweet as she looks. They have been very good and contented all spring, but it has been in the expectation of your visit, and the changes which you were to make. We are looking to you to solve all our difficulties."

"Very kind of you, I am sure. It's not an easy position to fill. The difficulty, so far as I can see, is compressed into the next three years. After that you will have to face it, Austin, and come back to town. You can keep on this house for a summer place, if you wish, but the boys will be turning out into the world by then, and you ought to be in town to keep a home for them. Hilary will be twenty-one, the other two not far behind, and it is not fair to keep girls of that age in this out-of-the-way spot all the year round, when it can be avoided. For the next three years you can go on very well as you are—after that——"

"I'm afraid so! I'm afraid you are right. I've thought so myself," said Mr. Bertrand dolefully. "I can't say I look forward to the prospect, but if it must be done, it must. I must make the most of my three last years. And, meantime, you think the girls are all right as they are. I need make no change?"

Miss Carr pressed her lips together without speaking, while they paced slowly up and down the lawn. "I think," she said, slowly, at last, "that three girls are rather too many in a house like this. You have Miss Briggs to look after Geraldine, and three servants to do the work. There cannot be enough occupation or interest to keep three young people content and happy. I have thought several times during the spring, Austin, that it would be a good plan if you lent one of your daughters to me for a year or two."

"My dear Helen! A year or two! One of my girls!"

"Yes—yes! I knew that you would work yourself up into a state of excitement. What a boy you are, Austin. Listen quietly, and try to be reasonable. If you send one of the girls to me, I will see that she finishes her education under the best masters; that she makes her entrance into society at the right time, and has friends of whom you would approve. It would be a great advantage——"

"I know it, I feel it, and I am deeply grateful, Helen; but it can't be done. I can't separate myself from my children."

"You manage to exist without your boys for nine months of the year, and I would never wish to separate you. She could come home for Christmas and a couple of months in summer, and you yourself are in town half-a-dozen times in the course of the year. You could always stay at my house."

"Yes, yes; it's all true; but I don't like it, Helen, and——"

"And you think only of yourself. It never occurs to you that I have not a soul belonging to me in that big, lonely house, and that it might be a comfort to me to have a bright young girl——"

Mr. Bertrand stopped short in the middle of the lawn and stared into his companion's face. There was an unusual flush on her cheeks, and her eyes glistened with tears.

"O, my dear Helen!" he cried. "I am a selfish wretch. I never thought of that. Of course, if you put it in that light, I can say no more! My dear old friend—I accept your offer with thanks. You have done so much for me, that I can refuse you nothing. It will be a life-long advantage to the child, and I know you will make her happy!"

"I will, indeed; and you may trust me, Austin, to consider more than mere happiness. I will do my best to make her such a woman as her dear mother was before her."

"I know you will. Thank you, Helen. And which—which——?"

"Nay, I am not going to tell you that." Miss Carr had brushed the tears from her eyes, and with them all signs of her unusual emotion. She was herself again—sharp, decisive, matter-of-fact. "I must have my choice, of course; but I will take a week to make up my mind. And she must be left entirely in my hands for the time being, remember! I shall look after her clothes, education, pleasuring, as if she were my own child. There must be no interference."

"Obstinate woman! Who would dare to enter the lists against you?" cried Mr. Bertrand between a laugh and a sigh. "Heigho! Which of my little lasses am I going to lose? Whichever it is, I shall feel she is the last I could spare, and shall bear you a grudge for your choice. Can't you give me a hint?"

"No! and I wouldn't if I could. I'll tell you when I am ready," said Miss Carr, coolly. And that settled the question for the time being.

(*To be continued.*)

A GROUP OF SCHOOL-BOYS.

CHAPTER IV.

"BEG pardon, young gents," said the landlord, who overheard the remark, "but them cliffs ain't safe, and you'd best go back by the road. A lad nearly lost his life there only two days ago."

"Which makes it all the safer for us now," said Robin, whose philosophy of life was amazingly optimistic. "One accident a week's as much as even a newspaper reporter could expect."

"I don't know nothing about newspaper reporters, young sir, but I do know as them cliffs ain't safe, especially after rain, and you'd best mind my words, and go home the other way, like good lads."

"Thanks," said Fergus, "we will." But he reckoned without his host; for, as soon as they were out of the man's hearing, Robin broke out in open mutiny against this decision.

"It's all rubbish!" he said. "You don't really believe such old wives' tales, do you, Ferg? I vote we go home by the cliffs as we planned."

"Hear, hear!" cried Jimmy Short, a boy after Robin's own heart where danger was concerned.

"The man knew what he was talking about," said Wilson. "I agree with you, Hume."

"Let's put it to the vote," cried Robin, and Fergus agreed.

"Hands up for the cliffs!" he said

Robin, Jimmy, young Dobbin, Percy Young, and Spider held up their hands.

"The contrary thereto," and only Wilson responded.

"Well, you've got your own way, and I hope we'll none of us repent it," he said; "but upon my word I think we're pretty considerable idiots."

"You needn't come if you don't want to," said Percy Young. "If you and Wilson really think it's dangerous, you'd better go home by the road."

"No, we'll all stick together," replied Hume. "There'll be more of us to carry back the pieces," and they set out on their dangerous enterprise.

The charm of the cliffs to these adventurous spirits lay in the fact that here and there great slices of them had fallen away in previous landslips, and while the regular path made a considerable *détour* inland, rough steps had been cut along the face of the chalk, which made it possible for a good climber to scramble down and up again at the risk of his neck.

The first of these dangerous places was successfully passed over; but at the brink of the second the boys paused with one consent.

Deep, ominous fissures streaked the face of the chalk, and in one place the surface earth had crumbled away, leaving a very insecure foothold.

"I say, this won't do," said Fergus Hume. "We shall have to go round."

"Rubbish!" cried Robin. "A child could scramble down there!"

"Possibly; but he wouldn't get up again. Look here; if you're tired of your life, I'm not, and I don't see the fun of risking it for nothing. Do you, Wilson?"

"Well, I rather agree with Robin that it's possible," said Wilson. "Look here, I'm just going down a little way to see."

He climbed down the first step as he spoke, and cautiously made his way along the shelving face of the rock. The others watched his progress breathlessly.

"It seems all right," he shouted, and even as he spoke he put his foot on a loose stone, slipped, and disappeared from sight.

"Great Scott—old Wilson's done for!" cried Fergus.

"He may not have fallen all the way. Let's shout!" said Robin. "Wilson! Harry!"

To the intense relief of the watchers above, a feeble voice replied.

"Where are you, old fellow?" called Hume.

"On a jutting bit of rock that broke my fall. Make haste and bring help. I've hurt my arm, and I've only just got room to stand."

"There's a farm we passed on our way," said Fergus. "Here, Percy and Dobbie, you're both good runners, go as fast as you can and bring men and ropes."

The two lads went off like arrows from the string, and there followed a weary time of waiting to those left.

Presently Wilson called again.

"I say, how much longer will they be? I'm getting dizzy."

"Shut your eyes and hold on tight," replied Fergus. "Hullo, Robin, what are you after? We don't want two fellows to come to grief."

"I'm just going down a little way to see if I can see where old Wilson is," and Robin scrambled cautiously down, until he had almost disappeared from sight.

"I can see him now," he called; "and, what's more, I believe I can get down to him."

"Don't be so unwise, Robin," cried Fergus, almost angrily. "Whatever is the good of risking your life like that?"

"Wilson's dizzy, and I can hold his hand," was the answer. "Hold on, Harry, I'm coming!"

But alas! even as he spoke the words, he slipped, and shot past Wilson into the gulf below.

There was an awful silence.

"Robin! Robin!" cried little White, in an agony of fear; but this time there was no reply.

"It's no good," called Wilson mournfully; he's gone right down, and must have been killed. I'm afraid old Robin's done for this time."

At that moment Young and Dobbie, accompanied by two labourers, came in sight.

"What's up? Where's Robin?" inquired the two boys, as they approached.

"He went down to try and help Wilson, and he's fallen over," replied Fergus, in awe-struck tones, while little White lay face downwards on the grass, sobbing out: "Oh, Robin! Robin! you can't be dead!"

"If he's fallen over there, there's not much hope for him," remarked one of the men, beginning to let down the end of a long coil of rope over the cliff's edge. Wilson caught it, and was soon hauled up into safety.

Then the younger of the two men fastened the rope round his waist, and was let down the side of the rock. It seemed a long time before his shout of "He's here!" told them he had reached the bottom.

"Pull up!" he called, after about a minute, and those at the top hauled by main force, till he reached the summit with Robin in his arms.

The boy was unconscious; at first sight they thought him dead. But his heart was still beating faintly, and a sad little procession carried him back to his mother, knowing that if he died it would almost break her heart.

The doctor was summoned, and, after he had examined him, he shook his head sadly.

"His back's broken," he said; "he can't possibly recover."

"Will it be long?" asked the poor mother.

"It's only a question of hours. He'll probably die before night. There's nothing to be done, poor little chap."

The doctor went on his way leaving the poor mother alone with her boy; her whole soul centred round one passionate longing, that he should speak to her before he died. And her prayer was granted. Robin opened his eyes, and fixed them wonderingly on his mother's face.

"Where am I? What has happened?" he asked.

"My darling, you have had an accident; you fell down the cliff."

"Oh, I remember. Was Wilson saved?"

"Yes; he helped to bring you home."

"That's all right. I say, mother, I feel rather bad. Shall I have to lie in bed long?"

There was no reply. His mother's heart failed her. How could she tell him the truth? But her face conveyed more than she knew.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Why do you look like that? Am I really ill?"

"Very ill, my darling."

"Is my back hurt? Shan't I be able to walk again?" asked Robin, his eyes wide with terror.

"Oh, my darling, my darling, you can't get better," she sobbed.

But still he did not understand.

"Don't cry, mother!" he said gruffly. "It will be awful to be a cripple; but I'll try and be brave for your sake."

"My Robin, you will not be a cripple."

"Do you mean I'm going to die?" he asked, a light breaking in on him.

She nodded, unable to speak.

But to her surprise his face lighted up.

"Oh, I am glad," he said; "it would have been too dreadful to be a cripple."

He lay silent for a few moments; then he said—

"Mother, I've been an awful trouble to you. Will you forgive me for all the naughty things I've done?"

"My Robin, my darling, there is nothing to forgive."

He smiled up in her face, then: "Mother," he said, "do you think God will be hard on a fellow? If I could have my time over again, I'd try to be very different; but do you think God will forgive me as easily as you have done?"

"My darling, God will be infinitely more tender and loving than I am. I know He will forgive you."

"Yes, I think He will," said Robin, and he closed his eyes and lay silent for a few minutes.

When he next spoke it was of earthly matters.

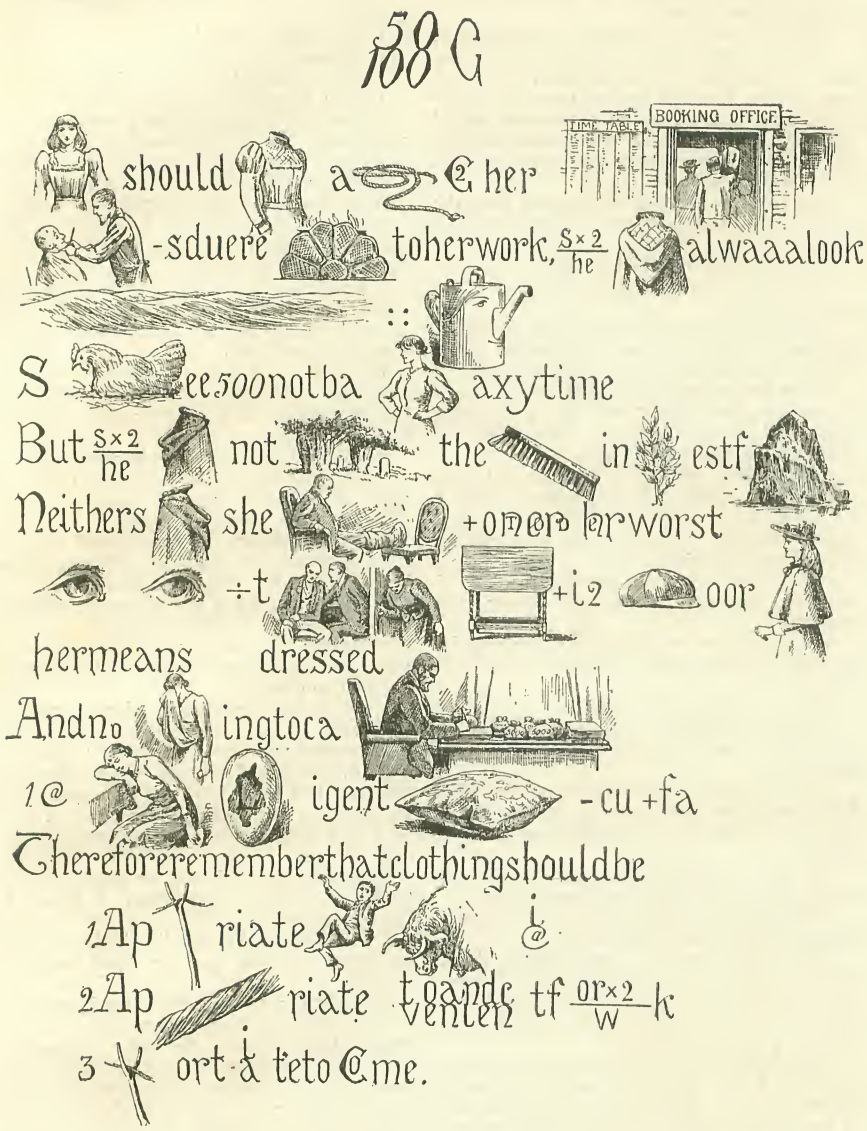
"I'd like my friends to have something to remind them of me," he said. "There are my rabbits: Wilson would like them, and I should like old Fergus to have my knife that Uncle Jack sent me last birthday: it's a beauty, and he's always envied it; and you might give Percy Young and little Dobbie and Jimmy Short a book each, and any other fellow you think would like one; and I should like Arthur White to have the rest. And mother, dear, I want you to be kind to poor little Spider for my sake. He's such a little chap, and some of the fellows bully him, and if you'd ask him in to tea sometimes, and take notice of him, it would cheer him up. I'm afraid there'll be no one to look after him when I'm gone."

He lay silent after that, and presently lapsed into unconsciousness; and at eventide, as the doctor had prophesied, the spirit of Robin King passed into the presence of his Maker.

A wasted life! I think I hear someone say. Perhaps so, and yet I do not think it was quite wasted. True, his death was quixotic and unnecessary; but surely the memory of that brave, cheery life was of service to the boys who loved him and stood weeping round his grave. For surely no true life—whether it be that of an aged saint or of a little schoolboy—is ever wasted, and this, at least, I know, that it was many years before Robin King was forgotten.

K. E. COLEMAN.

OUR NEW PUZZLE.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed :—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be February 15, 1898; from Abroad, April 18, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

SWEET SEVENTEEN (Shanghai).—You will find the reply to your first query under "Questions and Answers." As to your second, we know of no receipt for erasing ink blots from paper, save the use of a good ink eraser, or a very fine penknife. We prefer the latter, rubbing the erasure afterwards with an ivory paper-knife or anything hard and smooth.

EXILE (Basutoland, S. Africa).—Read our answer to Madeline in the November part (p. 63). We may repeat here that we think the best way to obtain a situation *au pair* in a Continental school is to advertise in such papers as the *Journal de Genève*, *Feuille d'avis de Vevey*, or *Gazette de Lausanne* (Switzerland). A 1d. postcard may be first sent to the editor to inquire the cost of such an advertisement. You might also write to the Governesses' and Artists' Institute, 18, Rue de Milan, Paris.

POPPY.—1. In your inquiry for shorthand and other classes you omit to give your address, so that we do not know in what part of England you live. If you are in London, you may find information from Mrs. Watson's recent article, "What is the London County Council doing for Girls?"—2. You should certainly learn drawing before learning painting. There are Metropolitan District Schools of Art all over London, at low fees. Inquire at the nearest to you.

SOMERSET.—Certainly the young girl you mention can enter for the Queen's Scholarship examination, which is the examination for admission into Training Colleges. If she passes, she will enter a teachers' training college for two years. She will have to pay an entrance fee, but in most cases this is only nominal, and bears no proportion to the cost of board and education for the time. On leaving the college she will, if her course has been creditable, be tolerably sure to obtain an appointment as an elementary teacher. Apply for full particulars to the secretary, either of the British and Foreign School Society, Temple Chambers, London, E.C.; or of the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C. You may also write direct to the Education Department, London.

B. BAILEY and RAINBOW both kindly inform us, in response to recent inquiries, that Susan Warner (Miss Elizabeth Wetherell) wrote sequels to her books. *Daisy* is a sequel to *Melbourne House*, and *Daisy in the Field* is a sequel to *Daisy*.

NOW READY.

No. 3. **PRICE THREEPENCE.**

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TO
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HER HIGHLAND LADDIE

A Story of a Girl's Faith.

BY

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE

* * *

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Girl's Own Paper. *London*

WAITING FOR TEA.



VOL. XIX.—No. 940.] JANUARY 1, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

SHED no more tears upon the lonely hearth,
Though night be gathering round thy earthly way;
In the thick darkness of that unknown path—
It shall be day!

There is no new philosophy to dread,
Poor broken heart—why sit and fret alone?
The slothful, and the craven souls are dead—
The brave—live on!

It is not always night upon the sea,
Though waves be dark, and hearts are tired and worn,
Keep but thy vigil, and again, for thee,
It shall be morn!

Lift up thy feeble hands unto the skies,
Claim thy great kinship with the Powers that be.
No humble effort of the brave e'er dies
On land, or sea.

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[*From photo: Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.*

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FUNERAL.



IT was the day of the funeral, and Guy, who at Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt's earnest request, was remaining a few days longer, stood at the dining-room window with his hands in his pockets looking sadly out. He was waiting for Madge to come down, as he wanted to ask her wishes about one or two details that he had been asked to see after.

Presently the door opened quietly, and he knew by the slow firm step that she had come.

He turned quickly and met her with outstretched hand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Fawcett," she said, touching his hand for a moment; then she sat down listlessly in an arm-chair.

She looked fearfully white and ill, and her face was drawn and haggard, but her lips were as firm as ever and her eyes as dry; she did not appear to have wept a single tear.

During the two days that followed that of the accident, she had been too prostrated to leave her room, but she had suffered no one to come near her except a favourite servant, and had scarcely opened her lips once.

On the third day she had appeared downstairs, and taken up her usual routine with a calmness that was worse to view than passionate grief, for there was with it an expression of such dumb, hopeless anguish, as wrung the hearts of all who saw her.

As she sat before Guy now, with the pallor of her face enhanced by her black dress, and her hands hanging heavily over the arms of the chair, his heart bled for her, and for the first time in his life he stood face to face with an overwhelming sorrow.

"I hope you feel a little better to-day," he began, in a voice of earnest commiseration, longing to say more, yet painfully conscious of his awkwardness in sympathising.

"Yes, thank you," she replied, apathetically, and continued to look straight before her with a steady, aimless gaze.

"I suppose you know the funeral will be at two o'clock this afternoon?" he continued quietly.

She started a little, but only replied in the same manner. "Is it? No, I hadn't heard, but I supposed it would be some time to-day."

"You will of course be present?" he said inquiringly.

"No"—and she shuddered. "I—I—have decided not to go."

He looked surprised.

"Don't you think your father will be disappointed?" he asked.

"He will not be surprised; he has known me too long."

"But surely it will look very strange; you must have been seen out yesterday."

"That wouldn't affect me in the least," she replied, with a touch of scorn.

Still Guy hesitated.

"It doesn't seem natural for you not to go," he said, a little nervously.

"Nothing is particularly natural about me," she answered. "I have made up my mind not to go."

She looked down at the floor, then continued, with a sudden, unlooked-for warmth in her manner—

"I have been reading through the service, and I couldn't bear to hear it. If I stood there quietly, while the clergyman read 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord,' and again, 'We give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world,' I should be acting a lie and lending myself to a farce. The clergyman may say 'It is well,' and all about him acquiesce, but I, in my heart, should say, 'It is not well for me!'"

She grew more roused and sat upright, grasping the arms of her chair tightly.

"I loathe farces," she said, intoxicated with misery and blinded with passion, "I am sick of pretence—the world is choked with it."

Guy knit his forehead in perplexity, and looked hard out of the window. He wanted to say something to help her, but had no idea how to set about it. He had never thought about these things at all, much less probed into the heart of them, but for all that, her words sounded harshly on his ears.

"I don't know," he said at last, "I'm not clever enough to reason with you, but somehow I don't feel like that about it. I think you would be happier if you could take things more on trust a bit."

He rose from the table, upon which he was half sitting, and walked to the window with a grave thoughtful expression on his face, that had seldom indeed rested there before. When he again turned to her she had gone.

Late that evening, when the stars were already shining in the sky and the moon had thrown its silvery light over all the sleeping earth, a tall slender figure, with a white drawn face and black garments, glided out of the Manor House and down the garden towards the little churchyard.

Guy was taking an evening stroll, and when he saw her, he turned and followed, for since that evening when he carried her in his arms from the chamber of death, he had claimed a right of protection towards her.

In the clear light he saw her hurry across the grass to where, in a quiet corner, were two grave-stones, and beside them a new-made mound. Then he drew back into the shadow and waited, lest she should again be overcome and need his help. He saw her kneel down in the grass and lean wearily against the larger of the white stones, then he turned away.

For twenty minutes he waited, then fearing ill-effects to her exhausted nature from the exposure to the night air, he stepped out from the shadow and approached her.

She started when she saw him, but made no remark on his presence, merely rising and turning to him.

"I was afraid you had forgotten the grass was damp," he began, half apologetically. "Hadn't you better come in now?"

She bowed her head in mute acquiescence and began to move away. After going a few paces, she stopped, and, turning again, said in a strange low voice—

"See, I have three graves now. On Sunday I told you I had no friends, only two graves. Now I have three graves, and neither mother, brother nor friend."

She hesitated a moment, and taking her listless hand in his, he said—

"Couldn't you look upon me as a friend now? I know I should only be a poor one, but perhaps better than none."

"You," she said, looking at him without seeing him—"yes, Jack loved you; of course you cannot be just nobody to me. Only think," she went on, looking once again at the quiet, moon-lit corner, "how many people have nothing in the world they really care for but two or three graves. Isn't it dreadful! I wish I could help them. I can't bear to think of anyone feeling as I do"—and a sob broke from her.

For answer he drew her arm through his, and led her back to the house.

That night he made a resolution, which seemed to him both natural and right, and two evenings later, in the same hallowed spot, he put it into words. He took Madge's unresisting hands into his, and said in a firm, manly voice: "Miss Harcourt, I have

something to say to you, will you listen to me?"

She motioned to him to go on, and the light in her eyes was softer and her whole manner more natural, so that he was emboldened in what he had undertaken.

"I want to know how you propose to live through the weeks and months to come," he said, "without the one thing which made your life seem worth living to you?"

"I shall not live, I shall only exist," she said, with intense bitterness; "and if I hope at all, it will be for the end."

"Yes, that is just what I expected!" he exclaimed earnestly, "and it will nearly kill you. I can't bear to leave you to it any more than Jack could have done. I only know of one way to help you, and that is to let me do the best I can to take Jack's place."

She looked at him with a strange wonder in her eyes.

"I don't understand," she said. "No one could ever take Jack's place."

"Not very successfully, I know, but perhaps better than nothing. If you will trust me, I will do everything a man could to make your burden lighter. Don't you see," and he pressed nearer to her, "there is but little chance for you to get away from here now, and if it was bad before, it will be infinitely worse now. But if you will trust yourself to me, we can go right away, anywhere you like, and it will not be so hard."

"How—I don't understand?" and she looked at him with bewilderment.

"I thought," he said nervously, "that if you would marry me—not now," he added quickly, as blank astonishment spread over her face, "but by-and-by. It would give me the right to take care of you in Jack's place, and give you something to hope about and look forward to. I think perhaps Jack would have wished it."

"Marry you?" she repeated incredulously.

"Yes, why not? I know I'm only a commonplace fellow, and not half clever enough or good enough for you; but I'll leave nothing undone that could possibly make you happier and help you to forget your loss."

"But I don't love you," she said, "I never even thought of such a thing."

"No, I didn't suppose you did; but I don't think that need make so very much difference. We both loved Jack so well and that would be a firm bond between us. I don't think either of us is the sort to fall madly in love at any time. If we were both content with affection and mutual trust, it would be all right, and I am certain it would be better for you than staying on here, growing harder every day."

"I see," she said slowly, "you are prepared to make a sacrifice for Jack's sake and a little for mine."

"No—indeed no! You can't call it a sacrifice. I'm awfully fond of you, Madge. I never met a girl before that I liked half so well. I feel as if I could do anything for you."

"For Jack's sake," she put in quietly.

"No—for your own sake."

"It is very good of you," she said, looking on the ground, "but it is quite out of the question. I couldn't dream of burdening you with anyone such as I. You don't know in the least what I am. I know you are only fond of me because you are sorry for me, and what regard I have for you is chiefly because you were Jack's friend and you have been kind since—since the accident. Either feeling might die and that would wreck your happiness. In any case my sorrow will cling about me, perhaps always, and why should I overshadow your life with it? No, no, I am not such a selfish monster as that. Please don't allude to it again. There is no room for love of that kind in my life at all and I don't want it. My heart is, and always will be there," and she looked towards the new-made mound beside the two shining gravestones.

"I know that," he said; "I have thought it all out, and I still think it would be better for you to come to me and let me take care of you. I never thought of being in love or marrying before; I was too contented as I was, but now I am sure I would rather marry you than any other woman I have met, and I feel certain I could make you happier. I will not ask you to love me passionately; only to be fond of me and let me take care of you."

But she turned away sorrowfully.

"No, no," she said, "your plan is a fearfully rash one, born of an overgenerous impulse; you must forget it at once. You will feel different when you are back in town, and for me—— I have told you my heart is in Jack's grave; it cannot make any difference where I am or what I do."

Then, without waiting for another word, she glided away from him, and he did not see her again.

Early the next morning he left for London, and—shall it be said?—there was something dangerously like relief in his heart, because she had refused to listen to his plan.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Spectacles in Fashion.

In Spain, during the seventeenth century, the wearing of spectacles by both sexes was a mark of social eminence. Although they were not necessary, many kept them on while eating or attending public functions—such as theatres, concerts and bull-fights—so that the owners might demand respect from those of the lower orders, with whom they might be compelled to come in contact.

The size of the spectacles was a matter of important consideration, just as carriages and men-servants are nowadays. As people's fortunes increased so did the dimensions of their spectacles. The Countess d'Aulnoy assures us that some of the spectacles she had seen worn by the grandees were as large as her head.

Absent-minded.—Some remarkable instances of absence of mind in great men have been recorded. A Dutchman seems recently to have surpassed anything of the kind yet perpetrated. He is a widower, and he presented himself one day last spring at the Registrar's in a little village near Amsterdam to give notice of his intended marriage. On being asked the name of the bride, however, he declared he could not remember it, and he had to be sent away in order that he might get the desired information.

Tales told by Wrinkles.

A careful observer informs us that one's history can be largely told by wrinkles. Horizontal lines across the forehead are found even in children who are rickety or idiots, and being out in the sun with the eyes unshaded will produce them permanently, but they are natural at forty or earlier.

Vertical lines between the eyes denote thought and study, since deep concentration contracts the eyebrows; grief and worry produce the same effect, and, frequently repeated, either leaves a permanent fold in the skin.

Arched wrinkles just above the nose indicate extreme suffering, either mental or physical.

The earliest wrinkles of all and the most unavoidable are those which run from either side of the nostril down to the mouth, and these are produced by smiling and even the motion of the jaws in masticating.

Wedding-day Superstitions.—It used to be thought by the superstitious that to try on a wedding-ring before the ceremony was unpropitious. If the shaking hand of the bridegroom dropped this symbol of love in the act of putting it on the bride's finger it was held that the ceremony had better be stopped then and there. To lose it was prophetic of evil, and to remove it after it was placed on the finger was unlucky.

A Tale of a Bank-Note.

About the beginning of this century, a Bank-of-England five-pound note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary course of business. On holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, the cashier saw some faint red marks upon it.

Examining them closely, he traced some half-effaced words between the printed lines and upon the margin of the note, written apparently in blood. After a long and minute scrutiny he made out the words—

"If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers."

The merchant immediately communicated with Mr. Dean, and he lost no time in bringing the matter before the Government. Inquiries were set on foot, and the unfortunate man was discovered and ransomed.

He had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when the message he had traced with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood reached the Liverpool counting-house.

Liberty, however, we regret to add, came too late; the privations and hardships of the galleys had sapped his strength, and although he was brought home to England, it was but to die.

A NEW TREATMENT OF EMBROIDERED CURTAINS.

ANYONE taking up such an undertaking as the embroidery of a pair of curtains should try to get hold of a design that will be effective when worked, and, at the same time, not occupy too large a slice of one's leisure in carrying out. It is so often noticed that many works are begun and never completed because the interest evaporates owing to the long time occupied in completing them. I am going to direct the reader's attention to a method of embroidery in flax on a plain woollen material, and, for the design, I give one which repeats itself at regular intervals, very much as a wall-paper does, so that when a number of the repeats are wrought, such as would be the case in a large curtain, a "busy" and rich effect is produced, suggesting a great deal more work than has actually been expended upon it. This is what I term producing the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort. There are of course occasions when one can take up a piece of work, regardless of the time occupied in completing it—a work which shall show our patience as well as our skill with the needle. But I believe in a strict economy of means in all one undertakes. One should direct energy so that labour tells to the fullest advantage: work for work's sake is not economy, but waste. We can make what is of little cost of considerable value by our labour. The material for curtains may be a plain woollen serge or other inexpensive material: our labour can make it priceless because the work is unique and cannot be purchased at the nearest shop.

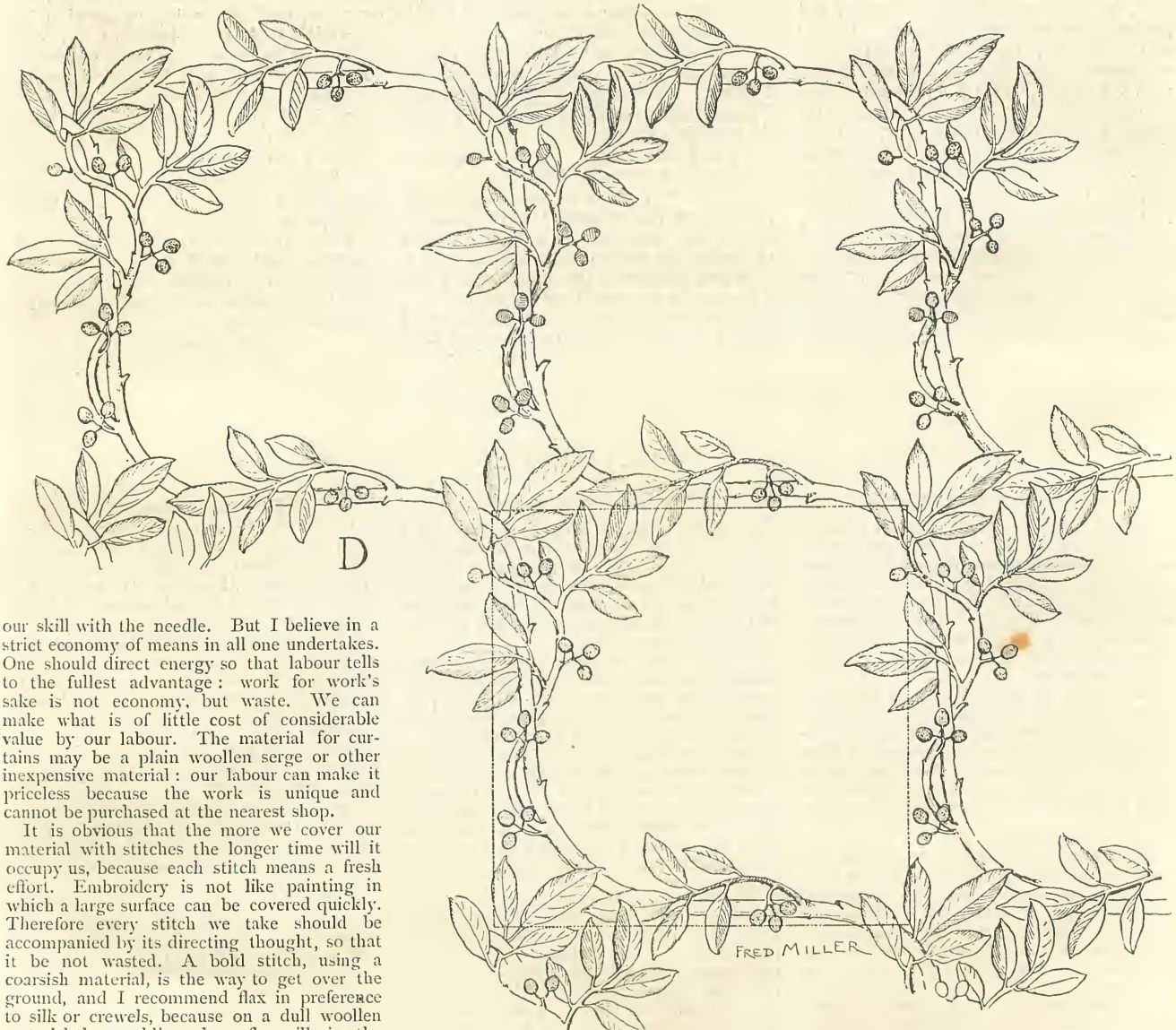
It is obvious that the more we cover our material with stitches the longer time will it occupy us, because each stitch means a fresh effort. Embroidery is not like painting in which a large surface can be covered quickly. Therefore every stitch we take should be accompanied by its directing thought, so that it be not wasted. A bold stitch, using a coarsish material, is the way to get over the ground, and I recommend flax in preference to silk or crewels, because on a dull woollen material the sparkling glossy flax will give the work brilliancy by contrast, flax being coarser than silk, as well as infinitely cheaper, it is a double economy to use it. I have seen flax used with considerable effect by the Donegal peasants, who embroider their own woollen frieze with it. Their work can be seen in London in Wigmore Street.

If we embroider a woollen material in worsted we don't get that relief by contrast that we do if we use a sparkling material like flax or silk. That is the reason silk is used to touch up and give accent to crewels; but if we use flax as I am advocating, the whole of our needlework is in contrast to the material wrought upon.

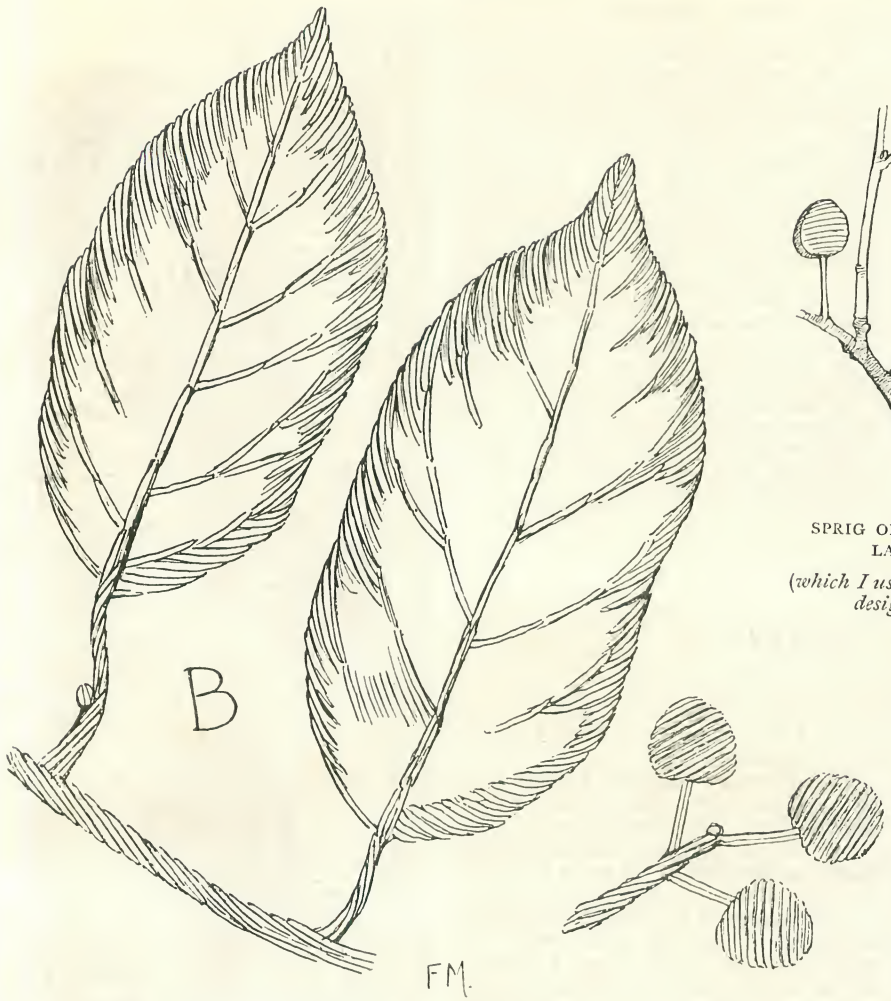
Then again, with flax great variety of colour is obtained by the direction the stitches take, though the same coloured flax be used, for the lustrous nature of flax catches the light and you get the same sort of quality as cutting glass gives that. Flax in fact is in appearance like spun glass.

I have taken the trouble to give details of the design in A, B and C to show how the stitches are to be taken. Thus, in working the fruits, take the stitches across each one at a slightly different angle, for you will find if you do that each fruit will appear to be in a different shade of colour, though the same coloured flax be used; because flax shows a different tint as the light strikes it at various angles. Thus the stitches taken perpendicularly will appear a different colour to those taken horizontally.

In the leaves I have shown that these are not to be worked all over, which would greatly add to the time occupied in working out our scheme, but in patches—if I may use the term—following the direction of the veins. You will be surprised at the varied effect you will obtain on a large surface by working the leaves in this way. Where one leaf comes over another the upper one can be in little more than outline while those below can be nearly solid. This method is what I term letting the stitches "play" about, and it gives work a sparkle and lessens the tendency to the mechanical, which is in all work such a desideratum; and the saving of time is enormous to what must be expended where every part of the design is worked solidly.



REPEATING DESIGN FOR OUTLINE EMBROIDERY IN FLAX, FOR CURTAINS OR HANGINGS.



Detail of D *showing "way" of stitches, and how the leaves should be treated.*



SPRIG OF PORTUGAL LAUREL

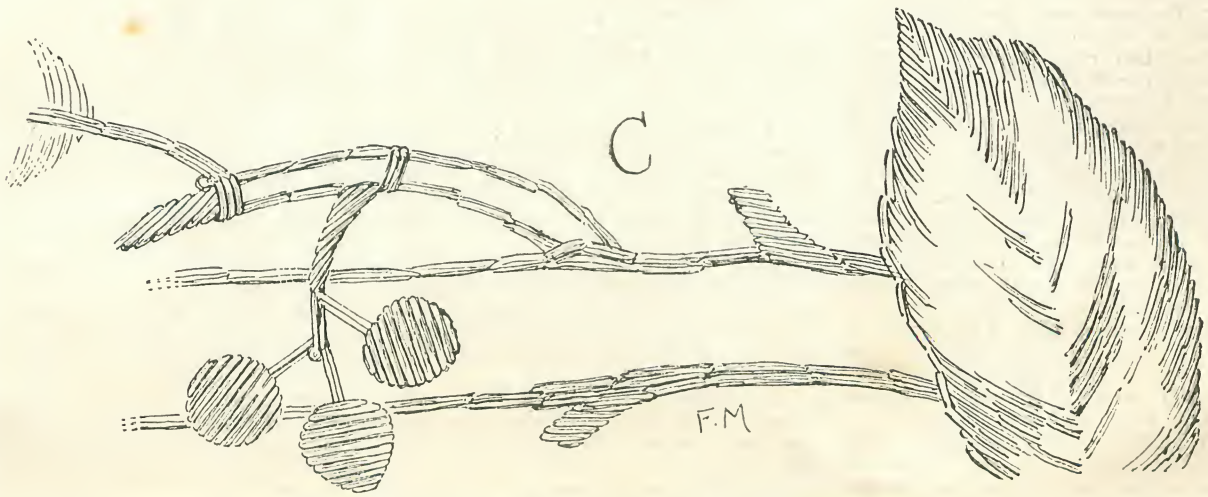
(*which I used in making design* D).

Reference to the detail C shows that the main stems which support the design are to be outlined only, though a little thought here will prevent this being mechanically done, for we can give the effect of knots or short twigs by thickening the outline in places.

Now let us turn to the design itself and see how the repeat is accomplished. The whole of the design is contained within a square, as will be seen, for I have marked off a square to show this. If the design overlaps or is carried beyond the square to the right, allowance must be made for this portion on the left, so that in designing this class of pattern we draw a square and scheme out our design in the way I have shown. A wall paper or cretonne might be taken and adapted, or the design I give could be enlarged by "squaring." You have only to cover the portion of the design contained within the square in Fig. D with say quarter inch squares, and then on your paper draw a square six or eight times larger and cover this with 1½- or 2-inch squares, and then fill in the details. This is a mechanical method and one that insures accuracy in spacing and proportion. The details B, C and D are given full size, so that the scale the design should be enlarged can be gauged.

To transfer the design to the fabric make a "pounce," that is, trace the design on thick tracing-paper and prick it over with a coarse needle on the reverse side. Then with some charcoal or chalk (as the material to be worked is light or dark) tied up in a muslin bag rub over the pricked design on the right side; this will give you an impression, but you had better go over it with a little colour or soft pencil, as the powder will rub off in the working.

In selecting the colours to work in regard must be had to the material you work upon, but do not be too naturalistic, for you are not painting a bit from nature in which truth of representation is the first consideration, but working out a design. Arrange, therefore, a



Detail of design D *showing the "way" the stitches should be taken.*

scheme of colour. If your material is a reddish brown, then you might work the design in tones of yellow and grey; if green, in tones of warm light brown or reds. Keep the main stems running at the back of the design in more neutral colours so that they do not obtrude themselves and interfere with the leaves, or else in a distinct colour. Thus, if you are working on a light material, then the stems should be darker than the leaves, say a quiet brown with leaves in reds and yellows; or you might, for the sake of getting further relief, work the stems in crewels and the leaves in flax. There are many little variations of this kind that may be introduced with considerable effect which you must think out for yourself.

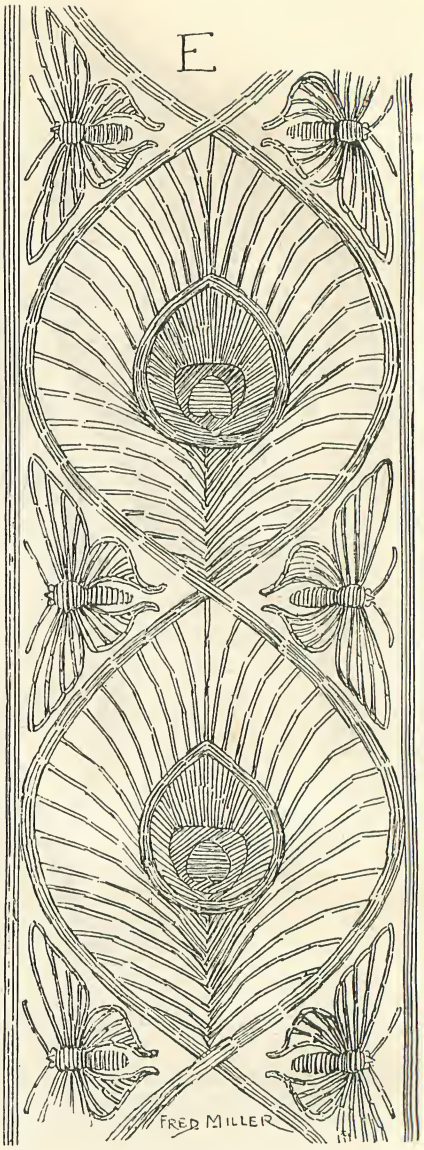
Always keep nature before you, and to emphasise this remark I have drawn a sprig of Portugal laurel with its berry, as in making the design I had the growth of this plant before me to keep me up to the mark. Nature keeps our work virile and free from the mechanical, and you cannot refer to her too often. To get the swing and nervous quality into one's work can only come of a study of nature.

As a border to our curtain I have drawn Fig. E, one founded upon a peacock feather, while the spaces to the right and left are occupied by conventional representations of moths. As you will see I have avoided plant form altogether in this border, as I wanted a contrast to the foliage filling. This plan of making one part of the design contrast with that next to it should always be followed. If you had a flower painting to frame you wouldn't choose a frame with representations of flowers upon it, which would interfere with your painting, but some plain or distinctly ornamental pattern to contrast with the picture and throw it into prominence. The same holds good with embroidery. Your borders should be like a frame to a picture.

In some subsequent articles will be given some quite new designs for borders.

The border E might be worked either in tones of raw sienna, Roman ochre and yellow, or in turquoise blues and greens.

FRED MILLER.



DESIGN FOR BORDER TO CURTAIN OR HANGINGS.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

DURING the next few days the girls could not help noticing a peculiar contradiction in their father's manner towards themselves. He was alternately demonstratively affectionate, and unreasonably irritable. He snubbed Norah's performance on the violin, scolded Lettice because she was wearing white dresses instead of her old blue serge, and called attention to flaws in the housekeeping in a manner which sent the iron into Hilary's soul. And then, when a chance meeting occurred on landing or stair, he would throw his arms round them and kiss them over and over again with passionate tenderness.

"Something is happening, but I haven't the remotest idea what it is," said Norah to her sisters, and it added to their curiosity to notice that Miss Carr was openly amused at their father's demeanour, while he was as evidently embarrassed by her quizzical smiles.

Mr. Bertrand had decided to say nothing of Miss Carr's invitation until that lady had made her final choice; but when the third day came he could restrain himself no longer, and taking the girls aside he proceeded to inform them of the new life which was before one of their number. The news was received in characteristic fashion. Hilary stood in silence, thinking deeply, with drawn, anxious brows; Lettice promptly burst into tears, and clung round her father's arm, and Norah blurted out a dozen contradictory speeches.

"How horrid of her! I won't go! I should hate to leave you all. It's very kind. . . . . The best masters . . . would be lovely, of course, but—— Oh, dear, whom will she choose?"

"I couldn't leave home, father. Who would look after the house? It would be impossible for Lettice to do the housekeeping. Miss Carr knows me best. I should love it if it were not for leaving home."

"I don't want to go! I don't want to leave you. Oh, father, father, I'd be so homesick! Don't let me go!"

Mr. Bertrand stroked Lettice's golden locks, and looked on the point of breaking down himself.

"Whichever of you Miss Carr chooses will have to go," he said slowly. "I have promised as much, and I think it will be for the best. I shall be in town every two or three months, and she will come home for Christmas and the summer holidays, so that it will not be a desperate matter. Don't cry, my pet; you are only one of three remember; it is by no means certain that Miss Carr would have you, even if you begged to go. Perhaps I should not have said anything about it, but it was on my mind, and I was bound to speak. London is a fascinating place. It is the centre of the world—it is the world; you will find many compensations."

"I shall see a great deal of Mr. Rayner. I'm sure he will choose me. It's only fair. I'm the eldest, and she knows me best," thought Hilary to herself.

"I should go to the Royal College of Music, learn from the best masters, and play at the concerts," thought Norah. "I wonder if it would stop Edna's lessons! I should feel mean if it did that, and I do enjoy going over every fortnight and having fun at the Manor!"

Lettice sobbed on her father's shoulder, and tried to smother the thought that it would be "nice" to know grand people, and drive in the park dressed in pretty, fashionable clothes.

Very little more was said on the subject. The girls were shy of revealing their secret thoughts, and Mr. Bertrand was already beginning to repent the confidence which had had the effect of damping their high spirits.

"We must get up an excursion of some kind to-morrow, or we shall all be in the blues," he said to himself, and when tea-time arrived he had all the plans cut and dried.

"A char-a-banc will be at the door at half-past ten to-morrow, good people. We will drive over to Grassmere and lunch at the Rothay. It is convenient for the churchyard and the gingerbread shop, and they have a good garden. We can lounge about in the afternoon, and get back here for a late dinner. There will be eight of us, and the char-a-banc holds twelve, so we shall have plenty of room."

"Oh, father, Rex and Edna! Do let us ask them! There is time to send a letter to-night, and we could pick them up at the cross-roads. Oh, father!"

"Oh, Norah! Certainly, my dear, ask your friends if you wish. I shall be pleased to have them," and Norah rushed off in delight to scribble her note of invitation.

When the char-a-banc came to the

door the next morning, Hilary busied herself looking after the storage of cloaks, cushions, camp-stools, and various little etceteras which would add to the comfort of the excursion. She looked a very attractive little mistress of the ceremonies as she bustled about, with a sailor hat on her head and the nattiest little brown shoes in the world peeping out from beneath the crisp, white, pique skirts. Hilary was one of the fortunate people who seemed to have been born tidy, and to have kept so ever since. The wind which played havoc with Norah's locks never dared to take liberties with her glossy coils; the nails which tore holes in other people's garments politely refrained from touching hers, and she could walk through the muddiest streets and come home without a speck upon boots or skirt.

Mr. Rayner leant on his crutches and watched her active movements with the wistful glance which was so often seen upon his face. Hilary knew that for the thousandth time he was chafing at his own inability to help, and made a point of consulting him on several points by way of proving that there were more ways than one in which he could be of service.

"I don't know. In the front—in the back; put them where you like. Are you going to sit beside me?" he replied hurriedly, and with an undisguised eagerness which brought the flush of pleasure into the girl's cheek.

"Oh, yes, I should like to!"

Hilary stood still in a little glow of exultation. The last few days had been delightful with their experiences of lounging, driving, and boating, but the coach-drive along the lovely roads, side by side with Mr. Rayner, able to point out each fresh beauty as it appeared, and to enjoy a virtual *tête-à-tête* for the whole of the way—that was best of all! And he had chosen her as his companion before Lettice, before Norah, before any one of the party! The thought added largely to her satisfaction.

As Miss Carr refused point-blank to take the box-seat, Mr. Bertrand insisted that it should be taken by the other visitor. Hilary advanced to the ladder, therefore, and was about to climb up to the high seat, when she turned back with an expression of anxious inquiry.

Mr. Rayner stood immediately behind, but his "Please go on!" showed that he understood her hesitation, and was annoyed at the suggestion of help. She seated herself therefore and tried in vain to look at ease while he followed. For two or three steps he managed to support himself on his crutches with marvellous agility; on the fourth they slipped, and if he had not been seized from behind by Mr. Bertrand and pulled forward by Hilary's outstretched hand, he must have had a serious fall. Hilary literally dare not look at his face for the first ten minutes of the drive. With an instinctive understanding of another person's feeling which was a new experience to this self-engrossed little lady, she realised that he would be smarting beneath the consciousness of having made himself an object of general commiseration. Whatever happened, he must not think that she was pitying him. She racked her brain to think of something to say, some amusing stories to tell.

"I wish we were going on a coach instead of a char-a-banc. I love to see the drivers in their white hats and red coats, and to hear the horns blowing. There is something so cheerful about a horn! We are getting to know all the drivers quite well now. I say 'getting to know,' because it takes quite three years to know a north countryman. They are so terribly reserved! Last year I was on the box seat of a coach sitting next to the driver whom we knew best of all. There were some American ladies behind who kept worrying him with questions all the while. 'Driver, will you show us Wordsworth's house?' 'Driver, you won't forget Wordsworth's house?' 'Driver, hev you passed Wordsworth's house?' He just sat like a statue and took no notice whatever. Poor man, I wonder how many thousand times he has been asked those questions! One of the horses had bandages round his front leg, and at last I said—I believe I was trying to show off a little bit, you know, just to let them see how polite he would be with me—I said, 'Oh, Robert, why has the off leader got gaiters on to-day?' His face was just as blank as if I had never spoken. We drove along in silence for about ten minutes, while I got hotter and hotter. Then he cleared his throat deliberately, and said, 'Well, in the first place—he needs 'em! and in the second place—he likes 'em! and in the third place—he can't do without 'em!' I felt so small!"

A forced "Humph!" being the only reception which the story received, Hilary braced herself to fresh efforts. Two or three experiences of North country manners were suggested by the last; she related them in her liveliest manner, and even forced herself to laugh merrily at the conclusion. "So funny, wasn't it? Don't you think it was good?"

The char-a-banc had now reached Bowness, and, for the first time, she ventured a glance into her companion's face. He met her eyes and smiled, the slow, sweet smile that transformed his expression.

"I know some one who is good," he said, meaningly. "You have talked yourself out of breath trying to drive away the evil spirit. It's too bad! I am ashamed of my own stupidity!"

"I wish," began Hilary eagerly, and stopped short as suddenly as she had begun.

"You wish? Yes, what is it? Tell me, do! I want to hear——"

Hilary paused for a moment and turned her head over her shoulder. A reassuring clatter of voices came to her ear. Rex, Norah, and Lettice, chattering away for their lives, and Edna's soft laughter greeting each new joke. The young folks were too much taken up with their own conversation to have any attention to spare for the occupants of the box seat. She could speak without fear of being overheard.

"I wish you would try not to be so cross with yourself for being lame!"

Mr. Rayner winced in the old, pained manner, but the next moment he began to smile.

"'Cross'! That's a curious way of expressing it. How am I cross?"

"Oh, always—every way! Every time it is alluded to in the most distant way, you flare up and get angry. You have snubbed me unmercifully three or four times."

"I have snubbed *you? I!*" He seemed overcome with consternation. "Miss Hilary, what an accusation. I have never felt anything but sincerest gratitude for your sympathy—I suppose I am stupid. I ought to be hardened to it by this time, but after being so strong, so proud of my strength, it is a bitter pill to find myself handicapped like this—a burden to everybody."

"You have been with us now for nearly a week, and there have only been two occasions on which you have seemed any different from another man, and each time," said Hilary, with unflinching candour, "it has been entirely your own fault! You would not let yourself be helped when it was necessary. If I were in your place I would say to myself, 'I am lame! I hate it, but whether I hate it or not, it's the truth. I am lame! and everybody knows it as well as I do. I won't pretend that I can do all that other people do, and if they want to be kind and help me, I'll let them, and if they don't offer, I'll ask them! Whatever happens, I am not going to do foolish, rash things which will deceive nobody, and which may end in making me lamer than ever!' And then I'd try to think as little about it as I could, and get all the happiness that was left!"

"Oh, wise young judge!" sighed Mr. Rayner sadly. "How easy it is to be resigned for another person. But you are quite right; don't think that I am disputing the wisdom of what you say. I should be happier if I faced the thing once for all, and made up my mind as to what I can and cannot do. Well, Miss Carr told me her plans last night. If you come to London you must keep me up to the mark. I shall hope to see a great deal of you, and if you find me attempting ridiculous things, such as that ladder business to-day, you must just—what is it I am supposed to have done?—'snub' me severely as a punishment."

Hilary smiled with two-fold satisfaction. So Mr. Rayner agreed with her in believing that Miss Carr's choice was practically certain. The prospect of living in London grew more and more attractive as the various advantages suggested themselves, and she was full of delicious anticipations.

"Oh, I will," she said merrily. "I am glad that I did not know you before you were ill, because I see no difference now, and I can do it more easily. I think I am like the Mouse; I like you better for being different from other people. She spent a whole morning searching for frogs in the garden, and now all her dolls are supplied with crutches."

"Dear little mortal! I never met a sweeter child," cried Mr. Rayner, and the conversation launched off to treat of Geraldine and her pretty ways.

(*To be continued.*)



EVENING PRAYER.

AN EVENING HYMN.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening."—*Luke* xxiv. 29.

SINKS the sun in solemn splendour,
Gather fast the shades of night,
For the sombre hue of evening
Day has changed her golden light.
Wearied with the work Thou gavest,
Feebly done, yet done for Thee;
Lo! I kneel for benediction,
Bless me, Saviour—even me.

Gone the day beyond recalling,
Gone its hours—its minutes fled,
Gone the deeds that can't be cancelled,
Words that cannot be unsaid.
Lowly bending at Thy footstool
This my vesper prayer shall be:—
For all sins a full forgiveness
Grant me, Saviour—even me.

Though the sun in solemn splendour
Sinks before the shades of night,
Thou art still the ever-wakeful,
Sleeping not in gloom or light.
Keep me now from sins of darkness,
Make my thoughts—my dreams of Thee;
In Thine arms in safety sleeping,
Keep me, Saviour—even me.

When the sombre hue of evening
Gathers o'er life's closing day,
May the heavenly guards Thou sendest
Hover near me while I pray.
Then, at last, when angel-voices
Call my spirit back to Thee,
To the day that knows no evening
Take me, Saviour—even me.



GOLD OR ALUMINIUM.

By S. A. AGASSIZ.

"Moments make the year, and trifles life."

THE bright June sunshine was streaming into the noble old Gothic church of St. Lawrence at Alkmaar, one Sunday morning, 1895, its cheerful rays lighting up the immense chancel, now disused and bare, and empty save for the tomb of Count Florian V. of Holland, at the east end, and the gaily decorated choir-organ against the north wall.

In the nave was the amphitheatre-like arrangement of seats so common in Dutch churches; the splendid organ was placed up in the west gallery and the three-decker pulpit against a pillar below; the walls were white-washed and the lofty windows destitute of stained glass; nevertheless, the burghers were proud of their church, and justly so.

The attention of the younger members of the congregation had wandered grievously, long ere the pastor had finished his learned and extempore sermon of an hour's length, and sat down in the pulpit with the air of a man taking his well-earned rest, whilst his people joined heart and soul in the closing hymn, a slow solemn strain, lacking perhaps in culture, but soul-stirring in its heartfelt devotion. Even pretty Anna Hensch forgot for a time the glories of her new dress and joined in it fervently.

"Good-morning, Jungjuffrouw Anna," observed a voice behind her as she mingled with the out-going stream. "What an eloquent discourse Mynheer Schneevoogt gave us to-day."

"Oh, the dear good man, why does he preach such long dreary sermons," responded she lightly. "I wonder you listen, Mynheer Jansen."

Now if Mynheer Jansen had been, like the youth in Longfellow's poem, of a romantic turn of mind, he would have replied—

"'Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.'"

But being only a sober-minded Dutchman, he changed the subject by saying—

"So you go to the Leyden *fête* to-morrow; there is every appearance of its being a wet day."

Hapless Mynheer, although most deeply in love with Anna Hensch, he generally bored or irritated her whenever they met. This calm prophesy of evil exasperated the fair Anna, who had been looking forward to the outing for months past.

Down, down in the scales went honest Mynheer Willem Jansen, and up went a certain Adriaen Dorrepaal, student of the University of Leyden. For two years now had she, the only and much indulged daughter of her widowed mother, wavered between these two suitors for her hand; prudent, prosperous Herr Jansen, with his well-established business; and the wild, extravagant young cousin Adriaen afore-mentioned, who had but little money, and no inclination at all to settle down to any occupation in the future.

For neither had Anna any deep affection; sometimes the idea of being mistress of a large house, with plenty of money to spend, inclined her seriously towards Mynheer Willem, whose sterling worth, in her secret heart she well knew far out-balanced the more showy qualities of Adriaen.

But then Adriaen was so amusing and so handsome, and so unlucky, poor Adriaen; everyone but herself blamed him for idleness and folly; if she deserted him he should despair, so he declared, and so time went on and found her still undecided.

In the meantime Mynheer Jansen had escorted the offended Anna to the inn and assisted her into the quaint gaily-painted chariot which her father and grandfather had used before her. The sturdy horse trotted off along the straight level road paved with clinkers, and lined with trees planted exactly the same distance from each other, which led to the village of Binnen; a typical Dutch road, bordered on either side by dykes which prevented the black-and-white cattle from straying from their pastures.

The Hensch's house, with three rows of trees planted squarely around it, stood in a trim garden; the high sloping roof was partly thatched, partly tiled, the walls were spotlessly white save for a bright blue dado about three feet in height; the trees were also adorned with dados—valued as being washable—and even the farmyard animals were as clean as if daily scrubbed. Entrance was gained by a drawbridge over the dyke, and in describing one house, with trifling alterations, I have described the village.

The opening day of the Leyden *fête* *

* Held in commemoration of the founding of the University by William III. of Orange, 1622. Some of the student-corps assume the names and costumes of various historical personages connected with the town at that period, not only Dutch, but English, French and German. The honour of representing Prince Maurits, William's son, falling on the richest student, as the expense of "bossing" the week's *fête* is simply enormous.

dawned bright and clear, and the Hensch family was only one amongst the many who gathered at Alkmaar station. There stood Mynheer Jansen, with his usual good-humoured smile, and armed with a monster horn-handled bottle-green umbrella.

"Observe, mein Jungjuffrouw Anna, that I take my family motto for my guide, '*In omnia paratus*' am I."

Jungjuffrouw Anna's answer was merely a disdainful glance as she flitted by, but her coldness was amply atoned for by the effusion of Mevrouw Hensch's greetings, for she naturally favoured the well-to-do suitor.

Happily the journey to Leyden is a short one, and conspicuous amongst the crowd of students who had come to meet their friends was Cousin Adriaen. Here indeed was an escort to be proud of, and homely Mynheer Willem, in his sober brown suit, might retire to his proper place, i.e., the background.

Tall and well built, Adriaen Dorrepaal carried off his rich cavalier costume with easy grace and managed to walk without tripping over his long sword, and to lift his feet as if his huge tan-coloured jack-boots were made of leather and not of cast-iron, in which he was happier than most of his comrades.

"Exit Adriaen Dorrepaal and enter Jonkheer Hendrick van der Rijt, Ridder," exclaimed he gaily.

"Oh, Adriaen, you ought to be Prince Maurits," cried Anna in delight.

"Why did you bring that Jansen fellow?" returned he discontentedly.

"'Where there is honey, there will be bees,'" quoted she demurely.

Then for the first time the glories of her attire burst upon him, and he recoiled aghast. Alas for Anna.

"You set my teeth on edge," he said with the frank incivility of a relation.

Tears of mortification flooded poor Anna's blue eyes.

"It must be nice," she retorted indignantly. "I copied it from an English fashion paper Jacoba sent me from London."

"English, oh, the English have no taste," quoth Adriaen airily.

And certainly the mixture of glaring colours, outraging all pre-conceived notions of good taste—with which we were pleased to adorn ourselves in 1896—justly deserved Jonkheer Hendrick van der Rijt's censures.

"Don't be vexed, my love, Adriaen is foolish," interposed her mother. "He is jealous because your dress is as gay as his; what do you say, Herr Jansen?"

Mynheer Willem was strongly tempted to console the weeping Anna at any cost, but, too honest to prevaricate, remained silent.

"Well, never mind," cried Adriaen good-humouredly, "you look as pretty as possible, Anna, and we must hurry or the Prince will arrive before we reach the Groote Ruine," and off they drove.

Few can visit Leyden unmoved, teeming as it does with memories of its sturdy citizens who fought so gallant and apparently hopeless a fight for faith and freedom against the brutal Alva.

For nearly a year the desperate and starving people, under the noble Burgomaster, Van der Werff, held their town against the Spaniards; as a reward for their heroism, so say the local historians, William of Orange founded the university.

Let those who wish to know of the famous siege read Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

In the Brudestraat stands the picturesque Stadhuis, and over one of the doors are the words—"When the black famine had brought to the death nearly six thousand persons, then God the Lord repented of it and gave us bread again as much as we could wish." This, of course, refers to the siege.

But little recked Anna of these matters as she drove through the gaily-decorated streets—the sky well-nigh invisible for the flags and banners waving from roof and window—to the gardens where Prince Maurits held his reception, and which were appropriately adorned with a monument to the noble Burgomaster Van der Werff, mainstay of the burghers during the siege.

The gardens were thronged with gaily-dressed people, and presently the gates were thrown open; the soldiers on guard presented arms, and Prince Maurits dashed up in a splendid carriage with four grey horses; the hammercloth bore the royal arms; the footmen standing behind, and the coachman wore gorgeous liveries of orange and black, the colours of the House of Orange; and the Prince himself, a slight pale youth, was dressed in a magnificent costume of the same colours; his body-guard of four followed in another carriage in most quaint and becoming garb of green and white.

Escorted by the handsome Jonkheer van der Rijt in his rich dress of mauve and silver, Anna's cup of happiness seemed full, but alas, even Eden had its serpent.

Adriaen soon discovered the general amusement occasioned by her *outré* appearance.

"What a peacock!" scornfully observed one damsel in all the sweet simplicity of white.

"Quite a *rara avis*," said the student at her side.

"It is to be hoped so, certainly," retorted she acidly, secretly envying Anna's sunny golden hair.

"Rain, eh!" remarked an old professor, adjusting his spectacles. "I have not felt any, but I perceive that one end of the rainbow still lingers on earth.

These, and similar remarks were veritable torture to Adriaen, who, like most vain people, was extremely sensitive to ridicule, and but for his miserable shamefacedness, Anna would probably have remained blissfully unconscious of what was passing; once awakened, however, her one idea was instant flight.

"You want to go home because people are laughing at your dress! Nonsense, my love," cried Mevrouw Hensch loudly in answer to Anna's whispered entreaty. "Your dress is lovely and quite the smartest here."

Poor Adriaen, he positively shivered at the amusement this speech provoked.

"My dear, dear aunt, do remember that you are not calling the cattle on the polder!" he exclaimed in desperation, and then he really could stand no more and slipped quietly away.

The ridicule which scared the gallant Ridder away had quite the opposite effect on Mynheer Willem, and brought him, highly indignant, to Anna's side; indignant at the cruelly-expressed amusement of strangers; and still more indignant at his rival's faint-hearted desertion, whereat, had he been a more worldly-wise lover, he would have rejoiced.

But kindly Mynheer Willem thought only of Anna's distress, as, covered with confusion, she now shunned attention as eagerly as she had formerly courted it; and throughout the afternoon, since Mevrouw Hensch could not be persuaded to retire, he remained with them, and Anna even forgot that he carried his bottle-green umbrella.

About five o'clock the strains of Gandeamus were heard; the guard presented arms, Prince Maurits and his body-guard drove off to dinner, his guests speedily following his example; to assemble again a little later on in the streets with thousands of other spectators, to witness the grand procession which paraded the town.

The rich and varied coloured costumes of the actors in the pageant, the gaily caparisoned horses and magnificent carriages, combined to make a splendid and effective spectacle, of which every detail had been so thoroughly studied, the figures might have walked out of one of Franz Hal's immortal canvases, so true to life were they.

There, too, were the quaintly accoutred halberdiers, and the pikemen trailing their long weapons, there were the artillery with their antiquated guns which provoked smiles from the nineteenth century soldiers; nevertheless it was this part of the procession which stirred the hearts of the patriotic spectators with proud memories of their forefathers, those war-worn scarred old warriors who fought so stubbornly for their rights.

"These shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times."

The day's festivities ended with fireworks in the Groote Ruine gardens.

Darkness, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and Anna's unfortunate dress being no longer noticeable; Adriaen ventured to rejoin her and soon managed to draw her away from her party on the pretext of seeing the display better elsewhere; the fireworks were being hurried on by reason of the dark lowering clouds which threatened a storm ere long.

"Anna," said Adriaen eagerly, when they were out of earshot, "would you mind living at Java? about Christmas, you know, when my time is up here; I think of going out to try my luck; I have just had a splendid offer to take a partnership in a business."

"Won't that need a great deal of money?" asked she dubiously.

"Of course, of course, I shall borrow it to start with," answered he easily. "Never fear, we shall get on famously—yes, we," he repeated, seizing her hand. "Why, Anna, you won't throw me over now, surely; without you, dear little cousin, I should be as a ship without a rudder."

He had taken off his plumed hat, and the light fell full on his flushed, handsome young face, his dark eyes sparkling with eagerness, a bonny well-favoured wooer was he.

Anna looked at him with affectionate pride; she was fond of this scapegrace cousin, and had he spoken but a few hours earlier, probably her answer would have been a different one.

"No one wishes you success more than I do, Adriaen dear, but I cannot go with you," she answered very low, for her poor little heart was beating fast. "Until to-day I thought you loved me, really loved me; but it was all a mistake—you think more of others than you do of me, or you would never have left me this afternoon."

"You surely won't refuse me for such a trifle as that," cried Adriaen hotly.

"It was not a trifle to me," she answered quickly, "and you were ungenerous, unkind to desert me—you might treat me so again; how can I trust you?"

How could she trust him? The gentle reproach annoyed him, though he made no effort to justify himself. Poor Anna burst into tears, and her tears effected what her reproaches had failed to do; for once in a way Adriaen was genuinely ashamed of himself, though enough of the old Adam remained to make him exclaim in horror—

"For pity's sake, my dear girl, don't cry, some one might see you. There, then, I cry *peccavi*, and you are right not to trust such a weak idiot as I am; but, little cousin, don't be too hard on me; just wait till I get out to Java, and see how I'll work to make you a home; give me another chance and don't say no now, dearest Anna."

Very winning was his almost boyishly simple pleading, and Anna hesitated a moment, and

then, happily for her, hardened her heart; his love would be but a poor prop to cling to, and she answered steadily—

"Indeed, I must say no, Adriaen, but we can still be friends."

"Friends," repeated he, darkening with anger and mortification, "only friends; you have never really cared for me, or you would not speak so coldly, Anna. For years I have loved you devotedly, and now—I have deserved better at your hands, Anna. I—I——"

A party of students approaching, he broke off and vanished into the darkness, and she, feeling little inclined to face her mother's fussy questions and comments, turned down a side path.

Poor girl, the longed-for day had brought her nothing but trouble and disappointment; even Adriaen's love was a delusion, and his persistency largely due to wounded vanity. These sorrowful meditations, however, were speedily ended by a sudden downpour of rain, a flood which extinguished all lights and caused a general stampede amongst the guests.

After tumbling over various benches and other obstacles, Anna wisely took shelter under a tree to wait till Adriaen should return for her.

Steadily and soakingly the rain descended; ten minutes passed and Anna, shivering and weary, was on the verge of relapsing into tears, when she heard some one calling; a figure appeared with umbrella and lantern, and behold, not Cousin Adriaen, but Mynheer Jansen to the rescue.

"Ah, my dear Jungjuffrouw, how distractedly I have sought you, and the Mevrouw, your respected mother, is so concerned; but she has accepted a seat in Mevrouw Koninck's cab and confided to me the privilege of escorting you to the station."

His broad plain face beamed as he flourished his umbrella and proffered his arm.

"Walk in this rain," exclaimed Anna disconsolately.

"I fear much that so it must be," he returned with ill-concealed satisfaction, and led her off in triumph. "Ah, my dear Vrou Anna, what happiness if it might be ever thus," sighed mynheer sentimentally, as he looked down at the little figure clinging to his arm, and it must be owned that mynheer had not taken the shortest route to the station. It was the first and last time the worthy man ever talked nonsense, so he may be forgiven.

"For ever under an umbrella," retorted Anna pettishly, as she slipped into the gutter. "You have extraordinary notions of happiness, Mynheer Jansen."

"You take me too literally," he returned rather huffed. "But I would that I might be always at your side to shield you from the storms of life; you have many to admire and love you, but not one who would make you happier than I," he concluded ardently.

If he for once was foolish, she for once was wise, as betwixt tears and laughter she answered—

"It shall be as you will; no doubt we shall be as happy as most people."

This was not very encouraging, but Mynheer Jansen found it eminently satisfactory; and what is more, he is still of the same mind, and there are few more contented people in Alkmaar than Mynheer and Mevrouw Jansen.

HOW TO FORM A GIRLS' CYCLING CLUB.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prophecy that the great popularity of cycling during last year was unlikely to be continued this, it is safe to say that there has been a large increase in the number of ladies and girls who have discovered in bicycling a fascinating as well as a healthful amusement.

There will probably not be many amongst my readers who do not possess machines of their own, or at least who do not ride when occasion offers. And it must have soon become apparent to them that society, when riding, adds greatly to one's enjoyment. "Girls are not clubable creatures," has often been said, and with some degree of truth, but the cycling club is such a charming institution when properly organised, that girls find a great deal of pleasure in belonging to or starting one.

A large club is not at all desirable, nor is it at all an indication of either success or usefulness.

From twenty to twenty-five members are quite sufficient for a most enjoyable and successful organisation. The great thing is to be clubable; and, of course, the more numerous the members are the less intimate and truly friendly can the individuals be with all.

The first steps to be taken in the formation of a club, such as is practicable in most towns, and even in large villages nowadays, is to look round and see who cycles amongst one's acquaintances. This done, the preliminary meeting should be arranged at some one's house, which is the most central for all to attend. The circular which two or three girl friends can issue in their joint names to mutual friends should run as follows: —

'Blanktown,
"April 12th, 1897.

"DEAR ——.—Your presence is asked at a meeting to be held on Thursday week next, April 22nd, at the Elms, Cherry Tree Road, at 5 o'clock, to consider whether a ladies' cycling club can be formed. Please invite any friends you think likely to join to come to the meeting.

"We are, yours faithfully,
"A. B.
"M. N.
"Y. Z."

At the meeting the first thing is to discuss freely the chances of the club meeting with support if formed. All those present should then be asked whether they will promise to join, and their names be put down by the girl who is for the time-being acting as secretary. If these are found to be numerous enough to promise success the club is formally inaugurated. "That this club be named the Blanktown Ladies' Cycling Club" is the first rule, and the others can be easily drawn up from those of other clubs already in existence, and we need not, therefore, occupy space by setting them down. The next thing is to elect the captain and sub-captain, and both these should be girls thoroughly popular with the majority of those present or likely to join. Not necessarily the best riders, though that is desirable, if the fact goes hand in hand with popularity. The secretary and treasurer (unless the club be a very large one) may well unite in one person. Let her be a thoroughly business-like girl, with plenty of good humour, and above all tact. The possession of the latter quality will do much to help the club over hard places, should any occur. More than is generally understood depends on a good hard-working, painstaking secretary.

The committee should be small and well-chosen, so as to represent all parties and all parts of the town.

We have now got our officers; it now remains to settle the very important matter of the subscription. This need not be high. There are several excellent ladies' cycling clubs of which I know where half-a-crown a season is found ample, with good management on the part of the secretary, to meet all demands. It should, however, be paid promptly on election, or at the commencement of each season.

We will now suppose that the club is formed, the rules drawn up and passed, and the club-room at one of the member's houses agreed upon. The programme for the season is the next important item for consideration. This will naturally consist chiefly of rides on half-holidays and in the long summer evenings to places of moderate distance; the great fault of most club riders being that they wish to ride too far or to "do" so many miles in a given time. It is well to remember that a successful season is that which gives health and enjoyment to the greatest number of members, and is not that in which any given number of miles has been ridden. No ride should be long enough to overtax the weakest member; and the captain or sub-captain must remember that the pace is to be that which will allow of all members riding in comfort. To arrive at the end of the "run" with several of the members in one's charge knocked up, even although very fast time has been accomplished, is no credit to the captain. A very good plan is to divide the members into two sections, one under the command of the captain and the other under the sub-captain, and then those who are able to "push on" can do so without distressing the slower riders or causing them to feel uncomfortable.

A few words may not be out of place upon the subject of manners. Be sociable; and let every member at once put her foot down firmly on the slightest cliquishness should it arise. Because A. B.'s bicycle is second-hand or not a "highest grade" one is no reason for despising it or her. The machine will possibly carry her just as well through the season as your own. All members of a club whilst out together should be considered to be equal in social rank, and the true gentlewomen are those who try to make things pleasant and the club runs enjoyable to others.

A word also to dress. Let this be neat and unassuming. If possible it should have some claim (when club-riding at all events) to uniformity. A plain light or dark skirt, a neat linen blouse (for summer wear) and a plain sailor hat are within the reach of all, and are in most girls' wardrobes, and but little more is required.

THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

PART II.

THE second subject on which our Editor has invited me to confer in friendly fashion with my girl-readers is a very familiar one. Among the troubles that beset girlhood, none is more distressing than shyness, or than self-consciousness in its form of nervousness. Like the trouble of physical plainness, this is not a matter on which sympathy is readily asked or tendered, and yet it is very real, embittering the life of many a girl who blames her own stupidity for suffering so keenly at "a mere nothing."

The girl who is shy is painfully aware that she is, so to speak, at warfare with the commonly-received principles of her existence. Young people ought to like to go out whenever they are asked, to see plenty of society and to shine in it, to be always ready for a little fun or frolic, to desire new scenes, and frequent change of associations. Such, at least, is the dictum of most elderly people regarding the young with whom they have to do.

The shy girl feels that she is a living contradiction to these accepted maxims. She loves nothing better than to stay at home leading a tranquil life from day to day in her familiar occupations and interests. All she asks is to be let alone. This is just what her well-meaning relatives decline to allow. Her mother kindly hunts up suitable friends to come and visit her. She does not want them, dreads their arrival, is unhappy while they are with her, and rejoices when they depart. There is probably one exception to this rule, but rarely more than one, in the shape of a confidential friend, who herself (for extremes meet) in all likelihood cannot understand her friend's peculiarity, and thinks it is "such a pity." None the less, it remains a trouble for the victim of shyness to see fresh people, to enter fresh houses; and if perchance she should be plunged into fresh associations altogether, she suffers cruelly in a dumb fashion.

It is needless to say that, with this peculiarity, she does not show the best that is in her to casual acquaintances, and that it takes long, very long, to know her thoroughly; so that, outside her own family, she has few friends.

I have always felt great sympathy with the loud outcry and distress of a dog or a young child at being suddenly placed in unfamiliar surroundings among new faces. People say it is "terror of the unknown;" but it is not that in whole or even in great part. It is the severing of the unseen links that bind the little creature to its environment; which severance causes for the time, and until fresh links form, exquisite, uncomprehended suffering. In its further development this becomes the very real malady known as home-sickness—German, *Heimweh*. With some people this tendency to suffer, almost universal in the very young, lasts on through life. And for the comfort of the shy it may be said that a passionate clinging to the familiar and the trusted is by no means generally the accompaniment of a mean or shallow nature.

Personally I have always felt inclined to dislike a child who, like the unpleasant infant in the story, "loves everybody" without distinction; and when I hear that So-and-so is "a nice girl but so shy!" I always feel prepossessed in that girl's favour. Shyness is far better than the dreadful manner so prevalent among some modern girls—a sort of go-as-you-please, rough-and-ready style. High Schools have done much for the education of girls; may one who is keenly alive to their good work in this respect, venture to suggest that there is a certain "High School manner" not altogether to be admired? The characteristics of this manner, at the antipodes of shyness, are a sort of easy conviction that its owner has the key to all knowledge and is a supreme object of consideration; that gracefulness, gentleness, refinement, are things of no account, that loud talking, disrespect to parents, and general "flinging round" in a free and easy way, are desirable womanly characteristics. Of course I am not suggesting that this manner is peculiar to or universal in High Schools; but its acquirement is a danger to be carefully avoided by girls who congregate together in an independent fashion in large numbers daily. Among girls of the type just described, any little lady would appear "shy," and one would endorse in her case the remark of an unknown author: "What is often termed shyness is nothing more than refined sense and indifference to common observations."

One is struck, in reading the newly-published biography of Tennyson, to notice how shy he was on his entrance into Cambridge life. "I know not how it is," he writes, "but I feel isolated here in the midst of society." He wrote an essay for a debating society of which he was a member, and "was too shy to deliver it."

"But surely," some reader may exclaim, "you are not going to write an article in praise of shyness?" And visions that arise to the mind of the shy girl in society—as red as a beetroot, as mute as a fish—unable to impart or to receive any remark with intelligent ease, are certainly not prepossessing.

I have felt that there was something to be said in sympathy for the shy—as when the sportsman says "birds are very shy," one always feels that the birds are in the right of it! But none the less, the proper course in the shy girl's case lies midway between two extremes. The reader who suffers from this trouble and finds that it interferes with her social enjoyment and that she is blamed for it, may take courage. She need not be ashamed of the tendency—unless, indeed, it results from pride—but it lies largely within her own power to modify it.

Some shy people, who wish to cure themselves, attempt to do so by rushing to the opposite extreme. You are aghast and a little scandalised at a noisy manner, and a *mal-à-propos* remark delivered suddenly, like a bolt shot out of a cannon, with a reddening visage; and you are told afterwards, "Oh, that is only shyness," which seems at first quite absurd. It is true nevertheless that shyness in revolt against itself produces strange antics.

I advise, then, the girl who is conscious of being distressingly shy not to adopt any such violent measures, but to make up her mind not to give way to the wish to seclude herself. There is a strong temptation, which can scarcely be understood by differently-constituted natures, to slip out of the social engagement or the afternoon call; to avail oneself of the ready excuse—weather, imaginary indisposition, what not—for not putting in an appearance; to shrink snail-like into one's shell on every occasion. And the inclination to do this sort of thing grows with its indulgence.

The word "shy" is connected with the German word *scheuchen*, to scare, whence comes the expression "shoo," so familiar in the poultry yard. The association is rather significant!

Let the shy girl remember that in gratifying her love of solitude she is selfishly escaping from a duty—that of making herself agreeable and useful as far as she can to other people. After a little while of quiet persistence in doing what she does not exactly like, she will insensibly come to like it. And if she forces herself to talk, naturally, quietly and simply on any topic of which she knows anything, people will gradually cease to discover that she is shy at all! She who yields to her shyness is lost, for it will in time become a hard tyrant, whose bonds she literally cannot sever. In avoiding the society of others, much is lost that is absolutely priceless. We can only become our best selves in relation to other people, and it will always be true that as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." The shy person who has successfully fought with shyness is usually a very pleasant companion—pleasanter by far than the expansive person who chatters fluently away to the first comer.

My subject also includes "nervousness and self-consciousness." These are not exactly identical with shyness. The shy girl may not always be nervous, but the nervous girl is generally shy and very self-conscious. Nervousness! what a wide field is covered by that word! Originally "nervous" meant strong and vigorous, but now its significance has been warped to modern uses. In its application to girls it indicates much suffering. A great deal may be done by physical care for a tremulous, nervous creature to whom her daily work, any social display, any effort, means distress. This is perhaps rather a truism, and one need not emphasise the fact that a "nervous" girl should not overwork, but should have plenty of leisure, fresh air, and good food.

Modern girls escape many small social trials that fell to the lot of their predecessors. "*On aime à faire ce qu'on fait bien*," says the French proverb; and if that be true, it it may also be true that "*on n'aime pas à faire ce qu'on fait mal.*" Certainly the dreadful knowledge that every evening spent from home meant a compulsory exhibition of doubtful attainments upon a much-enduring musical instrument used to be a real torment to many a nervous girl of the past generation.

Fortunately things have changed since then. Girls are no longer forced to sing or play unless they have musical taste and capacity. The standard is far higher, and performers are rarer. At the same time the terror which often besets the young artist is a source of actual misery, interfering both with her own success and the enjoyment of others. And in proportion to the musical taste and skill of her audience is the tremor of her fear.

This is a great mistake. Goethe's lines should be learnt by heart by all young artists—

> "Vor den Wissenden sich stellen
> Sicher ist's in allen Fällen."

It is always safe to throw one's self upon the mercy of "Those who know."

But this is a trivial and a partial view of nervousness, it may be said. What of that tormenting weakness that pervades all life; that checks the expression of the inner thought on the very lips; that thrusts back the natural play of affection and makes one say and do the wrong thing at the wrong moment, appearing cold and unsympathetic when one is the most deeply moved, indifferent when one is torn by anxiety, ungrateful when

one's whole soul is longing to put thanks into fitting words!

This sort of nervousness produces more serious results than social embarrassment or amateurish tremor. It disguises and disfigures the whole nature, and in too many a case seriously interferes with the happiness of its victim.

The sovereign remedy for nervousness is this—to turn the thoughts away from self. An exaggerated self-consciousness is at the root of the whole evil. A story told me by a city missionary, in another connection altogether, may have an application here. He was greatly discouraged at his many difficulties and went one day to call upon an old woman in his district, telling her of his intention to resign his work. She spoke to him in the following parable—

"When I was a child in the country I was sent by my mother daily to a farm to fetch milk. I had to cross a stream by a narrow footbridge. One day the stream was unusually full, rushing swiftly along, and as I crossed it on my way to the farm I felt giddy. Returning with the can, I again ventured on the bridge and felt more giddy still. I feared to tumble and spill the milk ere I could get across. All at once something seemed to say to me, 'Look at that tree on the further bank, not at your footsteps.' I fixed my eye on the sturdy oak across the stream and walked safely over."

"Look away from yourself!" is the moral of this anecdote. The nervous above all people need to lay it to heart.

Take a familiar illustration. The nervous, self-conscious *débutante* tosses and tumbles all night long before her concert at her School of Music; she cannot sleep; when the dread hour arrives she feels as though she were being led to execution; her thought is all of herself and her own powers. "How shall I get through it? what will the audience think of me?"

She begins her sonata, and it is evident that she is self-conscious to a painful extent; people fidget and feel uncomfortable, and wish it were over. Gradually, as she proceeds, the beauty of the music takes hold upon her nature, and her thoughts turn to that rather than to her own sensations. The attention of the audience is arrested; she does not notice them, for she is gradually being absorbed by the spell of the Master she interprets, and her soul is passing into his strain; her face is losing its harassed, anxious look, and becoming rapt and peaceful. When she ends there is a tumult of applause; she is surprised; she has "forgotten herself" in her art, and has therefore done well.

"I am not a good nurse: I am far too nervous," says another girl who is nevertheless anxious to be helpful in this most womanly office. And while her thoughts are concentrated on herself she is pretty sure to be awkward and clumsy, stumbling and doing the wrong thing at the wrong moment, to the discomfort of herself and the invalid. But if she can succeed in forgetting herself altogether, and thinking only of the sufferer, she will be surprised to find how easy the task becomes.

"All the diseases of the mind, leading to fatalest ruin, are due to the concentration of man upon himself," says Ruskin.

The self-consciousness of people who are not in the least "selfish" in the commonly-accepted sense, often stands in the way of their happiness and usefulness.

Dear girls, who suffer from shyness or nervousness, I have a special fellow-feeling with you. But let me assure you that, while I sympathise with these troubles, I know from experience they can be overcome in sufficient degree to fully repay your effort. Not only your own comfort, but your use and worth to other people are affected by these weaknesses. And while you suffer from them, you cannot fully enter into the only life worth living, in which you come to identify yourself freely and gladly with a larger, fuller life than the life of Self.

GROWING VINES IN POTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN.

THE natural growth of the vine is so graceful and beautiful when adorned with bunches of luscious grapes, we may well desire to utilise it for decorative as well as useful purposes, and this can easily be done if young vine plants are trained in pots.

Vines properly grown and ripened may be bought of any fruit nurseryman in the autumn for about seven-and-sixpence or ten shillings each.

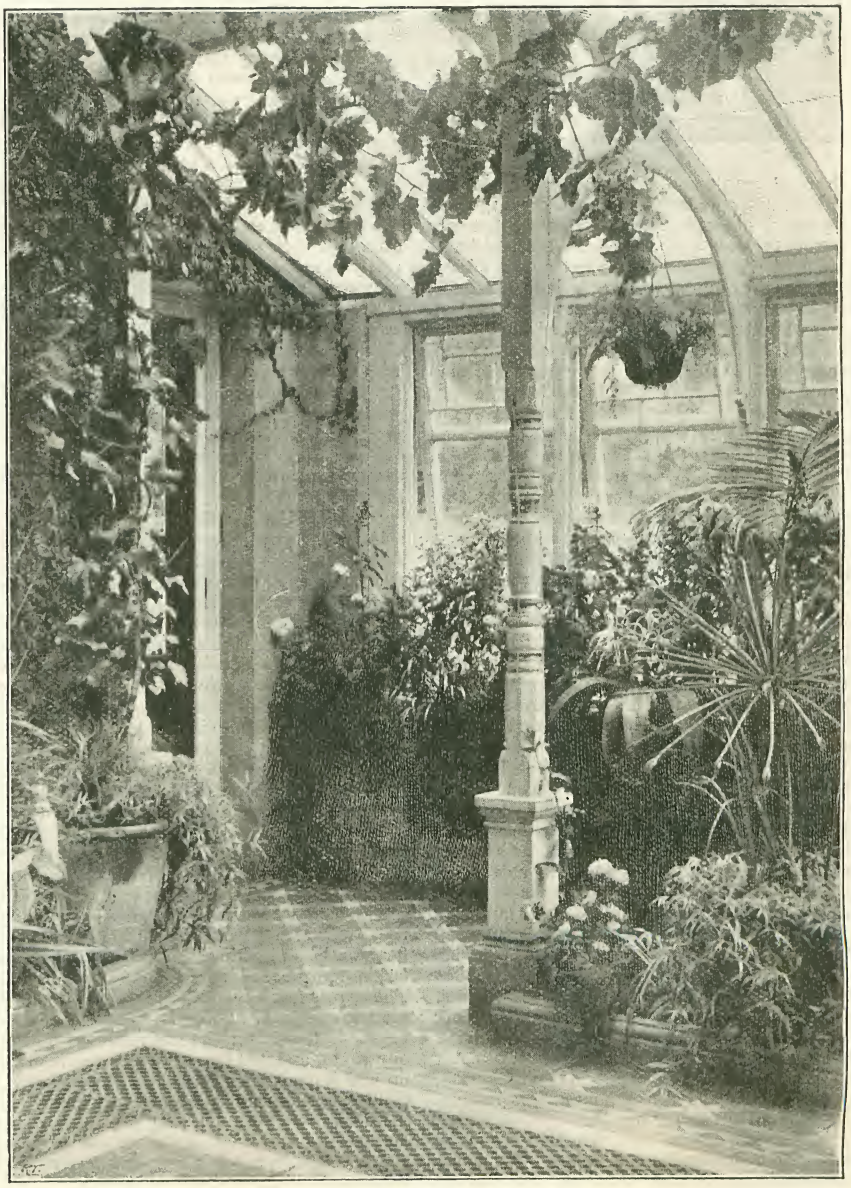
The pots should be eleven inches in diameter, filled with good mellow loam mixed with a little lime rubbish, and a good quantity of broken potsherds should be placed at the bottom to give thorough drainage.

These vines should stand for the winter in a greenhouse or cool vinery so that they may be kept dry and at a low temperature.

Early in the year the stem should be shortened to six or seven feet and the cut covered with a little dab of white lead to prevent the sap oozing out.

About March the soil in the top of the pot will require to be stirred up and enriched with a little fine earth, to which has been added some bone meal, and then after a good watering, the vine will begin to start. From the axils of the old leaves shoots will be developed, bearing bunches of incipient grapes; as soon as these are well formed about seven or eight should be selected so as to furnish the stem. Pinch off the remaining bunches and also the points of the shoots, with the exception of those bearing the bunches of grapes and the terminal shoot.

If we possess a vinery the culture will now be very simple, the stem can either be tied up to a vacant wire on the trellis, or to a tall bamboo stake.



As the bunches grow they will need a little thinning of the berries and the application of weak liquid manure to the roots.

As soon as the berries begin to ripen the air must be kept drier, the windows opened daily in fine weather to give free ventilation.

When the fruit is ripe the pots can be carefully removed to a conservatory or hall, and a nice finish is given to the plant by covering the surface of the soil with fresh green moss and placing small pots of hanging greenery all round the edge to hide the sides of the large pot.

There are other uses and advantages in growing these pot vines. Suppose we wish to make an outdoor tea-party especially charming and attractive, one of our fruiting vines may be transported to the vicinity of the tea-table and placed at the root of a tree so that the stem may be attached to the trunk and the clusters of ripe grapes hang temptingly within reach of our guests, so that they can help themselves as they please.

The illustration shows a vine thus trained over the doorway of my conservatory; the large pot is draped with *Panicum variegatum*, which usually entirely conceals the vine-root, but in order to show that so much foliage can be grown from one root the pot is permitted to be seen in the photograph.

The sorts best suited for this culture are Buckland's Sweetwater, a pale yellow grape; Foster's seedling, a greenish grape; and Black Hamburg; these three sorts make a nice variety and are well adapted for pot culture.

BEAUTY: A DUTY.

By W. GORDON-STABLES, M.D., R.N. ("MEDICUS").



YES, beauty is a duty you owe to everyone around you, and I never think anything the less of a girl who tries to make the most of her good looks. Nor of a man either. Though the beauty of manliness is of quite a different stamp from the gentle and soft loveliness of woman.

Now pray understand me before I go any further. There is a great difference between trying to look your best with the legitimate "aid of simple measures," and actual faking. Some years ago there was a lady, Madame R——, who I believe came to grief at last, and who used positively to enamel the faces of ancient dames. She plastered on a coat of some stuff so thick that the unhappy woman could not even smile without cracking it.

There is nothing that some females will not do or suffer for the sake of being considered pretty or beautiful. There are places in London where they pretend even to excise or stretch out wrinkles and crow's feet about the eyes, and give the simple semi-idiotic patient—they need to be patient—an entire new skin.

These beauty-makers charge wealth and fashion enormous prices, and although in every case their work is an utter and absurd failure, they recover their debts, for the reason that no lady would permit herself to be sued for such a thing as this. It is not difficult to imagine such a case as the following: Miss Blondeau has been getting sensibly older for some years back. She doesn't exactly know her age, but is almost certain she was born in Her Gracious Majesty's reign. She has still hopes of getting married—when I wonder does a woman give up all hope of coming connubial bliss. But Miss Blondeau is wealthy in a way of speaking. She rides in the park in a pretty two-pair landau, and her nags are universally admired, even to their musical harness, so is the burly coachman's livery and the flunkey's as well. Miss B—— has hitherto contented herself by faking her face with various powders and wearing a complexion veil. She makes many calls during the week on lady-friends, and talks incessantly, and is according to her own estimate still "a gushing, giggling thing" with youth at her heart. But she does not know that this same garrulity of conversation, far from being a sign of youngness, is really a symptom of advancing age.

Bother those crows' feet though. They are annoying and do make one look old when they are—well, not so old. Ah, but one day in glancing over a gazette of fashion, a lady's newspaper, her eye falls upon an advertisement. She reads it over and over again. Then she writes a note to the advertiser, asking for an interview, which of course is readily granted.

When she expresses some doubt as to the advisability of submitting herself to certain little operations——

"But, oh, my dear lady," says Madame Schizzlowodski, who talks with a slightly Russian accent, "you will make up—pardon me—most beautifully. Let me see, perhaps you are a little over thirty-five!"

Miss B—— nods a happy consent.

"Well, it like twenty you shall be in one leetle month's time. I have in my clientels many ladies of rank and even Princesses, who, although they do verge on sixty, would most easily pass for your younger sister.

"They pay me well," she adds, "that is understood. The labourer is worthy of his hire. You are perhaps wealthy. But ah, my dear lady, what can wealth signify to you, if with it beauty is not combined?

"You will pardon me, Miss Blondeau, if I speak honestly. Honesty is part of my profession. When I get a bad case or a very old one, I do shake my head No, I say, I can do no things. You are, I say, one leetle bit *passé*.

"Well, Miss Blondeau, I see you have been using the cosmetique, the powder, the rouge. Ah, such is not art, such is not science. Ladies do spoil their skins by these, and they come to me too, *too* late."

Madame Schizzlowodski—don't worry over that word, girls, if you can't manage it to-day any time next week will do—Madame Schizzlowodski, I was going to say when you interrupted me, had winning ways with her. Moreover, her studio is wonderful to behold; a museum of art and applied science. Among other curiosities she opens an album and shows Miss Blondeau several of her clients photographed *before* and *after* a course of treatment.

Is it any wonder that Miss Blondeau succumbs. I could explain the whole of madame's processes for the renewal of youth and beauty. I will not however. Suffice it to say that the lady is a full-grown fraud, and that after Miss Blondeau had sacrificed herself for months and endured untold sufferings, her face is ten times more old-looking than before. The crow's feet have given place to scars, there are the cicatrices of what appears to be burns here and there as if she had fallen on the bars of a grate, and the corner of one eye is drawn up which gives poor Miss Blondeau a sort of Chinese squint, not at all prepossessing.

Miss B—— is a proud, high-spirited woman despite the fact that she is in the sere and yellow leaf. She has a stormy interview with Madame Schizzlowodski and gives her a piece of her mind. "I shall never pay you," she cries, as she flounces out and away. The madame smiles. She is used to such scenes, and when one morning Miss B—— receives a threat to place her bill in court, Miss B—— thinks she had better pay and be done with it. For who could have a bill read out in a public place containing items like the following:

	£	s.	d.
To ninety-three *sederunts* including Face baths . . .	21	0	0
One mole (removed) . .	7	7	0
Buccal wrinkles (ditto) . .	10	10	0
Crow's feet excisions . .	50	12	0
Hair dyeing	9	3	0
Superfluous lip hairs electrolitically destroyed . . .	25	10	0
Reginal enamel . . .	25	10	0
Stellar eyebright . . .	7	7	0
Persian rouge, Kohl rouge .	10	10	0
Sundries	9	13	6
Total .	177	2	6

Well, I think Miss Blondeau was right in paying and saying no more about it. She has reverted now to more simple means for preserving the little beauty she has remaining.

Ah, but there is a beauty in age that is mental, not facial. The beauty of doing good. Not in a sing-psalm way, but in studying the lives of the deserving poor and trying to make them more happy.

I want now, girls, to mention one or two legitimate ways of improving your beauty. They may be thought simple but they are genuine.

I would have you endeavour to improve your minds by good literature. Don't go jumping or scorching away to the library and come back with the latest novel, but buy THE GIRL'S OWN SUPPLEMENT every month, and there you will find a really beautiful story delightful to read and to retain in the memory. (If you have not read Sarah Doudney's *Cluster of Roses*, you have missed a great treat, I can assure you. Hard study on dry-as-dust subjects does not improve either mind or body. Such studies give a weary, worried expression to the face, which it is apt to retain. The eyes acquire a pained look and the muscles of the cheeks deteriorate, even the lips become thin and the upper lip drawn.

But there are studies that positively improve the features and the eyes as well. These must—and this is a *sine quâ non*—be of an interesting character and such as draw the mind away from this midget of a world of ours. Popular astronomy is one. Study Proctor's books, say, to begin with, *Other Worlds than Ours*, *Other Suns than Ours*, etc. These will fascinate you. You will find yourself leaving superstition behind and

following the light. The portals of eternity seem opening to you, and while you shall love your fellow-beings none the less, you shall love your God far more. Natural history is another delightful study, and this will enlarge the intellectual powers so that eyes and face shall shine with a beauty that all the cosmetiques in the world, nor all the getting up could not secure you.

Again, good poetry refines the mind, and there can be no real beauty without refinement. If this is absent I do not care how wealthy you may be, you are no better than a dressed up slut. And yours would not be the kind of beauty that a man worthy of the name could admire.

But the eyes must be physically as well as intellectually beautiful, and unless the health is up to the mark, believe me they will look fishy, not to put too strong a point on it. If there be the slightest approach to biliousness, a little congestion of the white of the eye at the corners will be apparent, and if this continues long there will be a tinge of yellow, or probably duskiness.

By the way, I tell you to warn you, that some young ladies enlarge the pupil by the application of belladonna, to give a dreamy look to the eyes. The pupil, or rather the *ciliary* muscles around it are paralysed for the time being, and the dangerous practice eventually causes amaurosis or nerve blindness.

Actresses and singers darken the edge of the eyelashes. If girls in private life do so they may be put down as "fakers," for the practice is too easily detected by anyone.

But if the liver and blood be kept pure, the eyes are sure to be bright, and, mind this, the spirits will be light.

If you would study beauty, never over-eat nor over-sleep. Retire early, but during the day be all you can in the open air. Exercise to be of any good must be pleasant and taken in the company of a friend. That is, exercise must be recreative. But the daily morning bath is *the* essential help to the acquisition of natural beauty; also a warm bath, using the mildest soap once in three days, and if possible a Turkish bath once in ten days or oftener. Concerning the morning sponge-bath, I give my own experience in a new brochure of mine (*The Invalid's Diary; or, Day-book of Health*) as follows:

"I maintain that almost anyone can take a cold tub all the year round with advantage, or even a dip in the sea, who commences in summer. Well, my bedroom is large, but I never have a fire; the dressing-room is off it. This morning when I entered the latter it was only 5 degrees above zero. There was half-an-inch of ice over the bath, the soap was frozen to the dish, soap-brush and shaving-brush as solid as leather, and the bath sponge as hard as a 'putting stone.' I smashed the ice with this and used a new sponge. Time in the bath, about 1½ minutes. Time spent in towelling, about 6 minutes. Dressed partially and shaved, time, 5 minutes. Fingers only cold. No glow, but genial, gentle reaction. Spirits very light. Singing while dressing. But for the bath I should have been shivering and with no song in me. Have worked in my wigwam from 9 A.M. close to the large open window. I am writing here now, bareheaded, and that right in the draught, only my pen-hand is rolled up in a silk handkerchief. Body as warm as toast. Time 9.30. Temperature 12 degrees above zero. I have nothing to complain about except frozen ink."

The hair is quite a study from a beauty point of view. Frizzy nobs are all too common. A girl should not look like a Skye terrier or a towsey Highland bull.

Good-bye, lassies, for the present.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

HAROLD.—There are three essential conditions to be fulfilled by a tooth-powder:—first, it must be antiseptic; second, it must possess the power of cleansing the teeth; and, third, it must not contain any injurious material. All powders that fulfil these three conditions are satisfactory. Carbolic tooth-powder is one of the best to use. Chalk alone is not a good material for it contains no antiseptic; but in combination with other substances it forms the basis of very nearly all tooth-powders. There is little to choose as regards rapidity between the better kinds of powders. If your teeth are stained, and you cannot clean them by the usual means you should have them scaled, which will remove any deposit which cannot be got rid of by the tooth-brush. After having had your teeth scaled you should wash them three times a day, using a soft brush and carbolic powder.

KIVON.—The best way to use peroxide of hydrogen is to apply it twice a day with a camel-hair brush or piece of flannel. You can never be certain as to the result of this treatment, though usually it has a marked effect. Certainly it does no harm to pull out superfluous hair, indeed it may be questioned whether there is any more satisfactory method of dealing with them. But it must be remembered that they will grow again.

KINDERGARTEN.—The "round lump" in your neck is undoubtedly a swollen gland, but it is necessary to discover the cause of it before considering what is the right treatment. Inflamed glands in the neck may be secondary to bad teeth, sore gums, sore places inside the mouth, inflamed or enlarged tonsils, sore throat of various kinds, sores on the face or head, and, lastly, to tuberculosis. It is only in this last case that it is commonly necessary to operate, and it is not always necessary even in this case. Bad teeth, sore gums and enlarged tonsils are the commonest causes of swollen glands. Have you any one of these? If so you should treat the primary condition and the gland will subside. If you have been told by a competent surgeon that the gland must be cut out by all means consent to have it done at once. It will leave a small and insignificant scar, whereas if left to nature the gland may break down and discharge its contents, in which case a ragged very unsightly scar will be left.

QUEEN RUVANI.—You seem to be very much more annoyed at such a trifling ailment as blushing than there is any call for. At your age it is natural for all girls to blush. A great many girls of fourteen blush whenever they are spoken to, but they outgrow it in a few years and you will do likewise. It is nothing to worry yourself about. Not only do we allow very young girls to write to us, but we encourage them to do so if we can help them in any way. If you will turn to the advertisements at the end of your GIRL'S OWN PAPER you will find the names of many books which are suitable to a girl of your age. There is also a supplement to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER published every month containing one complete story.

STAMMERING (an answer to "ANXIOUS ONE," "A SICKLE," and others).—It is impossible for anyone to say what is the primary cause of stammering. We cannot even say for certain whether it is an affection of the voice box, of the lips or of the brain. Sometimes we can point to some obvious unhealthy condition of the vocal organs as the cause of stammering, for the symptom goes when the local condition has been cured. But in the vast majority of cases, no morbid condition is anywhere to be discovered. In such cases what is the cause of stammering? We do not know for certain, but in all probability it is due to a condition of the mind. Habit has a lot to say in the production of this exceedingly tiresome defect. The habit of speaking rapidly, without thought, and of clipping words is a very important cause of this condition. The cure of stammering is often a most difficult affair, but occasionally a very trifling matter. If there is any obvious defect anywhere in the vocal organs that must be seen to first and probably the stammering will cease. But how are we to proceed when no local cause can be discovered? Always speak slowly and carefully and never slur or clip your syllables. As a rule you will find that you only stammer over one or two sounds. These differ in almost every case. The commonest letters to stammer over are P, D, B, L, M, N and K. Every person who stammers must find out what letters she has difficulty with. Then she must educate herself to bring out those letters clearly and sharply. Reading aloud to one's self is the best way to do this. But read carefully, distinctly and attentively, and work till you have mastered the letters that gave you trouble.

ROGATOR.—Heredity is a most important cause of premature greyness of the hair, as it is of baldness. Yourself and your relatives show a most distinct family peculiarity in this way. It is difficult to know what to advise you to do, but we think that you would obtain some distinct advantage from "cantharidine" pomade. Most chemists keep this preparation in stock.

R. A.—There is no safe method by which moles on the face can be removed except cutting them out. It is very inadvisable to apply any strong reagent, such as acetic acid, to the face. If your moles are not very prominent leave them alone, but if they are very disfiguring you might have them removed by a surgeon. A minute linear scar would be left after they have been cut out.

FRANCES BURSTON.—It is quite possible that the stopping of the discharge from your ear is the cause of the severe headaches which trouble you now. But it does not necessarily follow that such is the case. Wash out your ears every day with a weak solution of Condy's fluid used warm. If this does not do any good you would do well to go to the hospital and get further advice from the aural surgeon. There is an ear department to most general hospitals.

"SNOWDROP."—For "scurf" on the forehead and eyebrows apply sulphur ointment every evening and wash your face with sulphur soap. It will soon get well.

"A WORKING MAN'S WIFE."—We think that the reason why your child does not sleep well is the tea that you give her two hours before she goes to bed. Children should have very little tea, and certainly should not have any within four hours of bedtime. Cannot you give the child hot milk instead of tea? It would certainly be much better for her.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

EVELINE D. CONNELL.—We have inserted your wish below for a French correspondent. We think our correspondents had better arrange with each other both as to the frequency of letters and the method of correcting mistakes. The correspondence should go direct from one to the other. We are glad to hear that you "like the cover of the new volume very much, but especially what goes inside it." Certainly we shall be pleased to receive offers for correspondence in any language.

PERSEVERANCE.—We answered the same question, under the same name, in August last, giving the names of some pieces of music we thought suitable. If you are not the same correspondent in spite of the double coincidence, we refer you to the answer which will contain what you want. You name certain composers, so we may add Schubert's *Impromptus*, the *Gavotte* from Bach's second violin sonata, transcribed by Saint-Saëns, Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz*, Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words* and Beethoven's *Andante*. These are in many cases only suited to an advanced student, but we have, of course, no knowledge of your powers.

NOVICE.—The idea of your religious poem is good, but the metre changes twice if not thrice. First of all it is a correct "7 s" (seven syllables). Then it becomes an irregular combination of "long metre" and 7 s; then it becomes 8, 7 s; and the last verse is quite beyond all rules. You should study the laws of versification.

EGLANTINE.—1. We are sorry, but the essays on "My Room," must be written in English.—2. We have inserted your request.

PETIT CRAMPON.—1. Your verses are fairly correct as to metre and rhyme, though you sometimes put the accent on a word that should not be accentuated, e.g., "not," in

"We saw not with our blind eyes."

Only familiarity with good poetry will train your ear to note these matters. The theme—of trust in days of gloom and difficulty—is one very often handled by young writers.—2. The 1st of September, 1879, was a Monday.

MISS THOYTS, Sulhamstead Park, Berkshire, writes to say that she is reviving her old Question Society, if any of our correspondents would like to join. The papers would be issued January 1st, with six queries for each month. There are prizes, and a small subscription. The answers are to be written on postcards, or all sent together, before July 1st. Formerly there were 100 members, many of them Girton girls. We should think it would be a suggestive and helpful society.

GWENDOLINE N. asks us to translate an indistinctly written Dutch verse for her:—

"Varwel, varwel! hart is 't woorde;
Maar de inhout is zoo diep,
Lang klinkt het nog in 't harte voorde
Nadat de mord het reip."

We render it thus—

"Farewell, farewell! short is the word;
But so much does it betoken,
That it long echoes in the heart
After the mouth has spoken."

C. M. T. M.—1. Your verses are weak in spelling, e.g., "the" for "thee," and "feign" for "fain." These errors might be the result of an oversight, but apart from them, we scarcely think you could expect to see the lines in print. The idea is somewhat involved; first the leaves of the "flow'ret" are lying faded around you, then you say the "flow'ret" is gone to the garden of heaven. If you represent heaven as a garden of flowers, you should not also introduce the chanting of songs, as it makes the metaphor rather confused.—2. The fees for the examinations of The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, at local centres, are £2 2s. for one subject, and £1 1s. extra for each additional subject. The address of the Hon. Sec. is 52, New Bond Street, London, W. The Royal Academy does not hold local examinations on its own account.

M. H. MOULD.—We are sorry that we cannot encourage you to hope for any success in earning money by your verses. They break the laws of metre, of rhyme, and of grammar. For instance, the metre changes frequently in "If Thou Wert Mine;" and you make "stream" rhyme to "queen," while you constantly interchange the second person singular and the second person plural in addressing the same individual, e.g., "Thy face is fair, and your laugh like the glad sunshine." It may seem harsh criticism, but we think it is the truest kindness not to encourage delusive hopes when there is any question of expecting to earn by the composition of verse.

JABEZ.—We are much interested in the verses you send. They can hardly be awarded the term "poetry" (which is a term of very high praise in its strict acceptation), because the mode of expression is faulty; the metre is often not according to rule; and we might pick many holes, did we choose, in your *technique*. But we do not choose, because you show true poetic thought in these efforts, especially in the first, about the "fairy dreamland," and in the fourth, about "the ships that pass in the night." Many of your verses are very sad. Do not encourage a morbid turn of thought; at the same time do not suppose that we look with anything but sympathy upon a lad—if we may call you so at sixteen—who is evidently endowed with imagination and feeling.

MISS LILIAN MASTERS, Mount Avenue, Ealing, wishes us to state that a second course of her Elementary Greek Class is about to commence, leading members from the study of the alphabet to selected passages from the New Testament. Rules will be sent on application.

ETHEL.—There is a French paper, *Revue pour les jeunes filles* (£1 8s. a year), but we do not know it well. We have sometimes recommended *Rayon de Soleil*, which is only 2s. 6d. a year. Messrs. Hatchard's, 187, Piccadilly, W., would send you a full list on application.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS ISLAY CAMPBELL, 11, Markham Road, Shanghai, China, offers to correspond with "Dark-eyed Maiden" of Buda-Pesth.

MISS EVELINE D. CONNELL, Danby Wiske Rectory, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, aged 16½, would like to correspond with a French girl of about her own age or a little older.

MISS MAY CLARK, Ettrick-Brae, Trefor Road, Aberystwith, Wales, aged 17, has the same wish.

MISS MARY HUNT, Chestnut Cottage, Heaton Norris, Stockport, would like to correspond with "Roumanian Primrose."

MANX LASSIE wishes for the name and address of a French girl who will correspond with her.

H. E. D. P. has the same wish.

INA R. WYLLIE (The Bank, Inverkeithing, Fifeshire), would be glad to correspond with a French girl.

EDITH TAYLOR LOMMAN (39, Courtenay Street, Newton Abbot, Devon), would also like to correspond with a French girl. She adds that she is seventeen, attends a girls' high school, and has been learning French for some years.

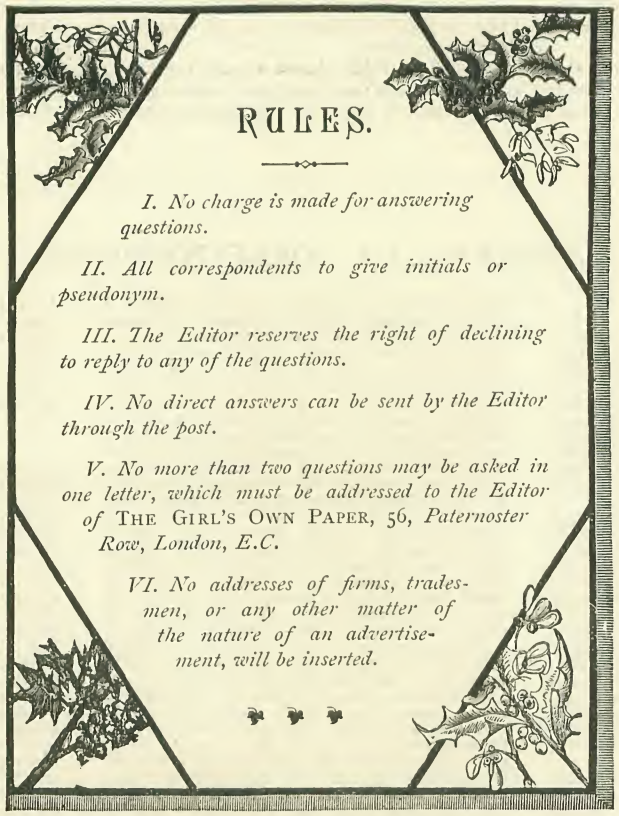
SEA-NYMPH, who does not wish her name published, would like to correspond with a French girl.

"PURPLE HEATHER," who has been taught French at a girls' grammar school, "where all the teachers, unfortunately, had different ideas as to the pronunciation of that language," would like a French correspondent.

Will some French subscribers kindly note these offers and be good enough to write, either direct to the correspondent, or to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, giving their name and address for insertion in this column?

When a pseudonym is given, we infer that our correspondent does not wish her address published, but it is evident that on one side or the other this must be done, if both parties are to be put into communication.

NOTE.—Will our correspondents, who wish to write to girls of foreign countries, remember that it is a duty to try and spell their own language correctly? Mistakes are frequently caused by want of care alone. "Correspond*ance*" is a usual blunder. Imperfect spelling becomes a serious matter when it occurs in a letter to some one who may not be able to detect the error, and may copy it herself in learning the language.



MISCELLANEOUS.

OLIVIA.—The last authority on the subject says that, for eating, a cross between the Indian game fowl and the Dorking is best; while for eggs, the white Leghorn and black Minorca are to be preferred.

FRIEND OF THE CLERGY.—1. We believe that the poorest living (so-called) is Cotherton Vicarage, Worcester, which brings in to the labourer in things spiritual, a hire of £4—just £1 a quarter! The living of Aston, Herefordshire, is valued at the same amount, but the incumbent obtains £35 per annum, as being vicar, of Leinthall Stark, and curate of Elton. But there are worse *starvings* than these; for several so-called "livings" have no incomes whatever attached to them.—2. If your diagonal cloth coat be worn shiny, moisten some fullers-earth with lemon juice, mix with pulverised pearlash, and roll it into balls. Scour the cloth with this, and raise the nap with a teazle, or hatters' card filled with flocks, and when raised sufficiently lay the nap the right way by the use of a hard clothes-brush.

A. L.—If unable to go far from town, why not go to the Home and Institute for young women in business, at Ealing, W. It is in the Uxbridge Road, opposite Christ Church. Board and lodging are provided at from 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. a week. Address the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Tulloch, 50, Grange Park, Ealing.

KATHARINE.—The 31st October, 1862, was a Friday. Your handwriting is fairly good.

IVY LEAF.—We have read your letter with much sympathy. Marriage is indeed a very serious matter, and requires much affection on both sides to make it happy. Your letter has made us rather doubtful that you are really much in love with your future husband. If you be really fond of him, and have a reasonable belief in his kindness of heart, and good temper, you would neither hesitate nor dread to marry him. You are quite young, however, and can afford to wait.

LILLIE OF THE VALLEY.—The following is a Canadian recipe for making toffee (see also vol. xvii., p. 695), with which you may be more successful perhaps. A teacupful of thin cream, two teacupfuls of brown sugar or treacle, one cup of nuts, which you must prepare first, of course, and take the inner skins off carefully. Any kind of nut is used—walnuts, peanuts, or almonds. Put all the ingredients together and let them melt slowly; stirring the *wrong way* after they are cooked, till thickened; add the nuts last. Some people put them on the plates before pouring the toffee into them.

MISS FRANCIS.—We have no special society in connection with our own for the sale of ladies' work; but there are many such, one at Bath, which is near you, and at Clifton, at 2, Portland Place. Treasurer, Miss Read, 15, West Mall.

NAN.—For invalid, or convalescent gentlewomen, there is the St. Bernard's Home, at 67, Dyke Road, Brighton, where the charge rises from 15s. a week upwards.

P. S. J.—So far from hurting oil-paintings to put them under glass, it preserves them. Do not hang them on a damp wall, nor near the fire, or stove.

KATIE.—There is a Seaside Home of the Y.W.C.A. in the beautiful Isle of Man, Athol House, 9, Mona Terrace, at 15s. a week and upwards. Address Miss E. Wilson, Hon. Sec.

ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW.—Your father or mother should inquire into such a matter, and ascertain the wishes of the man before you be made a subject of remark and tattle. If you have no parents, place the matter in the hands of some respectable middle-aged friend.

FIRE-FLY.—You have placed yourself in a difficult position. To contract a debt without any prospect of incoming means to repay it was not honest; and if unable to go from home to earn it, or to inform your father of it, we do not see what plan we can recommend. Have you a brother or sister who could allow you to transfer the debt for a time to either of them? And if you have a dress allowance could you not save out of that, and pay by small instalments?

AUTUMN LEAVES.—We have preserved leaves so as to retain their colour by brushing them over thinly with a fine transparent white varnish, or gum diluted with water. But these were pressed leaves, not in branches. You had better go (or write) to the Town Gardening and Florists' Work Institution, or send a friend there for information, 62, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS BRINE (Claremont, High Barnet) requests us to give a notice of her Bible-learners' Union, as we have done in former years. She has just issued the list of subjects and course of reading for the current year—for copies of which we thank her.

GYMNKHANA.—It has taken some time to find an answer to your question; but we were fortunate enough to light upon it in Sir Henry Yule's book, *Hobson-Johnson*. "Gymkhana," he says, "is quite modern, and was unknown twenty-five years ago. It is a fictitious word, invented probably in the Bombay Presidency, and based on the word 'gend-khama'—ball-house—which is the name usually given in Hindu to an English racket-court. It is applied to a place of public resort at an Indian station, where the needful facilities for athletics, and games of all kinds are provided, including a skating-rink, lawn-tennis ground, and so forth. The 'gymn' may be simply a corruption of 'geno,' shaped by 'gymnastics.' The word is also applied to a meeting for such sports; and in this sense it has already travelled to Malta." To-day the writer might have added, that the word is well known in England, and is very generally used in Canada.

MISS J. F. CHARLES requests us to remind our readers of the Convalescent Branch of the Santa Claus Society, of which she sends the Twelfth Annual Report. Competitions in connection with it in doll-dressing for invalids, and dolls and materials contributed to be dressed by cripples and the sick would be welcome. There are also knitting, frock and pinafore making; scrapbook, cake and sweetmeat making—boys being eligible for the scrapbook competition, in which they have hitherto been very successful. Address Miss J. F. Charles, Stormont, Hampstead Lane, Highgate, N.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

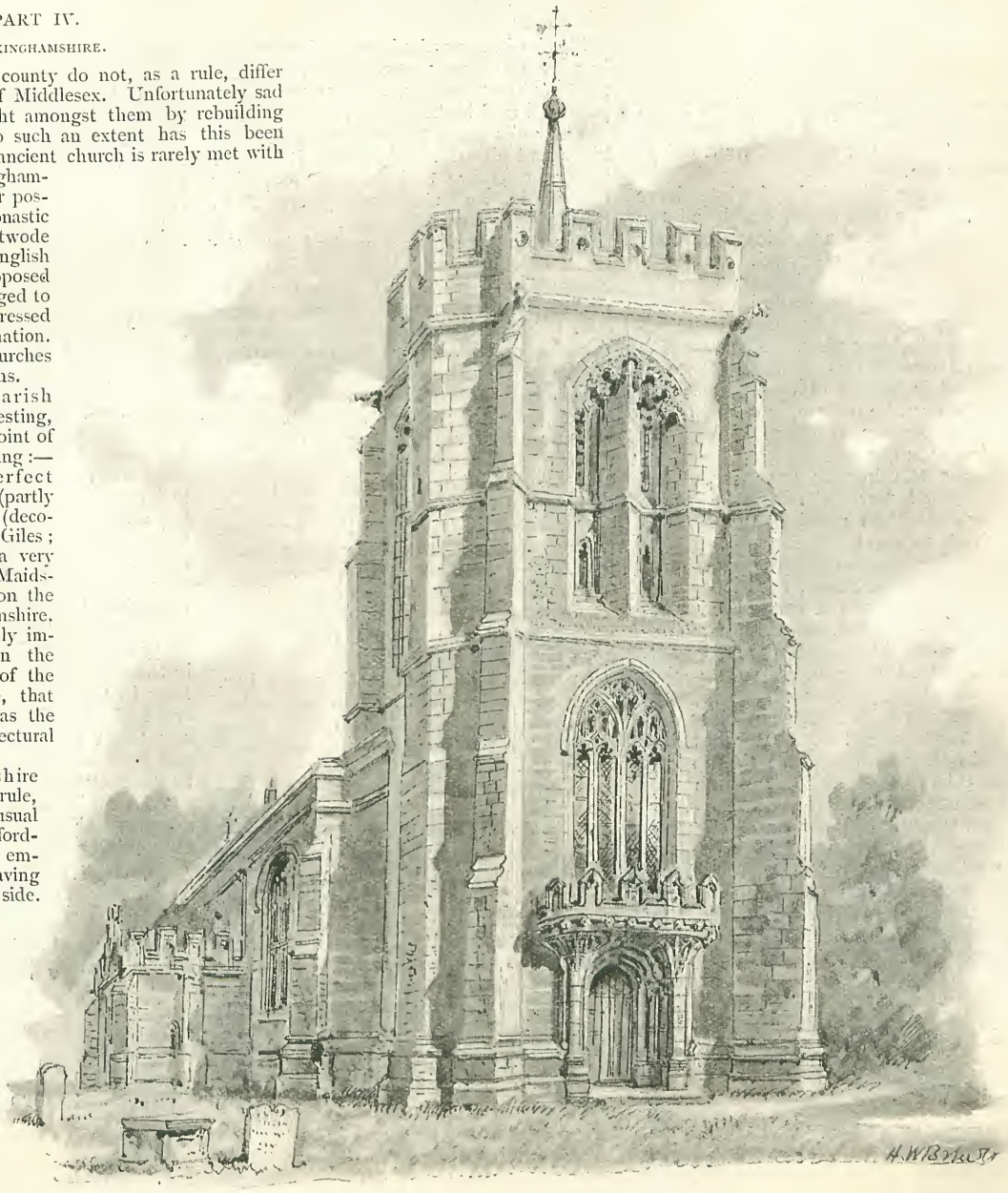
PART IV.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE churches of this county do not, as a rule, differ materially from those of Middlesex. Unfortunately sad havoc has been wrought amongst them by rebuilding and modernization. To such an extent has this been carried, that a genuine ancient church is rarely met with in some parts of Buckinghamshire. The county never possessed many large monastic churches; though at Chetwode is a beautiful Early English chancel, which is supposed originally to have belonged to a priory which was suppressed long before the Reformation. Of the other monastic churches scarcely anything remains.

Of the ancient parish churches the most interesting, from an architectural point of view, are the following:—Stewkley (a very perfect Norman example); Iver (partly Norman); Burnham (decorated); Chalfont St. Giles; Chesham; Hillesdon (a very fine late church); Maids-Moreton and Olney, on the borders of Northamptonshire, which possesses the only important stone spire in the county, but so purely of the Northamptonshire type, that it must be regarded as the production of the architectural school of that county.

The Buckinghamshire church towers, as a rule, follow more or less the usual Middlesex and Hertfordshire types in being embattled at the top and having a beacon turret at the side. Their detail is, however, superior, the battlements being treated in a more ornamental way, and the belfry windows being larger and more elegant. The humbler village churches had little wooden steeples placed astride the roof or supported upon rude towers of wood or rubble. These have, however, within



MAIDS-MORETON, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

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the last half century for the most part disappeared.

Perhaps the most characteristic tower in the county is the very pretty one of Maids-Moreton Church. This beautiful little building was erected by two maiden sisters, the daughters of the last male heir of the Peyvore family about the year 1450, and from this circumstance the place came to be called "Maids" Moreton. These good women carried out their intention in a most generous manner; for, although the church is a very small one, only capable of seating about two hundred people, it is an architectural gem, constructed entirely of cut stone both within and without, after the manner of a cathedral; the windows, which are unusually large and handsome, were, within the memory of a man who was living a few years back, entirely filled with rich stained glass, fragments of which still remain. The roofs are of oak, beautifully carved, and the sedilia and "Easter-sepulchre" are celebrated for their elaborate canopy work. The porches, vestry and tower are vaulted in stone with fan tracery, and the penthouse porch over the west doorway is a singularly original piece of design. It is certainly one of the most costly little village churches in England. Upon the floor is a large stone from which the brass effigies of two female figures and the inscription have been torn away; beneath this the two maidens "await the resurrection of the just."

What ruffian defaced their monument and tore up their inscription? Who knows! In all probability it was done to save a few pence in mending a kettle, or its price was expended in some degraded orgie at the village alehouse! As long, however, as this beautiful little church exists, "the maids" can never be forgotten.

(*To be continued.*)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XV.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

EIGHT months have passed since merry Jack Harcourt was laid in his last resting-place, and the sunlight went out of Madge's life.

Already the cold winds of winter have laid bare the trees and desolated the gardens and spread an aching monotony over the hills of Cumberland.

The first snow of the season was just beginning to fall as Madge was tending her graves one afternoon in the beginning of December. She had a beautiful wreath of chrysanthemums in her hand, which had come from Guy that morning, he having never failed to send her flowers constantly since he went away in the spring.

To-day, the intense keenness of the wind caused her to remain a much shorter time than usual in the churchyard, and on leaving it she started for a brisk walk to warm herself.

As she hurried along, the set expression of her face and a certain contraction of her forehead, proclaimed a conflict of some kind within her breast. She appeared to walk without seeing anything about her, or caring in what direction she went. And a close observer could see too, that what has passed in her heart during these eight months has affected that which can only be undone with great difficulty.

From the first cold torpor of enforced endurance, there had issued no softer, gentler spirit, but a restive, rebellious, indignant one which only deepened her scepticism and still further marred her character.

Madge hated selfishness, but in her blind self-dependence she allowed it, to a certain extent, to dominate her life.

She did not see that by persistently mourning her heavy loss and dwelling upon the hardness of her fate, she was resolutely placing "Self" first.

She did not forget the sorrows of others, but she looked upon them in a hopelessly morbid spirit and lost belief in happiness. Once again she fell into her old fault of idolatry, and this time her idol was "Sorrow."

She had succumbed to the dangerous, but by no means uncommon, habit of placing her sorrow, as it were, on a pedestal and looking at it.

Thus she came to dwell upon it morbidly and bitterly, and to hug it to her, instead of trying to lessen it, by losing herself in an unwearying effort to brighten the lives of others.

She thought she had probed into the heart of things and learnt their value. She thought she had grown old in worldly wisdom, though her years were only twenty; and all the time she was a mere child as regards the simplest and most important lesson of all.

She had yet to learn that the one great balm in sorrow, strengthener in weakness and only creator of true happiness in this mysterious life is just to forget self in living for others. In fact in obeying the second great commandment, which is like unto that first one, without obedience to which no man knows true life—enjoyment and repose.

The dusk of the early winter twilight was already deepening into night when she reached the Manor House after her quick walk.

In the hall her step-mother met her. "I wish you had told me you were going for a walk," she said, in quick, short tones. "I particularly wanted to send a note to Mrs. Trevor."

"The postman will deliver it," was the careless answer.

"No doubt, but it would have been no trouble to you. You must have heard me mention it at dinner, and it isn't much you do for anyone but yourself."

"Perhaps not, but I can, if you like, sympathise with you for having to live with anyone so eminently objectionable," and Madge's lips curled unpleasantly as she proceeded with a slow and somewhat haughty bearing upstairs, paying no heed to Mrs. Harcourt's parting shaft, that it was extraordinary what pride some people took in parading their disagreeable tempers.

By this it will be seen, that even the cold politeness that had previously marked the relations between step-mother and step-daughter, had not proved of an enduring nature, and though they were generally distant to each other, passages of this kind were by no means infrequent.

When Madge had taken off her things, she went downstairs again and sat over the drawing-room fire lost in conflicting thoughts.

She took a letter from her pocket and read it carefully. She had had it two or three days and it ran thus—

"Piccadilly Club.

"MY DEAR MISS HARCOURT,—Last May, when I spoke to you on a certain subject, you declined to consider it at all, and asked me not to allude to it again. I hope I shall not be offending you in doing so, but I cannot help asking you the same question once again. I am always thinking of you and longing to help you somehow, and I can't tell you how glad I should be, if you would only come to me and let me try to make your life a little brighter. You need not be afraid of over-shadowing mine, for somehow nothing has been the same since Jack died. I am no hand at letter-writing and I don't know in the least how to tell you all I want to. May I come and see you, I could make you understand so much better? Don't say 'no' only because you are afraid you don't care about me enough, I could be content with a little.

"I shall wait anxiously for your answer, and hope you will at least let me come.

"With kind regards,

"Yours sincerely,

"GUY FAWCETT."

For several minutes she held the letter open in her hand, and looked fixedly at the fire. For the last three days she had been in a restless, unsettled state because of it, and to-night she was determined to make up her mind one way or another.

"It is his wish," she argued, "I shall but be yielding to him, and he cannot blame me if he lives to regret it.

"I have told him I have no heart, and he must know I mean it, for he saw me with Jack and knows I used to be able to love."

She leaned her head wearily on her hand.

"I think Jack would probably have wished it," she mused. "He was so fond of him, he would have been sure to like me to marry him better than anyone else. It isn't as if I should be likely to love anyone else, because I know I shouldn't. If I don't accept Guy Fawcett I may have to stay on here indefinitely, and I can't do that—I can't," and she clenched her hands. "And why shouldn't I go to him? I don't care where I am, or what I am so that I am not here. If I go away I might forget a little, but here I never can—never, never. Oh! Jack," and she buried her face in her hands, "I want you every hour of every day; it can't be that I shall never see your dear face again!"

She started up with a convulsive movement.

"Oh! I can't bear it," she moaned. "The emptiness and the monotony and the craving are killing me. I thought I could drown feeling, but I can't. Every step and every stone reminds me of him here; it might not be so bad somewhere else and I have no other chance to get away."

"But you don't love him," whispered a voice within her.

"I can't help that," she reasoned, "and at least I like him better than any other man. He says he will be content with a little. He isn't very much in love with me, I know he isn't by the way he talks. Some people say it is better so. That passionate love soon burns itself out and often ends in misery, while affection lasts on. Yes! yes!" and she pressed her hand to her head to still its violent throbbing, "I will let him come. Whatever I do, fate is cruel to me so I will take the easiest path and brave it. At any rate I couldn't be worse off, and for him—it is his wish."

Not long after a letter fell into the letter-box, which made its way to Guy Fawcett's hands.

It only contained a few words, but those were enough, and the next train to the north bore him with it.

They plighted their strange troth that very evening in the little summer-house in the garden, with the snow all about them and a cheerless grey sky overhead.

Madge was a little diffident and cold, but Guy thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as in her rich sable furs. Besides, he had seen her in this mood so often that it did not strike him particularly.

"You are sure you understand that I am not capable of loving deeply, and shall be much the same to you that I always have been," she said doubtfully.

"Yes," he answered cheerfully. "It's just as well, because I couldn't be desperately in love myself, but I'm awfully fond of you, Madge, and I'll do my best to make you happy."

"Don't set your heart on succeeding," she said, "for you'll only be disappointed. You can't make me forget."

"Anyhow, I can try," was the hopeful answer, "and I know you'll like London."

"I can't do any visiting among your friends," she said, "I detest all that sort of thing. You won't mind, I suppose?"

"Rather not, I hate it myself. I haven't any but men friends, so you won't be bothered."

"I'm glad," and she turned away as if to go in.

"Then it is settled?" he asked eagerly.

She bent her head slightly.

"Then I'll go and see Mr. Harcourt now," he said, and slipping his arm through hers they walked to the house together.

Before they left the seclusion of the shrubbery however, Guy stopped suddenly.

"I should like a kiss, Madge," he said, a little doubtfully

For answer she turned her cold, clear-cut face to his and received, in unresponsive silence, his first salute. As his lips touched hers, he was conscious of a chill sense of disappointment, but he shook it aside and laughed a little.

"You are a very cold queen," he said, with an attempt at lightness.

But Madge did not smile. "I'm not fond of kissing and all that sort of thing," she said, and moved forward.

Guy felt a little further chilled, but he would not give way to it, and in a few paces they reached the house.

Finally, three months later, before the snow-drops were quite dead and when the spring flowers were just appearing, Madge Harcourt and Guy Fawcett became "man and wife."

(To be continued.)



HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

Ice

is employed in various ways in illness as a remedy. The ice-bag is applied to the head in cases where there is severe pain, and to various parts of the body to reduce inflammation. If a proper bag is not at hand, a common bladder from the butcher may be used filled with ice broken up into small pieces, so as to lie on the part more comfortably; if a cork is placed in the centre it may be tied more securely. The ice-bag should be slung over the place so that the weight of the bag does not rest on the part, but just be in contact with it; a piece of folded flannel or lint should be placed under it so that the bag does not rest on the bare skin; it might cause gangrene without this precaution.

Ice is given to stop sickness, or in cases of hæmorrhage from the lungs, a small piece is placed on the tongue frequently. Ice should be kept in large lumps if possible, and these ought to be wrapped in a flannel or blanket. When required to be kept by the bedside a piece of flannel is tied over a cup or basin, the ice resting in the centre, the water then runs, when melted, into a cup, and prevents the ice from melting too quickly. A darning needle or bonnet pin is the best thing to break up the ice with, if a proper ice pick is not at hand.

In Croup

place the child in a warm mustard bath. Give an emetic of one teaspoonful of vin ipecac in water, or if this is not at hand, an emetic of salt or mustard and water. After removing the child from the bath place in a warmed bed, and keep hot applications to the throat. If the spasm does not pass off put the child into a steam tent. See that the bowels are opened as soon as possible.

In Fainting Fits

make the person lie down with the head lower than the rest of the body. Apply smelling-salts to the nose, and throw cold water on the face. Allow plenty of fresh air, and see that the clothes are loosened.

A Tourniquet

is made by a bandage or handkerchief tied over the pad, with a reef knot and a stick thrust in under the knot and twisted round until firm pressure is obtained. N.B. A tourniquet is only a temporary remedy, and must not be left on indefinitely.

In Cases of Hæmorrhage,

until you can get a doctor's assistance, (1) Make the person lie down, and raise the bleeding part above the level of the body, and keep it at perfect rest. (2) Press the point of the thumb directly over the bleeding part until you can get help. (3) Wash the part with cold water. (4) Notice if the bleeding is from arteries or veins. The bleeding is from an artery when it is a bright red colour, and flows out in a rush; when from veins the blood is a darker, purplish red colour, and it flows out in an even stream. Place a pad on the bleeding point, and fix with a tourniquet if necessary.

M. D. Goldie.

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By "A GIRL PROFESSIONAL."

CHAPTER IV.

SHAKING INTO PLACE.



N experienced landlady would have found cause for amusement in our state of order and expectancy. Upstairs, all was spotless, downstairs equally so, mistress and maid both on the alert; this was well in theory, but it did not dispose us to give a charitable reception to such a load of dilapidated chattels as the van brought to our door.

About one o'clock we were called to witness the arrival of Mrs. Norris's belongings; she herself did not turn up until the evening, by which time she knew they would all be inside the door—a wise proceeding on her part—as we had been sorely tempted to break our contract and refuse their admission. The first thing to be taken down and brought into our hall was a perambulator. This surely was an affront, and could never be allowed to remain. But hardly less damaging to reputation was the array of crocks and saucepans, all dilapidated, all dirty and all unwelcome. Instead of weeding out and retaining simply the furniture necessary for the three rooms she was to occupy; Mrs. Norris had let her whole household be swept into the van, relying upon our ignorance and lack of many useful things for a willing reception of all. We were not prepared for such an onslaught as this, and at first looked on in helpless dismay as from her own rooms the goods gradually overflowed to the rest of the house, but dismay speedily gave place to natural indignation. However it was no use to make words with the men who were not responsible, nor was it wise to show one's disgust too plainly when we had to meet the owner of these disreputable chattels at dinner an hour later, so we made as much clearance as was possible and swallowed our wrath. The next morning, however, I insisted that a buyer of second-hand furniture should be sent for, and the bulk of these superfluous articles got rid of. Mrs. Norris protested. She was sure there were many things that would prove useful, and that cost a good deal to buy; but I held to my point. Then she took shelter in the chaotic confusion upstairs. How was it possible for her to go in search of a probable purchaser when there was so much to be done? So I went downstairs again.

"Florence, would you go and find a man to fetch away this rubbish?" I asked.

"Ay, that I will, miss, and be glad!" the maid answered promptly.

In the course of an hour she returned with a respectable man in her wake, and a hand-cart also. Then Mrs. Norris was requested to come down and make her own bargain with him. Very reluctantly she came, and, with most unwilling hand, sorted the miscellaneous collection.

I stood on one side with folded arms and stern countenance, the bachelor doing the same; Florence did her best to get on with her accustomed work and keep a grave face. Mrs. Norris looked from one to the other in faint hope of finding mercy, but there was none; she suggested to me that this or that would be very useful, but I would take no hint. Finally everything was swept away, and the sum total realised by their quondam possessor was exactly three-and-sixpence! This she showed me with something like tears in her eyes, but, so virtuous is youth, even then I did not relent.

After this, however, we gradually shook down into our respective places; the poor lady got into order by slow degrees, leaving the bulk of the work to be done by her son when he returned in the evening. The patience and kindness which the young man showed speedily won our respect, and we liked him thoroughly. He was gentlemanly and courteous towards us, and we felt all the safer for having a man in the house. When Mrs. Norris found she had absolutely no housekeeping duties to tax her, that she could rise to find her sitting-room with a bright fire and breakfast ready, and could saunter out as soon as the latter was eaten, knowing that a tempting dinner would await her return, she showed us her sunny side, and was the charming creature we had been led to expect. Her good points were those of education; she was clever in conversation, a fair linguist, well-bred in manner and not ungenerous; but she was fond of ease and luxury, a bad money-changer, and very far short of the standard of motherhood which we had always had before us—yet her children were devoted to her.

When Mrs. Norris was finally settled in, and our household restored to order and regular routine, we had leisure to consider the desirability of finding another tenant. Our mother came to us and took possession of the little bedroom upstairs, and downstairs she found many a gap to fill and duties such as only such well-trained and experienced eyes could see. We felt great comfort in having her to turn to in any perplexity, and she on her side seemed to feel it behoved her to stand up for our rights, somewhat to the disgust of Mrs. Norris, as the latter found her landladies grow less malleable as time went on.

We had one bedroom and small sitting-room to let, both furnished; for these we must find an occupant, or very soon find our expenses far exceeding our income.

The first quarter's rent and expenses had been paid chiefly from Uncle B.'s money; the housekeeping now required nearly the whole of Mrs. Norris's payments, leaving us to face the next quarter's rent with not much besides our own slender earnings, so another tenant was an imperative necessity. While on the look-out for a permanent inmate we had a temporary occupant in the person of an acquaintance of Mrs. Norris, a young German student. He was with us three weeks, but as he required only a bedroom and was able to consume a full equivalent in food for the amount he paid in cash, he could hardly be called profitable, and accordingly we had to intimate that his room would be required by a certain date.

One fine morning at the end of May I happened to answer the door myself, and opened it to find a dapper little lady on the step.

"You have some rooms to let, I believe?" she asked.

I answered in the affirmative and invited her to inspect them. She was exceedingly taken with them and with the look of the house, but as she was seeking for her sister as well as herself, two bedrooms and a sitting-room were necessary.

I reflected while she chatted, and concluded that as it was imperative we should have someone directly, and this seemed to promise a better income than we had hoped for, it might be well to see if we could not come to an arrangement.

I suggested that it might be possible for us to put ourselves into smaller compass upstairs and set at liberty the room which our mother occupied. This met with approval, and it was agreed that if found practicable the two sisters should come and give their final decision the next day. When this was mentioned to mother she was only too glad to give up anything which would help us, and we arranged for her to have the smaller room, while I flitted into and shared the bachelor's big apartment.

The two sisters came punctually at the time named the next day; the elder I found somewhat imperious in manner and very decisive. They took some measurements and confabulated together as to the fitting in of their belongings, and then, to my relief, the elder sat down at the open secretaire and wrote, "I take your three rooms from the First of June, signed D. G."

Short, sharp, and business-like; but I liked her on the spot. They were very well-dressed and dainty, evidently with a comfortable income, but also careful to exact the fullest value for every penny; this was my first impression, and it never changed.

They had lowered our terms by a few shillings, and we had given in rather than lose good tenants; but after experience showed this was a mistake, for having gained one point they were always on the watch to gain in other points, and thus made encroachments which sometimes grew to be trespasses.

For the practical help of other beginners, situated as we then were, I may here lay stress on what is a main point to bear in mind, and that is that all regulations, limitations and expectations should be explained in detail at first, or before a tenant enters. What they agree to then they will abide by, but what is left unexplained is apt to become very much a matter of personal convenience afterwards. In these matters, as in all our life's training, we find it true that "experience keeps a good school, but the school-fees are very high."

It does violence to that beautiful faith in human nature that we would all fain keep, when we are forced by degrees to reluctantly confess that ideals will not work, or at any rate they will not work out as we hoped. As the *raison d'être* of writing this almost too personal history is to show the practicabilities, as well as the besetting difficulties, that lie about such a scheme as we were striving to develop, I have been explicit in detailing actual occurrences. From the actual I must now pass on to more general description, but in doing this I would not imply that the ideal was swamped or lost to view—far from it.

After several years' trial the belief still remains that it is and should be possible for ladies to take up the *rôle* of landladies (and with that *rôle* the rendering of personal service from one to another) and yet retain their own dignity and ladyhood undiminished. Nay more, that from the daily contact with others, and the many pleasant helps that one party may give to another, a brightening and helpful influence may arise. But I would not disguise the undoubted fact that it takes a

lady to appreciate another lady; and if by daily wear the gold should rub off, showing a clay foundation, there are sure to result frictions, jars, and a variety of small crosses that are as hard to carry as bigger ones.

Where the party is restricted in numbers, as ours was, these frictions become all the more noticeable. A larger household is in some senses easier to manage, in that a balance can be preserved and jealousies are not so manifest. A club of twenty or thirty members, with rules applying to all, and agreed to by all, would be less troublesome to deal with than the comparatively small household of two parties, often opposing factions.

If we are honest with ourselves we are forced to admit that all these difficulties (and particularly the factions) are most pronounced when the members are all of one sex—our own sex.

As a sex we lack breadth of view, and lacking this we magnify details. Taking our cue from one another, we do not always wait to see whether the example was itself a just one.

A mixed household is far better in many respects than one confined to members of one sex only. We soon learn why it was that "the solitary" were "set in families" when we come to deal with them on a wider scale.

(*To be continued.*)

INFANT'S HEM-STITCHED SHIRT.

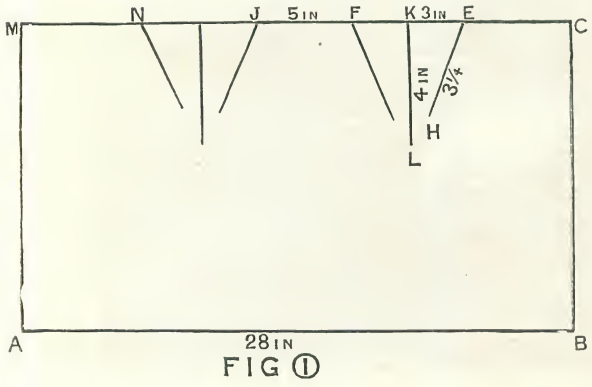
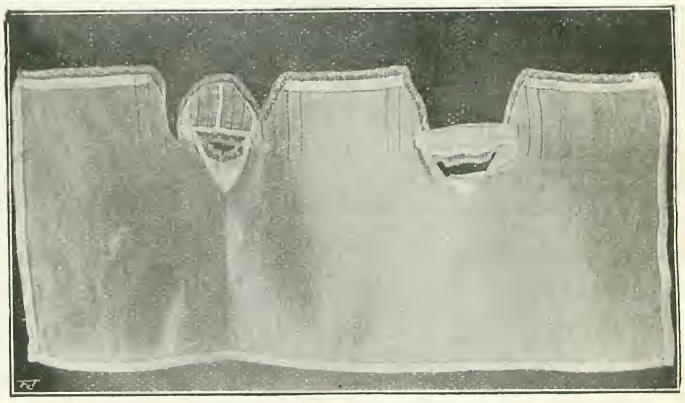
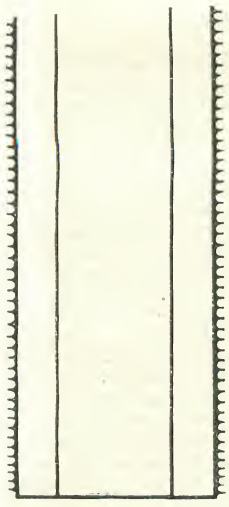


FIG ①


FIG. 3.


A
FIG ②

Now, "girls," bring out your finest needles and No. 100 cotton, combine them with plenty of patience and nimble fingers, and produce the result to be seen in Fig. 3 for some favoured morsel of humanity.

I take for granted that you know how to hem-stitch, if not, ask a friend to show you, it is very simple. For materials you will require three-eighths of a yard of fine Irish lawn at about three shillings and sixpence a yard, and two yards of narrow Valenciennes lace at about eightpence. The first thing to be done is to make the cut edges of the lawn absolutely even by drawing a thread. You will probably find the lawn is about thirty-three inches wide; the piece for the shirt requires to be twenty-nine inches, so a strip must be cut off, by the thread of course; take care of it, it will be wanted for gussets.

The preparing and drawing of threads is always somewhat tedious; in all work of hem-stitching it seems to take nearly as long as the work itself, but do not grudge the trouble, it is absolutely essential, and the whole beauty of your result depends upon it.

The measurements given in Fig. 1 are after the hems are folded, so the threads from A to B, B to C, and A to M must be drawn one inch from the edge; it will be found sufficient to draw from four to six threads. Turn in the extreme edges about the eighth of an inch, and fold the hems (they will be about three-eighths of an inch wide) carefully over to the drawn line, tacking them with fine cotton.

Hem-stitch these three sides, but do not work quite up to C and M.

When attacking the top of the wee garment, be careful to notice on which side the hems should be of those parts that fold over.

Now draw the threads for the lines of perpendicular stitching, half an inch apart, in the flaps, as seen in Fig. 3. Experience taught me the wisdom of doing every bit possible before cutting the flaps and sleeves, as the edges are liable to stretch and fray. Having finished these twelve perpendicular lines, cut down the flaps, Fig. 1, E to H, draw the threads, turn down, tack, and hem-stitch from M to N, J to F, and E to C. Cut down by the thread from K to L, place F and E together, one over the other, and make a hem-stitched seam, as shown in Fig. 3; these directions, of course, apply to both sleeves. Then do the perpendicular rows of stitching on top of sleeves.

Fig. 2 shows the base of the arm-hole, where it requires to be cut horizontally to allow of the hems lying flat; these hems are only a quarter of an inch wide. A gusset made of a piece of lawn an inch and a half square is folded and inserted under the arm, the point coming at A, Fig. 2; the edges must be hemmed until they reach the hem-stitching, where they are worked into it, as seen in Fig. 3.

This somewhat large gusset was suggested by a mother of experience. It is a very great improvement on the usual tiny arrangement. In putting on the lace, the edges cut on the cross must be "rolled" between finger and thumb.

Have the shirt washed, ironed, and prettily folded before presenting it, and then do not be surprised if you are told "it is so beautiful, it must be worn outside."

"COUSIN LIL."

NOTE.—Correct position of A in Fig. 2—half an inch below drawing.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHAT is taken for "housemaid's knee" is often a simple dislocation of the knee-cap which can easily be replaced by a surgeon or bone-setter; but if wrongly treated may develop into serious mischief. It is often caused by the servant kneeling on the edge of a step when cleaning.

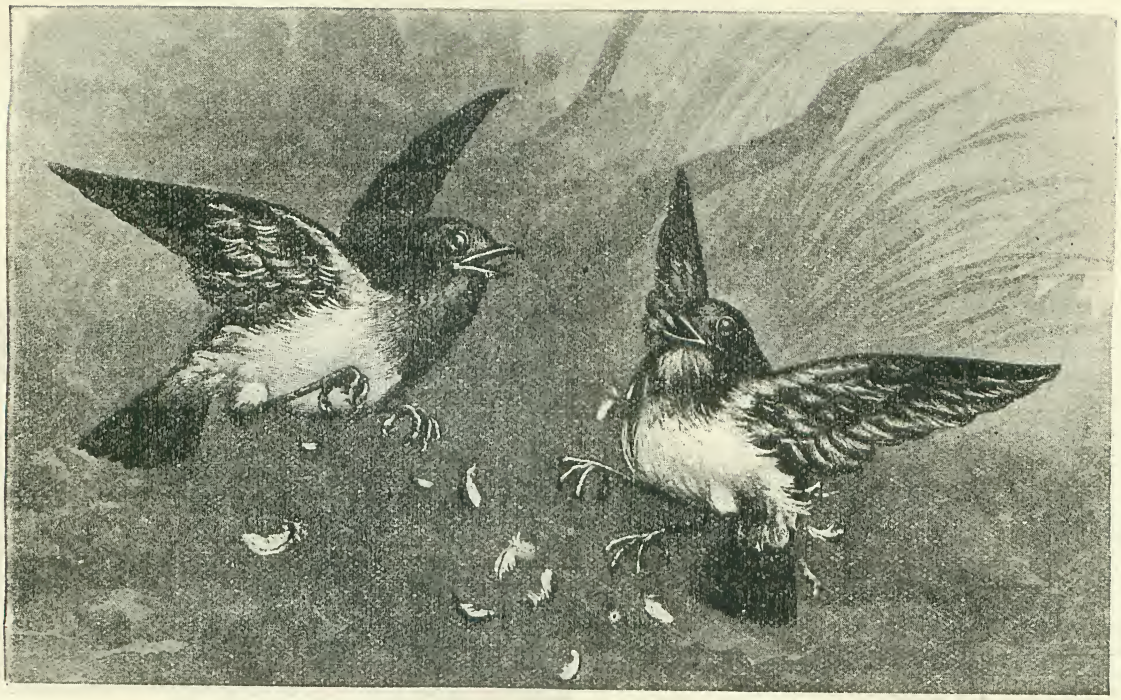
TEA-LEAVES that are to be used for sweeping carpets should first be placed in a colander and clean water run through them several times; they should then be used when damp but not wet. Tea-leaves should not be used on a carpet with a deep pile. On wet and cold days, when scrubbing of boards cannot be done, a room is wonderfully freshened up by sweeping the boards with damp tea-leaves.

BLACKBEETLES rarely come where a floor is kept well swept and where no food is left about.

ONE of the best ways of cooking dried haddock is to boil it in water in a large frying pan. When done, drain off the water and serve hot with a little butter on the top.

TO preserve cut blossoms of hard wood trees or shrubs, such as lilac, laburnum, apple blossom, roses or hydrangeas, the stalks should be stripped of the bark a good way up at the ends so that they can suck up the water, and the water in which they are placed should be warm.

A PIECE of perforated wire nailed on outside a larder or pantry window is very useful, for it can then be left open all night with no fear of cats getting in to steal the food. Larger thieves can be kept out by a strong iron bar inside.



THE SORROWS OF A SON AND HEIR.

I DO sincerely pity the eldest son of my pet robin, and I feel as if something ought to be done to secure for him a measure of kindness and some protection from his hard-hearted father's cruelty.

When in the early summer my robin used to come to me at all hours in the day, pleading for food for himself, his wife and his callow brood, I never grudged him his full share of mealworms. Four or five of those appetising morsels have I seen tucked into his little bill, and I could but admire the diligence he displayed in supplying the needs of his growing family.

As time went on, I occasionally caught a glimpse of one of the brown, fluffy young robins, sitting under the shelter of some laurel branch, remaining perfectly quiescent except for a grateful flutter of thanks now and then, when his parents brought him his ever-welcome rations.

At length the proud moment arrived when the eldest son was sufficiently grown up to be introduced to me. He was brought by his father to the open window, and I could watch the parental process of feeding still going on.

Naturally, thoughts would arise as to the beautiful instinct of fatherly love as shown in animals, birds and even insects. I now regret to think how often I praised my robin and pointed him out to admiring friends as an instance of the tender devotion of a parent to his young, and in every way held him up as an exemplary and virtuous pattern of what a bird should be.

When the moulting season arrived, my robin became less and less presentable, his wardrobe was so scanty that at last he had but one feather in his tail, and his general aspect was moth-eaten. Under these circumstances birds usually hide themselves until their new apparel is complete, and then they emerge in all their bravery and resume their customary habits.

My robin was however on such familiar terms with me that he did not in the least mind my seeing him in *deshabille*, and continued to come to the window for his usual dainties throughout the moulting time.

But now begins the sad part of the story. The eldest son, hitherto the beloved of his father's heart, having donned a neat little scarlet waistcoat of his own and become in every respect a robin to be proud of, came up to the window to receive my coveted gifts.

Whilst I was in the act of feeding him his father appeared upon the scene, and with open beak and angry twitter flew at him and drove him out of sight. I regret to have to record this shocking barbarity, but the truth has to be told.

The feud still continues; I can only give the heir a mealworm now and then by stealth, and even if the young bird ventures into the drawing-room the relentless parent follows and chases him round and round the room until I have to interfere in order to prevent actual murder taking place before my eyes. Two thoughts alone seem to possess the mind of Robin senior, how to supply himself with the choicest food and how to keep his offspring from participating in it. To these ends he passes his entire day in short flights to and fro, guarding the approach to my presence and at intervals hopping on to my writing-table and gazing at me with his lustrous black eyes. Apparently he listens respectfully whilst I tell him what I think of his disgraceful conduct. He will then break out into a song, which I must own is very sweet and melodious and may contain, for aught I know, a complete justification of his daily actions, but having no clue to his language I am none the wiser for his explanation.

It is no doubt wisely ordained that parental love should cease and the young birds be compelled to disperse and seek their own living, but still I must end as I began by saying that I feel very deep compassion for Robin junior. He will always have a warm corner in my heart and a welcome to my small gifts whenever it is in my power to circumvent his atrocious parent and secretly bestow them upon him.

E. B.

THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

SAILING recently down a river which will be nameless, where the scenery at first is extremely beautiful and afterwards only second-rate, we had not long started when—it being morning—ting-a-ling went the breakfast bell. Away trooped the greater number of the passengers, and when they came on deck again the best of the scenery was over.

We must eat, but we thought then, and think still, that the time might have been better selected. The incident made us talk together about the neglect of the beauty of nature observable every day and everywhere, and that was the beginning of this article.

Familiarity breeds contempt often and indifference almost always. So long as anything is novel it has a chance to charm, but the same thing, no longer novel, either wearies or

receives no attention whatever. If we did not live face to face with such loveliness in earth and sea and sky it would perhaps be a different story. The rosy morn appearing, say once in a twelvemonth, to "paint with dew the verdant lawn" might either induce us to breakfast in the dark, or to postpone coming to table till the painting performance was over.

But there is more to be said than this. Even if beauty were rare, perhaps the majority of us would fail to see it, for the sufficient reason that their eyes have never been trained. Training is to a great extent necessary. "Those who have not studied the fine arts," remarks a painter who has given much attention to the subject, "are little aware how blind people are naturally to the beauties of creation; how much they stand in need of instruction and of information how to look at nature so as to become acquainted with and to distinguish its beauties in form, colour and effect." The celebrated Benjamin West, the Quaker artist, held that "we are all born blind, like puppies; their eyes being opened by nature, ours by art."

Some of us are perhaps so fortunate as to mix in the society of artists who, spending their lives in the study of beauty, are well qualified to direct others what to see, and how to look at things in a proper manner. A great deal may be gained in this way and very pleasantly too. For those not so happily circumstanced, there is the insight to be obtained through books, and there are many now to be had dealing with this important topic, and pointing out, as far as words can do, how to see things with an artist eye.

It may be taken as certain that the cultivation of the sense of beauty is within the reach of every one; every one, that is, who has the use of her eyes and does not belong to the not-inconsiderable class who find it impossible to think of any serious subject for more than two minutes at a time.

For those who are in earnest we set down the following maxim by the great German author, Goethe. After applying it to what we are talking about, it will be found handy to cheer us up in any other pursuit in which we may be engaged.

"With the exception of health and virtue," says Goethe, "there is nothing so valuable in life as information and knowledge; nor is there anything that can be obtained so readily and purchased so cheaply. The whole task consists in preserving a calm attitude of mind and the expenditure in time—a thing which we cannot save without expending it."

The beauty of nature is a desirable study, for it tends to make us gentle and refined. That is not the certain consequence but the tendency is that way. A coarse mind and vulgar manners are rare indeed where there is cultivated taste.

In its train too comes much enjoyment. "The improvement of taste," says one writer, "enables us to derive the most refined pleasure from the contemplation of objects, which make little or no impression on other people, to feel ecstasy from scenes which the aged peasant has beheld from his infancy without emotion, and with as much indifference as the sheep that he tends or the cattle he herds. Taste in a way creates new beauty and bestows on us new faculties."

The trained eye, however, important though it may be, is not everything. A great deal lies deep down in ourselves, and the recognition of beauty depends in a large measure upon our own character.

To see the loveliness of the world we must, for one thing, be happy-hearted. The poet who says "there's nought in this life sweet but only melancholy," was very much mistaken. In a melancholy fit you may as well be out of existence for all the pleasure or satisfaction you get in looking about. It is a stupidity in any circumstances whatever to make a companion of woe, and a girl need never have any doubt on what side of human affairs she ought to take her stand. She should always choose the laughing side. This does not mean, be frivolous. It only means, be sensible.

Solomon hit the truth when he said that "the merry heart is a good medicine." It clears away the mists from our vision and enables us to look at things with those kind eyes which alone can discern their real worth and loveliness. Happy in ourselves, we see the whole world smiling around us, and to every landscape—even in gloomy weather—supply our own sunshine.

This, of course, means that we must banish sulkiness, ill-temper, jealousy, selfishness, suspicion, every evil passion, every unreasonable whim, every unworthy affection. They must be sent about their business or there can be no real beauty for us. We do not recommend the experiment, but if any girl of an inquiring turn wishes to see nature in gloom and with her worst looks on, just let her have a quarrel with some one and then go for a walk. Streams, fields, and hedgerows she will find coloured by the fire of her own anger, enjoyment being out of the question. And so it is with all the other follies we can commit. They prevent our seeing what is to be found everywhere about us of Heaven upon earth.

We are indeed not of much account unless we are good, or at least trying to be so. "If thy heart be right," says Thomas à Kempis, "then every creature will be to thee a mirror of life and a book of holy doctrine." You will have your eyes opened then to beauty, sublimity and grandeur, which have previously been hidden, and have your hearts filled with thankfulness to the Great Author of this wonderful world. The better you are, the nobler your affections, the more just your dealings, the more beauty you will see.

By acting as we ought to, we not only make the world beautiful for ourselves but for other people. It requires a stretch of imagination to picture even the loveliest scene pleasing anyone if you set down in the foreground a girl we once knew who, because of her temper, shown in her looks, went by the name of "Miss Turn-the-milk-sour." On the other hand look at Nellie, who by her happy-hearted ways, her kindness, her quiet enthusiasm, makes everybody think the scenery ten times finer than it really is. We once spent a day with her in a remote Highland inn where it rained from morning till night, and there was nothing to read but a tattered Gaelic hymn-book and an equally tattered Inverness newspaper seven months old. But, very much because of Nellie's presence, the view from that lonely inn remains a happy memory; the soaked moorland seemed to have a beauty all its own, and the canopy of mist over the hills, which might otherwise have been like a funeral pall, reminded us only of a crown of glory.

One of the most difficult points to convince people of is the power that lies in little things, especially in the direction of making others happy and contented and fitting them to get the best out of their lives and surroundings. It is like the least touch that is sometimes required to be given to the peg of a musical instrument to put a string in tune. A kind word, a smile, an almost nothing and the thing is done. And an equal trifle—like the peg turned the wrong way—will make all discordant again. A sneer, a frown, another almost nothing, and the world, which might have been made so bright, is changed for somebody into no better than a black hole.

All things are not equally attractive, and even when there is no question about their beauty it will be found that those which take most firm hold upon us are those with which we have pleasant and interesting associations. With some people indeed association is everything. Without that magic halo nothing gives pleasure, all seems dull and lifeless.

This is a good reason for filling our minds with knowledge of every sort. A girl who is as ignorant as the young woman who thought the moon was an egg laid by the earth can hardly be expected to derive much refined and elevating pleasure from the contemplation of beauty either in the starry heavens or in her native green fields.

The more we know the better. To have our minds so stored with incidents that we are able to go about saying to ourselves, a great man lived here, a famous battle was fought there, that flower has a story, a legend belongs to yonder star, a poet has made that little bird immortal, multiplies our enjoyment a thousand-fold. We then read romance into everything, even into barns and pigstys when we find them constructed of stones from the ruins of an ancient baron's castle. Knowledge brings love, and moved by love we see innumerable charms invisible to other people. This is the true harvest of a quiet eye.

And with all we see we can and ought to associate thoughts of the Great Creator, recognising in everything the manifestation of the wisdom, power, and goodness of God and the riches of His bounty to men. "The works of the Lord are great; sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

Taste devoted to the study and contemplation of the beautiful, remarks one writer, "swallows up and supersedes all other passions and pleasures. It outlives them all. Its atmosphere is joy and peace; rightly pursued it softens the heart and directs the mind to nature's God; to that Almighty and adorable Being whose voice uttered this still beautiful creation into existence."

The fact is, to see well we must live wisely. Some points of importance we have now spoken about and others girls may not unprofitably think out for themselves. They may for example consider whether when the recognition of beauty is in question it is not a fatal error to go through the world in a bustle. When Romeo said, "I stand on sudden haste," and was answered, "Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast," the old friar gave counsel more needed nowadays than it ever was in Verona. The tendency of modern life is to be in such a hurry that people not only stumble but fail rightly to see anything. The observer of beauty must be deliberate. Is not that to be sleepy? No, it is to be more wide awake than scamper and bustle ever were or can be.

Another question that might be considered is how much a simple life assists in opening our eyes to the beauty by which we are surrounded. The artificial existence which many of us lead, with its trivialities and distractions is a great hindrance. The rich and fashionable, unless they are blessed with great discretion and common sense have in this case the worst of it.

The beauty of the world may be said to be the inheritance of the poor. It belongs to every one who has the taste to enjoy it. We need not be landed proprietors. "The rights of property," it has been well remarked, "do not extend to the beautiful, the sublime, nor the grand. These are emanations of the divine essence and are beyond the reach of man's laws, for God is everywhere present, and to be seen in His works by all who seek after Him." There are no pleasures so cheap as those to be got by looking at nature, and none so accessible either. We may live remote from forests, mountains, and streams, but there are always left to us the clouds lit up by the sun, and the stars shining in the midnight sky.

FEBRUARY.

By MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

FEBRUARY-FILL-THE-FLOOD
Met with Hope this morning,
Where, amid the rain and mud,
She was seeking leaf and bud
For the world's adorning.

Brown twigs bending o'er the way
Watched them pass together,
Brown roots that beneath them lay
Heard their talk ring, blithe and gay,
Through the wild, wet weather.

Sped the news the tree-tops through,
Rose the sap abounding;
Now, against the far-off blue,
Lovely outlines limned anew
Show the buds are rounding.

Like a child that wakes aglow,
Yet in dreamland lingers,
Through the bed-clothes of the snow,
Spring thrusts upwards from below
Chubby crocus fingers.

Brambles of her coming prate
On the sodden moorland;
Gorse and heather desolate
For her footsteps wake and wait,
On the rocky foreland.

Snowdrops ring the music out
Round each sheltered hollow
Winter faces right-about,
Hope has come, and who will doubt
All sweet things shall follow?



IN A MOTHER'S STEAD.

By A. M. BELLERBY.

CHAPTER I.

"OF course I will answer it, mother, but it doesn't seem any use," and a weary sigh broke from the lips of the girl of nineteen, who uttered the words in so hopeless a tone.

"My dear, I wish I had brought you up to business, or something with a brighter outlook; but I had no idea there were so many governesses, or so few engagements for them in the world."

"You did what you thought best, mother. Perhaps this may come to something," and Katharine Skrine took up her pen to write, for about the fortieth time, an answer to an advertisement for a governess. Though she tried to speak more hopefully, the many disappointments of altogether unanswered letters, or of others—that seemed likely at first, coming to nothing—after six months of hope deferred, were beginning already to print two little lines on the young face. A pleasant face it was, with its fresh complexion, grey eyes and slightly-parted lips; a quaint look was added to it by the brown, curly hair having been cut quite short after a fever. Mrs. Skrine's very limited income made her obliged to part with her eldest daughter, despite their feelings; but having no knowledge nor experience of its being needed, Katharine had received no special training for teaching, and of course, in these days, found it hard to obtain any engagement without.

However, her letter was sent; and after two or three days came a more satisfactory reply than usual, in a large scrawling hand, stating that Mrs. Mathew was in need of a governess for her two children, and she thought Miss Skrine would suit.

Before long all was settled; and the mother and daughter's grief at their first long separation was softened by the relief it meant to their straitened means.

"Thirty pounds a year, just think, mother dear! Why, I shan't want it nearly all for myself, and you will have one less to keep at home, too!"

Katharine danced round the room in her exuberance of spirits.

But it was a different matter to say good-bye to that mother and the younger brothers and sisters, and Katharine subsided into a good cry in the corner of the empty third-class carriage.

Her spirits did not rise on the journey, for the day was chill and foggy; the passengers, who afterwards got in, all had a depressed look; and long before Birmingham was reached, the heavy cloud that hung over it seemed to settle down on Katharine's heart. It was the first time, too, that she had ever travelled alone; the size and noise of New Street station overwhelmed her, and as the dire thought arose that no one might meet her, but that she must look out her luggage and cab alone, the tears were coming again into the clear grey eyes, when a quiet voice said—

"Can I help you in any way; is anyone with you? or have you luggage?"

And poor Katharine, looking up, saw through a mist the grave, bearded man who had proffered his help.

"Oh, thank you. I do not know if anyone is coming to meet me; I have one box."

"Which end of the train is it, where do you come from?" and the gentleman had taken her bundle from her.

"Nuneaton; I didn't notice which end."

"Then are you Miss Skrine? If so, you are the very person I have come to meet."

"Yes. Oh, how good of you. Are you—are you Mr. Mathew?"

"Yes," he replied with a quiet smile; see curing a porter, Katharine's luggage, and placing her in a cab with a rapidity which was most reassuring.

"The man knows me very well, and where



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to drive; and I have settled with him, so you have nothing further to trouble about, Miss Skrine," and raising his hat, the stranger departed.

If it had been Mephistopheles himself Katharine's perfect innocence would have trusted him, but she had had no time even for thanks, nor to wonder why he had turned up without a mention of Mrs. Mathew. It was a long drive out from the city, through the whole stretch of Moseley Road, but even that came to an end at last, and the cab stopped at the door of a larger house than Katharine had ever entered. She felt terribly insignificant before the tall, lithe man-servant who opened the door, and who evidently took in her vocation at a glance, passing her on to a maid-servant with a patronising—

"The governess, Owen."

Very handsome was the great hall, with its heavy curtains, lamps, and statuary in shadowy recesses: very soft was the thick carpet on the wide stairs, up a good many of which Katharine was led before her destination was reached.

"This is your room, Miss Skrine, and if you'll please to ring when you're ready I'll show you the way down again."

Owen had a pleasant face and a pleasant manner, so that Katharine oppressed by her surroundings, and especially the man-servant, felt quite grateful to her.

When she rang, Owen led her again down the many stairs, which made the governess wonder how it was possible to find one's way about so huge a house, till the hall was reached and Owen opened the library door with a subdued—

"Miss Skrine, ma'am."

Mrs. Mathew sat—an exceedingly trim figure in a tailor-made gown of a vivid tan shade—in a low chair, showing a good deal of a very neat foot and ankle. She turned a decided stare on the new arrival, extending two fingers; the other two and her thumb being closed on a fragment of cambric, by courtesy called a pocket-handkerchief."

"How d'ye do, Miss Skrine. So you got here all right?"

"Yes, thank you," said Katharine shyly; "Mr. Mathew told the man where to come, and saved me all the trouble."

"What, was Philip there! Goodness, what an idea. Well, perhaps it's as well, for I never thought of sending for you, and you don't look much like taking care of yourself."

"I had never travelled alone before."

"What an idea! And you are how old?"

"Nineteen."

"Oh, well, you'll soon get used to knocking about here; it will do you good to be in a large place, if you've been mewed up in Nuneaton all your life," went on Mrs. Mathew, mentally adding to herself, "what a guy the girl dresses, we shall have to keep her out of sight," then aloud; "pour out the tea, will you, Miss Skrine? I never do it myself if I can get it done for me."

Katharine, trembling with nervousness obeyed: in their ultra-unfashionable home even afternoon tea was a thing unknown to her, and it was with a great feeling of relief that all was accomplished without dropping the sugar-basin, spilling the tea, or letting her hot buttered toast fall on the handsome carpet, in the attempt to make her saucer do duty for a plate.

"Mrs. Mathew talked on pretty continuously without mention of the children, till Katharine took advantage of a slight pause to inquire, "Have you any special system you wish me to follow out in my teaching, Mrs. Mathew?"

"Goodness, no! What I want you to do is to look after the children, and not let them worry me. Just teach them what they ought to know; you'll find them a handful, I can never manage them."

"And what are their names?"

"Didn't I tell you? Oh, Edwin and Stephanie. What's that you say, Larkins?"

"Dr. Drew, ma'am."

"Will you go up to the nursery, Miss Skrine? Larkins, show the way. How do you do, Dr. Drew." Mrs. Mathew dropped the fragment of cambric into her lap to hold out a whole hand, while Katharine escaped from the room, without even glancing at the tall, strong-faced man, who stood aside to let the young governess pass, before advancing to take the hand his hostess extended to him.

She had to quicken her steps to keep up with Larkins's noiseless, long-legged ones, as he preceded her up the stairs and down a long corridor, from the end of which came the sound of children's voices, raised to passion pitch.

Larkins never wasted words, but his face expressed "They're at it again," and swiftly and noiselessly he opened the door, completely upsetting the boy of seven, who was struggling with his nurse.

"There now, Master Edwin, a nice way for the governess to see you in!"

"Well, you should have let me go, it's your fault, and I hate you."

"You know your ma said you wasn't to go down."

"I don't care," he replied, half-sullenly, half-passionately.

Katharine's inexperienced eyes looked down at the little rebel, whose tears stood in the deep green eyes, hung on the long lashes, and stained the crimsoned cheeks. As he looked up at her, she said—

"Won't you come and speak to me, Edwin?"

The defiant expression softened, a little hand was held out, and she bent down and kissed him.

"That's right, now I hope we shall be friends very soon; and this is Stephanie, isn't it?" as a little figure, looking as if it had stepped out of a picture, in its dainty lace trimmings and exquisite fairness, advanced towards her, saying—

"Yes, I'se Stephanie, and I'se been good," in a self-approving tone.

"That is right, and Edwin is good now," said Katharine.

"And will you read to us?" inquired that young gentleman, fetching a luxuriously illustrated edition of *Hans Andersen*.

"They soon press you into service," said nurse maliciously, only too glad to withdraw herself from what was to her an unmitigated nuisance, and convey her impression of the governess to the servant's hall.

Katharine read till they were all tired. Then Edwin beguiled the time with an inquisitorial succession of questions, till, shortly before bedtime, with Stephanie on her lap, nestling her pale gold head against the girl's cheek, and Edwin close to her in his little chair, Katharine did not hear the door softly opened, nor know that Mr. Mathew stood silently watching the group, till Edwin, moving his position, exclaimed: "Father!" and in a moment the boy was on his shoulder, and Stephanie in his arms.

"Here's Miss Skrine, father, and we like her ever so much!"

"I saw Miss Skrine before you did, young gentleman; sit still, Miss Skrine," for Katharine in her ignorance of the world had risen, and was offering him her chair. "So you came here all right?"

"Yes, thanks to your kindness," said Katharine gratefully.

"Nonsense, nothing of the sort. Of course we should meet you. I hope you haven't let these young Turks worry you out of your life; you must be tired and want some quiet; they shall go to bed now."

Edwin's lips pouted, but he knew there was no disobeying orders in that quarter, and while Mr. Mathew rang for nurse, he went on, "Please remember to make every use of the library, Miss Skrine. Refreshment will be brought you presently. If there is anything you want, you must let me know. Nurse," as that functionary entered the room, "will you kindly see that Miss Skrine's comfort is attended to in every way," and with a kindly good-night he departed to dress for dinner, thinking to himself, "I believe she will do, they need some one to love them," and he sighed heavily.

Mr. Mathew, nine years before, had made the mistake of marrying his wife for her stylish appearance, taking manner—towards those she desired to please—and her money, which he greatly needed at a crisis in his business. His marriage had helped him to prosper beyond his expectations, but it had not filled his home with love or happiness. He was devoted to his children without understanding them or seeing a great deal of them, for there was constant friction when they were with their mother, who had "nerves" where they, or anything else affecting her comfort, were concerned. He and his wife never quarrelled, he was far too chivalrous where a woman was in question, but there was simply no sympathy between them, and he bore quietly the result of the irrevocable mistake he had made in his motives of marriage.

Just as Katharine was finishing dressing next morning, there was a little tap at her door, and Edwin appeared in answer to her "Come in!"

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"To come to breakfast? Not quite yet, dear."

"But you'se ready."

"I am dressed, but I've not said my prayers yet."

"Prayers," said the child, as if puzzled, then, "Oh, I 'member, we used to say prayers too; but when this nurse came she said she couldn't bother waiting about such stuff, so we don't say sem now."

"Oh, poor little souls," thought Katharine, and said aloud, "will you say them now if I help you?"

"Yes, if you like," in the tone of one conferring a favour. That ended, "May I stay here while you say yours? I'll be quite good."

Katharine did not like to refuse him, and immediately she rose, she was greeted with "What's this?"

Quietly turning over all her things to examine, he had come upon her illustrated Bible with a picture of the Nativity: "I'se seen this before somewhere, but I can't yemember where; I know," the puzzled look passing away, "it was in a—a church, but it was a long time ago."

"Don't you always go to church?"

Edwin looked up quite surprised.

"Oh, no, some of the servants go, but we don't, nor father nor mother."

"Edwin," said Katharine, suddenly oppressed by the weight of responsibility laid on her, "will you come to me to say your prayers every morning and evening."

"Why?" asked the child.

"I'll tell you why later, will you do it?"

"Yes."

"Then now we'll go to breakfast."

So Master Edwin must needs march into the nursery and announce to little Stephanie in the face of nurse's supercilious sneer—

"I'se going into Miss Skyine to say pyayers every night and morning, Stephanie, and you may too, if you like."

And Katharine felt ashamed of the sense of shame which proves so clearly that the offence of the Cross is not ceased.

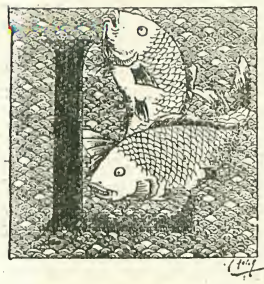
(To be continued.)

WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

PART IV.

NUTRITIVE DISHES OF FISH.

"Epicures from every clime . . . praise."—*W. Hone.*



LONG ago it was thought that fish was the food *par excellence* for brain-workers, but this is now an exploded theory; the reason why it is more suited to those whose occupation is largely sedentary is that being lighter than meat it is more easily digested, and being more easily digested it is more nutritious. It is questionable whether fish does in reality contain more phosphorous than other articles of diet; it may do, but for other reasons than this it ought to have a prominent place on our bill of fare. We are apt to forget that fish is every bit as nutritious as meat though not in the same proportions; among the poor there is almost a prejudice against it because it is regarded as "nothing to make a meal of." It is true that the amount of nutrition to be gained from it depends largely upon the way in which it is cooked.

Under-cooked fish is more to be dreaded than under-cooked meat, but when over-cooked it is even more worthless.

Unfortunately fish is comparatively an expensive article of diet; this is partly due to the fact that demand is out of proportion to the supply, consequently prices have to be kept up that even small profits may be realised.

Those who live in or near London and can possibly avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting the central markets, will find that late in the afternoon, just before closing time, fish may be procured for less than half the price at which it was charged in the morning. A fine seven-pound cod for a shilling, for instance. For country people and those who have only the local fishmonger to deal with, the facilities now offered of obtaining fish per parcels post from the docks are well worthy of being tried.

When we have secured our fish there are one or two points we must bear in mind with regard to it, points that are sadly too often forgotten.

One is that just as a ripe peach or pear suffers by rough handling, so does a sole, or whatever other fish we touch; it may not seem to matter much, but the fact remains; its flavour will tell a tale. Then much washing, or packing with ice is very injurious; fish ought not properly to see water until it is being prepared for the table, and then only long enough to allow of its thorough cleansing. Never let any but fresh-water fish lie in water.

Skinned fish will have a very different flavour from that which is cooked with the skin left on. Take a fried or boiled whiting for an example and test it.

French cooks are far more clever in their treatment of fish, especially of the commoner and cheaper kinds, than we are; they say "*c'est la sauce qui fait manger le poisson*," and accordingly are at the trouble to prepare the most cunning sauces with which to make the dish palatable. It is in these *petits soins* that our English cookery is so faulty; if we are given a salmon or a turbot we know we shall do well, but the "small fry" is not worth troubling about.

What we want to find at this present moment are some of those dishes that shall be worthy of the epicure's praise, yet not costly, nutritive, yet so easily obtainable that no one need say they are beyond her means. To this end we will leave salmon, turbot and soles alone; they are only available on exceptional occasions for such as have small means.

Let us begin with one of the cheapest and homeliest of fish, namely plaice. We are all familiar with plaice that has been filleted, rolled in egg and bread-crumbs and fried; is there another way?

Let us take these fillets—we have four strips, but if the fish was large these strips would admit of being cut in half, so as to make eight pieces. Sprinkle each fillet or piece with pepper and salt, roll up and tie with thick white thread. Place the rolls in an enamelled soup-plate (or an old china one) and cover with another. Set this in a moderate oven and let the fish cook in its own juice for twenty minutes or half an hour. Then drain away all the liquor which will have run from them, keeping the fish covered.

Dissolve an ounce of salt butter in a saucepan, stir in as much flour until it is smooth, then add the fish liquor and three-penny worth of cream; stir vigorously over the fire until it boils and is quite smooth, then add a few drops of lemon juice, a pinch of pepper, and pour into the middle of a round dish that is made very hot. Set the rolls of fish on this sauce after removing the thread, and on the top of each roll put a tiny pat of butter with which a little freshly chopped parsley has been mixed. You may make a border of tiny fried *croutons* of bread around this, or of fine mashed potato, if liked.

Very large and thick plaice are nice left whole and either baked with butter or boiled and served with anchovy or caper sauce.

For filleting and frying I prefer fresh haddock to plaice; the fillets are thicker, firmer, and have more flavour. The cost of both is about the same.

Fresh Haddocks are very nice also if turned round, the tail in the mouth, a little dissolved butter poured over them, sprinkling them with chopped parsley, pepper and salt, and baking them in a brisk oven. Set the fish on a hot dish, add a little lemon juice or a spoonful of capers to the butter in the pan and pour it over the haddock.

Another cheap fish is the *Herring*, but it is often objected to because of the bones. If, however, after splitting open and cleansing it, the herring be held in the left hand, and with the thumb and finger of the right the bone is pressed backwards, it may afterwards be drawn away quite easily. Dissolve a little fresh butter, pass the inside of the herring through it, and sprinkle with salt and pepper, then roll up from the head, the skin outwards, tie securely, flour each roll, and then fry for a few minutes in boiling fat. Drain well before dishing them, that all fat may run away. Serve with these *Robert Sauce*, made in this wise:

Fry a slice of Spanish onion that has been cut into dice, until it is thoroughly cooked, then mix with it a teaspoonful of flour, a dessertspoonful of mushroom ketchup, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, a pinch of cayenne, a little made mustard, salt, a few drops of vinegar, and about a teacupful of brown stock. Boil until smooth.

Suppose that we have a tail piece of *Cod*. As this also is a cheap cut, it will not be much if boiled, nor will it be much liked if baked. Let us cut it sharply across into as many slices of an inch thick as it will make, dividing the larger slices again, that the pieces may be as much of a size as may be. Lay these in a stewpan with a little salt butter and stew them very gently until tender through.

In the meantime make a *Curry Sauce* by frizzling a small piece of onion in an ounce of butter, then stirring in a teaspoonful of curry paste or powder, a pinch of salt, a dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, a teaspoonful of flour, and a cupful of clear stock. When these have boiled, stir in half a teacupful of cream. Pour this over the fish in the stewpan and let all simmer together for a few minutes, then serve in a hot dish with some well-boiled rice in another one.

Stewed Fish.—So popular a dish with Jewish people, is not frequently seen on English tables. For this purpose cod lends itself admirably, so does halibut, and so do fresh haddock. Divide the fish neatly, but do not flour it, sprinkle a little pepper and salt over it, and add butter with sufficient milk or water to keep the fish moist, then cover tightly and cook gently until tender. Thicken the liquor in the stewpan after taking the fish out, add any flavouring liked, also a few slices of lemon, then the yolks of one or two eggs. Bring the sauce up to boiling-point and pour around the fish.

A *Salad* made from cold fish of any kind, broken into neat flakes after all skin and bone has been removed, then some slices of hard-boiled egg added, with a few strips of chopped pickled gherkins, and a mayonnaise or salad cream poured over, is another good way of presenting fish.

A *Fish Pie.*—The fish divided into fillets and a few picked shrimps or one or two oysters introduced with the seasoning, and a few bits of butter, then a little milk poured into the dish, and finally an inch deep crust of mashed potatoes put on, with about three-quarters of an hour's baking in a brisk oven, will present a dish that is fit for any table, light and nutritious either for children or invalids.

For a nice supper dish try the following mould of *Jellied Fish.*—Remove all the skin and bone from about two pounds of cod or halibut; cut it into small pieces and mix with it a teaspoonful of salt, the juice of a fresh lemon, a teaspoonful of grated onion, a pinch of cayenne, a teaspoonful of desiccated cocoanut, and a teacupful of water. Press all into a mould, cover tightly, and steam for at least one hour. Set the mould on ice when cold, and when required for table stand it for half a minute in hot water, then turn out on to a pretty china dish, pour a little mayonnaise dressing or seasoned cream over the top and garnish with the crisp leaves from the heart of a lettuce.

When making fish cakes or croquettes, mix an equal quantity of mashed potato with the flaked fish, and use a little milk to make the mixture moist, as well as a spoonful of sharp sauce—anchovy by preference to give piquancy. If any melted butter or sauce remains over after the dish came away from table, use that in preference to anything else.

Tinned lobster or salmon makes excellent cutlets in the case of emergency, using potato again as the binding medium in preference to bread. Tinned fish is not, however, so good from a nutritive point of view.

With a dish of cold-dressed fish a lettuce or watercress salad becomes an admirable accompaniment; salad should also accompany a dish of salmon cutlets, but for garnishing use fried parsley, and with fresh fish that has been filleted and fried use fried parsley and cut lemons.

Brown bread-and-butter, not potato, should accompany fried fresh fish.

LUCY H. YATES.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.



UNCH was ready when the visitors arrived at Grassmere, and as they were equally ready for lunch they lost no time in seating themselves at the large table in the window, and making a vigorous attack upon rolls and butter. The other tables were well filled, and Hilary held her head with complacent pride, while Lettice and Norah nudged each other to call attention to the glances of curiosity and interest which were directed towards their father.

"A party of Americans, and the waiter whispered to them as we passed. Oh, father, you are in for it! Now—I told you so! The one with the light hair is getting up. She is going upstairs to bring the albums. Wait till you've finished lunch, then it will be—'Would you be kind enough to write your name in my little book?'"

Mr. Bertrand went through a pantomime of tearing his hair. "Is there no escape?" he groaned. "It's bad enough to be a lion in town, but I positively refuse to roar in the country. I won't do it. I have writer's cramp—I can't use my right hand. Rayner, my boy, I'll turn them on to you!"

"He is only pretending. He is really awfully pleased and flattered. Wait till you see how polite he will be when they ask him," said Lettice, mischievously; and indeed nothing could have been more courteous than Mr. Bertrand's manner when the American party flocked round him in the hall after luncheon.

"Your books are in every house in America, sir, and it gives us the greatest pleasure to have an opportunity of——"

"Oh, come along!" whispered Norah, pulling impatiently at Edna's arm. "I know it all by heart. Come into the garden, both of you—Lettice and I have something to tell you—an exciting piece of news!"

"Kitten dead? New ribbons for your hats?" queried Rex, indifferently. He was sceptical on the point of Norah, "exciting confidences," but this time Lettice looked at him reproachfully with her great, grey eyes.

"No, indeed—don't make fun—it's serious. Miss Carr is going to adopt one of us to live with her in London as her own daughter, for the next three years."

"Nonsense!" Rex sat down in a heap on the grass, in front of the bench where the girls were seated. "Which?"

"Ah, that's the mystery! She is to have her choice, and she won't say which it is to be until Wednesday night—two days more. So you see, you had better be polite, for you mayn't have me with you much longer."

"I am always polite to you," said Rex moodily, and the statement passed unchallenged, for however much he might tease Norah, and snap at Hilary, he was always considerate for the feelings and comfort of "Lovely Lettice!"

"Oh, Norah, Norah, I hope it won't be you!" cried Edna, clasping her hands round her friend's arm in warm-hearted affection. "What should I do without you? We have been so happy—have had such fun! Three years! What an age of a time. We shall be quite grown up."

"Yes; and after that, father is going to take a house in London, because the boys will have left school, and it will be better for them. Isn't it horrid to think that after to-day it may never be the same for one of us again. She will only come back here as a visitor, for a few weeks at a time, and everything will be strange and different——"

"And Rex may go abroad before the end of the three years, and Hilary may marry—and—oh, a hundred other horrible things. Perhaps we may never meet again all together like this until we are quite old and grey-headed. We would write to one another of course; stiff, proper sort of letters like grown-up people write. How funny it would be. Imagine you writing to me, Edna—'My dear Eleanora, you must not think my long silence has arisen from any want of affection towards you and yours . . . And how has it been with you, my valued friend?'"

The burst of laughter which greeted this speech did something to liven the gloom which was fast settling upon the little party, and presently Mr. Bertrand's voice was heard calling from the verandah—

"Now then, children, what are we to do until four o'clock? Do you want to go on the lake?"

"It's no good, sir. We could row round it in ten minutes." This from Rex, with all the scorn of a young man who owned a Una of his own on Lake Windermere.

"Do you want to scramble up to the Tarn, then? I don't. It's too hot, and we should have no time to spend at the top when we got there."

"Let us go to the Wishing Gate, father," suggested Norah eagerly. "It's a nice walk; and I got what I wished for last summer—I did really—the music lessons! I'm sure there is something in it."

"Let us go then, by all means. I have a wish of my own that I should be glad to settle. Helen, will you come?"

"No thank you, Austin, I will not. I can wish more comfortably sitting here in the shade of the verandah. I've been once before, and I wouldn't drag up there this afternoon for a dozen wishes."

"And Rayner—what will you——?"

Mr. Rayner hesitated, then, "I—er—if it's a steep pull, I think I had better stay where I am," he added, in cheery, decided tones, which brought a flush of delight to Hilary's cheeks.

She turned in silence to follow her sisters, but before she had advanced many steps, stood still, hesitating and stammering—"I—I—the sun is very hot. My head——"

"Well, don't come, dear, if you are afraid of headache. Stay where you are," said her father kindly, and Miss Carr chimed in, in characteristic fashion—

"But if you are going to chatter, be kind enough to move away to another seat. I am not going to have my nap disturbed if I know it."

"Come along, Miss Hilary. Our pride won't allow us to stay after that!" cried Mr. Rayner, picking up his crutches and leading the way across the lawn with suspicious alacrity, and no sooner were they seated on the comfortable bench, than he turned a smiling face upon his companion, and wished to know if she were satisfied with the result of her lecture.

"Entirely," said Hilary. "It sounded brave and man-like, and put all at their ease. It is always best to be honest."

"It is. I agree with you. What about the head?"

"What head?"

"Ah, and is that honest? You know what I mean. Does it ache very badly?"

"N—no! Not a bit! I stayed behind because I preferred to—to talk to you," said Hilary, stoutly, wishing she could prevent herself blushing in such a ridiculous fashion, wishing Mr. Rayner would not stare at her quite so fixedly; happy, miserable, discomfited, triumphant, all at the same moment, and in the most incomprehensible fashion.

"That's very satisfactory, because I like to talk to you also," he said, gravely, and the next two hours passed so quickly that it was quite a shock to hear calls from the verandah, and to see the walking party already assembled round the tea-table.

"What did you wish?" was Hilary's first question, but, with the exception of the Mouse, everyone refused to divulge the secret.

"I wished I might have a doll's pramulator," said Geraldine gravely, and when Miss Carr asked if the dolls were not able to take walking exercise, she shook her head with pathetic remembrance.

"Mabel isn't, 'cause she's only one leg. She really had two, only one day, Raymond hanged her up from the ceiling, and when I sawed her, I cried, and pulled wif my hands, and one leg camed off. So now I want a pramulator."

"And she shall have one, bless her! and the best that can be bought," muttered Miss Carr beneath her breath; while Norah whispered eager questionings into her companion's ear.

"You might tell me, Rex—you might! I won't tell a soul. What did you wish?"

"Don't be so curious. What does it matter to you?"

"It does matter. I want to know. You might! Do—o—!"

"No—o! I won't now. There's an end of it."

"Oh, Rex, look here—I've sixpence in my pocket. I'll buy you a packet of gingerbread if you will."

"I don't want the gingerbread. What a girl you are. You give a fellow no peace. I didn't wish anything particular, only——"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Only that she," with a nod of the head towards where Miss Carr sat sipping her tea—"that she might choose Hilary to live with her in London."

"Oh—h—. You wouldn't like it if it were Lettice?"

"Of course not, neither would you."

"But—but—it might be me!"

"It might. There's no saying. I'll have another cup of tea, if you please," said Rex, coolly.

Aggravating boy! It would be just as easy to draw water from a stone, as to persuade him to say anything nice and soothing to one's vanity!

(To be continued.)



A PRETTY ACCENT, AND HOW TO ACQUIRE IT.

An eminent German scholar called Schlegel says that "he considers the care of the national language as at all times a sacred trust, and a most important privilege of the higher orders of society. Every man of education should make it the object of his unceasing concern to preserve his language pure and entire, to speak it, so far as is in his power, in all its beauty and perfection."

I wonder how many of us have ever considered it a duty we owe to our country and to each other, to speak our own language well? If the importance of this subject were more generally acknowledged, I do not think we should hear so much slip-shod English spoken by girls who have received a good education, and therefore who ought to know better. It is troublesome of course always to select the right word to express what we wish to convey to those with whom we are conversing, and young people are naturally thoughtless, and do not realise that the habits they acquire when chatting familiarly to their school-fellows or friends, are influencing their method of speaking, possibly for all their lives. It is well worth while to take some pains to avoid falling into the habit of using bad English, or the local idioms or peculiar pronunciation of the place in which our lot is cast, if only for ourselves alone, for do we not all know the charm of a musical voice well used? We may not all possess a musical voice, but we can all make the best of the one we have got, and it is wonderful what may be done for its improvement by a little attention.

To speak a language perfectly two things must be observed. First, the choice of words, and secondly, the way in which the words when chosen are articulated. It is of the latter branch of the subject I wish to write, because there may be many girls who wish to improve their accent, and who are prevented doing so by shyness, because they imagine that in order to speak nicely, they must affect a fine lady style of talking which would immediately attract attention, and make them feel ridiculous. There is no greater mistake than to imagine that an affected accent ever could be a pretty one, or that by putting on an unnatural and fine lady voice, you can improve your manner of talking in any way. We can easily find out for ourselves how great a fallacy it is, by observing persons who have adopted this erroneous plan.

People who go about a great deal naturally speak nicely without any trouble to themselves, because they do not hear any special dialect spoken for a sufficiently long time to make any of it unconsciously their own, and after all the secret of nice speaking is to avoid all local peculiarities. It is not possible for many of our girls to travel about from place to place, and so pick up a pretty way of speaking without effort; but that is no reason why we should make up our minds that we cannot speak well. The first step a girl should take, if she would improve herself, is to find out from someone upon whom she can rely, and who is not a native of the neighbourhood, what are the local peculiarities. These, she may be quite sure, if she has not hitherto fought against them, she has adopted to a greater or less degree, if she has always lived there. For example, a common fault in some parts of both England and Ireland is to pronounce the vowel i, as if it were oi; to say "noice" for nice. If the reader is a well-educated native of any of these parts, very likely she will indignantly affirm that she does not fall into that error at any rate. Well, probably she does not say anything quite so pronounced as "noice" or "loike;" but she should take care that she does not unconsciously say something halfway between, while she flatters herself she is saying nice and like, for what one hears always for years one is very apt to pick up without knowing it. I am certain that no London girl who has received a good education would say "disies" or "rowses," but she should be particular to make sure that she actually says what other people hear as daisies and roses.

These are only a few specimens of local peculiarities; there are hundreds of them to be met with all over the United Kingdom, no two places having them exactly the same. When a girl has found out what the characteristics of the accent of her own locality are, she has only to fight them one by one, till she overcomes them all.

There are other things besides actual pronunciation to be overcome also. In some places the natives speak so rapidly that the words run into one another, so as to make one syllable of two; while in others they drawl so that the reverse takes place, and they make two syllables of one. Both these defects should be avoided, and every syllable should be clearly articulated. A monotonous way of speaking prevails in some localities which is very tiresome, but just as unpleasant is the habit of raising the voice to a little scream at the end of every sentence, which prevails in others.

A great assistance in getting rid of tricks of speech is to read aloud, even if it has to be done in a room alone without any audience; indeed I believe if it be done for the sake of getting over a habit of faulty pronunciation, of which the reader is herself thoroughly aware, it is better to read aloud without a listener. Any one who has a good voice for singing should, if possible, have it cultivated; peculiarities of accent can never be tolerated in singing, and therefore all good teachers do their best to eradicate them.

Susan M. Shearman.

CHARACTERS.

"THEN let us have a game," said Phyllis, "as all your voices are out of singing order; a good round game."

"'*Characters*' is a first-rate game," suggested Aunt Louie.

"Not too intellectual, let us hope, for the dull," cried Harry.

"Nor yet too stupid, let us hope, for the average intellect," said Cecil.

"It is quite an average game, I assure you. Choose the name of some author or noted person, or indeed any name will serve. Let each of us take a letter composing that name, and that will be the initial letter of the character whom we may wish to personate. Identify yourself, for the moment, with the character you choose, and be ready to give some account of your character, your deeds and your position, and say whether you belong to the past or the present."

"Oh, for a biographical history by my side," murmured Harry.

"I shall disgrace myself!" moaned Eva.

"I shall attach myself to Aunt Louie," declared Carrie, "and she shall extract me out of all difficulties."

"How do we begin?" asked Phyllis.

"An intelligent person must leave the room," said Aunt Louie, while we choose our name, and the 'characters' we personate."

"If only intelligence leaves the room, then may I rest at ease," muttered Harry from the depths of an armchair.

"Mother dear, you go out, and we will puzzle you," said Carrie.

"That is easily done," said mother, as she left the room.

"Shall we take Austin, our laureate, for our initials?" I suggested.

"Very good," replied Aunt Louie. "Only six characters can be in it.

"I am Alfred the great," cried father.

"I am Urania!" cried auntie.

"I am Swift, Doctor Swift," said Carrie, "though I don't know much about him."

"I fancy I can do Trilby," said Harry, cheerfully.

"I can only think of Imogen, Shakespeare's Imogen," said I.

"And I am Napoleon," cried Cecil.

"So, Phyllis, call mother in, and let us begin. Stick to your characters, my friends; give some clue, but not too much."

"Begin with me," said father.

"I am a king. Although I am also an 'intelligent person' (quoting Aunt Louie), I could not read until I was twelve years of age, and then it was only through a bribe. I became, however, very learned, and let me add, for the sake of any idle young people who may be here, that I used to carry a book in my bosom that I might employ spare moments in reading. I am also musical, and once used my harp in an enemy's camp that I might see the state of the army."

"Did you not contrive to measure time by means of a candle?" asked mother, smiling. "I think I have you."

"Well, that was one of my contrivances," admitted father.

"And, oh, Alfred, did you not let the cakes burn?"

"And who are you? asked mother, of Aunt Louie.

"I am ever gazing at the heavens. I am a student."

"When did you live?"

"I cannot tell you. I am lost in the mists of antiquity."

"Are you a man or a woman?"

"A woman."

"Then 'I guess,' as the Americans say, that you are Urania," said Mother.

"A good guess," answered Aunt Louie; "we have not puzzled you yet."

"And you, Carrie, who may you be?"

"I am a clergyman, very fond of writing. I am considered witty, I can certainly be insolent. I write satires."

"When did you live?"

"I was born in Ireland, though I am an Englishman, in the seventeenth century. I flourished in Queen Anne's reign. I am an author, but I can't remember what I have written very well, and to tell you the truth there is only one book of mine that I can understand!"

"And that story, Carrie?"

"Oh, just a childish book of travels,"

"Did you write for the *Tatler?*"

"Yes."

"Did you write *The Tale of a Tub*, and *Gulliver's Travels?*"

"Yes."

"Ah! Dean Swift."

"Well, Harry. Who are you?"

"I'm a girl, and I have feet!"

"You are Trilby. Well, I have A U S T—so far—and you, Phyllis, who may you be?"

"A very sweet woman—far too good to be wife to my careless husband. I am a fictitious character, but I hope that there are many like me in the world of women."

"Who imagined you?"

"Shakespeare."

"There are so many lovely women in Shakespeare, that I am puzzled as to which you are. But I want an *I*, so I will ask this question: did they pretend that you were dead, and did they bury you, and sing over you—

"'Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter rages?'

Are you Imogen?"

"You are right. Now only one more initial, Cecil will give it."

"Who are you, Cecil."

"A great soldier—and a great conqueror."

"English?"

"No."

"Did you conquer England?"

"Of course not—who could?"

"Where were your chief conquests?"

"In Europe."

"Had you any right on your side?"

"Oh, no, I was only a usurper."

"When did you live?"

"Well, nearly all Europe was under my control, more or less, in 1808."

"Just so, and we defeated you at Waterloo! Napoleon!"

"And a capital game it is for rubbing up one's wits," cried father.

CLARA THWAITES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

STUDY AND STUDIO.

ALPHA BETA.—We consider your verses very pretty and graceful, and should certainly endorse your literary friend's encouragement to you to persevere. The specimens are far above the average sent us for criticism. In "The Primrose" we should prefer

"Then I told her woodland stories
In the sweetest way I knew."

or even "In the only way I knew" to the later version. This is better than bringing in the idea that the primrose actually spoke in words to the child. That poem is, on the whole, your most successful effort. "A Widow" would be better if you could avoid the forced emphasis in

"But *my* boat came not back again."

The line is not musical with all its monosyllables. In the last verse of "Youthful Autumn" there is also a forced emphasis on "misséd." Such errors you would easily avoid. What we should chiefly urge upon you is to be on your guard against the merely pretty or over-sentimental style, e.g., in dilating on the golden hair and fair pallor of the dying child of the city. The "Widow" is more self-restrained, and in that respect good. "To Sleep" shows evidences of the study of Tennyson, whose lily in "The Princess" "folds all her sweetness up." But this trace of a poet's influence is usually found in the work of literary beginners. We wish you all success.

AN EXILE.—We cannot judge how far your little story is original, as you say it is taken from the German. The working out is fairly good. You spend too much time at the outset on trivial details and speeches:—"How long are you going to be?" "Does it look nice?" and so forth, while at the end, important events, such as the engagement of both heroines, are crowded into a few lines. The end is very abrupt and sounds unfinished. We might single out for criticism the repeated expression, which is not that of a lady, "I wonder if I shall get engaged?" also the suggestion of a wreath of flowers worn on the head at a dance, now quite out of date: also occasional tautology, e.g., "living," on page 2. But the composition is quite up to the average of that which we have to criticise, and we should think you would do well to improve your style by every means in your power. Abbott's little book *How to Write Clearly* is invaluable. You should only write on one side of the paper.

H. E. D. P.—We have inserted your request, but were doubtful whether you wished your name and address published.—1. See our answer to A. K. Gatrell. We may also mention the Queen Margaret Correspondence Classes, Glasgow (apply Hon. Sec., 31, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow).—2. The National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, is an excellent Reading Society. If you possess all the volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, as we are pleased to hear you do, you will find numerous addresses of amateur reading societies under "Study and Studio."

DAISY.—We have read your verses with very much interest and sympathy, and consider that they do you credit. There is occasionally a misplaced accent, e.g., "Are they purified?" and a false rhyme, e.g., "loneliness" to "quest"; but they certainly are an admirable exercise in composition for you as well as a resource. "Life's Weaving" is the best. Perhaps your experience as a factory girl has suggested your thoughts. We can hardly encourage you to think of having them printed, as there are so many writers of verse; but we should advise you to persevere, storing your mind at the same time with the beautiful thoughts of great writers—

"There are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

IRENE.—1. We should advise you to write a postcard to the publishers of *Dorothy Arden*, and inquire.—2. The Rev. A. J. Church's various tales of ancient history are very interesting. Harrison Ainsworth, Henty, Mrs. Charles, Miss Manning, and many others have written historical stories. Have you read *Palissy, the Huguenot Potter*, by C. L. Brightwell; or *The Prince and the Pauper*, by Mark Twain; or *In the Days of Mozart*, by Lily Watson? You do not tell us your age.

GIPSY.—1. There are Loan Funds for teachers at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham; at Bedford College, London; and at Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. For terms of the latter, address Mrs. E. J. Mills, 5, Hillhead Street. There is also the Caroline Ashurst Biggs Memorial Loan Fund; address Mrs. Alfred Pollard, 13, Cheniston Gardens, Kensington, W. The Governesses' Benevolent Institution (office, 32, Sackville Street) gives temporary assistance. There is also the Universal Beneficent Society, 15, Soho Square, London; and the Church Schoolmasters' and Mistresses' Benevolent Institution, 4, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. —2. We think you would hear of a provident Society for girls by applying to the Young Women's Christian Association, 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W.; the Girls' Friendly Society, 30, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.; or the London Girls' Club Union, 59, Greek Street, Soho.

EMMA S. POWER.—Your quotation beginning

> "Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,"

is from Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn, Third Evening; Theologian's Second Tale, Elizabeth, Part IV.*

ALICE KATE GATRELL.—It is against our rules to answer correspondents by post even although a stamped envelope be enclosed. For correspondence classes you might apply to the Secretary, Association for the Education of Women, Clarendon Building, Oxford; to G. S. Edwards, Esq., 12, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, London; to the University Examination Postal Institution, 27, Southampton Street, Strand, London; or to a lady we have recommended in this column, R. G. P., Fair View, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield. State your requirements clearly in each case.

ART STUDENT.—1. To give a comprehensive answer to your first question—when the French *de* should be used for the English *with* in preference to *avec* —would occupy too much space; and we must refer you to a good French grammar. We may, however, throw out a general suggestion. *Avec* is used of companionship, e.g., "Venez avec moi"—come with me; while *de* is used of instrument, means, or method; "saluer de la main"—to salute with the hand": "de bonne volonté"—with a good will; "de tout mon cœur"—with all my heart. The rules for the correct use of French prepositions are very numerous and can only be fully mastered by practice in speaking and reading.—2. We regret that we cannot single out suitable publishers for your pictures and rhymes. Send them to any good firm whose name you know.

T. I. G.—We should be disposed to say that the first four violinists of the world were Joachim, Sarasate, Ysaÿe and Lady Hallé; but it is difficult and invidious to place them in exact order of merit.

BLUEBELL.—Only two questions can be answered at once. 1. Massage is medical rubbing, now much in use for certain complaints, such as rheumatic affections.—2. Send us any questions that you wish to ask "The New Doctor" or Mrs. (not Miss) Lily Watson.

PERSÉVÉRANCE—We are glad to hear from you, and assure you that we enter sympathetically into the contents of your letter. 1. Your authors are nearly all modern. Read the *Trial and Death of Socrates* (Plato), translated by Rev. A. J. Church; Kingsley's *Heroes;* Homer's *Odyssey* (Butcher and Lang); and any classic stories translated by Church; also a good translation of Dante, unless you can read him in the original. We do not observe in your list Milton, Tennyson, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley or Christina Rossetti.—2. In the case you mention, Carlisle is doubtless a printer's error for Carlyle.

CLARICE (Paris).—1. The picture labelled "Mrs. Harcourt," refers to the story on the opposite page in which a character with that name appears.—2. We will inquire in "Our Open Letter-Box" for your quotation. Many thanks for your very kind letter.

QUEECHY.—1. If you read Mrs. Watson's recent articles on the County Councils and Girls' Education you will obtain ample information regarding scholarships, etc. There are scholarships in connection with Queen's College, Harley Street; the North London Collegiate School for Girls; the Haberdasher's Endowed High Day School for Girls, Hatcham, Surrey; and numerous others in London and the provinces. You do not give us your address, so we cannot select the information most suited to your special case.—2. We have never heard of any scholarships in Swiss schools for English girls, but we have often known girls who went to Neuchâtel or Lausanne schools to teach their own language in return for board, lodging and instruction. See previous answers in this column ("Madeline," "November," etc.).

WHITE HEATHER.—Many thanks for your information that the song "Bonnie Charlie's Noo Awa'" may be obtained by sending 3d. to Thos. Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, for Part V. of Beecham's Music Portfolio.—1. December 31, 1878, was a Tuesday.—2. Your handwriting is clear. We do not think it would prevent your taking a clerkship; but it is rather sprawling, and we should consider it improved by shorter tails to your g's and y's, and better formed m's and n's. We can only answer two questions at once.

AN OLD GIRL.—The most useful book we know on the management of children and treatment of their ailments is not a very new one, *Advice to a Mother*, by Dr. Pye Chavasse.

E. N. G.—We can never answer letters by post, nor can we in this paper advertise any special teacher of harmony, partly because we do not know who would undertake lessons by correspondence. We should advise you to get the prospectus of the Guildhall School of Music or any other accredited College of Music, and apply to some master whose name you see there. Of course it would be better for you to have a teacher near at hand.

MIRABEL.—1. Whether the author or the publisher bears the cost of the publication of a book depends entirely on its chance of success. If the publisher thinks it will pay him to issue it, he will make an arrangement with the author, either paying him a sum down for the copyright, or letting him share the profits in some way. If the publisher does not think the book will sell, he will naturally not want to bear the expense of issuing it, and the author then has to pay for the pleasure of seeing himself in print. Did you read a story called *The Hill of Angels*, a few years ago, in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER? That dealt with the question. It is now published in THE GIRL'S OWN BOOKSHELF.—2. We would certainly criticise any MS. you sent us, but we only accept the work of practised writers for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

IRISH KATHLEEN.—You do not give us your address or we might be able to suggest some "continuation school." Would you like correspondence lessons (1s. per lesson) from R. G. P., Fair View, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, or would you prefer one of the many amateur societies mentioned from time to time in this column? You might also write to the National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment. You are by no means too old to learn, and we applaud your determination.

A. B. W.—There are so many different kinds of autoharp that we find it impossible to recommend music for one special make. If, however, you apply to Messrs. Keith Prowse & Co., Cheapside, giving full particulars, you will probably get what you require without difficulty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOROTHY.—The painful impression that the children's dolls sent out for our Indian schools have been "used as idols," may be removed by the testimony to the contrary, published by Mrs. Eliza Bardsley, of the Manor House, Leigh Road, Highbury, N., in the correspondence of *India's Women* (Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, 9, Salisbury Square, E.C.). An average of 11,000 dolls are sent out annually from England; and on inquiries, such as yours, being made, she inaugurated a careful investigation of the matter with satisfactory results. Some 200 lady missionaries (English) in connection with the above-named society, far from meeting with so serious a discouragement, earnestly beg for more dolls, as they prove an incentive to the children to come, and continue at school. That they cannot be sent to some parts of India is true; and isolated instances have been known of such idolatry, but the portrait of the Queen-Empress has been worshipped, as also statues in the public streets. We may also add that a gentleman of our acquaintance, who had no limbs, and was carried by a servant, was worshipped as a god by some grossly ignorant natives. Such rare instances of similar mistakes could not be regarded as prohibitory, in response to the urgent appeal of the missionaries for a greater supply of these valuable dolls.

BIRDIE.—You may have to pay as much as £4 or even £5 for a well-trained piping bullfinch. There are schools for teaching the method adopted at Hess and Fulda, and from these this country, Germany and Holland are supplied. The birds are generally formed into classes of six, and kept in a dark room, and there supplied with food simultaneously with the playing of some notes of music, and after the meal they feel disposed to imitate what they have heard. When they begin to pipe light is gradually admitted, which raises their spirits and inclines them to sing. In some schools we fear that neither food nor light are allowed them till they make an attempt to do so. After this class instruction, each bird is placed under the charge of one boy, who plays his organ from morning till night, which process is continued for a period of nine months, and we would rather dispense with the poor bird's piping than procure it at a cost of such training. There may be many other such training schools now, and, perhaps, an improvement in the method adopted.

SILVERSHOES is distressed without any real cause. She may rely on the words of her future husband, who does not seem likely to change his mind. She has done no harm.

MISS SWAN.—We make no charge for our answers to our readers. If your old postage stamps be foreign, you might dispose of them in shops where they are exposed for sale in the windows. Their respective values may be seen marked on similar examples. There is no sale for common English ones, at least we should feel suspicious as to the use made of them in this country.

PUZZLED ONE.—Certainly, a "first cousin once removed" is not synonymous with a "second cousin." The latter is the child of the former. Your father's, or mother's first cousin is "once removed" from "first cousinship" to you; and his, or her, child is your second cousin, being on the same level and of the same generation.

JANIE.—Unless you have very decided artistic talent the great and increasing competition amongst artists is much against you. But there are certain lines of work offering a small *remuneration if you* have any skill as a draughtswoman. For instance, you might obtain a few lessons from a re-toucher of photo-negatives and mounter, in your spare hours, and when efficient, might earn from 30s. to £3 weekly; as a re-toucher, or as a mounter of photos, from £1 to £1 5s. There are one or two more somewhat kindred ways of earning of which you may not have seen references in former numbers, such as stamping and colouring monograms. For this you must seek teaching and employment at a manufacturing stationer's. It is easy of acquirement and brings in from 15s. to 20s. a week. There is a Plan Tracing Society in Westminster (8, Queen Street) for the use of architects and builders, where, after a three months' teaching and unpaid work, you would be paid at the rate of from 3d. to 6d. an hour.

E. M. S.—Magpies are omnivorous. They may have their grain-food supplemented with very tiny scraps of meat; but they prefer insects, snails, grubs, worms, and such-like living prey. In giving meat let it be as much as they will swallow at once, because they delight in hiding their superfluous food, and meat would soon prove offensive The thrush is likewise omnivorous, and to be fed as the magpie. They are usually kept in a cage far too small for so large a bird, which is a great cruelty. Get yours a large one, and supply a good square piece of turf to sit upon at the bottom of the cage, as well as round perches as thick as your little finger, and kept well scraped. Special care in the matter of cleanliness is required for omnivorous birds. It is considered by Mr. Waterton that the bird to which reference is made in the 102nd Psalm, should have been called a thrush, not a sparrow, "which (first-named bird) is remarkable throughout all the East for sitting solitary on the habitations of man."

FAIRY.—As we know nothing of your family and connections it is impossible to give you an answer. The "upper ten" is a designation applied to the titled and untitled aristocracy, the hereditary "lords of the soil" during many generations, who can prove their descent; and their alliances with families of the same standing as themselves; and their hereditary right to bear arms, and a certain number of quarterings on their escutcheons. At the same time it must be remembered that, during the present century, younger sons of the aristocracy (the "upper ten") have been put into trade—into banks and other offices as clerks; into the merchant service, or made "gentleman-farmers," and sent out to ranches and mines; and even keep "stores" in the Colonies; and a man's labour for bread does not deprive him of his birthright as a "gentleman," though he may lose his manners.

PATTY.—If you can speak French, you might take a couple of rooms at a reasonable price and do your own housekeeping for the sum you name at Nice—being a large place—if not at the *smaller and more* fashionable Cannes, or Mentone. At Cannes there is a Winter Home for invalid ladies of small means at £1 a week (ages from 18 to 40). Apply to the Hon. Sec., Miss Hankey, The Palace, Much Hadham, Herts. At Mentone, there is the Convalescent Home for Gentlewomen and the Helvetia, for those of limited means. Apply to Miss Dudgeon, Les Grottes, Mentone. At St. Remo there is a similar institution at £1 5s. a week. Apply to Miss Macdonald Lockhart, The Lee, Lanark, N.B. (or to the Secretary of the Home at St. Remo). There is also a House of Rest at Pau, terms from £1 a week, according to the room. Apply to Miss C. Watson, 32, Rue de Bordeau, Pau, Basse Pyrenées, France.

SORROWFUL SUFFERER.—The doctor who pronounced the pain in your head to be produced by "softening of the brain," is the person to apply to for help. He should inform your husband of your serious state, and absolutely forbid your doing any manual work whatsoever; and inform him that, unless all wear-and-tear and exhaustion of your strength, at your age, be scrupulously avoided, you will shortly require a nurse or a maid specially to wait upon you. Of course it is the medical man who is the right person both to prescribe for his patient, and to inform her family of her condition, prospects and all requirements. Shut up some of the rooms of your large house, if your maid be unable to keep them all clean. We counsel you to tell your eldest son.

Our readers will be glad to know that Miss Clifford's paper, entitled *The Pain of the World: How to Face It*, is printed separately as a pamphlet, and can be had of the publishers, *Church Army*, 128, Edgware Road, London. Price twopence.

Odds and Ends.

THE *original Cinderella* was an Egyptian girl, whose story has enchanted children for nearly two thousand years, with various additions and alterations. The real Cinderella was Rhodope, a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived six hundred and seventy years before the Christian era. One day, Rhodope went to bathe in a stream near her house, leaving her sandals—which were very small—lying upon the bank. An eagle, flying overhead, seeing them, took them for toothsome morsels, and pouncing down, carried one of them off in his beak. Quite unwittingly, the eagle played the part of the fairy god-mother of the European story, for flying over Memphis, he dropped the sandal immediately at the king's feet as he was dispensing justice. Its small size and beauty at once attracted the Pharaoh's attention and roused his curiosity. Messengers were despatched throughout the length and breadth of Egypt to discover the wearer of so dainty a foot-covering, and when it was found to belong to Rhodope, she was carried to Memphis, where she became the Queen of King Psammetikh, of the twenty-sixth dynasty, who roused the anger of his countrymen by the favour he showed to foreigners.

NEARLY every fairy tale and nursery rhyme has a foundation in fact, and in the case of "Little Jack Horner" and his famous pie the original hero was an ancestor of the present family of Horner, who live at Mells Park, Somersetshire. Some three hundred years ago an abbot of Glastonbury was ordered to give up the title-deeds of the property that is now called Mells Park, and was then the property of the abbey of Glastonbury, or else to lose his head. The abbot naturally felt that his life was of greater value to him than the property, so despatched the title-deeds by a faithful and trusty messenger called Jack Horner. But for greater security he placed the documents in a pie which was to be delivered untouched into the hands of the authorities. Jack Horner however was seized with hunger not unmixed with curiosity on his journey, and opening the pie took out the documents—"the plum" of the nursery rhyme. Then he replaced the pastry and putting the title-deeds in his pocket went his way. What happened to the abbot is not known, but the title-deeds remained in the possession of the Horner family until at last they became owners of Mells Park.

THERE is a man-cook in London who is said to make an income of over £2000 a year. He is not attached to any one hotel or household, but goes from house to house during the London season. Early in the evening he sets out from his own home in his brougham and drives to the house of some rich person who is giving a dinner-party. Arrived there he goes at once to the kitchen and tastes every one of the dishes that are to appear on the table, ordering a little more sugar to be put into this *entrée*, a pinch of herbs here, a dash of salt there, and when everything suits his palate, he pockets his fee of five guineas and drives away to the house of another dinner-party giver, where he goes through the same process with the dishes there. He visits many houses each night, and in some instances has carefully arranged the dinner beforehand, merely looking in at the last moment to see that his instructions have been properly carried out.

"GREAT is truth and mighty above all things. The 'ought,' which is ours now, will one day become the final 'must be' of the universe. No real martyr for conscience' sake has ever failed to put trust in this principle"

Jackson.

"SOME read books only to find fault, while others read only to be taught; the former are like venomous spiders, extracting a poisonous quality, where the latter, like the bees, sip out a sweet and profitable juice."

THERE are three places in the world to which the great plagues of cholera and kindred epidemics that have swept over the world may always be traced. These are Hurduar in India, Mecca in Arabia, and Nijni-Novgorod in Russia. Hurduar and Mecca are the meeting-places of thousands of pilgrims every year, whilst Nijni-Novgorod is famous for its annual fair.

A YOUNG Scotsman has made a miniature train which is only twenty-nine feet in length, but which is perfect in every particular. He never had any technical training, but made all the patterns and the castings, and put them together with his own hands. The engine is a little over six and a half feet long and drags six cars, in each of which two children can be comfortably seated. Six gallons of water in a tank in the tender with five gallons in the boiler of the engine provide enough steam to propel this miniature train for two hours, while a small electric battery beneath the engine supplies light for the various lamps in place of oil. It is a brilliant example of engineering talent upon the part of its maker.

THERE are many stories told of the kindness of Queen Margherita of Italy, but this one is the latest. Some time ago the Queen asked one of her little *protégées* to knit her a pair of mittens for her birthday, providing her with money for the material. On the Queen's birthday she received a most beautiful pair of mittens from the little girl, and in return sent another pair to the child, one of which was filled with money and the other with sweets, together with a message asking her to say which she liked best of the two mittens. A little time afterwards the Queen received this letter: "Dearest Queen, your lovely presents have made me shed many tears. Papa took the mitten with the money; my brother had the bon-bons."

MACHINERY has now been applied to paper-hanging. The machine has a rod on which a roll of paper is fixed, and a paste reservoir with a feeder placed so as to touch the wrong side of the paper. The end of the paper is fastened to the bottom of the wall, and the machine started up the wall, it being held in place by the operator. A roller follows the paper as it unwinds and presses it against the wall. When the ceiling is reached the paper-hanger pulls a string which cuts the paper pasted from the roll. It is a very ingenious contrivance and will save much labour and time to paper-hangers.

A LITTLE time ago mention was made in this column of the fact that an attempt to use glass in place of marble for statuary was being carried into effect. Now glass is being used for ladies' attire. A manufacturer at the present moment is turning out thousands of bonnets made of glass cloth, which whilst it has all the shimmer and brilliancy of silk is quite unhurt by rain. For a long time past a tissue has been made in Russia which is made of the fibre of a curious soft stone found in the mines of Siberia. This is shredded and spun into a cloth which, while being as soft and pliable as ordinary dress material, is so durable that it never wears out, and from this an enterprising firm has taken the idea of making spun-glass dress lengths. The Siberian material when dirty is thrown into the fire, being like asbestos, and by this means it is entirely cleaned. Spun-glass cloth however only needs to be brushed hard with soap and water, and is never the worse for being stained or soiled. This extraordinary departure is the invention of an Austrian and is, as yet, very costly. Not only can dresses be made of it but serviettes, table-cloths and window-curtains also. A finer cloth, which it is said can be worn next the skin without discomfort or danger, is also made from glass.

THE greater part of the left-off clothing of the whole world goes to Dewsbury in Yorkshire. Carts laden with bales of old clothes from all parts of the United Kingdom, from all parts of Europe, America and Canada, from many parts of Asia and from New Zealand and Australia, fill the streets of that town daily. All kinds of clothing, old woollen underclothing, stockings, carpets and curtains, in fact every variety of worn-out article which has the least amount of wool in its composition, no matter how ugly its colour or how unpleasant its smell are sent there, and made by a variety of processes into shoddy. When a place so small as Catania in Sicily alone exports seventy tons of ragged left-off clothing every year, the amount from all the great world-centres may be in some measure estimated. Shoddy-making is one of the most curious industries in England.

"HE is not truly patient who is willing to suffer only so much as he thinks good, and from whom he pleases. But the truly patient man minds not by whom he is exercised, whether by his superiors, by one of his equals, or by an inferior; whether by a good and holy man, or by one that is perverse and unworthy. But indifferently from every creature, how much soever, or how often soever, anything adverse befals him, he takes it all thankfully as from the hands of God, and esteems it a great gain. For with God it is impossible that anything, how small soever, if only it be suffered for God's sake, should pass without its reward."

A little common-sense philosophy.

"Credit is obtained by not needing it."

"To find time," remarked an industrious man, "never lose it."

"I generally divide my favours," said Fortune, "by giving a gift to one and the power to appreciate it to another."



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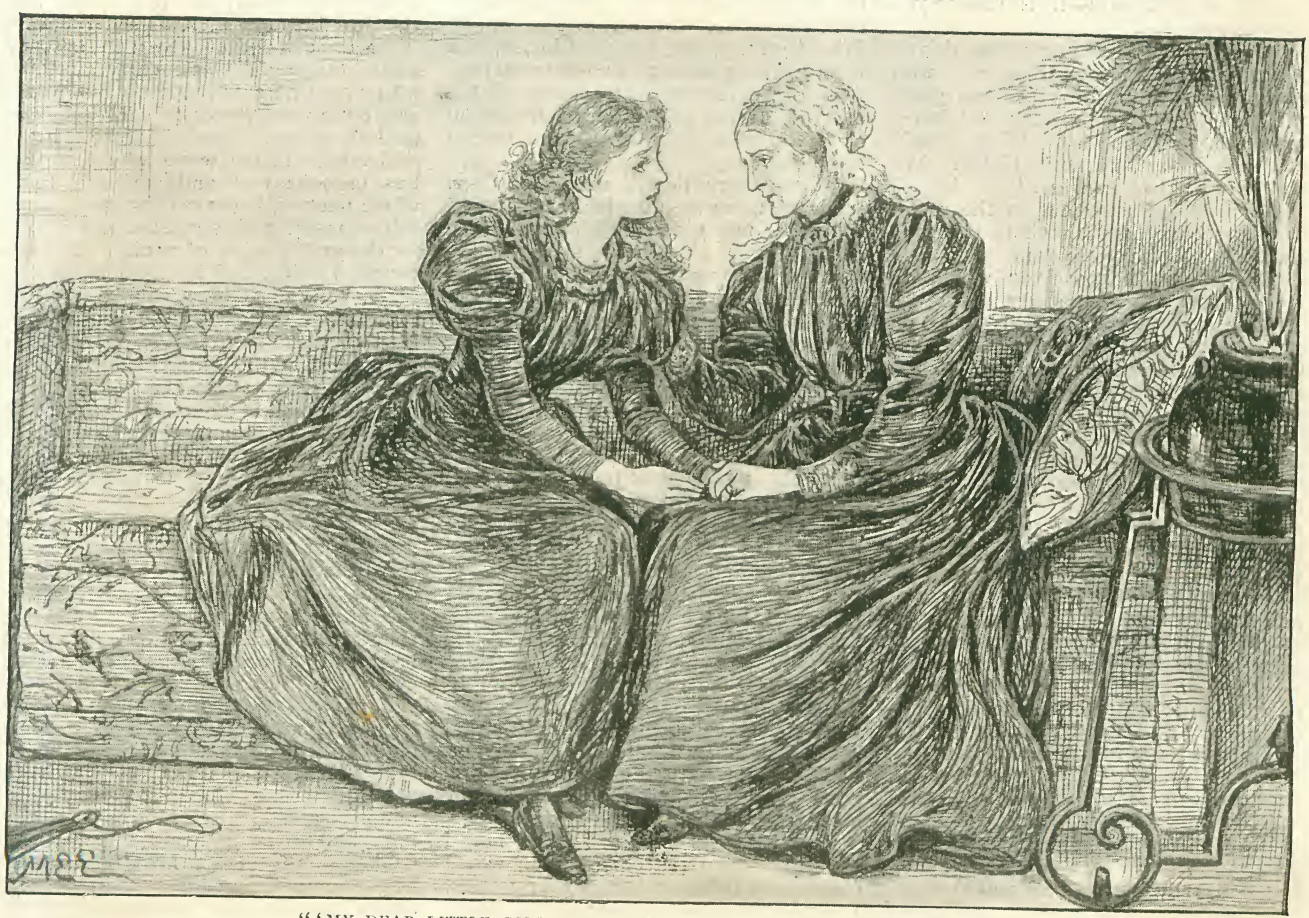
SISTERS THREE.

By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

WEDNESDAY was a day of great, though suppressed excitement, and when evening came, and Miss Carr summoned the girls into the drawing-room, it would be difficult to say which of the three felt more acute anxiety. Mr. Rayner had considerately taken himself out of the way, but Mr. Bertrand was seated in an easy chair, his arms folded, his face grave and set. Miss Carr pointed to the sofa, and the three girls sat down, turning inquiring eyes on her face. It was horribly formal, and even Norah felt cowed and spiritless.

"Girls," said Miss Carr, slowly, "it was my intention to say nothing about my plans until I had made my decision, but it seems that your father has forestalled me and told you of my wishes. When you were little children I saw a great deal of you. Your father was one of my most valued friends, your dear mother also, and you were often at my house. When you came here I felt a great blank in my life, for I am fond of young people, and like to have them about me. Last January, your father visited me, and told me of a conversation which he had had with you here. He was anxious about your future, and it occurred to me that in some slight degree I might be able to take the responsibility off his hands. I have felt



"'MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL, I HOPE WE SHALL BE HAPPY TOGETHER!'"

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the need of a companion, and of some fresh interest in life, and nothing could give me more pleasure than to help one of Austin Bertrand's daughters. Well, my dears, I spoke to your father. He did not like the idea at first, as you will understand, but in the end he gave way to my wishes, and it only remained to make my choice. When I use the word 'choice,' you must not imagine that I am consulting merely my own preference. I have honestly tried to study the question from an unselfish point of view—to think which of you would most benefit from the change. One consideration has influenced me of which I can only speak in private, but for the rest I have watched you carefully, and it seems to me that two out of the three have already a definite interest and occupation in their lives, which is wanting in the other case. Lettice has no special work in the house, no pet study to pursue, therefore, my dears, I choose Lettice."

There was a simultaneous exclamation of consternation.

"Lettice!" cried Hilary, and drew in her breath with a pang of bitterest disappointment.

"Lettice! Oh, no, no, no!" cried Norah, throwing her arms round her favourite sister, and trembling with agitation.

"Lettice!" echoed Mr. Bertrand, with a groan of such genuine dismay, that Miss Carr stared at him in discomfiture.

"My dear Austin—if it makes you so unhappy——"

"No—no. I gave you my word, and I am not going back. Besides," with a kindly glance at the other two girls, "I should have felt the same whichever way you had decided. Well, that's settled! I am off, now, Helen. We can have our talk later on."

He walked hastily out of the room, and Miss Carr turned back to the girls with a troubled expression.

"My dears, I know you will both feel parting with your sister, but I will do all I can to soften the blow. You can always look forward to meeting at Christmas and midsummer, and I shall ask your father to bring you up in turns to visit us in London. Though Lettice is to be my special charge, I take a deep interest in you both, and shall hope to put many little pleasures in your way. And now, my dears, will you leave us alone for a time. I want to have a little quiet talk with Lettice before we part."

The two girls filed out of the room, and stood in the hall, facing each other in silence. Miss Briggs put her head out of the morning room, with an eager —"Well—who?" and when Norah pointed dolefully towards the drawing-room door, disappeared again with an exclamation of dismay. It was the same all round, Hilary told herself. Everyone was miserable because Lettice had been chosen. Everyone called out in sharp tones of distress, as if disappointed not to hear another name. Mr. Bertrand was too dear and kind for it to be possible to make a charge of favouritism against him, but Lettice's striking likeness to her mother seemed to give her a special claim to his tenderness, while, as for the rest of the household, Miss Briggs was as wax in Lettice's hands, for the simple reason that she was a solitary woman, and the girl showed her those little outward signs of affection which make up the sweetness of life; while the servants would do twice as much for her as for any other member of the family, because, "bless her pretty face, she had such a way with her!" Hilary felt indescribably chilled and humiliated as she realised how little regret her own departure would have caused in comparison, and when she spied Mr. Rayner's figure crossing the lawn, she shrank back, with uncontrollable repugnance. "You tell him, Norah! I can't. I am going upstairs."

Meanwhile, Lettice herself had not broken down, or shown any signs of the emotion of a few days earlier. She was a creature of moods, but though each mood was intense while it lasted, it lasted, as a rule, for a remarkably short space of time. If she were in tears over a certain subject on Monday, it was ten to one that she had forgotten all about it before Thursday. If she were wild with excitement over a new proposition, she would probably yawn when it was mentioned a second time, and find it difficult to maintain a show of interest. So, in the present case, she had exhausted her distress at the idea of leaving home, while weeping upon her father's shoulders, and ever since then the idea of the life in London, in Miss Carr's grand, beautiful house, had been growing more and more attractive. And to be chosen first—before all the others! It was a position which was full of charm to a girl with a keen love of appreciation.

"Come here, dear," said Miss Carr, tenderly, when the door had shut behind the other two girls; and when Lettice seated herself on the sofa, she took her hands in hers and gazed fixedly into her face. In truth, it would have been difficult to find an object better worth looking at than "lovely Lettice" at that moment. The hair which rippled over her head was no pale, colourless flaxen, but a rich coppery bronze, with half-a-dozen shades of gold in its luxuriant waves; the great grey eyes had delicately marked brows and generous lashes, and the red lips draped in sweetest curves. The old lady's face softened as she gazed, until it looked very sweet and motherly.

"Lettice," she said, softly, "my dear little girl, I hope we shall be happy together! I will do all I can for you. Do you think you can be content—that you can care for me a little bit in return?"

"Yes, oh yes—a great deal!" Lettice's heart was beating so quickly that she hardly knew what she was saying, but it came naturally to her to form pretty speeches, and the glance of the lovely eyes added charm to her words.

"I hope so—I hope so! And now I want to tell you the chief reason why I choose you before either of your sisters. I alluded just now to something which had influenced me, but which I could not mention in public. It is about this that I want to speak." Miss Carr paused for a few minutes, stroking the girl's soft, flexible hands. "Do you know what is meant by an 'Open Sesame,' my dear?"

"Oh, yes. It is the word which Ali Baba used in the *Arabian Nights*, and that made the doors in the rocks fly open before him."

"Yes, that is right. I see you know all about it. Would you understand what I meant, dear, if I said that God had given you an 'Open Sesame' into other people's hearts and lives?"

Lettice looked up quickly, surprised and awed. "I? No! How have I——?"

"Look in the mirror opposite," said the old lady, gravely, and the girl hung her head in embarrassment.

"No, my dear, there is no need to blush. If you had a talent for music, like Norah, you would not think it necessary to be embarrassed every time it was mentioned, and beauty is a gift from God, just as much as anything else, and ought to be valued accordingly. It is a great power in the world—perhaps a greater power than anything else, and the people who possess it have much responsibility. You are a beautiful girl, Lettice; you will be a beautiful woman; everyone you meet will be attracted to you, and you will have an 'Open Sesame' into their hearts. Do you realise what that means? It means that you will have power over other people's lives; that you will be able to influence them for good or evil; that you can succeed where others fail, and carry sunshine with you wherever you go. But it will also be in your power to cause a great deal of misery. There have been beautiful women in the world whose beauty has brought war and suffering upon whole nations, because they loved themselves most, and sacrificed everything for the gratification of vanity. You are young, Lettice, and have no mother to guide you, so perhaps you have never thought of things in this way before. But when I saw you first, I looked in your face and thought, 'I should like to help this girl; to help her to forget herself, and think of others, so that she may do good and not evil, all the days of her life.'"

The ready tears rose to Lettice's eyes and flowed down her cheeks. She was awed and sobered, but the impression was rather pleasurable than otherwise. "A beautiful woman"—"A power over others"—"Sunshine"—"Success"—the phrases rang in her ear, and the sound was musical. "Of course I'll be good. I want to be good; then everyone will like me," she said to herself, while she kissed and clung to Miss Carr, and whispered loving little words of thanks, which charmed the good lady's heart.

For the next three days all was excitement and bustle. Lettice's belongings had to be gathered together and packed, and though Miss Carr would hear of no new purchases, there were a dozen repairs and alterations which seemed absolutely necessary. Mr. Bertrand took his two guests about

every morning, so as to leave the girls at liberty, but when afternoon came he drove them out willy-nilly, and organised one excursion after another with the double intention of amusing his visitors and preventing melancholy regrets. Norah was in the depths of despondency, but her repinings were all for her beloved companion, and not for any disappointment of her own. Now that she had the interest of her music lessons, and the friendship of Rex and Edna, she was unwilling to leave home even for the delights of London and the Academy of Music. Poor Hilary, however, was in a far worse case. She had made so sure of being chosen by Miss Carr, had dreamed so many rosy dreams about the life before her, that the disappointment was very bitter. The thought of seeing Lettice driving away in the carriage with Miss Carr and Mr. Rayner, brought with it a keen stab of pain, and the life at home seemed to stretch before her still and uneventful, like a stretch of dreary moorland. Her pride forbade her showing her disappointment, since no one had expressed any satisfaction in retaining her company. Stay! there was one exception. Mr. Rayner had said a few simple words of regret which had been as balm to the girl's sore heart. He, at least, was sorry that she was not to be in London, and would have preferred her company even to that of "lovely Lettice" herself.

On the whole, it was almost a relief when the hour for departure arrived. Rex and Edna drove over to see the last of their friend and cheer the stay-at-homes by their presence, but it did not seem as though they could be very successful in their errand of mercy, since Edna cried steadily behind her handkerchief, and Rex poked holes in the garden walks with gloomy persistence.

When Mr. Rayner said his good-byes, he left Hilary to the last, and held her hand in his a moment or two longer than was strictly necessary. "Good-bye, and thank you for everything. I'll remember your advice. We shall meet soon, I hope. You will be coming up to town, and Mr. Bertrand has been good enough to ask me to come again next spring."

Next spring! A whole year! As well say the end of the world at once. Hilary felt such a swelling sense of misery that the only way in which she could refrain from tears was by answering in sharp, matter-of-fact tones, and the consciousness that Mr. Rayner was surprised and hurt by her manner was part of the general misery against which it was useless to fight.

As for Lettice, she was fairly dissolved in tears—clinging to every one in turn—and sobbing out despairing farewells. "Oh, Nonie, Nonie; my heart will break! I shall die; I know I shall. I can never bear it. Oh, Mouse, don't forget me! Don't let her forget me! Oh, do write—everyone write! I shall live on the letters from home!"

The last glimpse was of a tear-stained face and a handkerchief held aloft, in such a drenched condition that it refused to open to the breeze, and when the carriage turned the corner Miss Briggs shuffled off to the school-room, Hilary ran off to her room upstairs, and the three young people in the porch stared at each other with a miserable realisation of loss.

"What shall I do?—what shall I do? She said her heart would be broken, but it is ten times worse for me! The house will seem so dreadfully bare and lonely!"

"Just when we were all so happy! Oh, that hateful Miss Carr; why did she ever come? I thought we were going to have such a h—appy summer," sobbed Edna, dolefully. "It's always the way! As soon as I make friends, I have to lose them."

Rex put his hands into his pockets and began to whistle. "It will do no good to turn yourselves into a couple of fountains! I'll go for a walk, and come back when you've done crying. It's a nuisance, but it might have been worse," he said, shortly, and Norah looked at him with a gleam of curiosity lighting up her poor, tear-stained eyes.

"How worse? What do you mean?" she inquired, but Rex did not deign to answer, or to have anything more to say until tea was served a couple of hours later on. The tears to which he so much objected were dried by this time, but the conversation was still sorrowfully centred on the dear traveller. "What is she doing now? Poor, poor Lettice, she will cry herself ill. Every mile further from home will make her more wretched!" cried Norah, and the listeners groaned in sympathy.

If they had seen Miss Lettice at that moment however their fears would have been allayed. Miss Carr had changed into a corridor train at Preston, and her companion was charmed with the novel position. She had never travelled in a corridor before, and the large open carriage, the wide view, the promenade up and down, were all fascinating to her inexperience. Then to have lunch, and afternoon tea just when the journey was beginning to drag—it was indeed a luxurious way of travelling! Lettice had ceased to cry before the train had reached Kendal; at Lancaster she began to smile; at Crewe she laughed so merrily at one of Miss Carr's sallies, that the people on the next seat turned to look at her with smiles of admiring interest. Everyone was "so nice and kind." It was a pleasure to see them. Clearwater was a dear, sweet place, but, after all, it was only a poky little village. Delightful to get away and see something of the world!

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Consistency.

"Though George, with respect to the wrong and the right,
Is of twenty opinions 'twixt morning and night;
If you call him a turn-coat, you injure the man—
He's the pink of consistency, on his own plan;
While to stick to the strongest is always his trim,
'Tis not he changes sides, 'tis the side changes him."

American Cities.

Empire City, New York; City of Churches, Brooklyn; City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia; City of Colleges, Toronto; City of a Hundred Hills, San Francisco; City of Magnificent Distances, Washington; City of Notions, Boston; City of Spindles, Lowell; City of the Straits, Detroit; City of Witches, Salem; Cream City, Milwaukee; Crescent City, New Orleans; Elm City, Newhaven, Conn.

Authors of Favourite Phrases.

Pope has supplied us with a number of phrases:—"Guide, philosopher and friend," "the ruling passion," "ears polite," "labour'd nothings," "a little learning," and "every virtue under heaven."

Thomson, the poet, has transmitted several sayings: "The young idea," "unutterable things," and "hungry as the grave," for example.

Goldsmith is reponsible for "men not measures," and Swift for "sweetness and light."

Cowper has given us our "dear five hundred friends," "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," "a frugal mind," and "an aching void;" Sheridan "the soft impeachment," and "a very pretty quarrel."

Southey was the inventor of the happy phrase, "the march of intellect;" Coleridge of "a sadder and a wiser man."

Sir Walter Scott has supplied us with a new title for woman in "ministering angel," for an audience in "sea of upturned faces," and for bravery in "beard the lion in his den."

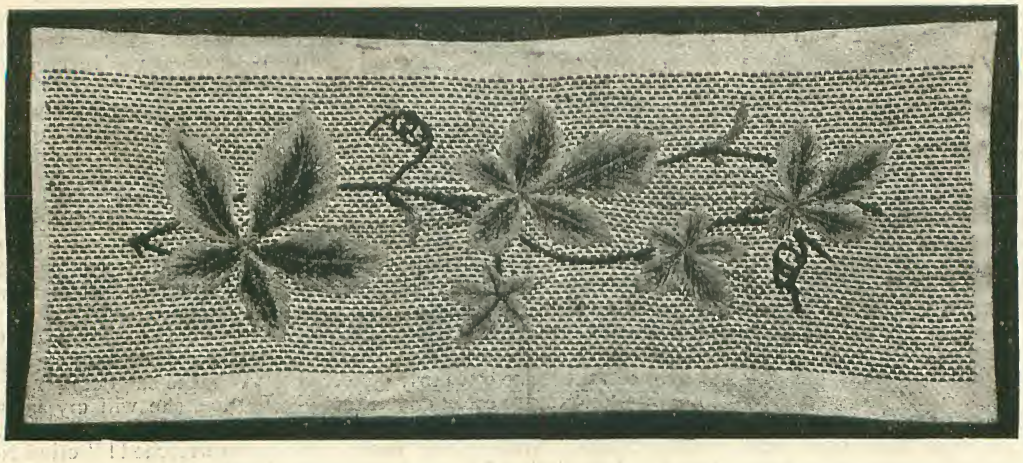
Does a Looking-glass Flatter?

Every girl who is dissatisfied with her personal appearance should remember that she is better-looking than the kindest of looking-glasses bids her believe. A mirror cannot flatter a face that is in its natural state—that is to say, not "made up."

Even the very best plate-glass has a pale green tinge, which reflects a colour a trifle less clear than the original; hair also has always a more glossy sheen than the glass shows. If it is wavy, the glass never shows the best of the waves, and if it is straight the glass accentuates the straightness.

More important and still better to be remembered and carefully treasured, is this, that no one ever looks at the face so closely or so critically as the owner of it looks at the reflection in the glass. Blemishes that are a grief to the owner may pass quite unnoticed by her friends.

In Company.—"We easily forgive those who weary us, but we never forgive those who are wearied by us."—*La Rochefoucauld.*



HOW TO DO HUCKABACK WORK.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

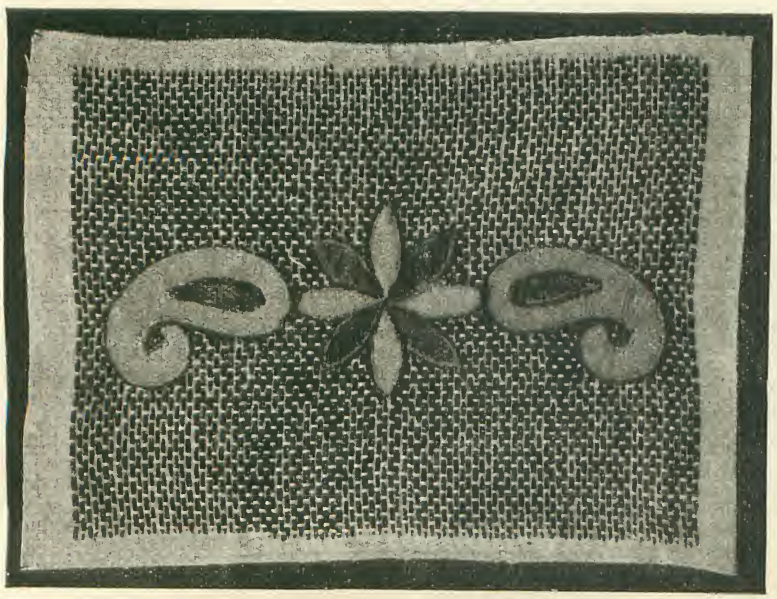
Ordinary huckaback towelling, which can be had in coarse or fine grain as well as bleached or dead white, can form the foundation for very pretty fancy work, suitable for the decoration of tea- and side-board cloths, bed-spreads, and all articles of that kind, as well as the formation of sachets, borders for table-cloths, etc. Huckaback has been used for ordinary cross-stitch, which can be done very easily upon this material, the regularity of the weaving forming a safe guide for the execution of that to me most uninteresting work.

As tastes differ, however, it is not because of my own dislike to cross-stitch that I have not here given any example of it, but because any reader who wishes to use huckaback for that purpose has only to get a cross-stitch design—procurable in any fancy shop—and work it at her pleasure. The space being valuable, I only give illustrations of what cannot be so easily executed without learning from picture and text alike.

Any kinds of patterns do for huckaback work provided that they are very clear and distinct. In the border before you one of Briggs' transfer designs is used, and it serves admirably for this particular embroidery.

As many persons find that these transfer patterns suit their purposes, I may mention that it is better when you are transferring them to place your material upon a board or hard surface. This, with the use of a cool iron, ensures their coming off in a far more satisfactory manner than when there is a layer of anything soft between the table and the material.

Now it is quite free to the worker either to do the darning first and the pattern second, or begin with the latter. I have tried both plans, and prefer doing all the darning first of all. I find it easier to see exactly where the darned lines come in between the interstices of the design, and these details require attention if the work is to be good; and a second advantage is that the embroidered design does not get so much handling and consequent rubbing.



The leaves here are worked in filoselle silk of four shades of green, long and short stitch, well known in all art work, being used for the leaves and rope-stitch for the stalks. The leaves all shade to a dark centre, the veining being done in stem-stitch of the lightest but one shade of the filoselle, four threads of which being used at a time.

The darning here is done in a terra-cotta coloured filoselle, four threads being used at a time, and the lines run lengthwise, which is more suited than crossways to a design such as the one before you.

Before placing a design on your huckaback, you should always decide which way you intend to darn, and examine the way of the stuff before tracing or transferring the pattern.

There is a right and wrong side to huckaback, and though there is not much perceptible difference in the weaving, it is easier to darn the right than the reverse side. Fig. 1 shows you another way of working huckaback. The pattern is a very simple one, worked in satin stitch, with an outline of dark green stem stitch, four shades of red being used.

The darkest shade of red is used for the darning, which, as will easily be seen, is done vertically.

There are many assortments of colour which could be used for this work.

Old gold is very beautiful for darning with, and throws up reds, some blues, and some shades of green. A design done in old gold can be darned in almost any colour.

Filoselle is a very good silk for darning with, but the design can be executed in tapestry or rope silks very well.

Gold outlines can be used with advantage in this work, and for them Japanese gold, which, though inexpensive, never tarnishes, is the best for this purpose.

There is a cotton called "cotton filoselle," which is like silk filoselle, inasmuch as the strand is composed of several threads. This is very good for huckaback work, though, of course, not so effective as the silk.

The leaf design given here, if worked in several reds and a few touches of orange and green, would be very charming, for the leaves are those of Virginia creeper. The darning could be done in one red or some shade of old gold.

Now for the stitches which can be used in this work. Of course for the design itself you

can employ any you please—satin, crewel stitches, plait stitch, any Mountmellick or stitches that you prefer. Heavy embroidery is the best for this work. I do not much care for open-work designs done in it.

In Fig. 2 you will see a double herring-bone stitch worked in two shades of green. This would be very suitable for a border in the darned work, or for rows of the stitches forming a design of themselves.

An examination of the example will serve better than many words to show how this is done. The needle, you will notice, does not go through the huckaback, but is passed simply through those regular threads which form part of the woven pattern.

I generally use a rug needle for this work, as the blunt point passes well under the little threads and does not catch in the huckaback by the way.

When the first row, which is nearly an inch deep, is finished in the lighter shade, the second is worked in the darker in the manner clearly shown by the needle left in as a stitch is being made.

Fig. 3 is another pattern.

Here the four lines graduate, and could, if completed, finish off in the point of a V. These could be done in different colours with good effect. The rows, on the other hand, if desired to be parallel, could be made to begin and end nearly in the same place.

Here the needle is passed from right to left, the same threads serving for the two rows.

Single herring-bone on a smaller scale and in isolated rows is seen in Fig. 4.

In Fig. 5 darning is seen.

Take long needlefuls and avoid having to end and begin again in the middle of a line. If you have to do so, let it be under the threads through which you darn.

It is best to use a darning-needle for darning, as the work can then be done very much more quickly than when a short needle is used.

By these examples it will be seen that huckaback admits of many possibilities, and that various very beautiful articles can be made with it.

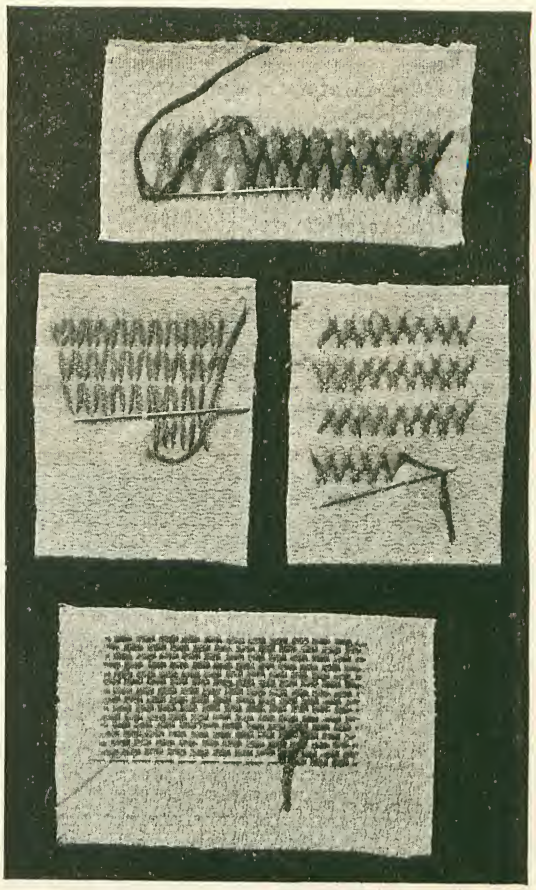
Darned boarders could be mounted on to plush or Roman satin curtains, and look extremely well.

Strips of darned huckaback alternating with strips of plush or velvet or some other material would form nice cushion covers.

When done in strips, of course the work is much more convenient to carry about; and at the seaside a good deal might be done if a strip was at hand in those many idle moments which often fall really rather heavily. A large piece of work would be too cumbersome to carry about and managed in strips or sections.

Overtowels are used in many bedrooms to throw over the towel-horse during the daytime. Huckaback work would be very pretty indeed for an overtowel, and a deep border might be worked at each end and darned, while a medallion might be made at one end of a circle, in which was a big monogram or initials on darned ground.

Toilet-mats are very nice in this work, and, indeed, it would be useless to attempt to exhaust the list of all that could be done with this cheap material which can be had so easily in almost any place.



"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOME.

It was late in the evening when Madge and Guy arrived in London after their honeymoon.

They had been abroad nearly three months, wandering from place to place, and both were glad at the prospect of a rest from their journeyings.

Madge leaned forward with yearning in her eyes as they drove through the busy streets to their flat in Kensington. For the change of scene and the new life had failed utterly as yet to lessen her bitter sense of loss, and all she thought of now she was in London was, that it was the place Jack had loved so much.

Guy sat back in the hansom and remained silent. He was beginning to understand her now, and knew when she did not wish to be spoken to. At the same time the expression of her face hurt him, and he would have liked it otherwise. He would have liked her to show some interest and pleasure in the little home they were now going to for the first time, and her apparent indifference chilled him. However, he decided that it was only natural she should feel low just at first, and hoped for a brighter state of things presently. He could afford to be hopeful, for, in spite of a few drawbacks, the honeymoon on the whole had been very enjoyable. It had been a real pleasure to him to win a look of genuine interest to her face, and then, if very undemonstrative, she had always been grateful to him for every effort he made to entertain her.

It seemed as if they were admirably suited to each other, for both disliked fussing, and for the rest she had no objection to his carrying on many of his beloved bachelor habits, indeed, she encouraged him to do so.

And yet, in spite of the general smoothness, that slight chill of disappointment he had experienced when he first kissed her, remained in his heart.

He tried to shake it off, but, however well he succeeded for a time, it invariably came back. He could not understand it, because he thought he had everything he wanted, and yet, in his heart, he was vaguely conscious of something missing. He was wondering a little about it as he sat back in the hansom, and a grave look rested on his usually careless face. Had Madge seen it, she might have chased it away with a word, but she was far away, dreaming of Jack.

When they reached their destination he alighted quickly with a sense of relief, and gave Madge his hand. Then, while she made her way indoors, he remained to settle with the driver and see to the luggage, both wearing such a matter-of-fact air as would have baffled the keenest observers to detect they were returning from a honeymoon.

When Guy finally ran upstairs Madge had already gone to take her things off without looking round, while he, on his part, hung up his coat and hat, told the servant to bring in the dinner, and sat down at the head of the table with his elbows resting upon it.

In a few minutes Madge returned, and, casually remarking that she was hungry, sat down opposite to him.

Guy watched her curiously. So long as he was comfortable his surroundings were of very little interest to him; but he imagined a girl would naturally be very inquisitive about her new home.

But either Madge was tired or else she was still thinking only of Jack, for her face showed scarcely a shadow of interest as she glanced round carelessly and remarked—

"Did you choose the wall-paper?"

"Yes; do you like it?" he asked.

"Yes, it's uncommon. Did you ask her to bring in the dinner?"

"I did, and I wish she'd hurry up. I feel inclined to eat the table."

Just then the wished-for meal arrived, and what little conversation followed was of the usual common-place order. After dinner Madge rose and went to the window. A balcony ran along outside, and she stepped out and gazed with that same yearning look into the night. She was thinking of how she had always hoped to make her first acquaintance of the big city. When Guy joined her he rested his hand upon hers as it clasped the iron balustrade; but she did not notice the slight caress, or even seem to realise that he was beside her.

He was disappointed and thought she might have shown a little more feeling, as it was their first night at home. He turned and looked in her face, which showed so white and clear in the light of the street lamp, and then he saw the yearning in her eyes and the drawn expression on her mouth, and his kind heart forgot everything but her loss. She looked so beautiful too. He had never realised before they were married how truly beautiful she was; now he was never tired of looking at her and thinking how much lovelier she was than other women.

As they stood together on the balcony, the desire to make her happy grew yet stronger within him, and he was prepared to make any sacrifice for her.

He still thought he was only very fond of her, but already the "self" of his existence was vanishing, and so, maybe, his affection was of a deeper nature than he thought.

"You look dreadfully tired," he said gently, slipping his arm through hers and drawing nearer.

"Yes, I am tired," she answered wearily, and looked away from him.

"Do you think you will like our home?" he asked.

"I don't know why I shouldn't," and the undertone of indifference sounded harshly on his ears.

"You're going to try and be happy aren't you, Madge?" he asked a little pleadingly.

"It's no use, I can't forget," and she bit her lips to choke down the rising emotion.

"Perhaps you don't try. I shall be jealous of Jack, I'm afraid."

"It isn't only Jack," she answered in low quick tones, "it's other things as well; it's everything—the old life has wrecked me."

He was silent a few minutes, then said quietly—

"You think too much, Madge, I'm sure of it. Why not try to look more at the bright side of things?"

She did not answer, but looked away with straining eyes down the long street.

"Have a try at not thinking at all for a bit," he continued. "I'm sure you only bother yourself needlessly."

"You might as well tell me not to breathe!" she exclaimed in low tones of half-stifled emotion. "I can no more help thinking than I can fly; it was born in me. I told you not to expect to make me happy, it's impossible. But you mustn't care," she added more softly, "I don't want to make you unhappy. I want you to just leave me to myself and do whatever you feel inclined."

He looked down on the pavement and knit his brows.

"You mustn't think I am dull or ungrateful or anything," she continued. "I am very grateful indeed to you and I will try to please you, only don't ask me to be gay. I only want to be let alone."

He straightened himself and sighed a little. She was such an enigma to him, he couldn't understand her feelings at all. He was prepared to do anything for her, and yet it didn't seem as if she wanted him even to notice her.

"I'm not going to bother you," he said simply; "I only want you to do just whatever you like best. What do you propose for to-night?"

"I'm very tired, I think I'll go to bed," she answered.

"It's very early!" and there was a note of surprise in his voice.

"I like going early," she answered, and prepared to leave him. "You will go to your club, won't you?"

"Yes, I may as well," he replied, and without another word she left him.

When he reached the club his spirits revived considerably. He thoroughly enjoyed meeting all his old friends and spent a decidedly pleasant evening among them.

A good deal of surprise was expressed at seeing him on his first night in London, but congratulations on his freedom were for the most part offered him, and he left feeling quite pleased with himself.

But before he reached home the shadows began to creep round again.

"I wish she would be a little brighter and less cold," said a voice within him, and the desire lingered.

Then presently he drew himself up sharply.

"You idiot," he apostrophised himself, "you know you're happy together, and she's very fond of you. Hundreds of men would envy you, what more do you want?" and he resolutely turned his thoughts to another subject.

"Aye, what more?" Guy had to live a little longer and grow a little wiser, before he was able to give an answer.

(*To be continued.*)





HOW TO MAKE AMERICAN CANDIES.

GIRLS who live in London, or any large town where American sweets are easily obtainable, will hardly care to take the trouble to make them. But many of our readers live in the country and remote places where these delicious sweets are never seen, and they may not object to trying their hands at the work.

These candies are so very pretty as well as excellent that they will come in very acceptably for dessert, be useful when you want to make a small birthday present, and be very nice for yourselves if you possess what is commonly called "a sweet tooth."

Yet another—no, two good reasons for learning to make them!

The American lady who taught me how these candies were made told me that, on one occasion, she had to take a stall at a bazaar, and it occurred to her to make quantities of these candies. This she did, putting them up into pretty little receptacles, and they sold capitally, a very good sum being realised by them.

There is a hint worth having for the next country bazaar at which you have to hold a stall, or at least to which you must contribute, and when you learn how quickly and easily the candies are made, I daresay you will use your knowledge practically. Then the next reason—one that will appeal to many girls who "wish to make a little money." If you live in the country where, as I say, these sweets are uncommon if ever seen, why not make them to sell? The more you make, the greater the profit. And, roughly speaking, if you sell the candies at three shillings a pound, which is quite a fair price, you will probably find that they have not cost you more than half that sum in materials. It would be worth trying, would it not? Now for directions.

The Foundation.—There is one foundation substance for American candies upon which changes are rung in the way of colouring, flavouring, and the mixing with it of nuts, etc., or the addition to it of fruit, nuts, etc. It is very important that this foundation—which, for the sake of clearness, I shall allude to throughout as the dough—should be well and carefully made, for the excellence of your candies much depends upon it.

You must procure some icing or confectioner's sugar, which is very much finer than castor sugar, and it is absolutely necessary that it should be quite fresh. If it is lumpy it is not fit to work with and you will not make good "dough." Break the white of an egg in one glass, and put an equal quantity of water into another. Put this into a basin and stir it with your sugar until of a dough-like consistency. The proportion of white of egg and water is two to each pound of sugar.

The next thing you require is a perfectly clean pastry-board or marble slab. If you like it, you can scrub a marble-topped wash-stand and use that. Many girls will be pleased to find by the way that they can make all these candies without a fire. A spirit-lamp for melting the chocolate is necessary if you have no fire, but that is all. Place a bit of dough on your slab and work it with your hands, using the sugar as if it were flour.

Candy Cherries.—Cut off a piece of your dough and make it into a thin long roll about half an inch wide. Take a sharp knife and divide it into small pieces. Take these pieces and roll them in your hands until they are like marbles. Those you want for chocolate creams you place aside to harden, but for cherries, etc., you use the marbles, as I shall call them, while they are soft. Get some glazed or crystallised cherries, slit them—without dividing them quite—and take out the stone. Press a small marble into the place where the stone was.

Cream Almonds.—Blanch your almonds, and cover them with dough. If you want to roughen the sugar up a little you can do so with a fork.

Walnuts.—Get the very best English walnuts, and, when shelled, do not remove the fine skin that is over them. Cut them carefully in half. If you have some that are broken do not use the bits for cream walnuts, as only perfect halves are of any use. Lay them aside and I will tell you later on how to use them. Now take two halves of your walnuts and put one on each side of a marble. Press together, and in so doing you will notice that the sugar comes out all round between the halves. Leave them to harden.

Cream Dates.—The dates must be fresh, and when procured slit down one side and the stone removed as in the case of the cherries. Put a marble into the place which was occupied by the stone, and, after pressing together, leave to harden.

Nougât.—Take your broken pieces of walnut and chop them up finely, adding almonds, pistachio nuts, and Brazil nuts. When all well chopped up small together stir these into some of the dough, this being best done in a basin, and it should be mixed up very thoroughly. When this is done place your dough on the slab and make it into long thin strips. Then cut it into pieces with a sharp knife.

Tricoloured Candy.—Take three pieces of dough—yellow, brown and red. (The colouring I shall describe later). Make each piece into a long, thin, narrow strip, and then lay the strips when on the board one over the other. This must be done very neatly, and, when completed, the edges smoothed off with a sharp knife. Cut into squares and leave it to harden. The squares can be about an inch square.

Crystallising.—This can be done to the almonds, cream walnuts, cherries and dates. Get some crystallised sugar and put some into a plate. Then put the cherries or whatever you want to crystallise into the plate, cover with another and shake it all up between the two plates. You can also take each cherry, etc., and simply press it down at the edge on crystallised sugar. Needless to say this must be done at once before the dough has begun to harden.

Colouring.—Colouring the dough adds to the effect of the candies, and sometimes, as with orange, you colour and flavour at one and the same time. All colouring must be done while the dough is in the basin. Colour one lump and put it aside, then another. Mix a lump with chopped nuts and also put aside, and cut and use all these varieties while moist. For orange colouring add a very little grated orange peel and a little of the juice to the dough. Chocolate colouring, which flavours as well, is done with grated chocolate or cocoa powder.

Flavouring.—The flavouring of the dough is done in the basin. As will have been seen, orange (or lemon) colour and flavour at the same time as does chocolate. Grated cocoanut makes a variety in flavour. Pounded almonds mixed in with the dough are delicious.

You can make your marbles, of course, plain white and somewhat tasteless by leaving the dough as it is, or else you can make your marbles coloured, or containing chopped almonds, grated cocoanut or nougât.

Chocolate Creams.—Some readers may like to make these, so I will give you full directions. But they can be so easily obtained and are not so essentially American that probably they will not find such great favour as the others.

Rock chocolate, which has no sugar whatever in it, is necessary, and you must be most careful that you get it perfectly fresh. Break your chocolate into a cup and place it on top of a kettle filled with boiling water and which is kept boiling until the chocolate melts. This you can do on the most ordinary spirit-lamp. Do not stir this at all.

When the chocolate is completely melted, place your cup on the table and drop into the chocolate one hard marble at a table. Please note the adjective, for the dough marbles must be left quite to harden—which takes some hours before you cover them with chocolate. And if you use nougât or coloured marbles, or those flavoured with cocoanut, etc., make them into marbles while soft, but do not use for covering with chocolate until quite hard.

The way you take your marble out of the liquid chocolate is with two silver forks. You can drain the ball by passing it from one fork to the other. A better plan even than the forks is to make yourself a little wire spoon. Any wire will answer the purpose very well.

Every now and then you must place your cup over the boiling water which should be kept boiling for the purpose. Place your chocolate creams to dry on waxed paper, which you can easily get at any confectioner's. You can cover some of your nougât with chocolate, treating it exactly as you did the chocolate creams.

Lightness of touch and general daintiness are of the very greatest importance in the making of all these candies. If, in using a spirit-lamp, you find you cannot place your cup easily over the kettle, then use a sauce-pan. Put hot water in it, and place the cup containing chocolate in that *bain marie* fashion.

In packing candies to send by post, you should use fine paper shavings or waxed paper.

If you could but have seen the little basket full of candies my American friend gave me of her own making, you would feel tempted to try what you could do, and no doubt succeed quite as well.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

By ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

In the work of every musician something of his character is revealed. As we listen to the glorious symphonies or sonatas of Beethoven we feel the pulsings of that great heart which yearned for a sympathy it never gained.

As Mozart's graceful melodies strike our ears with infinite tenderness we seem conscious of the presence of the kindly, courteous Viennese.

Haydn says to us, and repeats it over and over again :—"How happy I am. How gay is the world. Let us be merry together."

Händel and Bach point to Heaven and cry, "God is good!" And yet how differently these two utter the cry.

To Händel, who travelled across foreign countries, and visited many courts, God was a King, and he praised Him with right royal magnificence. To Bach, in his obscure German town, far from pomp or worldliness, God was a Spirit, to be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

If we look into the circumstances of Bach's childhood, and consider the nature of his surroundings, it will become clearer to us how this thing came to be.

The beautiful province of Thuringia is bordered on its northern side by the Hartz Mountains, the home of German fairy-tale and legend; its former capital is a small unimportant town, which is usually overlooked by the casual tourist. Shyly it hides itself among the hills and forests, but even the passing traveller, speeding towards Leipzig and Dresden is struck by the massive fortress which stands above it on the crest of a mountain peak, the steep ascent to which is almost hidden by a dense mass of foliage. This town is Eisenach, the birthplace of Sebastian Bach, and the fortress is the famous Wartburg. The Wartburg was built with incredible speed, between the years 1060-69, when a terrible famine had laid waste the land and the men of Eisenach were thankful to labour in return for bread for themselves and their starving families. Till 1440 the Landgraves of Thuringia resided there, and during the reign of Landgrave Hermann, about 1207, the Wartburg was the scene of the famous Sängerkrieg or Minstrel War, a contest of song between some of the most renowned of the Minnesänger, among them being Walther von der Vogelweide, Wolfram von Eschenbach and Heinrich von Ofterdingen. These Minnesänger laid the foundation of Germany's musical greatness. Not only did they write poems, but each man set his words to music, and sang his song to his own accompaniment, played on harp or violin. The theme of all these songs, as their name, Minne, implied, was love, but it was love in the purest and most ideal sense. The Landgrave Hermann was succeeded by his son, Ludwig, husband of the holy Elisabeth, whose beautiful life has been extolled in history and legend. This gracious princess used to visit the poor and sick in the little town of Eisenach, and she founded there the St. Anna's Hospital, which afterwards sheltered her from her enemies when, her husband having died on his way to Otranto, whither he had gone to join the Crusaders, she was driven by his relations from her rightful home. It was during her lifetime, but after she had retired to the convent in which she ended her days, that Martin Luther found a refuge from his pursuers in the friendly Wartburg. The tree is still shown about fourteen miles from Eisenach, beneath which, at midnight on May 4th, 1521, the reformer was seized by followers of the Elector of Saxony, who had directions to carry him off and hide him in the fortress where he spent ten months, disguised as "Younker George." Here he wrote a great part of his translation of the Bible, and the room in which he sat is still pointed out to visitors, though the table at which he worked has had to be replaced by a new one, the original having been wholly whittled away by people anxious to obtain relics of his presence.



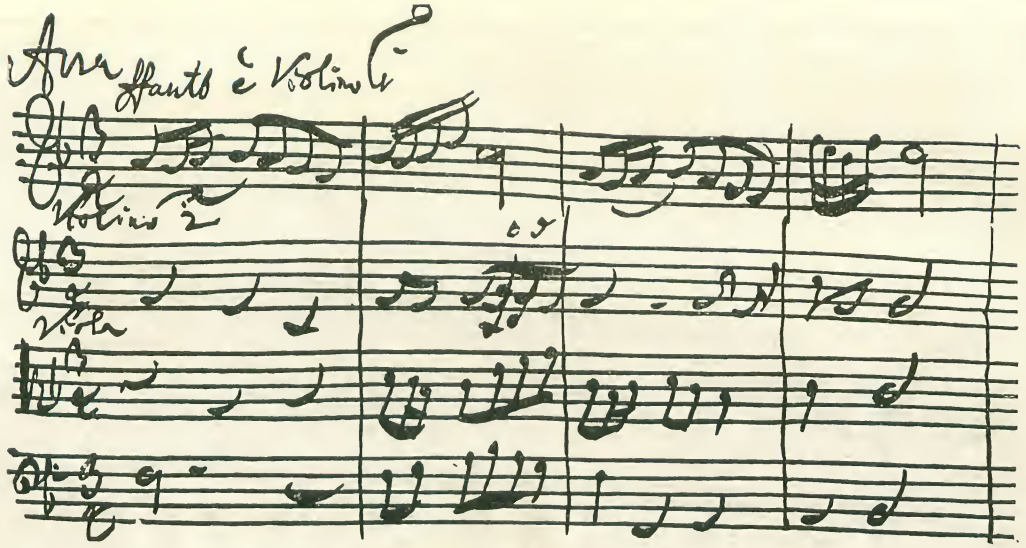
J. S. BACH.

Years passed by. Life was uneventful in the little Thuringian town where children were born, grew up and died, without apparent influence on the history of the world. But among these children were some who bore the name of Bach. There were many of them, and all, or nearly all, were musical. One who was born about 1550 at Wechmar, not far from Eisenach, was called Veit Bach. He became a miller and baker, and in the intervals between grinding his corn and baking his bread, good Veit used to play on a peculiar kind of instrument which somewhat resembled a guitar. Veit's son Hans turned his back on the mill and became a musician, travelling about the country and fiddling at weddings, christenings, and the like festivities. He is known in the annals of the Bach family as "Hans der Spielmann" (Hans the player). He had three sons, the eldest of whom, Johann, became the first organist among them. The second son, Christoph, had a greater destiny; he was to be the grandfather of Sebastian.

By this time the whole province of Thuringia was becoming well peopled with Bachs, and by degrees they came to occupy all the principal positions in the various neighbouring towns. Erfurt, Eisenach, and Arnstadt were their chief centres, and all the branches of the family used to meet at one or other of these three places for certain festival occasions, such as Christmas, Easter or Whitsuntide. To all these Bachs music was a sacred possession, to be cherished and fostered for itself alone, regardless of any material benefit that might accrue from its practice. When a man who had filled the post of organist, choirmaster, or town musician grew old, and died or retired, it was usual for his successor to marry his daughter. To this rule the Bachs strictly adhered, with the result that bride and bridegroom were frequently of the same family, though the cousinship was often distant. The father of Sebastian Bach, Johann Ambrosius, was an exception; he did not marry a cousin, but chose for his wife, Elisabeth Lämmerhirt, the daughter of a furrier at Erfurt. But though Elisabeth was not herself a Bach, her family had already been connected with the Bach family, for Johann, the great-uncle of her husband, who has been mentioned as the first organist among them, had married Hedwig Lämmerhirt, probably a great-aunt of Elisabeth's.

It seems strange that nothing but the name should be known of the mother of Sebastian Bach; his numerous biographers have taken infinite pains to trace out his family on the father's side through a bewildering number of generations, but even the best of them, Spitta, is content to mention merely the name of his mother, and tells us nothing about her character or tastes.

Johann Ambrosius and Elisabeth Bach had



A FEW BARS OF BACH'S MS. MUSIC.

five children, the youngest of whom, our great Sebastian, was born on March 21st, 1685. They lived in a comfortable two-storeyed house at Eisenach, and the father rejoiced in the high-sounding title of *Hof und Raths Musikus* (musician to the court and town council of Eisenach).

Hard by lived Sebastian's uncle, Johann Christoph, the organist of Eisenach, a man whose genius must have had considerable influence on the impressionable nature of his little nephew. At the neighbouring town of Arnstadt lived another uncle, Michael Bach, also an excellent organist and maker of clavichords and violins. The daughter of this uncle afterwards became Sebastian's wife.

Before he was ten years old the little Sebastian had lost both father and mother, and was taken to live with his elder brother, Johann Christoph, who was organist at Ohrdruf. This brother was already a married man, and, though only twenty-four years old, had the cares of a growing family pressing upon him. Some excuse must therefore be made for him if his treatment of his little brother was somewhat harsh and unsympathetic. Johann Christoph was a pedant; he doled out music to the greedy Sebastian with, as he thought, a prudent discretion, but this was just what Sebastian could least endure. A book of manuscript music, containing copies of the works of the best composers, was kept in a locked book-case, and the boy longed with an ever-increasing longing to possess it. A trellis wood-work alone separated him from the coveted treasure, and, at length, after much manipulation, the eager little student succeeded in working the book through the narrow openings. In his own small attic, by the light of the moon, he copied it all out; but, just as he had finished his self-imposed task, he was discovered, and the work of six months was confiscated by the relentless Christoph.

Soon afterwards it became necessary for Sebastian to leave his brother's house, and he was taken as scholar at the St. Michael's School at Lüneburg. He had excellent musical training there, was taught Latin, and had access to an unlimited supply of the best music. At the age of eighteen he was appointed court musician at Weimar, and from there he went as organist to Arnstadt. Here, however, he had little success; his soaring spirit would not let him rest content in the old grooves, and when, in 1705, he went on foot to Lübeck to hear the great organist



BACH'S INTRODUCTION TO FREDERICK THE GREAT AT POTSDAM.



BACH'S BIRTHPLACE.

Buxtehude, and, lost in the wonder of this music, outstayed his holiday by several months, dissatisfaction was very openly expressed. Soon, however, he obtained a better engagement, as organist at Mühlhausen, and now he thought he was in a position to marry. The wife he had chosen was his cousin, Maria Barbara, and the following is the quaint entry of the marriage in the church register :—

"On October 17, 1707, the respectable Herr Johann Sebastian Bach, a bachelor, and organist to the church of St. Blasius at Mühlhausen, the surviving lawful son of the late most respectable Herr Ambrosius Bach, the famous town organist and musician of Eisenach, was married to the virtuous maiden, Maria Barbara Bach, the youngest surviving daughter of the late very respectable and famous artist, Herr Johann Michael Bach, organist at Gehren; here in our house of God, by the favour of our gracious ruler, after their banns had been read in Arnstadt." *

After staying one year at Mühlhausen, Sebastian and his wife moved to Weimar, where he was now appointed organist of the Castle chapel. There he remained for several years, and there he composed some of his finest cantatas. But in 1717 he was again on the wing. The Prince of Köthen, who was a passionate lover of music, offered such advantageous terms to the Weimar organist that an arrangement was speedily made, and the Bach family removed to Köthen. Three years later the Prince, accompanied by Sebastian, paid a visit to Carlsbad. It was a sad visit for the musician, for on returning to his home he found that his wife, the good and faithful Maria Barbara, had died during his absence and was already laid to rest in the green churchyard. She left seven children, the eldest two of whom became famous musicians. After a year and a half of widowerhood, Sebastian Bach married again. He was only thirty-six, and a houseful of unruly boys must have been hard to manage without a mother's help. His choice now fell on Anna Magdalena, the twenty-one year old daughter of a musician named Wülkens. During his stay at Köthen, Bach composed a number of instrumental pieces for solo and duet, amongst them being his *Inventions* and the first part of his *Wohltemperirte Clavier*, that book of Preludes and Fugues which has delighted musicians from his day to ours.

Shortly after his second marriage Bach moved to Leipzig, where he had been appointed Cantor (Precentor) at the Thomasschule, and there he remained for the rest of his life. His work was unceasing. Thirteen more children were added to Maria Barbara's seven, so that at the end there should have been twenty of them had they all lived!

All of them were more or less musical, and Frau Anna Magdalena was an excellent singer.

During this Leipzig period the two glorious *Passion Musics*, according to St. John and according to St. Matthew, were composed. The second of these is much the finer; it was composed expressly for St. Thomas's Church, in which there were two organs, and for the musical service in which Bach was responsible.

The words are taken partly from the 26th and 27th chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, and partly from hymns by Picander. The instrumental parts are for two organs and a double orchestra, but no brass instruments or drums were used, as these were considered out of keeping with the sacredness of the subject.

The first performance of this wonderful music was given on Good Friday, 1729, the sermon being preached between the two parts. It was received with respectful attention, but Bach was not encouraged to repeat it. Next day it was consigned to a cupboard in which it remained for one hundred years; then it was found by Mendelssohn, who persuaded the Berlin Academy to give it a hearing. On the 1st March, 1829, the *Passion Music* once more was heard. The master had long lain in his quiet, unknown grave, somewhere in the cemetery at Leipzig, but the seed he had sown had borne good fruit. People no longer regarded his music as eccentric and far-fetched, but listened, entranced by its beauty and power.

To the efforts of Mendelssohn and Schumann the Bach-Renascence, which began with that performance of the *Passion Music*, is due. Since then, every musical society in the world has performed the works of the great Leipzig Cantor, who composed, not for fame or glory, but for love of God and of the art through which he hoped to serve Him best.

Sebastian Bach lived long enough to see several of his sons in prominent positions. The eldest, Wilhelm Friedemann, should have had a splendid career; he had immense talent, but through the irregularities of his life, he destroyed his prospects and his powers.

The second son, Carl Philip Emanuel, won a distinguished position at the Court of Frederick the Great. In the year 1747 his royal master desired him to invite his father to Potsdam, and one evening, when the king,

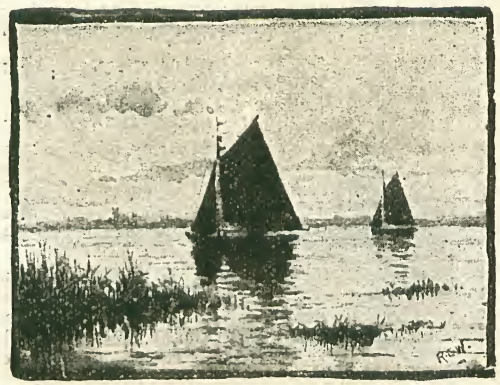
* Spitta's *Life of Bach*. Translated by Clara Bell and J. Fuller-Maitland.

surrounded by his musicians and courtiers, was taking part in a musical performance, the list of visitors just arrived was handed to him. Looking quickly through it, his Majesty exclaimed, "Gentlemen, old Bach has come!" and, laying down his flute, he went himself to meet his honoured guest.

"Old Bach" was not given time to change his dress, but just as he was, he was led to the king, who conducted him into a large hall where there were seven new pianofortes by Silbermann. The piano at this time was a very new invention, and Sebastian was not much accustomed to it; the clavichord was the instrument on which he played all those of his compositions which we now perform on the piano. The king made him try all his new pianos, and was delighted with the wonderful fugues improvised by the old master on subjects given him by his hearers. Next day Frederick accepted Bach's invitation to come and listen to his unrivalled performance on the organ, and then the old man returned to his home in Leipzig, flattered and pleased by the enthusiasm of his reception at the great king's court. Soon afterwards he became blind, and on June 28th, 1750, he died.

A monument has been erected to Sebastian Bach at Eisenach, beneath the shadow of the great Wartburg towards which his childish eyes must often have been raised in affection and awe; but his best monument is unveiled when, with full orchestra and chorus, the conductor lifts his bâton to unfold the beauties of the *Passion Music* according to St. Matthew. Listening to such music as this one is reminded of the words of Thomas Carlyle:—

"Who can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!"



DEAF PEOPLE, AND HOW TO HELP THEM.

An interesting paper appeared lately in this magazine on the subject of the small kindnesses which it is possible for girls to show to the deaf. It has struck me that, as I am one of these unfortunately afflicted people, I might perhaps be allowed to supplement the above-mentioned article by suggesting a very much needed help which most girls have it in their power to render if they care to do so.

Many, if not most of the Board Schools give lessons in lip-reading to deaf and dumb children, but there are many deaf people who have become so late in life, and who are not dumb, but are too old to enter the Board Schools, and just too well off to wish to do so, and yet who are unable to afford more than a few lessons from a competent lip-reading teacher, for as there are but few really good instructors in lip-reading, the terms for learning the art in private are necessarily high. It would be a very great boon if those girls who are longing to help someone and yet have no money or any other means of doing so except leisure, would seek out the deaf residing near them—often it may be of their own rank in life—and give a certain definite time once or twice a week, or even oftener, to practice lip-reading with them.

The art of learning to read words from the lips of another is very difficult to most people and needs constant practice, and this in many cases cannot be given by relations for want of time and other reasons; but when it is once acquired it is a wonderful help and blessing to those who cannot hear. If girls only knew how painful and how irritating it is to feel one's-self cut off from all conversation and intercourse with others, and to have to wait patiently (or impatiently) to be told every little thing that is arranged, and then only to glean the information with consciousness of worry to other people, they would surely be really anxious to help the deaf by any means in their power.

No outlay of money is needed, nor is a special knowledge of lip-reading at all necessary. All that is required is a large stock of sympathy and patience, and the art of speaking slowly and distinctly. Lip-reading is really, strange as it may appear, the art of reading sounds, and the theory on which the whole idea is founded is simply that every different sound expressed by the human mouth (including the lips, the teeth, and the tongue), must necessarily take its own special shape on the lips in speaking. It is best to begin either with the days of the week, month, etc., or by reading aloud some easy book, speaking each syllable very clearly and slowly, but taking great care to speak quite naturally also and not to distort the words or lips. Three or four, or five or six words (sometimes even a whole short sentence) are often more easily understood than one or two, because the key word of the sentence (that which gives the clue to the meaning of the rest), is more easily caught in a sentence. The learner generally has to guess small words from the general sense of what she makes out, for small words are less easy than long ones, having but slight distinctive form, though there are exceptions to this rule, the names of places and people being usually difficult to read, and words containing the letter k are specially hard, this letter when contained in a word, not by itself, being very little seen upon the lips. Great patience is needed, lip-reading being very difficult and exhausting at first, but the art will nearly always be gained more or less in the end, if only pupil and teacher persevere. It is sometimes helpful to get the learner to notice her own lips in a hand-glass.

It must be remembered that the sounds and not the spelling of words is what must be learnt, much as in shorthand.

Totally deaf people nearly always dislike speaking much themselves, because, especially in the case of those who have once been used to hearing, it is most perplexing and annoying never to hear the sound of their own voices. They must, however, be encouraged to talk, or they may not improbably lose this faculty also, and lip-reading is a real help here, as the learner must repeat words and sentences after her teacher to make sure that she has caught them rightly.

No knowledge of the art of lip-reading is really necessary for any girl who practices with a deaf person who has already had a few lessons from a competent teacher; she really only needs a thorough grasp of the fact that she is helping the deaf person to see sounds on the lips, the shape and form as it were of the words and syllables she utters, naturally and easily, though slowly spoken. Further knowledge is indeed somewhat apt to confuse the helper, leading her to distort and exaggerate the sounds, but it may be a help to observe that certain sounds are divided into throat or voice and breath sounds; thus th in thine is a throat sound, and the tongue can be seen to protrude between the teeth in making it, while th in think is a breath sound, and the tongue, though still seen, comes less forward. Other breath sounds are made by sharp consonants, such as f, where the teeth close on the lower lip, and p which is practically a puff of breath or air. H is of course merely an aspiration of the breath.

In vowel sounds the oo in food shows rounded lips, whilst in foot, though the sound and shape is the same, it is much shorter and quicker. There are, of course, many other sounds to be learnt, and to any who may desire it the writer would be glad to send further information on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

But there are by no means so many sounds to be learnt as might be thought, for many words are made up of the same sounds in different combination. One great difficulty indeed is to distinguish between different similar sounds, as e.g., to, you, do, but the general meaning of the sentence helps here, and it is not wise to harp too much on such words. The drift of the sentence is the best guide.

The office of lip-reading practiser is not perhaps an easy one, but any one who undertakes it with a fairly intelligent pupil will be amply rewarded by her gratitude and progress.

Alfrey Porter.

IN A MOTHER'S STEAD.

By A. M. BELLERBY.

CHAPTER II.



HER post turned out to be no sinecure, though she soon won her little pupils' hearts; for youth and inexperience are not generally possessed of a great stock of patience, so blunders were made; there was sometimes strictness where there should have been leniency, and mistaken indulgence where discipline was needed. Neither was the young governess in her first engagement reassured, when Edwin calmly remarked one day—

"I don't think mother cayes much for you" (for that young gentleman could never sound his r's). But she struggled on prayerfully and hopefully, in spite of, every now and then, a day when the little ones had been so fractious or troublesome, that Katharine felt the burden of her daily cross was too heavy to be borne, but when it reached that climax it was always lifted for her and she went on bravely again.

Few evenings passed that Mr. Mathew did not visit the nursery; sometimes questioning the children on their lessons, and evincing his quiet satisfaction from time to time, for almost preternaturally quick, they made rapid progress.

Once, much later than usual, he had come to see them, but Katharine had coaxed them to go to bed, and with the door of communication between the two nurseries slightly ajar, he could just see her, with Stephanie at her knee in the midst of her evening prayer.

"Lord on the Cross Thine arms were stretched,
To draw Thy people nigh,
O teach us then that Cross to love,
And in those arms to die."

said the little voice, helped here and there; then going on to pray for her father and mother, Edwin and "Kattie," as they begged to be allowed to call her. Then came Edwin's turn, adding the quaintest requests of his own to his orthodox prayers; but the father turned away silently, thinking how he and the mother of his children lay down night after night, without a prayer themselves, or troubling whether or no the little ones said theirs.

It had been different with him once, but his marriage to a careless wife had made him careless too.

Katharine would have been lonely indeed during those first months from home, but for the love of her pupils; for, except when sending her on commissions during the daily walks; or to uncompromisingly interrupt lessons for the children to have their innumerably new frocks tried on, Mrs. Mathew did not trouble to see her, and, of course, she was introduced to no one.

The children with their pretty quaintness, were sometimes sent for to show off to visitors, but the governess was not required to go down with them; thus it came to pass that Katharine had been home for an all too short holiday before speaking to anyone outside the house. She was greeted with rapture by the children.

"Oh, I do love you, Kattie," said Edwin almost suffocating her with his caresses.

"So do I," said Stephanie from the other side, "and I'se got a bad finger, and Dr. Drew's attending to it," with a great air of self-importance, holding out the tiny, bandaged member.

"How did that happen? What have you done to it?"

Stephanie looked at Edwin, who hung his head and blushed, then bravely recovering himself answered—

"I was a coward and I did it; I was angry with her, and ran my pen into it."

"Oh, Edwin, how could you be so ungentlemanly and so cowardly; but there, I see you are sorry and I am sure Stephanie has forgiven you."

"Twite," replied the injured damsel, as clearly as a mouthful of the chocolate Katharine had brought them would allow her.

"And I asked God to forgive me, when I was good again," said Edwin gravely. For after any special naughtiness she would take them away quietly, talk to them, and kneel down and pray with them; and her loving influence was already beginning to make itself felt.

It was too late for lessons that day, so a game of blindman's buff, with Katharine as blindman, was in too full swing for the trio to hear a knock at the door, which was consequently opened; and Dr. Drew with an amused smile, signing to the children not to betray him, stood watching, till Katharine in her search tripped over a footstool, and would have fallen, had not a strong hand caught her. Snatching off her bandage she found herself face to face with a stranger, her own flooding with the deepest blush her wild-rose cheeks had ever taken.

"Forgive me, Miss Skrine, I could not interrupt such an interesting game, and it was well I was here, or you might have required my attention as well as Stephanie. Mrs. Mathew was out, so I came on up. How's the finger, little patient?"

That duly investigated and pronounced satisfactory, the doctor seemed in no hurry to go, but invited himself to the nursery tea which was just then brought up, bowing his head reverently during the grace Katharine would not omit because he was there, while she inwardly wondered what Mrs. Mathew would say to his proceeding.

"Dr. Drew's stayed with us often lately," said Edwin, in happy ignorance that Dr. Drew was Machiavellian enough to have done so during the holidays, that he might be justified in also doing so after the return of Miss Skrine, to whom he had for long been vainly endeavouring to obtain introduction.

"Yes, and I love him," said Stephanie complacently, "don't you, Kattie?"

At which innocent, but distinctly awkward question, Kattie would have felt thankful to sink into the floor, but Dr. Drew hastily said—

"Stephanie, so much jam is not good for your finger," for the young lady was unlawfully helping herself, and he set to work to attend to her, until Katharine had recovered from her confusion, when he went on. "My mother and I have noticed you trotting these scaramouches down to the children's service, Miss Skrine, and she would be very pleased if you would come to tea with us next Sunday; she would like to know you."

"She is very kind," said Katharine, with that uncomfortably ready blush again; "if Mrs. Mathew has no objection I shall be most pleased."

"We too?" inquired the small mademoiselle.

"You too, certainly."

"Oh, you are a nice man," ejaculated Edwin, "I think I'll be a doctor when I grow up. Owen says you are like a byother to the poor people."

It was Dr. Drew's turn now to feel confused, and he made the discovery that it was high time to go,

Katharine lost her heart to Mrs. Drew that next Sunday afternoon; the sweet little old lady had long noticed the young governess, who, she had guessed, was left so much to herself, and who now received an invitation to come in as often as she liked.

"Never think you or the children will trouble me, my dear, I like young people about me."

So Katharine was only too glad to have a friend in such a home-like dwelling as the Drews', where the children would be taken off her hands by the comfortable old housekeeper, and she herself had many a talk with the little lady who encouraged her to open her heart to her; while Dr. Drew's was in great danger of slipping out of his keeping in another direction.

But Mrs. Mathew was one of those people who became jealous if anyone within her circle of acquaintances—let alone that contemptible creature a governess—was better liked than herself. Mrs. and Dr. Drew with their high breeding had always rather held aloof from her indefinable vulgarities, and she felt it intolerable that "this chit of a girl," who dressed like a dowdy, and blushed whenever spoken to unexpectedly, should be preferred to herself.

Wherefore on one of those rare occasions, when, having no one else to speak to, she sent for Katharine to come down to afternoon tea, she seized the opportunity to remark—

"Mrs. Drew seems to have taken a great fancy to you, Miss Skrine."

"Indeed, she is very kind," was the earnest reply.

"Yes, it is nice for her to take you up like that, but I wouldn't go too often if I were you."

"Oh, do you think I am taking advantage, that I shall worry her? she said not," was the disturbed answer.

"I didn't mean that exactly," went on Mrs. Mathew remorselessly, "but you see Dr. Drew is generally there at the time you call, and it may be said you are running after him."

Surprised to receive no reply to this delicate remark, Mrs. Mathew turned to see the reason.

"Goodness, child, don't look like that, there's no need!"

For the hot blood which had swept over Katharine's face had given place to an unearthly pallor, and a cold hand seemed to clutch at her heart; she could neither move nor speak in answer to the miserable taunt.

Mrs. Mathew was alarmed and for once

regretted her words; but presently Katharine recovered herself and her dignity, and saying coldly—

"Thank you for the caution, Mrs. Mathew, I will take care not to lay myself open to such an imputation again," passed from the room.

"Well, I've done it anyway," said Mrs. Mathew, congratulating herself, "but I didn't suppose the little stupid would take it quite like that. Heigho, how dull it is; even Philip away; not that he's much entertainment at the best of times."

Mr. Mathew had recently gone to Holland on important business, and was likely to be absent weeks, if not months.

"I'd go with you if it were anywhere reasonable," his wife had said, "but Holland would be too intolerable, except for passing through as we did before."

And Katharine, in her room, was fighting face to face with the first passion-fiend of her life. Her young heart surged with hatred towards the woman who from the first had repelled her, but whom she had schooled herself to try to like; and the cruel words had revealed to her, as by a flash of electric light, the fact, which her girlish modesty had hidden from herself before—she cared only too much for Anton Drew.

The children had gone to an evening party, so she was free to battle alone with her anger and pain; but the cool, passive moon streamed in on her before the fight was over; the higher nature had subdued the lower, and for very weariness she slept.

The next morning was Sunday. The victory won, she was free to go, as she had before purposed, to the Early Service, and as she knelt during its holy calm with sorrow but forgiveness in her soul, she pitied and prayed for the woman who knew nothing of the peace this world can neither give nor take away.

Longer than usual she remained after the service, but though she had not noticed him there, Dr. Drew greeted her at the door. One glance at her face, still pale with the emotions that had shaken her, made his voice take a tenderer tone than ever it had before.

"You will come in and see us this afternoon after the service?"

"No, thank you, Dr. Drew, I cannot come to-day."

"Not," in a surprised tone, "why, what will prevent you, are you not well?"

"Quite well, thank you. But I shall not be able to come this afternoon."

"Will you not tell me why?" his tone grew slightly reproachful.

Poor Katharine, what could she say? With a haughtiness new to her she replied

"I have said I am not able. If you will tell Mrs. Drew so, with my kind regards, I shall feel greatly obliged."

If Mephistopheles in person had been standing by that church porch as in "Faust," the calm of those two young people could not have been more disturbed; doubtless he was there rejoicing.

"Mrs. Mathew must have been interfering, mother," said the doctor, giving an account of the interview; "she was never like it before."

"Perhaps so, but we'll make it all right again with her, poor child, never fear, Anton."

For the motherly heart fully suspected her son's secret, and was as well-pleased thereat as a mother can feel, when she sees a wife likely to come between the love of herself and her only son.

(*To be continued.*)

COLD POTATOES: WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

IT is often very difficult to guess exactly the proper quantity of potatoes to cook in large households, in order neither to have a stint, nor yet to have cold ones remaining. As, however, there are so many nice ways of using up cold potatoes, it is better to err in having too many than too few of this wholesome vegetable. As meat pies with potato crust and fried potatoes are well known in every household, they may be passed over without comment, that our attention may be devoted to a few less common receipts. We frequently find that cooks are not willing as a rule to trouble about a small number of potatoes left from any meal, and that when two or three only remain, they are quietly slipped into the pig man's bucket (where such exists) without any qualms of conscience. This is probably for two reasons; first, because they are ignorant of many of the nice little dishes that can be made from them, and secondly, because cold potatoes are troublesome to mash. The latter difficulty can be got over very simply by making it a rule to have them peeled and mashed before they have time to get cold; this is only the work of a few minutes, especially if you have one of those useful utensils made for the purpose of mashing them; then cover them to keep them from drying up until you are ready to use them the following morning. Some cooks are fond of getting over the difficulty in another way, that is by boiling them up again when they wish to use them; but this is by no means a good plan, as the flavour of the tuber is utterly spoiled by a second boiling, especially when the skins are the least bit broken.

Potato Pie.—Mix five heaped tablespoonfuls of mashed potatoes with two tablespoonfuls of flour, a seasoning of pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Add a small cupful of nice gravy, put all into a pie-dish and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Potato Balls.—If you have any remaining from a dish of potatoes mashed with milk and butter, you can make delicious balls with it. To about a pound of it add a beaten egg and mix well. Form into balls, brush them over with egg and roll in fine crumbs. Arrange them in a frying basket, so that they do not touch one another, fry them in plenty of boiling fat until they are a golden brown colour, drain them well and serve very hot in a nicely folded napkin.

Potato Puffs.—As potatoes are dearest when eggs are cheapest, one does not mind using a few of the latter at that season of the year to make a very tasty dish of the former. Mash four large potatoes very smoothly, add a little pepper and salt. Put half a wineglassful of milk and an ounce of butter into a saucepan; when these boil stir in the mashed potatoes until all are thoroughly mixed, and then remove the saucepan from the fire. Add the yolks of three eggs, one by one, beating them thoroughly. Whisk the whites of four eggs to a very stiff froth and add them lightly to the mixture. Half fill six very small china moulds with it, and bake them in a quick oven till they are a pale brown colour. They should rise considerably in the baking. Serve them in the moulds, which may be arranged on a prettily-folded napkin.

Apple Dumpling with Potato Pastry.—Put six ounces of flour into a basin, add a teaspoonful of baking-powder and a little salt; mix well and rub in five ounces of butter, then add six ounces of mashed potatoes. Mix all thoroughly and add a small quantity of water if necessary. Roll out the pastry and line a buttered basin with it, reserving part of it. Fill this with apples, sugar and whatever flavouring you prefer, cover the top with the remaining piece of crust, pinch the edges together and cover it with a well floured cloth securely tied down. Boil it in fast-boiling water for two hours. This pastry is considered by many persons to be much more wholesome than the suet crust which usually envelopes the apples. It is also suitable for hot pies of meat or fruit.

Potato Pudding.—Rub into six ounces of smoothly-mashed potatoes two ounces of butter, add four ounces of sugar and three well-beaten eggs, and the juice of a lemon. Beat all well together, put the mixture into a dish and bake in a quick oven for half an hour.

Potato Fritters.—Mash three large, mealy potatoes very lightly, add three well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, a little lemon-juice and some grated nutmeg. Beat all well together for about a quarter of an hour, or until the batter is very light. Drop spoonfuls of it into a deep pan of boiling fat, and when they become a nice brown colour take them out and drain them upon soft butter muslin. Serve them with sifted sugar sprinkled over them and with or without wine sauce, as may be preferred.

Fadge.—A very favourite bread made of potatoes goes by the name of fadge. Its manufacture is so simple that most cooks make it by the rule of thumb, and probably the receipt has never found its way into any cookery book. The potatoes should be mashed as smoothly as possible and seasoned with salt, then they should have as much flour well kneaded into them as will make a stiff dough that may be handled without breaking too easily. This should be rolled out to a thickness of about a third of an inch and cut into triangular or square pieces of convenient size. Prick each piece here and there with a fork to prevent its blistering, and bake on a very hot and well-floured griddle. This bread should be eaten hot and well buttered, or it may be fried the next morning for breakfast, when it will make a nice garnish for a dish of ham and eggs. Fadge is not extremely digestible, and should be partaken of cautiously by those who try it for the first time.

These are a few of the tasty things which can be made from cold potatoes, but there are very many more. If you once succeed in establishing the custom of mashing all potatoes remaining from dinner before they become cold, you will be surprised to find in how many nice ways they may be used, if you are on the watch for them. At any time the mashing is forgotten, they may be put, peeled and whole, into the stock pot with beef bones, and you will find them an excellent addition to it, as no vegetable gives a more meaty flavour to weak stock than this most valuable tuber, and they will mash themselves as they cook.

SUSAN M. SHEARMAN.



VILLAGE HOMES FOR LADIES.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN.

PART I.

It is said that England, for every square mile, has a larger population than any other country of this world (China perhaps excepted). If so it must be due to the excessive crowding of the population into large towns and narrow areas, such as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and the pottery and cotton districts. That the population is not sufficiently distributed over the whole country, there can be no question.

An evenly distributed population, into families and groups, cultivating their own land, or if cultivating the land of a landlord, secure in the benefits of their toil, means for such a country health, strength, and contentment.

The greater the number of people that possess property, however small, whether in savings banks, cattle in the field, owning land, or if hiring land then secure in possessing any improvements that the tenant may make, the more stable is that country, and the more secure are its inhabitants against the dislocation and misery of popular discontent, and sudden upsettings of existing customs and manners.

And not only does a number of property holders give security to a country, but it causes a greater interest to be taken in the work that has to be done, and in consequence the work is better done.

No greater thing can be asked of God, and man, than this—for a worker to find pleasure in the work that has to be done. And we may be quite sure that in a country where the workers work for the love of their work, that when the time for defence comes there will be no lack of self-sacrifice, no hesitation to the response of the call—Queen and Country.

In travelling into the country, nothing has struck me more than the absence of population. Here a cottage or two, there a farmhouse, here a collection of cottages, a school, a church, a public-house, and we are in that deadly dull thing—a country village. But of small artistic village homes—small holdings scattered conveniently over the country—where are they to be seen, where to be found. The country seems to be dead and depopulated.

Another fact has struck me, the growing desire of all the young village people to get into the towns as soon as possible.

London goes on increasing rapidly, miles upon miles of streets, thousands upon thousands of men and women, are added year by year to its area and population. At present there seems no sign of a pause, but rather all signs point to a more rapid increase in the near future.

For statesmen, religious thinkers, and local authorities, it is a serious problem.

I have also noticed another fact, the large number of ladies, with little or nothing to do, who become submerged in flats, boarding-houses, and hotels in London. As I watch them, lost in London, with little aim in life, of no importance, position, and in many cases, of little or no value to any one, I think how different their lives might be, and how much happier they might be, if, by living in the country, they tried to bring amusement, culture and life into the villages. Here they would be of some use, of some importance, and they would be fulfilling that great commandment, laid on all men and women, who have had the inestimable benefit of birth, culture, and refinement of *noblesse oblige*—the commandment that says, "Give, give, give, that which you have received;" and in thus generously giving they would brighten up the lives of many a cottage home, and convert our villages into abodes of movement and of life.

It is the want of amusement, want of change that is depopulating the villages. Young people must have some change, some brightness, some amusement, and so not getting it in the villages, they seek it in the towns.

It is not a question of wages, for an agricultural labour in regular employment is better off than if he had 26s. and 27s. and lived in a town. As one of my cottagers said to me: "My husband for years was making 30s. per week in Manchester, but, notwithstanding the fact that we have a larger family, we are better off now than then."

Some little time ago I succeeded to an old family property. I had been used to the activity of town thought and action, and in consequence I think that I have attained a certain power of quick generalisation from what I see and hear. I went down to my little village, and after I had been there twenty-four hours, a friend of mine asked me what I thought of it. I at once said, "What the people want is amusement, movement, more change; they do not want instruction so much, and were I a rich man I would take down a good circus, or a strolling band of musicians."

Every village has now a good schoolroom, and I feel sure that most managers of the schools would gladly allow them to be used for such a purpose.

It was no dream merely of prophets, poets and thinkers, but a great fact that modern science is step by step proving to be true—that we are all bound round by the invisible cords of a vast unity. That for one member of the community to suffer is to affect the whole community, as certainly as the mutilation and impairment of one member of the body affects all the other members of the body. And so the depopulation of the country is a matter of vital importance to the diverse hosts of men and women, who anxiously strive to make a living in the vast city bee-hives.

The crowding into the centres of the agricultural population makes competition in the towns more keen, forces wages lower and entails longer hours of work.

So here are the villages crying aloud for helpers, and numbers of ladies who I am sure are anxious to give that help.

How to bring it about is the problem.

I feel sure that ladies with small incomes can live in much greater comfort and refinement in the country than in the towns, and as I have said, by their presence in the country they could help to enliven and refine the lives of the village folk, which would stem the depopulation of the country, and thus indirectly they would assist the workers throughout the country.

In my second article I shall deal with some of the difficulties from the landlord's point of view, and from the lady tenant point of view, and the cost of living in the county of Shropshire, in which my property is situated.

In my third article I shall suggest some method whereby a lady can increase her income in the country, with advantage to herself and the whole community.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

CONTRALTO. — We have always understood that Starwood Burney, in *Charles Anchester*, is Sterndale Bennett; and that Seraphael is Mendelssohn. We have heard Clara Novello's name also coupled with a chief female character, but cannot go further in explanation. It is always rather unsafe to push the identification of fictitious characters too far—as the real personages may often be only "types."

M. W. B.—You could probably teach yourself Italian, which is easier by far than French. Dr. Lemmi's Italian Grammar is the best we know, and you would also require a dictionary, besides, by-and-by, an easy reading book, such as Silvio Pellico's *Le Mie Prigioni*. No English tongue can possibly acquire the liquid Italian intonation, but the actual rules for pronunciation are very few and very easily grasped. See our answers in June and September last. We are glad that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER "helps you in your desire to improve yourself."

KÖLN.—We are very glad to hear of your progress and success. The Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C., holds examinations in Theory of Music and Counterpoint for first, second and third class certificates. Possibly this may be of use to you, though the course you suggest is excellent.

HEARTSEASE (Lyons).—1. Raphael's cartoons were placed in Hampton Court by King William III., and remained there, with the exception of a short interval, till May 1865. They now form part of the National Collection in the South Kensington Museum.—2. Raphael was born on April 6, 1483, and died on April 6, 1520. We can only answer two questions at once, and thank you for your pleasant letter.

WINTON asks if there is any club or society that would send out magazines, newspapers, etc., when done with, to poor ladies.

CONNIE.—The poem "Barbara Frietche" is by the American poet Whittier, and may be found in any collection of his works.

PHILOMELA.—If your friend is not neglecting any duty by writing verse he might certainly be encouraged to try once more in a cheerful vein. There is no special merit in the eight lines you send us, but the musical "lilt" and pictorial description of the first three, give hope that better work might be done. The remainder of the verse is rather disconnected, and (as you say) dismal.

SNOWBALL.—We are glad to know that your little sister is fond of poetry and is "always reading Scott." The verses are not at all bad for her age. The metre is irregular, but the idea is pretty.

SUNBEAM.—"In the Firelight" contains a pleasant picture. It might be made much better with a little more attention to the rhymes in the latter half of the verses. We cannot quite see the reasonableness of your metaphor in "My Cross"—for the weight of the jet ornament, slight though it may be, *does* hang on the wearer.

M. W. F.—We have never met with your quotation, but think there must be something wrong about it. "He seemed a cherubim who had lost his way" would be incorrect, as *cherubim* is a plural expression—*cherub* being the singular form. Perhaps some reader, noting this alteration, may help you.

MEDICAL.

MARGERY wishes to know of a cure for blushing and constipation. We can cure both of these together by the same means. Take the following pill as often as it is required:—

℞. Extracti nucis vomicae	gr. ½
Extracti belladonnae	gr. ½
Aloin	gr. j

These pills are very small and easy to swallow. Also take plenty of fruit and preserves. Avoid tea, beer, wine, and indigestible food. Take a walk every day.

PEGGY.—We cannot give you a complete description of "biliousness" in the space at our disposal. It is an affection of a most varied character. There are hundreds of forms of biliousness. We can only give you a few disconnected facts about its cause and treatment. Usually biliousness can be traced to errors of diet. With some people certain foods tend to produce biliousness whenever they are partaken of. Thus many people get bilious after shoulder of mutton, especially if they eat onion sauce with it. If you suffer from biliousness, find out, if possible, what causes it, and do your best to remove that cause. When you have an attack eat nothing until it has left you. A little iced water or lemonade, or even a little milk, may be taken, but the less the better. Do no work while the attack lasts. Take a dose of calomel (gr. ij) and bicarbonate of soda (gr. xxx) at the start. We do not know whether you have the unreasonable prejudice against calomel that so many people have. It is a drug that is perfectly harmless, except in enormous doses; it does *not* injure the teeth, and is a most satisfactory medicine in every respect.

IRENE.—Certainly; we know of people who have been cured of a discharge from the ear, which has persisted for two years, or ten years as a matter of fact. You have done quite right in syringing out your daughter's ears with Condy's fluid, and though you have failed to cure her, you have doubtless warded off any serious complication. Now, however, it would be better to try some stronger means. We would therefore advise you to discontinue the Condy's fluid and use solution of boracic acid (1 in 40) instead. There is a lotion which is ten times more efficacious than this or any other, but it is poisonous, and therefore we hardly like to advise it. But we feel that it would be safe to trust it to a mother. It is the following:—

℞. Hydrargyri perchloridi (corrosive sublimate)	gr. ½
Potassii iodidi	gr. v.
Aquae destillatae	℥j

This lotion is perfectly safe to use as a *lotion*, but it must not be taken internally. Whichever lotion you use, dilute it with half its volume of hot water, and syringe out the ears three times a day. After you have syringed out the ears thoroughly, blow into the ear some of the following powder:—

℞. Aristol pulv.	ʒ vj
Acidi boracis pulv.	ʒ vij

Do not put wool into the ear.

ISLAY CAMPBELL.—We presume that you wish us to tell you of something that will relieve the paroxysms of asthma, You ask for a "cure for asthma." We would be most happy to tell you what it was if we only knew ourselves. But unfortunately we do not know of a cure for asthma, at present. But we can relieve the paroxysms by several methods. The best way is to inhale the fumes of burning stramonium leaves. One way to do this is to smoke stramonium "cigarettes" and *inhale* the smoke. If you object to smoking, you may burn some of the powdered leaves on a plate and inhale the smoke as it rises. But the cigarettes are the best

VIOLET.—The best water to wash in, at all times of the year, is rain water. Where this is unobtainable tap water is the best. Well water and spring water are inferior to the above because of their hardness. When water is very hard, boiling it removes the greater part of the hardness and so renders it better for washing. For drinking purposes the harder the water is the better, soft water being flat and unpalatable. It is always better to wash your hands and face in water that is tepid, but in summer time cold water is quite as good, unless your skin is very delicate. In winter always wash in warm, *not hot*, water. In very cold weather both hot and cold water are liable to start "chaps," and hot water has the additional danger of producing a chill and so starting a cold, if nothing worse. Whatever temperature the water may be, always wipe your face and hands thoroughly dry after washing them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

F. B.—We have found the following a good recipe for preventing the chapping of the hands and wrists. Melt together a dram of white beeswax, 1 oz. of spermaceti, and 2 oz. of almond oil with a small quantity of gum camphor. Place in the oven to melt, and while warm and liquid, pour the mixture into small jam-pots and cover. If a little be well rubbed into the skin at night, and a pair of kid gloves be worn, you will preserve your hands.

YOUNG COOK.—To make lemon custard—to place on small rounds of pastry—grate the peel from two lemons, and squeeze the juice upon it. Mix in four eggs well beaten, ¼ lb. of sifted sugar, and 2 oz. of butter. Cook the mixture well blended together until it thickens like custard. This is an old recipe, but considered good. White celery soup, we can suggest, as a pleasant variety from the ordinary brown ones. Employ veal broth as a foundation; put in plenty of celery stalks, cut rather short, boil until quite tender, which must then be passed through a sieve and returned to the soup. Thicken with flour, and add a pint of milk, one lump of sugar and a little salt. Lastly, add two spoonfuls of butter, and blending all well together. Some add a cupful of whipped cream.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—The initials F.R.S.F. denote the words Fellow of the Royal Society, Edinburgh.

D. L.—Certainly, trees have a great effect on the state of the atmosphere. A wooded country is a comparatively damp and wet one. The cutting down of forests renders the whole tract so cleared and for many miles surrounding the immediate neighbourhood, very dry, excepting on low-lying marshy land, where there are most unwholesome fogs. Germany has benefited by the clearing away of the great forests. At the same time it must be remembered that shelter from severe winds is desirable, and that trees absorb bad exhalations, and in dry climates are very valuable. The best tree for planting in a town, and exposed to a smoky atmosphere, is the common plane. The next best is the Italian poplar (black). After these, the lime, beech, birch, horse-chestnut and laburnum will all thrive well despite the fogs and the smoke.

SUNDAY SCHOLAR inquires the meaning of the term "Leasing," as employed in Psalms iv. 2; and v. 6 (authorised version). The Hebrew word of which it is the translation is elsewhere almost uniformly rendered "Lies," see Psalms xl. 4; and lviii. 3. The term "Sabbaoth" is the Greek form of the Hebrew word for "Armies," *and the designation* "the Lord of Hosts" is synonymous with it, hosts in Scripture language meaning armies. Dagon, the national divinity of the Philistines, was represented with the face, hands, arms and legs of a man, with a long curled beard like an Assyrian; but his back, and the back of his head represent a fish—the two forms of head being united. An illustration of a still existing representation of him at Nimrood, supplied by the explorer, Layard, will be found in Dr. Smith's *Smaller Bible Dictionary*.

EDITH G. PRICE.—We are happy to acknowledge your letter, and comply with your request, to give a notice of your Convalescent Home of Rest, at Dane Hill Cottage, Cliftonville, Margate, "for ladies of limited means." For a small bedroom the terms are 15s. a week for board and lodging (exclusive of wine); and for a cubicle 14s. Forms of admission to be applied for and returned, signed by a clergyman and a doctor. Address the above-named, at Gloucester Lodge, Margate.

HOUSEWIFE.—There are various appliances sold for testing the presence of water in milk, but we hear that their reliability is questionable. One very cheap and simple method is to take a new and very bright knitting-needle and hold it upright in the milk, and remove it steadily, and should a drop remain at the end, the milk may be considered pure; but if there be no drop then the milk has been adulterated.

CARRIE.—1. The Woman's Club, formed in America in the year 1868, and called the "Sorosis," was designed for the benefit of literary, artistic and dramatic persons. The title is derived from the Latin *soror*, or sister. Mrs. Croly, known as "Jennie Jones," was its first president, and the present director of the society is a Mrs. Helmuth. The members chiefly consist of journalists and philanthropists. It was very unpopular at first, but seems in better favour now; it has handsome headquarters in New York, and branches in many of the most important cities in the States.—2. What is called a "Wooden Wedding" is the fifth anniversary of that event; the "Tin" is the tenth; the "Crystal" is the fifteenth; the "Silver" is the twenty-fifth; the "Golden" is the fiftieth; and the "Diamond" is the seventy-fifth anniversary.

MISS MONDY is thanked for the three copies received of the "National Home Reading Union Magazine," comprising information respecting the "young people's section," "general course," and "special courses." Communications about membership, books, certificates, and receipt of the magazine are to be sent to the secretary above named, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

MAUD.—We should think that you could not do better, if studying privately for a Civil Service appointment, than to apply to J. Charleston, Burlington College, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C. Oral tuition, and the latter by correspondence are given, and "weak subjects receive special help." The staff of tutors consist of a number of "honours" graduates of all the great universities.

MISS MASON.—We are in receipt of your advertisements respecting your Home of Rest, at Bessels House, Bessels Green, Sevenoaks, Kent. It is designed for women in business and girls upwards of 15 years of age. Terms 15s. a week—four meals a day supplied. Railway fare (reduced) from London Bridge or Charing Cross 2s. 6d. for a month's return ticket. A stamped and directed envelope should be sent for particulars, and the occupation of the writer should be stated.

HOPELESS ONE.—Your difficulty lies in this—that being a poor finite creature, you wish to exchange places with your infinite Creator—a sinner, in the place of your Judge; a censor over the actions of Almighty God, whose wisdom and whose mercy are infinite; whose knowledge is as far reaching as the universe and extends into eternity. Your business is not to direct the ruling of the world, but the ruling of your own heart, words, thoughts and works; and to ask the help of the Divine Spirit to please your Creator and Redeemer and unrequited Benefactor. "What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." "Shall the clay say to the potter, 'Why hast thou made me thus?'" "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Pray for grace to trust Him and leave all in His hands.

AMBITIOUS.—You write a beautiful hand, but how much you could obtain in remuneration for all your other accomplishments we could not tell you. Competition is great and ever increasing. We fear you would not get more than from 12s. to 16s. a week. Perhaps you would do well to advertise.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—Green is a bad colour for stains. As the coffee has naturally fallen on the front breadth of your dress, if you spilled it yourself, you had better put some trimming over it, or else put in a new breadth.



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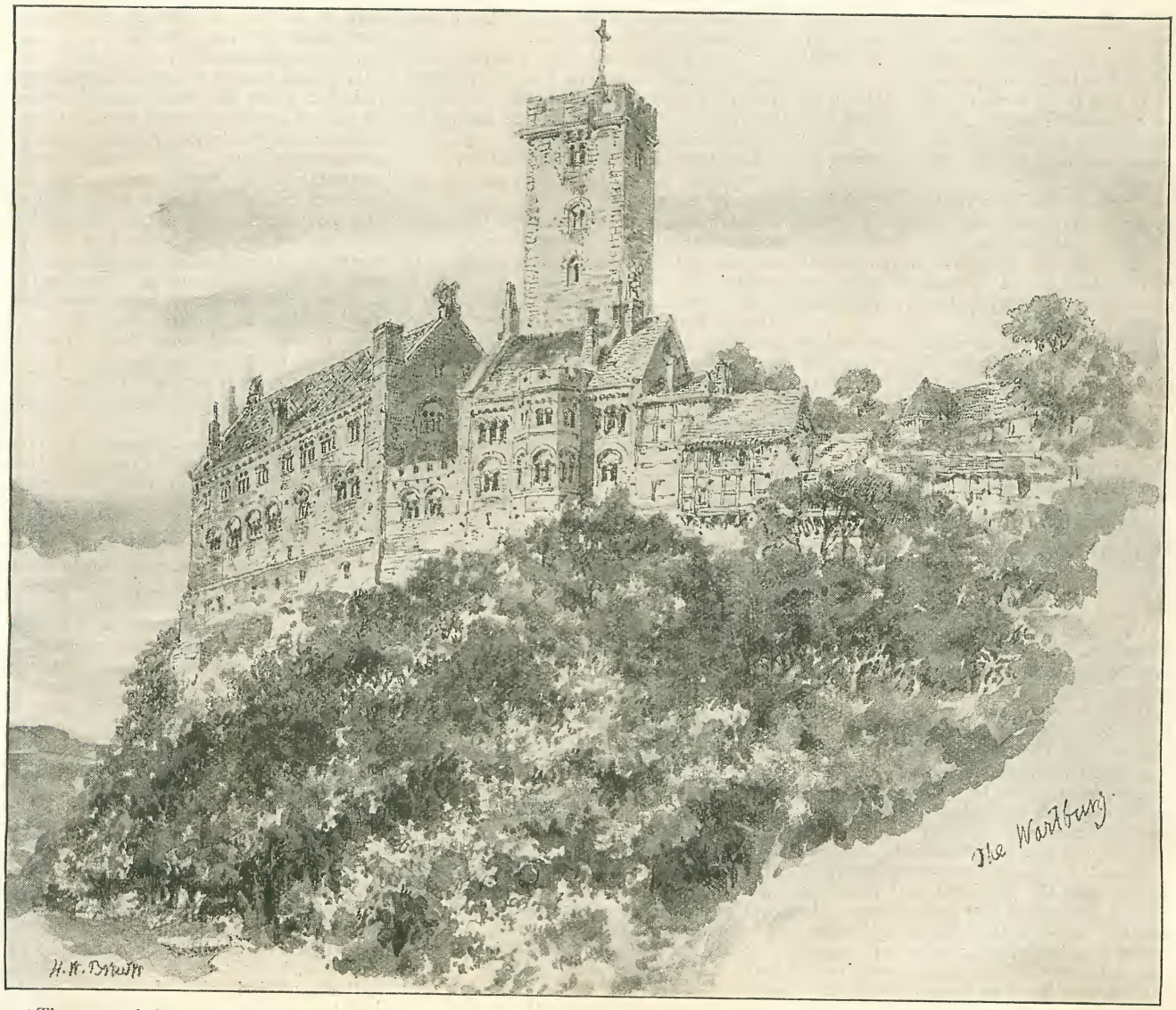
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THE WARTBURG.



"The scene of the famous Sängerkrieg or Minstrel War, a contest of song between some of the most renowned of the Minnesänger. These Minnesänger laid the foundation of Germany's musical greatness." (See p. 248.)

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"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR some little time Madge had her wish and was unmolested by visitors of any description.

In a little more than two months, however, it began to be noised abroad among a certain set that Guy Fawcett had married a beautiful heiress, and countless speculations concerning her ensued.

The wonder was that no one appeared to have seen her; and next to nothing could be discovered about her through her husband, because he firmly refused to be cross-questioned.

At last Lady Redfern, who claimed to be a friend of Guy's mother, stopped him one day as she was driving in the Park, and announced her intention of going to see his wife.

"I think you're a mean, shabby boy never to have told me anything about her," she said in somewhat shrill tones. "I actually only heard you were married two weeks ago. I've been wanting to come across you ever since. Will she be in this afternoon?"

"I don't know," answered Guy rather coldly, noting the vulgar showiness of her ladyship's attire; "but I can of course tell her you are coming."

"Well do, and I'll bring Ermyntrude. They'll be just of an age, and I daresay Mrs. Fawcett will be glad of a young friend as she's a stranger in town."

Then she drove off, and Guy went home looking perplexed. He had an idea that Lady Redfern was one of the last ladies in London Madge would care to know, and he was vexed that he had not been able to prevent her calling.

"You are going to have a visitor this afternoon, Madge," he said, throwing himself into a low wicker chair near the open window.

It was very pleasant to be in that cool room after the heat and glare of the streets, and there was something more than mere kindness and affection in his eyes as he watched his wife, with graceful movements and deft white fingers, tending the flowers with which the balcony was well-nigh covered.

He could not help contrasting her quiet dignity with the fussiness and loudness of the lady he had just parted from. He mentally decided that Madge's hardest and most scornful expression was better than the empty frivolous look worn by most of the pretty faces he saw in the Park.

In reply to his remark, she merely raised her eyebrows a little and said indifferently, "Oh!" and went on with her work.

"I'm afraid you won't like her," he continued. "I would have put her off if I could, but I was fairly trapped. In fact, she simply told me to tell you she was coming."

"Why is she coming? What does she want?"

"She wants to see you. She said she had heard I had a beautiful wife, and she was coming to see for herself," and Guy watched her curiously to note the effect of his words.

But still there was no show of relaxation on the grave set face, and she only replied, "Oh, it's a visit of inspection, is it?"

"That's about it, but I suppose it's not an unusual thing. Did you know you were beautiful, Madge?" he asked half wistfully, breaking off.

"Yes, I suppose so, but I never cared much about it, except that it pleased Jack," and the faintest tremor shook her voice. "My mother was known in Rome for her beauty."

Guy looked down disconsolately.

"Jack, Jack, is it always to be Jack?" he thought.

He was growing jealous of the dead man's ascendency in her heart, and it seemed to grow stronger instead of weaker.

This was not really the case, for Madge had thought of him continually, but Guy did not realise that. It might be because he was learning to desire more from her himself and to give more, but that did not occur to him; he only thought it was hard that she should persist in clinging so tenaciously to Jack's memory, to the cost of all else.

And meanwhile Madge went on tending her flowers and remembered with a craving in her heart how Jack had admired her face in the old days. It did not occur to her that Guy's admiration ought to be as pleasant, and she did not see the slight frown on his face; her thoughts were busy elsewhere. She was recalled, however, by his remarking—

"I suppose you'll stay in this afternoon?"

She did not reply for a few minutes, then said, "Is it necessary? I'd rather not. I suppose it would be rude of me to go out."

"I daresay she wouldn't like it. She's rather a swell in her way."

"Did you mention her name, I forget?"

"Lady Redfern. I don't know her very well, but she says she knew my mother and makes it an excuse to treat me like a schoolboy. I detest the woman."

"Oh, she's that sort, is she?" remarked Madge coolly, adding, with an air of unconcern, "Don't you think that palm shows better there?"

Guy turned his head.

"Yes, it's all right," he said. "That's a new arum lily, isn't it?"

"Yes, I bought it this morning, and I ordered some cork-work things. We shall scarcely see the houses opposite at all soon. I'm going to shut out London."

"Why, don't you like it?"

"Oh, the place is well enough," she answered carelessly. "At any rate, it's as good as any other, but I'm tired of those bare dull bricks opposite, and of wondering what the people are doing in those dingy-looking rooms."

Guy laughed a little, and just then the luncheon gong sounded and he dragged himself out of his chair.

As they left the room he linked his arm through hers. She was not indifferent to the caress intended, and slipped her fingers through his, but it was in a very matter-of-fact way, and her face did not soften.

Guy had begun to wonder sometimes if in her heart she really cared for him at all. For the first few weeks, if she had not actually looked pleased, she had at least coloured a little and seemed conscious of his touch, and sometimes she had slipped her hand in his uninvited. But now she seemed to take everything as a matter of course. He had always supposed a newly-married couple quickly got too much accustomed to each other to care about incessant caressings; but for all that, he did not find Madge's presence nor touch grow stale. On the contrary, he began to long and watch for a little warmth of feeling, and hungrily to grasp the few signs of affection she vouchsafed him.

Sometimes he took himself to task about it, calling himself effeminate; but for all that, the next time they were together he found himself longing again for that little warmth.

At other times he would make up his mind to be more independent, and as she did not seem to care whether he were in or out, he would spend long afternoons and evenings at a club, forgetting her for a time in the excitement of a game at cards or billiards. But the old craving invariably returned afterwards, and he did not know how to still it.

"Do you care about horse-races?" he asked, as they sat down to dinner.

"No, are you going to some?"

"I thought of doing so, if you didn't mind. I should be away two or three days."

"Oh, no, I don't mind," she answered at once with decision.

The sudden disappointed look on his face struck her, and she added kindly, "I hope you won't get knocked up by the heat."

"Oh, no, I shan't be in the sun much, but I'm afraid you will be awfully dull. I wish you'd come with me."

"No, I shan't be dull. I don't mind being alone in the least, and I haven't

the faintest interest in horse-races;" and with that she changed the subject.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Lady Redfern and her daughter arrived; and Madge, who was reading in her own room, went slowly to receive them.

She wore her usual plain afternoon costume of black, relieved with a deep vandyke collar of rich old lace, and her step was as stately as a queen's as she entered the room and approached her visitors.

She was somewhat taken aback, however, when the elder of the two ladies rose, and with a great rustle of silks and jingle of bracelets, hurried forward and greeted her with quite unexpected effusion.

"I'm so glad to make your acquaintance, my dear," she exclaimed. "I knew your husband's mother so well. She was a most charming woman. I gave him a good scolding this morning for not giving me an opportunity of coming to see you before."

"You are very kind," muttered Madge a little indistinctly, while she shook hands distantly with Miss Redfern and sat down.

"It was just like Mr. Fawcett to go and keep it all to himself," remarked that young lady in slow affected tones, leaning back languidly in her chair. "He never would make himself agreeable about his affairs. I always tell him he ought to have gone in for being a hermit, as he is so hopelessly unsociable."

Madge regarded her wonderingly, then turned to Lady Redfern and remarked stiffly, "My husband has been considering a rather recent bereavement in my family. We shall not be visiting at all at present."

"Oh, dear me, is it so? I see you are in black; I am very sorry. But I hope we shall be great friends soon, I am sure I shall like you. How do you like London? You must be very dull if you don't know anyone?"

"No, I am not at all dull, but probably it is because I share Mr. Fawcett's unsociable habits."

Miss Redfern raised her eyebrows and looked at her pityingly. She appeared to be regarding her as something of a curiosity, and did not take the trouble to hide her scrutiny.

"Mother and I are simply dying to know where Mr. Fawcett met you?" she remarked coolly, taking stock of Madge's attire with a scarcely concealed sneer at its severe plainness. "I am always interested in Mr. Fawcett, not because I know him very well, but because I have always heard so much of him from Jack Harcourt, who was his great friend."

A sudden astonished light flashed in Madge's eyes, but she did not speak, merely sitting a little more haughtily upright.

"I used to have to get quite cross with poor Jack," continued Miss Redfern carelessly, "for introducing his name so often. I suppose you have heard of him, he was such a nice boy, and he met with such a horrible end. It really made me cry."

If Madge was cold before, she was frigid now.

She first darted a look of scornful indignation at the unconscious offender, then, as if having decided she was not worth being angry with, she remarked with a haughty air—

"You are speaking of my brother."

"What!" exclaimed both ladies in chorus, "Was Jack Harcourt your brother?"

Madge remained silent.

"Well, I never should have thought it possible," gasped Lady Redfern, while her daughter, who had quickly subsided again into languid elegance remarked, "Dear me, how strange!"

"I can't trace the slightest resemblance," continued Lady Redfern, addressing her daughter, "Can you, dear?"

The young lady raised her pince-nez and surveyed Madge's face coolly.

"No, not the slightest," she replied; "Jack was all life and spirits. You are very quiet, are you not?"

"Yes, very," replied Madge drily.

"Then you are in mourning for your poor brother," said Lady Redfern. "Poor dear boy, how dreadfully sad it was; you must have felt it deeply."

"Yes, I did feel it rather," was the quiet reply in the same dry tones, and her face grew expressionless.

"Surely it is more than a year ago?" remarked Miss Redfern.

"Fourteen months; why?" and Madge looked straight before her.

"I only thought it was very unusual to wear mourning so long."

"It is a matter of choice, I believe," and Madge's lips curled somewhat dangerously.

"Oh, of course! I was only thinking what a penance it would be to me to be garbed in black for even six months. I couldn't possibly exist in it longer."

"Ah, my dear, you don't know what it is to lose a near relation!" interposed Lady Redfern, becoming aware that their hostess's eyes belied her cool demeanour. "Probably Mrs. Fawcett was especially fond of her brother."

"Yes," was the cool answer, "and that is certainly not the case between Fred and me. I should wear black only three months for Fred. I daresay Jack Harcourt would be rather a nice sort of brother," she continued carelessly, "for though he was always teazing, he never seemed to annoy one. Fred and I never do anything else but annoy each other."

Again Lady Redfern saw that suspicious flash in Madge's eyes, and wisely changed the subject.

"I suppose you have been to all the theatres?" she remarked.

"No, I'm not fond of them."

"Not fond of theatres!" and Miss Redfern again had occasion to exert herself so far as to raise her eyebrows. "I love them; a good theatre is like heaven to me."

"I haven't the privilege of knowing heaven, so can't make the comparison," replied Madge quietly, and as she spoke she stooped and picked up a leaf from the carpet. Miss Redfern bit her lips and her mother hastened to the rescue.

"Perhaps you don't approve of them?" she said inquiringly.

"Personally I see too much acting in real life to care about making it one of my pastimes."

"Ah, I see, you hold views!" and Lady Redfern looked very knowing. "Ermyntrude does too; it's quite the fashion now. I wonder if you two would agree in your ideas; it would be nice for you if you did."

For one moment Madge felt a desperate inclination to laugh, but she managed to control her feelings and remarked quietly, "I think we should be more likely to disagree."

"So do I," said Miss Redfern. "If you don't like theatres, I suppose you ride in the Park and skate at Niagara?"

"No, I prefer to look on."

"How very odd! I hate to watch other people having a good time unless I am in it. I much prefer other people to watch me."

"Your taste is not difficult to gratify," answered Madge sarcastically. "One can so easily attract attention. You might wear your hat the wrong way, for instance."

Miss Redfern glanced at her sharply. She had an uncomfortable feeling that she was being laughed at, and resented it deeply. It was impossible to glean anything from Madge's face, however, as she still assumed a blank expression and kept her eyes lowered.

This time her daughter's face warned Lady Redfern, and she again introduced a change of subject.

"I suppose you will be going with your husband to the Doncaster races?" she asked beamingly. "I know he always goes."

"No, I am not going."

"Indeed!" was the astonished reply. "Is Mr. Fawcett perhaps not going this time?"

"Oh, he is sure to go; he'll want to know as quickly as possible how his stakes stand," and Miss Redfern spoke with an ill-concealed sneer, adding, "But perhaps you have cured him of betting?"

"He is certainly going," replied Madge, addressing herself to Lady Redfern and not deigning to notice her daughter's speech. "He was speaking of it at luncheon."

"I'm sure you are a pattern wife to let him off so soon," replied her guest. "I suppose you have only been married a few weeks."

"Nearly six months."

"Indeed, is it so long as that? And to think that I have only known it a fortnight. At any rate you will forgive me for not coming before, won't you; and I hope we shall see you in Park Lane very shortly."

Madge thanked her with forced politeness, and soon after the two ladies took their departure.

That evening "Mrs. Fawcett" formed the principal topic of conversation at the dinner-table in Park Lane.

"She's an oddity," was Miss Redfern's description; "quite too terrible! She looks like a Quakeress; wears a black dress and white collar, and folds her hands."

"She's certainly very handsome though," remarked Lady Redfern. "She has a beautiful skin and beautiful eyes."

"I thought she was positively plain," and Miss Redfern's usual affectation gave place to contempt. "Her face was absolutely expressionless, and her movements fearfully stiff. There's so much of her too, she must be quite five foot eleven, and she's as thin as a lamp-post!" and as she spoke she surveyed her own prominent and boldly displayed charms in a mirror opposite with an air of great gratification.

One of the guests present remarked that Haines the artist had been raving about her ever since he saw her, to which Lady Redfern replied—

"Of course she has a style of her own. I've no doubt some people would admire her exceedingly, but she was altogether too stiff for our taste, and quite the last woman one would have expected Guy Fawcett to choose."

"Perhaps she has money," suggested another guest.

"Of course she has," sneered Miss Redfern. "Guy Fawcett is clever in some things, if he is like a mummy in a drawing-room."

"Oh, he's a very decent man is Fawcett," put in another voice. "You want to get to know him, that's all. I don't think he'd marry for money."

"Then he must be a stupid man," said Miss Redfern, who was out of temper. "No one else would marry a woman who reads Darwin's *Theory of Evolution* except for her money."

"How do you know she does?" he asked.

"Because it lay open on the table, and we all know Guy Fawcett hadn't been reading it. He's too much taken up with his betting-books to read anything worth speaking of," with which parting, malicious shaft she changed the subject.

But it was quickly spread abroad that Mrs. Fawcett was "peculiar" and "a lady of views," and she was not much troubled with unwelcome callers after Lady Redfern's call.

(*To be continued.*)

SOCIAL EVENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

By LA PETITE.

PART V.

REMINISCENCES OF A BRIDESMAID.



I BELIEVE it is usually considered very unlucky to be a bridesmaid too often, but this thought has never deterred me from acting in that capacity whenever any of my friends have required me.

It is said that you never become a bride yourself if you have been a bridesmaid three times, but the idea of being an old maid has no terrors for me, and I am quite content to remain single if so it is ordered.

I quite well remember the first time I was called on to act as bridesmaid. I was very small and too young to really know what it all meant.

With my eyes shut the whole scene comes before me again like a picture—our upstairs sitting-room "between the lights"—papa reading in his big arm-chair on one side of the fireplace; mamma, just returned from paying a call, leaning on the back of her special chair opposite, and their tiny daughter hovering between the two like the restless sprite that she was.

Mamma's voice sounds in my ears saying tentatively: "Minnie wants Jeanie to be her bridesmaid! What do you think of it, papa?" and then a misty veil descends between me and my dream-picture, and I hear and see no more.

Evidently papa's answer was favourable, for the next thing I remember is the day itself and my being arrayed in what was then the fashionable mixture of palest Cambridge blue and sage-green cashmere. I was too young to take much interest in my appearance, but I remember my dress was completed by blue silk stockings and green silk shoes and a tiny green velvet mob-cap with a jewelled butterfly in front.

You will guess how long ago it was when you hear that it was the time of morning weddings, so we began at an early hour with a tiring day before us; but I was not at all daunted at the prospect, and was quite ready to begin when the carriage containing the other bridesmaids drove up.

There were only five of us, though there were to have been six, but the bride's dearest friend, who had come all the way from Ireland to be one of her train, developed mumps the day before the wedding, and had to be at once condemned to solitary confinement in consequence.

Of course one cannot remember every single detail of the day, but here and there a phrase or an incident starts out of the mist exactly like a spark on a piece of burnt paper. I remember the bridesmaids calling for me, and the remark of the prettiest one as we prepared to get out at the church, "Now to be stared at!"

I recollect feeling very solemn as we stood waiting for the bride, and of being conscious of great responsibility as I headed the procession after her, not at all lessened by the principal bridesmaid's whispered injunction to walk a little faster and not to step on Minnie's train.

It evidently was borne in on me that a good deal depended on my behaviour, for a good authority assures me that our rector's wife said to me afterwards, "Well, Jeanie, were all the ladies in church very prettily dressed?" to which my anwer was, "I don't know. You see, I was so busy praying that Minnie would be happy that there wasn't time to look about me. We had to pray for her, because, of course, that's what a bridesmaid is for."

Then honestly my recollections grow vague, till it comes to the drive back from church with a kind-hearted young groomsman taking care of me, and laughingly saying he did not think it was usually considered quite the correct thing for a groomsman to be sitting with his arm round a bridesmaid's waist.

This remark puzzled me and made me wonder, especially when they all smiled, but the gorgeous (and tedious) wedding breakfast soon drove it all out of my head, especially the cake, which was a marvel of beauty, each bridesmaid having her initials traced in coloured sugar on little white sugar shields which ornamented the base. Mine lasted for a long time under a glass shade in the drawing-room, but at length succumbed to old age and many infirmities.

I vainly tried to get a glimpse of the bride round this huge bride-cake with an uneasy sense of her being altered now, but she did not see the wistful face of her youngest bridesmaid, till the good-natured young man pointed me out to her, and then she too dodged round the obstruction and gave me a beaming smile which greatly comforted me.

I remember refusing the bride-cake on principle, because I thought mamma would think I had had enough, and then it all fades away except a dim recollection of the bride's leaving her old home in all the glories of "going away costume" and brand new trunks, to drive to our house a street or so off and change to an ordinary travelling dress and an unobtrusive box.

This plan had been an old arrangement, and strikes me now as a very good one, for it did away with the conspicuous "newly-married" look which draws public attention to the situation, and makes it doubly trying to a sensitive girl who is perhaps already overwrought by the fatigue of all she has gone through and the pain of parting with her parents and old home.

I have no souvenir of this occasion, as my parents thought me too young to wear or accept jewellery, but Minnie presented me with a superb doll nearly as big as myself, who turned her head whichever way you liked, and possessed a travelling-box stored with a veritable *trousseau*, every stitch of which the bride had made herself in the intervals of getting her own ready. This beauty I promptly named after the giver, and henceforth she (and her box) accompanied me wherever I went, and proved a never-failing source of pleasure on wet days or fine, for I never tired of dressing her in her various costumes (of which she had a greater variety than I had), and of trying the effect of her numerous hats on her flaxen head.

Years ago she fulfilled her mission of amusing me and went the way of all my old dolls, namely, to some less fortunate child, whose hours of pain and weariness she beguiled by that fetching little turn of her head and the somewhat diminished glories of her *trousseau*. Ah, well! the last time we saw my first bride was on the shores of a Swiss lake, where we were all staying together, including the unlucky bridesmaid who had had the mumps; but as we steamed away, leaving her surrounded by her children, we little thought it was the last time we should ever meet on earth.

Yet so it was, for some months afterwards she set sail for a West Indian island, whence we received the news of her death.

My next recollection does not end so sadly, for its heroine is still alive and prosperous.

I was a good deal older now, but it was still in the days of morning weddings, and there were a good many journeys to and from various shops, and much excitement in the air.

I chose a personal wedding-present for the

bride, which I myself paid for out of my munificent allowance of sixpence a week (liable to be stopped if my lessons were not satisfactory or my conduct not all it should be). My choice fell on a perfectly hideous brown and green china butter-dish which, I argued, was certain to come in useful, as they must have butter whatever else they did not want, so a butter-dish more or less would not signify, while this particular one struck me as being the loveliest thing of the kind I had ever seen.

The bride was charmed with it, as, being a person of great taste, she was of course bound to be, making me feel myself triumphantly a perfect genius.

There were only two bridesmaids this time, myself and the bride's sister, and our dresses were cream-coloured nun's-cloth and crimson velvet.

My chief pride was my gold locket with the initials of the happy couple intertwined on it, and my chief anxiety signing the register, with an uneasy feeling that my governess would say it was very badly done.

Then came the long drive to the house for the breakfast, a stately affair which, however, I must have enjoyed, as I find put down in my diary of that date a minute inventory of everything I ate.

I will spare you the details; suffice it to say I was thrown into agonies of nervousness by someone jokingly saying that the youngest bridesmaid always had to reply to the toast of "the bridesmaids," but my unhappiness was relieved by the assurance that it was only meant in fun. My mind was extremely literal in those days.

If things really go by contraries, the third wedding on my list is the happiest of all, for several little things went wrong.

The bride was the eldest girl of a large family who lived next door to us, and who were always as good as brothers and sisters to me.

Her engagement, being the first in the family, was naturally a source of great amusement to the younger members thereof, who had no reverence whatever for their elders, so many are the stories handed down of the pranks they played on her.

For instance, the engagement took place at a country house, and as the courting was mainly carried on in a large tent erected on the lawn as a shelter from the sun, one of the boys in the house wickedly stuck up outside it a huge placard bearing this announcement, in letters too large to be overlooked, "No admittance except on business." Her brothers and sisters also took a mischievous delight in hiding his photograph in various unlikely places, in which, I am afraid, I often aided and abetted them.

My favourite place was the cribbage-board, until she got accustomed to it, and used to walk straight off there directly her treasure was missing in order, as she said, to rescue him from such "low company."

It is very difficult to be sentimental or romantic when you are one of a large family. However, she was excessively good-tempered and took it all in good part; and, of course, we were very fond of her all the time, though certainly we teased her unmercifully.

When the letter came, inviting me to be one of her train, I was enchanted and joyfully accepted.

Our dresses were pale-blue silk and primrose-coloured velvet, as it was a January wedding, so the bride's youngest brother sent round a fancy portrait of the bridesmaids with very red noses, as he was convinced we should all have them on the happy occasion.

There was what the bridegroom ungallantly termed quite "a crowd of us," as we numbered no fewer than ten; but at one time I really thought I should have to drop out, for a week before the ceremony an abscess developed in my nose which threatened to totally ruin my appearance, and had it not got better I must certainly have sent in my resignation, for I should have spoilt the look of the whole procession.

However, "All's well that ends well;" the horrid thing disappeared just in time, and on the day itself not one of us was missing.

It was an afternoon wedding this time, so I had the whole morning in which to get ready, but I had shown myself *en route* to the lady who had been the "Queen," and to whom I always go when looking specially nice, so our carriage arrived at the church a little late, but the bride had not yet come, so it did not matter.

Instead of bouquets we carried little wooden sabots filled with moss and primroses and slung on our arms by yellow ribbons. As we carried in our hands big feather fans these wretched little sabots were a fruitful source of misery to us, for if carried in the orthodox way they promptly tipped up and deposited their contents on the floor. We soon found that the only thing to do was to grasp them firmly and uncompromisingly by the middle like a book, and, having discovered this, we had time to get uneasy over the bride's non-arrival.

At last, just when we began to think something serious must have happened, she appeared, leaning on her mother's arm, and we fell in behind them relieved of our fears.

A wee, curly-headed boy, dressed in a cavalier suit of blue and primrose, carried her train, and won all hearts by his quaint solemnity and angelic face.

He was so good, for he never once tugged at her dress as if he were playing horses, or smelt the flowers round the edge to see if they were real, as I have seen other small pages do.

He was made much of afterwards in the drawing-room, and the proud young father declared that he was quite content to sink his own individuality altogether and be known simply as "the page's papa."

As to the bride's delay it transpired later that with praiseworthy regard to strict truth the bride had told her dressmaker the exact day and hour for which she wanted her gown, and she did not reap the reward of virtue, for the garment arrived only when all we bridesmaids were waiting at the church.

Then the bride's mother in her agitation and distress could not find her gloves anywhere, so snatched up a pair lying about, and forcing them on in the carriage, they split in all directions.

The chapter of accidents was not yet complete, for, the ceremony over, we all disappeared into the vestry to sign the registers, congratulate the bride and have our respective groomsmen portioned out to us; but the one destined for me could nowhere be found, and a substitute had to be hastily summoned from the body of the church.

It mattered very little to me who it was, as I did not know either of them, but still, I did wonder what had become of him.

A good deal of merriment was excited by the crossing-sweeper, who would persist in poking his head in at the carriage window and begging for a contribution in honour of this "sus-picious occasion," so we arrived at the house in a very jubilant state of mind.

Presently in the drawing-room there wandered up to me an apologetic young man looking remarkably ill who began hesitatingly, "I beg your pardon, but I believe I was to have been your best man."

"Not quite that," was my polite answer, whereupon he faded away, as it were, in confused murmurs of contrition and was seen no more.

As a matter of fact, the unfortunate individual had been attacked by influenza (which was raging at that time) in the church, and was ill for weeks afterwards, hence his mental confusion.

The time passed pleasantly in talk and music till the bride's departure drew nigh, and then another young man made his way up to me and observed, "Will you please come and line the hall?"

My look of vague alarm (for the thought struck me that he was another victim of the prevailing malady and that this speech was the first feverish symptom of a wandering mind) recalled him to himself, for he hastened to add, "I don't mean by yourself, of course, but with the other bridesmaids."

To this I had no objection, so cheerfully assented, and we sent our friend off right royally to begin the new life that lay before her.

At the very moment of writing I am wearing the gold brooch which, with the feather fan, was the bridegroom's souvenir of the occasion, and so end my reminiscences, grave and gay, as most recollections are.

I am not likely to serve in the same capacity again, but I hope the custom will never die out, for to me there is something beautifully appropriate in a girl being attended by her girlish friends when she crosses the threshold of womanhood.

VARIETIES.

Whatever is, is Best.

"I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Showing Sense.

"Mabel has a lot of sense."

"How does she show it?"

"She never permits herself to appear more intelligent than the person who is talking to her."

Ourselves and Others.—Every girl is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities she expects to find in the person of a friend; but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

The Reason.

Teacher: "Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say 'You can't learn me nothing?'"

Patsy: "Yes'm."

Teacher: "Why?"

Patsy: "'Cause yer can't."

Doing Good.—She who does good to another, does also good to herself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON DESIGNING.

PART II.



ALL design is either symbolic or æsthetic in principle, and if we decide to follow the former, we are governed in our selection of elements by the meanings which religion, tradition or sentiment has assigned to various natural objects; but if we arrange our ornament according only to æsthetic ideals, we have all nature to choose from, and with such wide liberty, are perhaps all the more likely to make mistakes.

The simplest method of decoration is merely sprinkling a given space with dots, and quite sufficient variety may result from their arrangement on different geometrical bases, or from the contrasting fulness or scarcity of their distribution. But this sort of work only answers on a small scale; on a larger, the dots must develop into isolated circular or floral forms.

Simple straight lines also are effective when used with taste, and by varying their length, placing them at different angles with each other, and combining them with dots, many pretty patterns can be invented, particularly suitable for monochrome embroidery, pyrography, leather work, pottery-painting, and chip carving; although, in the last-named, the lines thicken and the dots become circles.

As beginners should aim at simplicity before anything, they cannot do better than work at first only with the easiest geometrical details; and, when the due value of lines and spaces is thoroughly grasped, experiments should be tried with interlacing circles and polygons, whence may be evolved an almost endless variety of designs. The circle is especially susceptible to such treatment, as will be seen by drawing one of a fair size, dividing its circumference into any equal number of parts, and taking each of the points thus obtained as the centre of a smaller radius. This will form a wreath of interlacing circles, or arcs, if portions of each be erased according to taste; and these can be enriched by describing larger or smaller arcs round about them, taking any points for centres, and joining parts to one another by straight or curved lines.

Overlapping circles, with the lower part of each omitted to give the effect of being hidden by the next, make a very pleasant framework for an "up and down" design; and when several of different sizes are drawn from the same centre, they should be worked out ultimately in graduating thicknesses of line, or tones of colour, the heaviest near the centre. Concentric whole circles treated in this way make a very good repeat for a diaper pattern.

Before attempting to compose any elaborate design, the artist should practice for some time with exercises of this kind taking the circle and all the polygons by turn, and noticing at every opportunity good pieces of ancient and modern art, in which such purely geometric designs occur. In London, of course, visits to the British and South Kensington Museums will teach much to an observant eye.

Very beautiful designs for every kind of work are founded on contrasting curves, elaborated by others springing from the main lines, turning back on themselves, or interlacing, as fancy may dictate, and enriched by appropriate vegetable forms. These details may continually cross and occasionally cover portions of the principal lines, but not often enough to obscure the original plan, and all the subsidiary curves must grow from the main stem and each other in one direction only, as do the parts of a plant. Whether simple or elaborate, such ornament depends for its beauty on the care with which the arcs are drawn, and the grace with which the lines spring apart. There must be no ugly angles or abrupt joinings, but each subsequent curve should appear the natural, unbroken continuation of the earlier portion common to all; even though the actual point of attachment may be concealed or emphasised by a bracket-like device. There are few better examples of this than the cover of the *Magazine of Art*, designed by Lewis F. Day; the field consisting of very beautiful curves, scantily foliated, and the border built up on stiffer and more ornate lines.

When the art of making simple patterns, by means of pleasant curves and contrasting spaces, is fairly understood, these can be elaborated by clothing them with more or less floral forms; care being always taken that the new lines do not disguise the old, or the result will be as ugly as of an abnormal fleshy protuberance destroying the natural proportion of the human frame.

As flowers supply us with the most popular and beautiful details of ornament, a knowledge of botany is obviously helpful; but its scientific study is less useful for our purpose than a close acquaintance with individual plants, and careful observation of their external features.

As, however, naturalistic copies of plants, with all their accidental light and shade, position and colour can seldom be used decoratively, it is well to make preliminary exercises in conventionalising them. To this end careful pencil studies of a plant should be made in various positions, all unnecessary shading being omitted, but each change in outline marked with precision, and particular note taken of every peculiarity of growth: such as the way in which leaves spring from stalk, the arrangement of veins, the exact angle of one part of the flower with another, and the number of petals, sepals and stamina. Then separate parts, such as the flower, leaf, bud and seed, should be drawn and shaded slightly, and afterwards a water-colour sketch may be made, giving broadly the chief features of light and colour.

Such exercises having been carried out with several different flowers, one should be selected which best suits the style of decoration desired, and whose details compose best into their destined space. A primary plan of the repeat having been prepared, as directed in the former paper, and thoughtfully divided with charcoal into agreeable masses of light and shade, the most prominent of these should be translated, by means of a bread stump and H. B. pencil, into a copy of a conspicuous feature of the plant, preferably its flower; the leaves, buds or seed-vessels representing the other masses, and the whole brought together by the stem, whose curve must not contradict nature, and from which the parts must spring with some show of probability, although it need not be an exact copy of any actual stalk. Some flat designs need no stalk; or a repeat may be arranged by surrounding a full face drawing of the flower by a wreath composed of the stalk and other details.

In this kind of work it is chiefly necessary to convey, as simply as possible, an idea of the main outlines rather than the less distinctive features of the flower, presenting, in fact, a type rather than an individual.

The flowers which most easily work up into decorative schemes belong for the most part to single species, and hardy English plants, experience showing that the more distinct the form, the more likely is an amateur pencil to convey a clear idea of it. For this reason the dog-rose, daisy, daffodil, sunflower, cornflower, iris, tulip, bryony and woodbine, are naturally decorative when rendered with intelligent reserve.

On the other hand, a much greater variety and opulence can be gained by the use in skilful hands of some double flowers, such as the garden rose, chrysanthemum, peony, double poppy and carnation.

Suitability is a primary consideration in the use of flowers, as in everything else, and no amount of skill can make them look happy in unnatural positions. What can look more undignified than daffodils bent and prone along a horizontal border, or bunches of grapes sticking out at right angles to a vertical stem? Yet both of these absurdities are sometimes seen.

In simpler diaper repeats flattish single blooms, drawn full face, or clusters of small florets, like fruit-blossoms, go best. For "up and down," sprays of almost any plant can be safely used.

To any pattern founded on curves, climbers are most congenial, especially to borders; although some other flowers, such as the carnation, whose stalk has a natural droop when left to itself, can, with a little care, be pleasantly adapted to such lines; but in this case alternation is impossible, as the flowers must always appear to spring upwards out of the main stem.

Generally both edges of a border may be equally covered, but where it is to hang down, as in a table-cloth, the lower edge should, I think, be in greatest contrast to the centre field; that is, lighter if the cloth itself be thickly worked, and *vice versâ*. Where the border is vertical, as down the edge of a curtain, a good effect is obtained by letting some details hang downwards, instead of pointing from edge to edge, or on the contrary, the eye may be led upwards by most of the ornament pointing thither.

When using whole sprays a great matter for consideration is the relative size of flowers and leaves. Should the latter be less distinctly shaped, and yet much larger than the flowers, the whole may prove uninteresting; but very good contrasts can be formed either by clusters of small flowers having bigger leaves, or large heavy blossoms surrounded by light and delicate foliage. The masses of each should never quite balance, either in size or shape.

For all practical purposes seeds, berries and fruit may be regarded as flowers, either taking their place or accessory to them.

It is seldom advisable to represent natural flowers as larger than their real size, although they can always be used smaller. It is not at all unusual, especially in wall-papers and cretonnes, to see repeats of gigantic poppies or roses, but the effect is generally startling rather than beautiful, and with an amateur tends to become grotesque. For handsome patterns in proper proportion to large objects, it is better to use big flowers, like peonies and hemlock, or even small blossoms in heavy masses. But with flowers so conventionalised as to be mere symbols of the real, this rule may be relaxed if the arrangement be correspondingly formal.

A charming contrast can often be made by using two plants in the same design, one decidedly prominent, the other secondary, or even fulfilling the functions of a background; but the two must never spring from one stem, as I remember them doing in a particularly

shocking example of crewel-work, where ears of wheat, corncockles, and some nameless pink flowers all grew out of a woody stalk, on which was perched an impossible bird.

Flowers copied exactly from nature demand to be represented only in natural positions, and this usually being out of the question, the sense of probability is only restored by adapting them to their conventional situation.

A whole plant can be used thus, either by giving a suggestion of the trunk and root, or by making it rise out of a vase, flatly treated, with hardly any shading, and such devices are peculiarly suited to friezes and panels.

Birds and animals, natural or mythical, frequently occur in ornament, generally in connection with foliage; but are less satisfactory than flowers, as lacking some of that repose which our instincts seek in decoration as opposed to pictures. They require conventionalising more sternly and using more sparingly; wherefore the purely mythical, such as dragons, are the easiest to deal with, and can, with a little imagination, be developed from the lines of scrolls, as in classic and renaissance sculpture.

The ordinary amateur will do well to leave the human figure entirely out of her compositions, for although its presentment forms the highest expression of Art, a considerable knowledge of anatomy is necessary for its simplest treatment successfully, and for similar reasons, real animals are more difficult to manage than those whose proportions may be safely left to the imagination of their artistic creator.

Landscape also is seldom satisfactory in amateur hands, and although within late years a fashion has arisen of decorating doors and panels in this manner, the painting often ends in being too pictorial for a decorative design and too conventional for a picture. Still birds, trees and flowers can sometimes be combined in a strictly conventional landscape with good results, as in Japanese and Chinese work. The Art of these two nations is too full of emblematical meanings to be easily imitated, but a study of their designs will teach the truthful rendering of all objects by the fewest possible lines, almost without any aid from perspective or shading.

Heraldry is so rich in suggestion, that it is rather strange how seldom its resources are drawn upon. Repeats of a coat of arms, shield or crest, brought together by a background of surrounding lines, will make an extremely pretty "all over" pattern. Mottoes should not be frequently repeated, or they become wearisome, especially on an object in constant use.

Heraldic drawing and colouring must be very carefully copied, for as all these details are essentially symbolical, the slightest inaccuracy may change their significance. Should the proper tints appear too garish for the decorative scheme, it would be best carried out in monochrome.

The historic style to which such details seem most suitable is that pseudo-classic known as the "Adam."

For the plan of a square table-mat in blue on white linen I once took that of an "Adam" ceiling, which consisted chiefly of an octagon centre, and, close against the border on each side, two semi-elliptical panels, and founded their decoration on the crest of the house—a lion holding an olive branch. The whole crest was placed in the centre, two lions faced each other in each corner, and between them grew a conventionalised olive-tree whose symmetrical curves filled the space between the centre and the panels, and from which was suspended midway between corner and centre a shield bearing the family initial. The panels were subdivided and decorated with small olive sprays; while their borders and those of the octagon and the whole mat were variously derived from the leaves and berries.

In simpler patterns small shields and panels, bearing initials or monograms, can be gracefully connected by what is known as the "strap-work" of Elizabethan carving. Or we may make our work symbolical by the use of primitive shapes which are traditionally regarded as emblems; a heart signifying love; a horseshoe, good-luck, for instance; while some initials and Christian names can be typified on small shields in a punning fashion; such as a bumble-bee standing for B, or the name Beatrice, of which Bee is an abbreviation; a daisy for Margaret, a crescent for C. or for Diana for examples.

The innumerable Christian emblems should be only introduced into Gothic or Byzantine ornament; and are anomalous in any work inspired by the pagan feeling of the Renaissance.

Even if possible within the limits of this paper it would not be particularly useful to attempt an analysis of historical style.

A fairly creative mind will soon form its own style, or will select that with which it is most in sympathy.

But it is important that the style chosen shall suit the decorated object, and can be fully rendered by the materials at command; and the designer should have a clear idea whether flat or raised ornament is best fitted for her purpose. To the former grace of line, harmony of colour, and contrast of pattern with background are essential; but for the latter the value of shadows and gradations of tone are of first importance, lines giving way to masses, and colour to light and shade. One obvious rule in this connection is, that no object whose use demands flatness should appear to be ornamented in relief.

Because our knowledge of ancient art is chiefly derived from architectural masterpieces, it does not therefore follow that we can legitimately transfer an acanthus scroll from a Greek temple to a modern mat, and translate the shadows of the original carving by heavy masses of dark colour; for the inequalities of surface adding beauty to a stone frieze would be absolutely dangerous on a floor, if real, and suggest discomfort if only an inartistic sham.

Most of girls' artistic crafts demand flat designs, as for example, embroidery, lace, painting, stencilling, pyrography and some leather work; while others, such as modelling in clay or metals, and wood-carving, are necessarily in relief.

But even in these materials the relief is often better kept quite low, and thus the impartial critic sometimes bestows warmer admiration on so-called chip-carving, than the more elaborate wood-carving in high relief.

In some embroidery raised details are allowable, but it should here be born in mind that the slight relief will supply its own shading, therefore the colours used need no gradation of tone.

A closely-decorated background will frequently supply contrast without destroying flatness, or may pleasantly bring together a thin straggling pattern. It should generally be in lower or more neutral tints than the pattern, and its details less conspicuous. For instance a bright-coloured flowing design of peonies, on an old-gold ground had the latter covered with a network of light-brown. But the busy background is too often overdone, and the decorative value of plain surfaces underrated.

The great natural gift of an eye for colour can be little assisted by written rules; still, as the fewer the tints the easier is it to get a good effect, first essays should be made only in two shades; a dark with a light, or a bright with a neutral. Afterwards three can be tried, a light, a dark, and a neutral; and when more are used they should generally include a shade each of red, yellow and blue, although one may be little more than a suggestion. On a white background, the imposed colours should be fairly rich, or if a very light tint be included, it should be cut off from the ground by a darker outline. On black the contrary applies, but in a many-coloured design, the ground is best of a neutral shade, lighter than the darkest, and darker than the lightest tones in the pattern.

The method of putting the design on to the actual material to be decorated, differs with every kind of work, and must form part of the technical instruction.

For flat surfaces the drawing should be traced on transparent paper as before described, this pinned on to the material, between the two being laid a sheet of carbonised cloth with the carbon side downwards, and every line carefully gone over with the pointer. For some work the marks thus made on the material may be sufficiently permanent, but for embroidery I prefer fixing them in water colour with a brush known as a Rimmer. A mahl-stick should be used during the transference, as if the hand rest on the tracing the carbon is apt to come off in spots where not wanted. For the same reason the drawing pins should not go through the cloth, as its shifting is of no consequence if the tracing and the material be firmly held on to the board.

Instead of the white cloth for dark materials a pouncing wheel is sometimes used as follows: all the lines are perforated by it before the tracing is pinned over the stuff, then the powdered chalk is rubbed through all the holes with a roll of flannel like a miniature bolster, the size of one's thumb. When the tracing is unpinned the pattern will appear on the material in a series of fine dots, which must be transformed into fixed lines by white paint.

With either method on a rough material, such as serge, the lines will show more clearly if the stuff be first smoothed over with an iron, which is not hot enough to change the colour, as heat will sometimes do.

When this stage has been reached, the success of the work depends no longer on the designer's but the worker's skill.



WON!

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

A GLITTERING sea and a flashing sky,
Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!
As the boat leaps out at the bugle cry,
Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!
"The price of my hand," the maiden cried,
"Is my Father—free—ere the new moon's tide."

A low-lying plain, and a blood-red field,
Give a good "God-speed" to the bravest!
Where the strong men die, but will never yield,
Give a good "God-speed" to the bravest!
"The price of thy life," the victor cried,
"Is a captive's life, ere the morrow's tide."

A moonlit sea and a cloudless sky,
Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!
And the maiden watched from her turret high,
Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!
The grey-haired chieftain was by her side,
And the lover had come to claim his bride.



"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART III.

IN HEALTH.

IN my last article on our care of the King's daughters in health, I laid down some broad and general rules. There are, however, many details which could not be included in that paper for lack of space. To-day, I would add a little on the care of the hair, eyes, ears, teeth and nails of our children. We will begin with that glory and crown of budding womanhood—the hair (1 Cor. xi. 15). It is almost strange how much is said about this "cellular filament" (as a dictionary defines it) in the Bible. The Hebrews were certainly fully alive to the importance of the hair as an element of personal beauty. Baldness was one of the disqualifications for the priesthood (Lev. xxi. 20), and cutting the hair was a mark of affliction (Jer. vii. 29). It would be interesting to enter into the history of braided, curled, and perfumed locks, but perhaps out of place in this series. So I will content myself with a few hints as to its management. Absolute cleanliness of scalp and head is always necessary. At least once a week, schoolgirls should have it washed. The yolk of an egg well beaten up, and applied to the roots with a soft brush or flannel is a nice cleanser and keeps the "amber dropping" tints we so admire in childhood. Well wash it off in soft warm water, and the hair will never be rough or harsh to the touch. A few drops of ammonia will soften hard water sufficiently to use, but rain water collected in *clean* vats and tanks is infinitely better. I italicise clean as some people seem to think that all soft water must be pure. To wash children's heads in muddy surface water is worse than useless. Strain it, if rain has not fallen for some time. Dry the damp hair by brushing gently in a circular fashion, encouraging the dank locks to separate and fall into tendrils. Every day the girl's hair should be brushed for, at least, ten minutes. There is an improper as well as a proper way of doing this. Who does not remember the hard scrubs of a brush wielded by an energetic but unscientific nurse? Compare that method of torture with the soothing effect produced by a professional coiffeur. The brush should be placed gently on the scalp, then drawn equally gently through the whole length of the hair. In this way the oily substance contained in the root gland is pressed through the hollow stem, brightening and feeding and nourishing each filament. In dressing the hair, may I plead for a due exhibition of the starlike brow of childhood? A long fringe cut over the forehead and hanging to the brow is well called the "idiot bang." It stamps a child with a stupidity not given her by nature. It altogether disguises the open look we so value in the innocent bairns. To cut short the hair of the King's daughters is another injustice to them. It may save trouble, and in cases of infectious disease is necessary; but it is really wrong to have them so shorn, when longer hair acts both as a veil and a crown.

The care of the eye is one but little understood. It is one of the most delicate organs of the body. Fortunately too, it is one of the strongest, otherwise how often would young girls suffer. Sent out in bright glare in bonnets that do not shelter optic nerves in the least; made to read and write with gas-light falling on the face. Allowed to strain sight by working after dusk. Such are some of the every-day habits we see round us. Let us see to it, that hat brims cover the brown, blue or grey eyes of the King's daughters; that light falls over the shoulder, on to desk and book. That the twilight hour is spent in loving converse rather than in manual labour.

One cannot but notice how much more frequently spectacled youth is seen nowadays than it used to be. Even board school babies look solemn-wise in prepared glasses. It has been proved that position at desk and on form is the reason of this strained sight. Prevention is better than cure. *Verbum sap.* The eyes should daily be bathed—not rubbed over—with cold water. They should be carefully dried, and the eyelashes smoothed outwards; that ridge of protecting bone called the eyebrow should also have its arch of hairs carefully trained to go in one direction, not dried anyhow and and left in the rough.

The care of the ear is an important thing. It is not until one has experienced sorrowful trouble in tending a sore ear that one realises how important. Every morning a little girl's ears should be gently washed with good soap and warm water. Every hollow of the curious modelling should be attended to. Then carefully dried with a very soft towel or handkerchief. The wisped up end of a cloth forced into the opening of the auditory canal has often done much damage. If a slight accumulation of wax renders any such treatment necessary, drop a little warm oil into the



"A GOOD GOD-SPEED O'ER THE WATERS."

orifice at night and syringe out the ear carefully in the morning. Never let a servant do this. Injudicious syringing and probing has led to permanent deafness before this.

The care of the teeth is fortunately occupying more of public attention than it used to do. Our maidens should be encouraged to use a tooth-brush not only at night and in the morning, but after every meal at which animal food has been partaken of. Powder on the brush twice a day is quite sufficient; pure clean water should be used at other times; soap is apt to soften the gums and make them spongy. The tooth-brush should be renewed every month. How often do we see it used until the bristles fall out.

The state of the hands is perhaps one of the greatest indications of our care of the King's daughters; ragged hang-nails, invisible crescents, harsh palms, digits in "mourning." How unsightly are they. Yet a little care will obviate all this. Do not think it extravagant to let our girlies use the best of soap. Give them soft rain water and moderately hard towels. Let every washstand contain a nail-brush, a bag of oatmeal, a tin of borax, and a pair of scissors. See that they are used every day. Biting the nails should be severely discouraged. It implies lack of self-control, and is almost a moral fault. Besides, it is always a sign, and often a cause of ill-health. Reflex, very, in its action, is this ugly habit. It is said by the unthinking to be a mark of ill-temper. But we know now that the black dog is only visible when there is a derangement in health. If May or Sophie bite their nails let them be examined by a doctor and put to rights. This will be a more certain cure than anointing finger-tips with aloes and mustard, or tying up hands in gloves. About the said gloves, I think little brown "puds" are not at all ugly, and should advise our girls not to be compelled to wear them. A white hand is a pretty thing, but a far more beautiful thing is the hand a little roughened by work for others. A palm scorched a little from cooking for others, a forefinger pricked a little by sewing for others. Still, a child's hand is such a marvellously beautiful creation that it should be scrupulously looked after and kept.

The voice is another function that we should train in the King's daughters. It must never be heard in the discordant scream of passion. We should accustom ourselves to speak gently, and in a low tone at all times. The shrill squeak, trying to out-talk others, should not be allowed in our homes. It was once said of one whose voice was but the echo of a gentle nature—"To hear him say your name is a lesson in acoustics."

Perhaps I cannot close this very short article better than by quoting some couplets left us by Frances Havergal. They raise the whole subject into a higher realm than that of mere physical care and culture.

"Keep my hands, that they may move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Keep my feet, that they may be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Keep my voice, that I may sing
Always, only, for my King.
Keep myself, that I may be
Ever, only, all for Thee."

Put "their" in place of the first personal pronoun, and we have a prayer which raises these "little things on little wings to Heaven."

This paper has been taken up with apparently trivial subjects. But across it I would fain write a motto in letters of crimson and blue and gold. A motto which has often been a help to me when spending time over just such trifling details.

"A little thing is a little thing.
But faithfulness in little things
Is a very great thing."

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.



THREE years had passed away since Lettice Bertrand had bidden farewell to her Northern home and accompanied Miss Carr to London, but there was little sign of change in the big drawing-room at Kensington or in the mistress herself, as she sat reading a magazine by the window one sunny June afternoon. When the purse is well-lined it is easy to prevent signs of age so far as furniture and decorations are concerned, while the lapse of three years makes little difference in the appearance of a lady who has long passed middle age. Miss Carr looked very contented and comfortable as she lay back against the cushions of her easy chair, so comfortable that she groaned with annoyance as the servant came forward to announce a visitor, and the frown did not diminish when she heard the name.

"Oh, ask Mr. Newcome to come up, Baker! I will see him here." The man disappeared, and she threw down the magazine with an exclamation of disgust. "That stolid young man! How I shall have to listen to improving anecdotes for the next half-hour. Why in the world need he inflict himself upon me?"

The next moment the door opened and the "'stolid' young man" stood before her. So far as appearance went however, the description was misleading, for Arthur Newcome was tall and handsome, with yellow hair, a good moustache, and strong, well-set up figure. He came forward and shook hands with Miss Carr in a quick, nervous fashion, which was so unlike his usual, stolid demeanour, that the good lady stared at him in amazement.

"He is actually animated! I always said that it would take a convulsion of nature to rouse him from his deadly propriety, but upon my word he looks excited. What can have happened?"

The laws of propriety do not always permit us to ask the questions nearest our hearts, however, and Miss Carr was obliged to content herself with commonplaces.

"It is a beautiful day. I suppose Madge got home safely last night? She isn't too tired after the picnic, I hope!"

"A little fatigued, I believe, but no doubt she will have recovered before evening. She is apt to get excited on these occasions and to exert herself unduly."

"Nobody can say the same of you, more's the pity," was Miss Carr's mental comment. "Madge rows very well, and the exercise will do her no harm," she said shortly, and relapsed into determined silence. "I suppose he has something to say, some message for Lettice most likely; better let him say it and take himself off as soon as possible," was her hospitable reflection; but Mr. Newcome sat twirling his hat and studying the pattern of the carpet in embarrassed silence.

Three times over did he clear his throat and open his lips to speak, before he got the length of words.

"Miss Carr, I—er, I feel that I am—er—that you may be—I am deeply sensible of my own unworthiness, and can only rely on your kind generosity and assure you of my deep, and sincere——"

"What in the name of all that is mysterious is the man driving at?" asked Miss Carr of herself; but she sat bolt upright in her seat, with a flush on her cheeks and a pang of vague, indefinite fear at her heart.

"My dear Mr. Newcome, speak plainly if you please! I cannot follow your meaning. In what respect are you a claimant for my generosity?"

"In respect of what is the most important question of my life," replied Mr. Newcome," recovering his self-possession at last, and looking her full in the face, in what she was obliged to confess was a very manly fashion, "In respect to my love for your ward, Miss Bertrand, and my desire to have your consent to our engagement, to ratify her own promise."

"Her own promise! Your engagement! Lettice? Do you mean to tell me that you have proposed to Lettice and that she has accepted you?"

"I am happy to say that is my meaning. I had intended to consult you in the first instance, but yesterday, on the river, we were together, and I—I——"

He stopped short with a smile of tender recollection, and Miss Carr sat gazing at him in consternation.

Arthur Newcome had proposed to Lettice, and Lettice had accepted him. The thing was incomprehensible! The girl had showed not the slightest signs of preference, had seemed as gay and

heart-whole as a child. Only a fortnight before she had convulsed Miss Carr with laughter by putting on Mr. Rayner's top-coat, and paying an afternoon call, *à la* Arthur Newcome, when all that young gentleman's ponderous proprieties had been mimicked with merciless fidelity. And she had actually promised to marry him!

"I—excuse me, but are you quite sure that you understood Lettice aright? Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

Mr. Newcome smiled with happy certainty.

"Quite sure, Miss Carr. I can understand your surprise, for I find it difficult to believe in my own good fortune. Lettice is the sweetest, most beautiful, and charming girl in the world. I am not worthy of her notice, but there is nothing that I would not do to ensure her happiness. She is all the world to me. I have loved her from the day we first met."

He was in earnest—horribly in earnest! His voice quivered with emotion, his eyes were shining, and his face, which was usually so immovable, was radiant with happiness. Miss Carr looked at him, and her heart fell. If the mere thought of Lettice could alter the man in this manner, she could imagine the transformation which must have passed over him as he spoke to the girl herself, among the trees and flowers on the river-bank, and, alas for Lettice, she could imagine also how easily gratified vanity might have been mistaken for reciprocal love. It had been late when they returned from the water-party the night before, and Lettice had hurried off to bed. She had been a trifle more lingering than usual in her good-night embrace, but Lettice was always demonstrative in her ways, so that the fact had attracted no attention, and the morning had been so full of engagements that there had been no time for private conferences.

Miss Carr was speechless with grief, disappointment and dismay. Her anxious training for the last three years, her motherly oversight, her hopes and prayers for the welfare of her beloved child, had they all ended in this, that Lettice had been too selfish to discourage admiration which she could not return; too weak to say no to the first man who approached with flattering words? Poor, foolish child. What misery she had prepared for herself and everyone belonging to her, for of course it was all a mistake, her heart was not really touched; the engagement could not be allowed. With a sigh of relief Miss Carr reflected that the onus of responsibility was lifted off her shoulders by the fact of Mr. Bertrand's arrival in town that very afternoon, and also that Lettice's engagements for the day would prevent a meeting until she had been able to consult with her father. She drew a long sigh, and her voice sounded both sad and tired as she replied—

"Ah, well, I am only Lettice's guardian in name, Mr. Newcome, I have no authority to refuse or to sanction her engagement. I have had a telegram to say that Mr. Bertrand is coming to town on business to-day, so you will be able to see him to-morrow and hear what he has to say. Lettice is very young, too young in my opinion to be able to know her own mind. I wish there had been no such question to disturb her for the next two or three years. I don't know what Mr. Bertrand will think."

"I am in a good position. I can provide a home that will not be unworthy of her. You know me and my family. We have been friends for years. She would have the warmest welcome——"

"Yes, yes, I am sure of that. I will tell Mr. Bertrand all you say, Mr. Newcome, and if you call to-morrow morning you will find him at home. In the afternoon he will probably be engaged. I can say nothing, and, excuse me, I am not so young as I was, and I feel a good deal upset."

Arthur Newcome rose at once and held out his hand in farewell.

"Pray pardon me, I can understand your sentiments. It must be a shock to think of losing Lettice in any case, and I am aware that I am not what is called a good match. Such a beautiful girl, her father's daughter, your ward, might marry into any circle. I sympathise with your disappointment but, believe me, Lettice should never have any reason to regret her choice. I would devote my life to securing her happiness. I will call to-morrow morning then, with your permission. Eleven o'clock, thank you! Pray pardon any distress I may have caused you, and think of me as indulgently as you can."

He left the room, and Miss Carr raised both hands to her head with a gesture of despair.

"He is all that he should be—humble, devoted, deferential—but, oh, Lettice, my poor, dear child, what a mistake you have made! You would eat your heart out in a year's time, married to a man whom you do not love; and you don't love Arthur Newcome, I know you don't, it is all vanity, and weakness, and imagination. Poor Austin, what a welcome for him! A nice pill for me to have such a piece of news to tell—I, who was going to do such wonders for the child! Well, well, this comes of mixing oneself up in other people's affairs. She could have come to no worse fate than this if I had left her to vegetate in Clearwater."

There was no more rest for Miss Carr that afternoon. The magazine lay neglected on the table, the cushions fell to the ground and lay unnoticed as she fidgeted about, now rising and pacing angrily to and fro, now throwing herself on a seat in weary despair. She alternately longed for, and dreaded Mr. Bertrand's arrival, and it needed all her self-control to keep up a semblance of cheerfulness while he drank his tea and refreshed himself after the long journey. It was not easy, however, to deceive such an intimate friend. Mr. Bertrand studied her face with critical eyes, and said kindly—

"You are not up to the mark, Helen; you look tired and worried! That youngster of mine has not been misbehaving herself, I hope? What's the trouble?"

"Oh, Austin, the deluge! The most awful complication. I feel inclined to whip her! Would you believe it, that wooden Arthur Newcome called upon me this very afternoon, not two hours ago, to ask my consent to his engagement to Lettice!"

"Arthur Newcome? Oh, I know, the solemn person in the frock coat! What preposterous nonsense! Lettice is a baby! We must not let the young people at home hear of this, or they will tease the poor girl to death. Young Newcome is a favourite butt, and they often mimic him for my benefit. Well, I hope you let the poor fellow down gently, and saved me a disagreeable task."

"But—but, my dear Austin, you don't understand. He cannot be dismissed in that easy fashion, for he says—it is inconceivable—I don't know what to make of it; but he tells me that he has spoken to Lettice herself, and that she has accepted him!"

"What?" Mr. Bertrand put down his cup and turned to confront Miss Carr with a face from which every trace of laughter had disappeared. "Accepted him? Lettice? This is serious indeed. Had you ever suspected—or noticed any sign of an attachment growing up between them?"

Miss Carr wrung her hands in distress.

"My dear Austin, how can you ask such a question! As if I would not have consulted with you the first thing if that had been the case. You know what Arthur Newcome is, the acme of all that is sober and stolid. I have never seen a sign of emotion of any kind on his face until this afternoon. He has seen a good deal of Lettice, for she and Madge are great friends but I never thought of anything more—never for one moment! And as for Lettice herself, I am confident that the child never thought of him in that light, and that she is as heart-whole as I am myself."

"Then why—why——?"

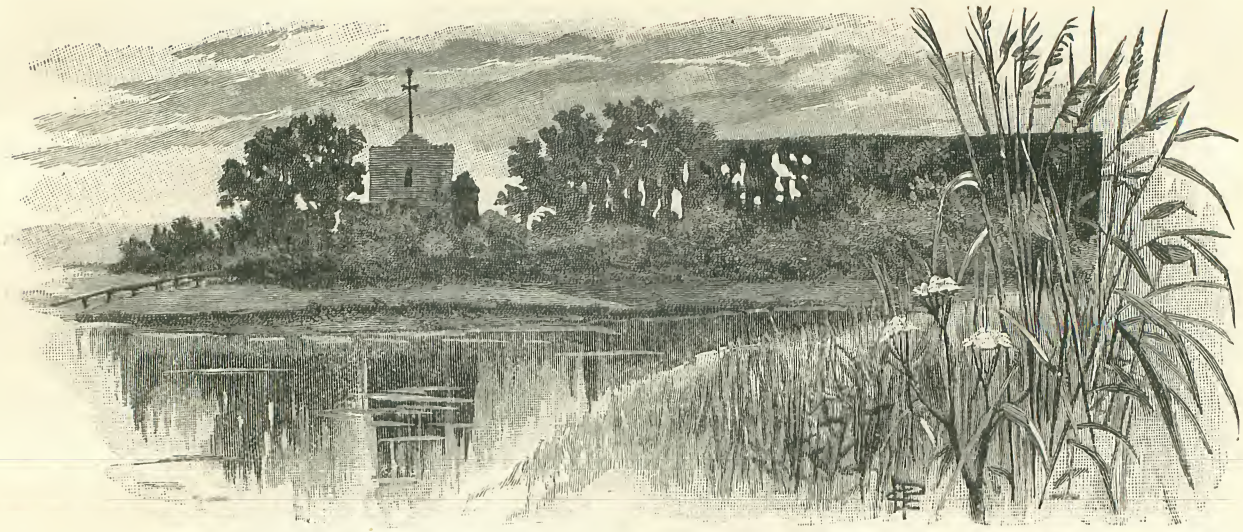
"Oh, don't ask me, I am too miserable and disappointed to speak. I thought I had guarded against this sort of thing, but you know what Lettice is. He is very much in love, and no doubt she was pleased and flattered."

Mr. Bertrand thrust his hands into his pockets and paced up and down the room. His face looked drawn and anxious, but after five or ten minutes had passed he drew a long breath and made a determined effort at cheerfulness.

"Well, it's a bad business, but it has to be faced. I am humiliated and disappointed that Lettice could have behaved so foolishly, but you must not blame yourself, my dear old friend. No one could have done more for the child for the last three years, and I am glad I am here to help you through this difficulty. The young fellow will have to be told that there has been a mistake. I am sorry for him, but it is better now than later on. When did you say you expected Lettice?"

"She may be here at any moment. She was to leave her friends at six o'clock. I thought I heard the door open just now. Perhaps she has arrived."

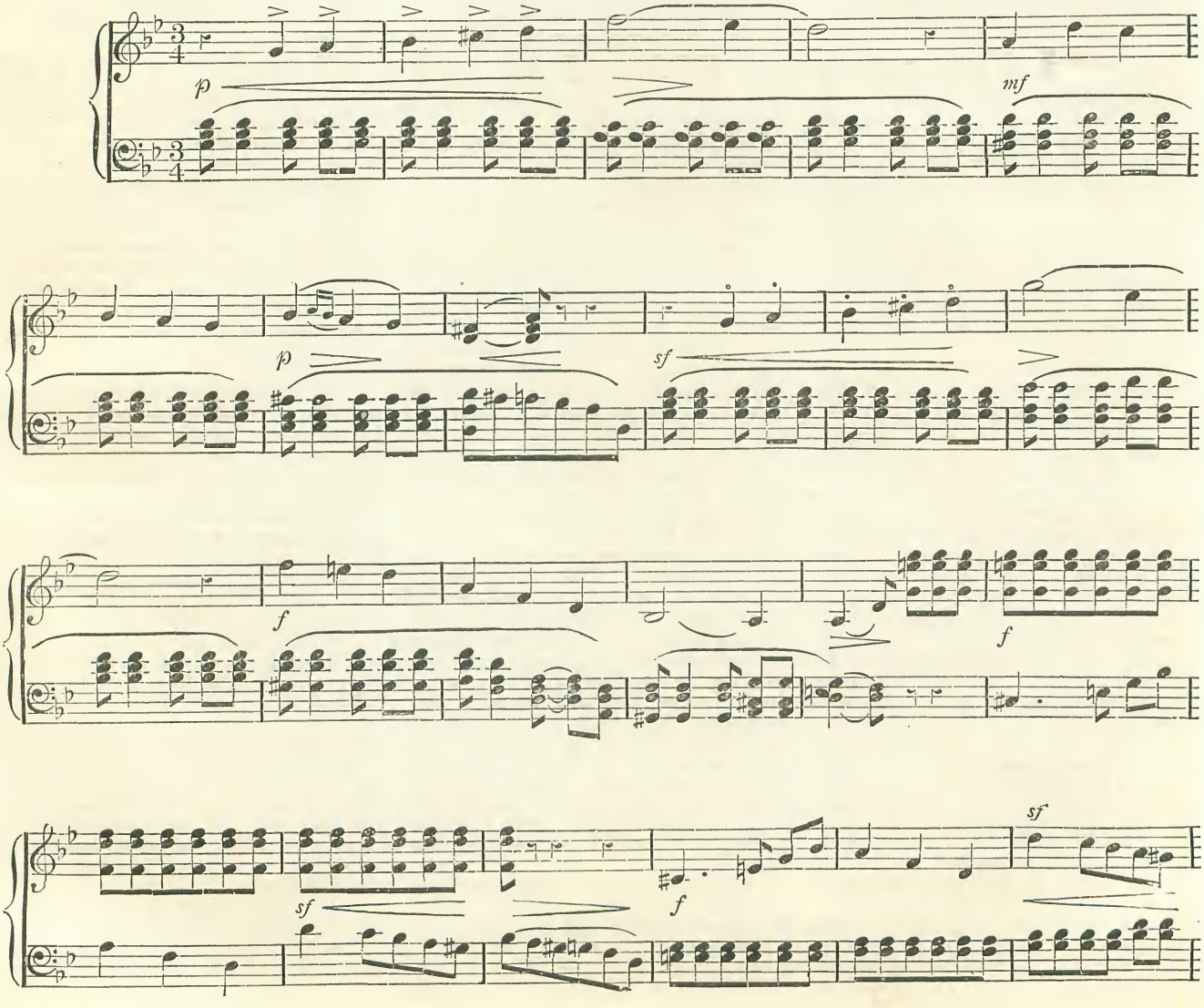
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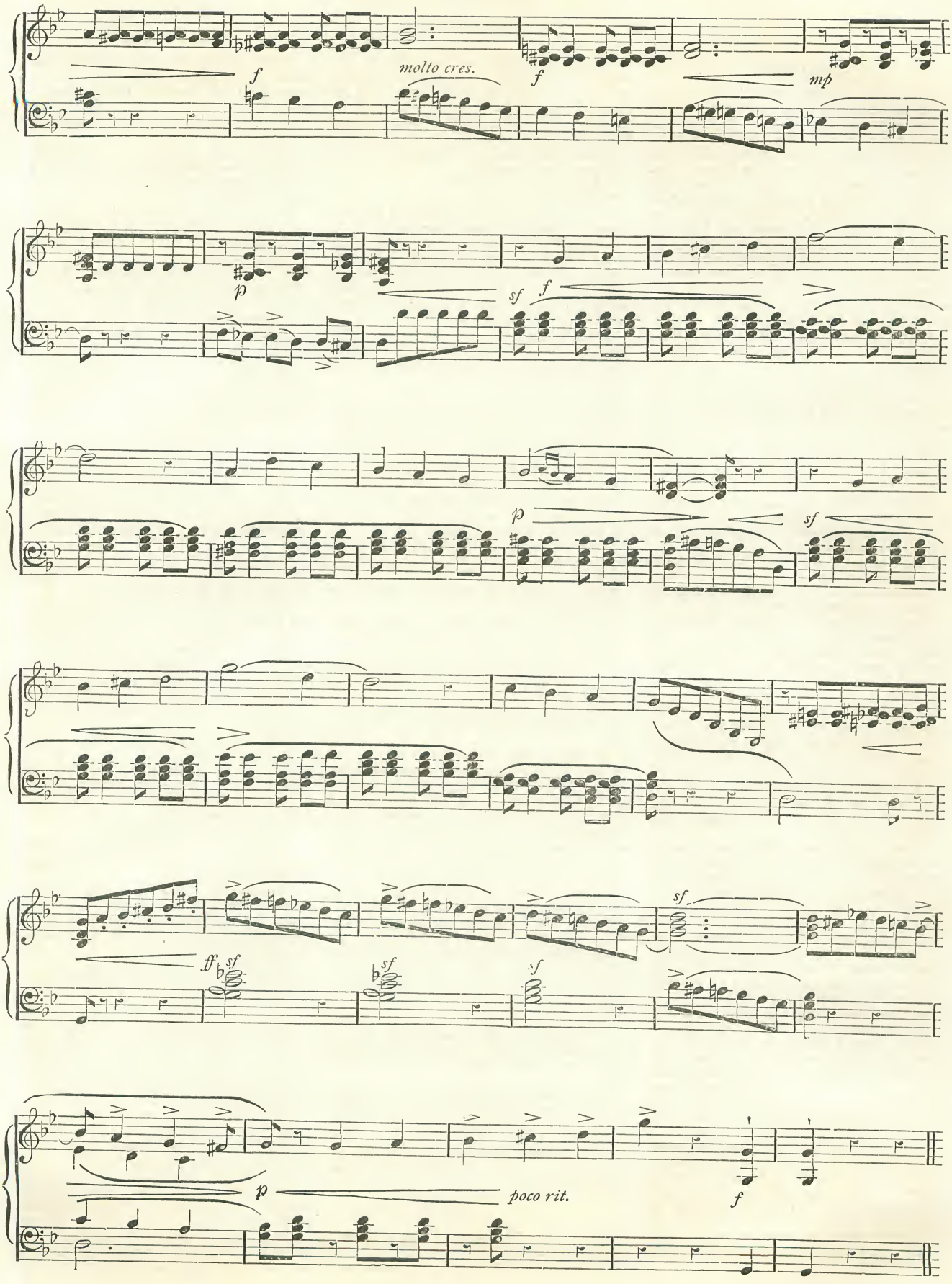


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IN A MOTHER'S STEAD.

By A. M. BELLERBY.

CHAPTER III.

MATTERS did not right themselves so quickly as Mrs. Drew had anticipated. Stephanie's finger was quite healed, and Katharine so timed her movements that she did not come into collision with the doctor, and refused one or two special invitations to the house. Mrs. Drew was kept indoors with a severe cold, and Katharine was becoming rather anxious on behalf of Edwin. The child, not too strong at the best of times, was failing in health and appetite, but insisted on doing his beloved lessons; becoming fretful and irritable if she tried to diminish them. She dreaded the idea of Dr. Drew being sent for to prescribe, but touched by the child's appearance, at last said one day to his mother—

"Mrs. Mathew, have you noticed Edwin lately? I do not fancy he looks or seems at all well."

"I haven't observed it," replied that lady carelessly; "I want you to go to——"

"Indeed, I wish you would look at him well," went on the girl earnestly, "I think he ought to have an experienced physician, well-used to children, to see what is the matter. I am sure Mr. Mathew will notice a difference when he returns."

At that moment the door was burst open, and Edwin entered with the great St. Bernard, Max, in all the excitement of a tug-of-war; his small self at one end of a walking-stick and the big dog at the other; Katharine had not seen him so aroused for a long time. Mrs. Mathew called him to her, and looking at his flushed face and brightened eye, said—

"Really, I think you are fidgeting unnecessarily, Miss Skrine; I never saw him look better. She wants to get Dr. Drew again into the house," added the lady mentally, "for all her elaborate suggestion of 'an experienced physician.'"

But Katharine's anxiety did not pass as the days went on, and Edwin began often to complain of being "tired." Again she spoke to Mrs. Mathew, and again that lady scouted the idea.

"I believe she thinks I want to get Dr. Drew into the house," thought the girl indignantly; "how I wish Mr. Mathew would come home again!"

But Mr. Mathew was delayed much longer than he had expected, and Katharine, day by day, and week by week, watched the child she had learned to love so fondly, growing more and more weak and languid. She would have written to Mr. Mathew, but shrank from implying his wife's carelessness thereby. At last she made up her mind to a very difficult course of action. Choosing a time when she felt pretty sure the doctor would be out, she called on Mrs. Drew, who, thinking she had behaved somewhat strangely, received her a little coldly, but the girl, much in earnest, began—

"Mrs. Drew, I owe you an apology for my seeming rudeness towards you, but indeed it was not intentional. I have come to you now because I am in trouble about Edwin," and therewith she told all her anxiety to the old lady, who, shrewdly putting two and two together, guessed what Katharine omitted.

"I tell you what it is, dear. Mrs. Mathew need not know that you have said a word. My brother, who is also a doctor, is staying with me; I will bring him to-morrow to pay one of my rare visits to her, and ask that he may see the children. Leave it to us. If there is any ground for anxiety we will manage matters," and Katharine with lightened heart hastened back.

The old lady kept her word, and all was done as she said, but Mrs. Mathew's penetration was not deceived. After her visitors had departed she sent for the governess.

"Miss Skrine, may I ask if you have called lately on Mrs. Drew?"

"Once only, since you suggested that my visits were too frequent."

"And when was that?"

"Yesterday."

"I thought as much. And you had the impudence to talk about your fancies as to Edwin, as if I, his mother, paid no attention to his health. I tell you what it is, Miss Skrine, you want to get Dr. Drew into the house again, but I tell you as plainly he shall not come. At the end of a month you will be good enough to leave us."

"Since you choose to be so unwarrantably insulting, Mrs. Mathew, I should have determined to leave if you had not expressed your wish for me to do so."

Hot with indignant anger, Katharine went upstairs into the twilight to sit down quietly in the nursery and think; but two little arms were twined round her neck, and Edwin's now ever-plaintive voice said—

"I am tired, Kattie; let me sit on your knee while you talk to me."

Then came the thought that she must leave these children who had so tender a place in her heart, and Edwin exclaimed—

"You are crying, Kattie; a tear fell on me. What is the matter? I can't bear you to be unhappy."

"I am a little tired too, dear; and feeling stupid, that is all."

"Don't you think this is a very tirying world? It would be so nice to take off our poor little bodies and put them to sleep, while we—because our bodies aren't we, are they, Kattie?—went first where we wanted to without them?"

"Edwin, don't talk like that, darling," said she in sudden terror, clasping him closely to her.

"Oh, but I must, Kattie; I've no one but you and Stephanie to talk to, and she does not exactly understand; she is quite happy with her dolls over there now. Do you know, I think it must be so tirying to grow up to be a man and work away in the world like father or Dr. Drew. Do you remember that bit you read to me from Chaucer, and it comes in—'The wyestling of this world asketh a fall?' I can't get the words out of my head; and I don't feel like wyestling, Kattie."

"Oh, if Mr. Mathew would only come back," thought she, "how shall I tell him?"

But a letter from Mrs. Drew to the father was already on its way, urging his return; Anton had ascertained the address at the Birmingham office.

"DEAR MR. MATHEW,"—the letter ran—

"I do not wish to cause you any unnecessary anxiety, but if you could conveniently hasten your return, I think it would be advisable.

"Miss Skrine thinks Edwin has not been well, and he does not look so; but Mrs. Mathew does not seem to see it, and refuses to call in a doctor.

"You will understand that this is a difficult matter for me to write about, but I think you will thank me for it.

"Sincerely yours,
"JOANNA DREW."

In two days Mr. Mathew was at home; leaving his luggage to be sent after him, he took a hansom and was quickly at Moseley.

"Mrs. Mathew at home, Larkins?" to the man, whose imperturbable face showed no surprise at his master's totally unexpected return.

"In the drawing-room, sir; I hope you are well."

"Quite well, thank you," as Mr. Mathew strode to the drawing-room to find his wife settled comfortably in a roll-back, reading the last sensational novel.

He bent over and kissed her; this grave, quiet man, who always tried to think his wife in the right.

She started up.

"You, Philip! good gracious, how you frightened me! What in the world brought you back without sending word?"

"I found I could get away for a day or two, so I just ran home to see how you and the children are. How are you all, Alice?"

"Oh, very well, only that Miss Skrine you think so much of, has been leading me a pretty dance; frightening me with the idea of Edwin being ill—when the child is as well as ever he was in his life—and having the impudence to go and talk to the Drews about it! However, she's going, that's one comfort!"

"How do you mean? Miss Skrine going?"

"Yes, certainly, I was not going to have her meddle, and told her to leave in a month."

"You are an idiot, Alice!" Never had her husband spoken to her in such a tone, and with such words before.

"Oh, indeed, that's a pretty thing to say! I shall be inclined to think you are bewitched by her as well as Dr. Drew!"

Without heeding her, he passed on up to the night-nursery; the door was half-open, Edwin in his bed, and Katharine sitting by, telling one of his favourite stories; she sprang up with a look of delight as he entered.

"Mr. Mathew, how glad I am to see you!"

He shook warmly the hand held out to him, and turned to his little son, who rose up to greet him.

"Oh, father, I think I shall be styong again now you are back; you dear daddy, why didn't you let us know?" the little head snuggled on his shoulder, and Stephanie woke at the raised voices to join in with an uproarious welcome.

"Strong, what do you mean?"

"Only I haven't been feeling well; don't you know I wrote and said I wanted you back, and I was feeling tired?"

Yes, but the father had never supposed what that tiredness meant. He looked at the child, and was startled to see how thin his cheeks had become, and how large, sunken and bright were his eyes.

"Lie down a little while, my boy, and, Stephanie, go to sleep like a good girl, and you shall have such sweets as you never dreamed of in the morning."

Without waiting longer, he himself went straight to the doctor's house, briefly but cordially thanked Mrs. Drew, and brought Anton back with him. After due examination his report was not too satisfactory, and he finished by saying—

"I am young yet, Mr. Mathew, and my experience of children has not been large. I should like you to call in Dr. Fergusson, who has made them his particular study."

When he had left, Mr. Mathew went again to the drawing-room, where his wife was still sulking, and said what he had to say, very quietly, but very much to the point. For five minutes the lady stormed in response; for two and a half she wept, and then she retired to her room and drank sal volatile; but it was

distinctly understood that Miss Skrine was to remain—if she would.

But neither Dr. Fergusson's, nor any other earthly skill, could lift the shadow that hung over little Edwin's life—the shadow of the wing of the Angel of Death, who touches the innocent children so lovingly, that they rarely shrink from him as men and women do, who, sin-laden, fear to look upon his face.

Katharine had had a little bed put up in his room, for she woke at every sound, and he could bear no one but her or his father, or the good-natured Owen near him. His mother, now full of remorse and regret, came often up; but, patient as he was, her fussy, fidgety ways tried his little nerves beyond endurance, and he could never wholly stifle the sigh of relief which marked her departure.

One morning Katharine was sleeping later than usual after a disturbed night for them both, and was awakened at last by subdued little voices; Stephanie had crept in from her own cot in the adjoining room to talk to Edwin—

"But you doesn't think you'se going to die, Eddie?" asked the little girl's awestruck tones.

"Yes, I do, and I don't feel afyaid a bit, Stepphie."

"But won't it be lonely up in heaven? You don't know anybody there!"

"I feel as if I did; Kattie told me. Jesus will come and meet me you know, and take me in His arms like He did the children on earth, because you see He knows me. Then I think one of the angels will come and lead me round and intyoduce me to everybody; because you know, Stepphie, everybody who's been good will be there; there'll be Joan of Arc, and Shakespeare, and Milton and Mrs. Hands" (the children's old nurse who had died two years before), "and lots of other people; just think the time it'll take; why, I shan't know them all till you, and Kattie, and father come——" the child stopped short, and Stepphie tearfully said—

"I wis' I was coming now, Eddie."

Then Kattie got up, wondering why Edwin had stopped so abruptly, but she wondered no longer when his father that evening, wishing him good-night, was asked earnestly—

"Father, you'll come and see me in heaven, won't you? Because I shall be waiting for you there."

And the father hastened to his own room, and poured forth in secret his first tears and prayers for many a year.

The end soon came; the little soul passed quietly and gently away, and the tiny, weary body was laid in the earth, which, with its returning spring, was teaching all mourners its glad, yearly resurrection lesson.

* * * *

Katharine fairly broke down after the strain, and was taken away by Mrs. Drew to the quietude and rest of a small Devonshire watering-place, where she quickly regained her usual health; none the less so, that Anton two or three times contrived to run down to them, and at last won from her the shy confession of her love.

After that she went to her mother, taking Stephanie with her, by Mr. Mathew's request; and it was arranged that after the wedding the little maiden should go to her former governess for lessons, during the long hours that Anton was on his rounds.

Many an hour, too, did Mr. Mathew spend in the little house that Katharine made so cosy, going to fetch his small daughter in the evening; and as the sunset glow faded, and the evening twilight fell on the earth, their words or thoughts turned most often to the pure little soul of Edwin, waiting to keep tryst with them all in Paradise.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

SWEET SEVENTEEN *writes from Shanghai, China:* "*Will you kindly tell me through your Answers to Correspondents if King Cophetua in Tennyson's poem entitled 'The Beggar Maid' is a classical or historical personage, or simply a person and name of Tennyson's own imagination?*"

King Cophetua was an imaginary personage, but not of Tennyson's creating. He and his beggar maid are mentioned by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV., Scene I., and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Scene I. Cophetua was supposed to be a King of Africa, of vast wealth, proof against the attractions of womankind. One day he saw a beggar maid from his window, and fell in love with her. Her name was Penelophon, called by Shakespeare Xenelophon. They were married and "lived happily ever after." See a ballad dated A.D. 1216 in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, book ii.

EDON writes.—"*The following lines from E. B. Browning's 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' have puzzled me very much—*

"'When we drive out, from the cloud of steam, majestical white horses,
Are we greater than the first men who led black ones by the mane?'"

The "majestical white horses" are synonymous with the power of the steam-engine. The poet is (somewhat after the fashion of *Locksley Hall*) attacking the modern pride in the advance of scientific improvements.

"Why, what is this patient entrance into nature's deep resources,
But the child's most gradual learning to walk upright without bane?"

It is absurd to pride ourselves, the author says, through the lips of Bertram, upon the progress of civilisation in such matters, unless we also attend to the progress of the soul, which we are in danger of neglecting. And, because we have learnt to bend the powers of steam to our will, are we necessarily greater than our forefathers, who, in simpler fashion, also curbed the powers of nature by asserting their sway over the animal kingdom? The expressions in the quotation are a little far-fetched, as some of this sweet singer's expressions are apt to be; but study of the context will render the verse quite clear. It does not make us greater men in life, nor bolder men in death, than our forefathers were, to be able to travel by the aid of the steam-engine rather than by the aid of the steed, as they did. There is a life, a spirit-power beyond all this, and if we do not cultivate it, our boasted scientific progress will avail us but little. Mrs. Browning called the poem (*v.* her recently published *Letters*) a "Romance of the Age, Treating of Railroads, Routes, and all Manner of Temporalities."

PEGGY writes.—"*Could you oblige me by letting me know through your much appreciated page devoted to Answers to Queries who are the two women referred to in Tennyson's 'Dream' as—*

"'Her, who clasped in her last trance,
Her murder'd father's head,'

and—

"'Her, who knew that love can vanquish death,
Who, kneeling with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in spring.'

"*I was delighted to find in these pages during last year the account of Iphigenia in her relation to the passage.*"

The first-quoted lines from the *Dream of Fair Women* refer, doubtless, to Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More. Her parting with her father before his execution is a well-known and touching incident of history. After his execution, his head was exposed on a pole on London Bridge. Margaret Roper, in her grief and horror at this insult, resolved to try and get possession of the beloved yet ghastly relic. According to Aubrey, "One day, as she was passing under the bridge, looking on her father's head, she exclaimed, 'That head has lain many a time in my lap; would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap." Unlikely as this may seem, it is probable that the devoted daughter had induced one of the bridge-keepers to throw it down to her, on the pretext of making room for another, and that the exclamation to her boatman was part of the scheme. She was summoned before the council for having the relic in her custody, and boldly retorted that "Her father's head should not be food for fishes." After a brief term of imprisonment for the offence, she was set free, and allowed to keep her treasure, which she caused to be enclosed in a leaden casket. On her death in 1544, at the age of thirty-six, the casket, by her own desire, was placed in her coffin, and "embraced in her last trance." Subsequently the head was removed from the coffin and placed in another niche in the same vault—the Roper vault, under the chancel of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1837, describes his descent into the vault, then accidentally opened, and his discovery of the fleshless skull behind an iron grating. A little book of a generation or two ago, by the author of Mary Powell, *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, gives a very interesting picture of the More family, and is written in the first person, as though by Margaret Roper.

The second quotation sent us by PEGGY refers to Eleanor of Castile, Queen of Edward I. of England. She accompanied her husband to the Holy Land on the Crusade in 1269, and is said to have saved his life by sucking the poison from a wound inflicted by the poisoned dagger of a Saracen. Thus, in these two widely different instances of the poet's "Dream," love may be said to have vanquished death.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

MARGARET BULGIN asks whence the following quotation is taken—

"'Tis a day just to my mind,
All sunny before and sunny behind,
Amongst the heather."

We have to thank E. M. H. Malmesley for kind information about the song with the refrain *Will ye no come back again*. She adds that she thinks the song *Bonnie Charlie's Gone Awa'* may be procured at any music-seller's in London or Edinburgh.—We also thank M. E. Pickford for referring LILAAC'S quotation to "The Old Settler's Story," by Will Carleton.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

FRAULEIN K. (*Teaching in Paris*).—We trust you will observe your initial, as you give no pseudonym. To women without a connection in Paris the doors of schools are not readily opened. At the same time you tell us that you are certificated, so that your chances may be better than those of other German teachers. You had better consult either the Young Women's Christian Association, 25, George Street, Hanover Square, or the Girls' Friendly Society, 39, Victoria Street, S.W., on the subject. Each of these societies make a special study of the difficulties attending the employment of young women abroad. Should you go to Paris, however, you would be wise in consulting Miss Pryde of the Governesses' Home, 152, Rue de la Pompe. Possibly, however, there are German societies established for the assistance of German young women in Paris, in which case you would do well to turn to them.

INDEX.—Indexing is hardly an occupation to be set down as a home employment. No doubt a girl, possessed of much ability and scholarship, could practise it at home; but the average girl ought to learn the business thoroughly at an indexing office. There is a right way of making headings and subheadings which has to be learnt like any other business. Moreover, a girl who has her living to make by indexing, must become known in the literary world, and this she can hardly succeed in doing if she lives under conditions which prevent her from coming in contact with the members of her profession.

FLORRIE (*Employment at the Cape*).—There is little demand for Englishwomen in South Africa, because native labour is cheap there. But good cooks obtain high wages. We would not advise you to emigrate in the hope of finding an engagement as shop assistant. On some of the matters touched on in your letter you should consult the Emigrants' Information Office, Broadway, Westminster. We fear you will find yourself mistaken about the half payment of passages. Perhaps you are thinking of some South African hospitals which have paid the passages of nurses on certain conditions at the time of engagement.

CARLOTTA (*Pianoforte Playing*).—Engagements to play in private houses are only obtained through personal recommendation. Nor are they easily obtained thus. There are plenty of musical people who are only too ready to do what you offer, namely, to play pianoforte solos of classical music; and, apart from the pecuniary question, hostesses would rather have one of their friends to perform than a stranger who has been obviously engaged to entertain the company. We would advise you to try to make up a small band for playing dance music and attractive selections at dances, afternoon parties, and the like. Make up a little band with a couple of violins, a French horn, and other instruments as occasion may demand, and we believe you would find a good many engagements for parties of young people during the winter evenings.

A VIOLET (*Hospital Nursing*).—As you are a careful reader of our answers on "Girls' Employments," you will have observed that most of the large hospitals are over-burdened with applications from probationers. This is not quite so much the case with Poor Law Infirmaries, and some of these are so splendidly managed as to afford valuable training schools. In your own part of the world there is the Brownlow Hill Infirmary, Liverpool. You are the right age for admission to it, and we advise you to write to the matron on the subject. The fee for a year's training is £10, the probationer then serves for three years and receives £10, £15 and £20 yearly salary. The Birmingham New Infirmary and the Poplar Sick Asylum may also be recommended to you.

MOLLY (*Civil Service*).—You are not too old to become a candidate for engagement in the Post Office. If you seek a clerkship, however, you must prepare for a difficult examination, in which you must show a knowledge of French, German, arithmetic, composition and other subjects. The salary begins at £65 a year, but of course you must find your own board and lodging. On the whole you would probably be wise to remain a children's nurse, as you are at present. But in this capacity, as you wish to improve your position, you could do so by obtaining some knowledge of the nursing of children in illness. A course of lectures from the National Health Society, 56, Berners Street. W., would be of use to you in all probability.

AN EXILE.—It is certainly a pity not to utilise the leisure which is left you from your employment as teacher in a German school. But we do not advise you to occupy the time either in translation or in fancy work. What you should do is continue your studies so as to improve your position in the teaching profession. We conclude from what you say in your letter you have passed the German examination for teachers. You could now prepare for the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations. Also it would be desirable to work steadily at music, which is regarded almost as an essential in an English governess. Your handwriting is neat and clear, and although it is not very English in appearance, that is no drawback, seeing that much modern English writing is illegible.

D. M. K. (*Suggestions Wanted*).—As you will not leave school for two or three years, it is almost premature to decide on your future employment. You appear to be fond of an active life. Perhaps (as you do not require to earn your bread) you could find scope for your talents by working at a woman's settlement. There is one, as you know, in connection with your own college. Such work not infrequently qualifies a girl for a paid post, e.g., a Charity Organisation secretaryship, or the matronship of a girls' club. The general experience and training that such a life affords are of great value.

NORMA (*Pianist*).—We have been obliged to say on a previous occasion that there is scarcely any demand for pianoforte soloists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IDA.—The so-called "Garden of England" is applied to the county of Kent; the "Garden of Europe" to Italy, and that of Italy said to be the island of Sicily. The "Jardin de la France" is the Department of Indre-et-Loire, including Tourraine, part of Anjou, Poitou and Orleanais. In America, likewise, certain parts are so distinguished—Kansas and Illinois are designated "the Garden of the West;" and the vast territory drained by the Mississippi is called "The Garden of the World."

TIGER LILY.—1. You should certainly ask your mother's permission to engage yourself to any man, however respectable; besides, as she is an invalid, she might only give it conditionally on a certain period of delay, or on your arrangement to be near her and as much with her, to do her service in her loneliness and debility, as possible. —2. Feb. 26th, 1882, was a Sunday.

RED SQUIRREL.—We cannot make any promises respecting competitions, although it would give us pleasure to gratify you as to one for painting. There may be one soon on the subject of our Story-Supplements, so keep a good look out, and read each one carefully.

MISS ISABEL KENT requests us to draw attention to her Rover Musical Practising Society and to her Queen Reading Society. She obtained many subscribers through a former notice of ours, and she wishes for several new members. The address, Lay Rectory, Lower Abington, Cambridgeshire.

RED VIOLET.—Powders for cleaning sponges are to be had at a druggist's; or washing them in raw potato water. Cut up a potato in slices and leave it to soak in a little water—not much of the latter.

SCIENCE.—We believe that the sound of a locomotive (railway train) may be heard at a distance of 2800 yards, and the whistle much farther, i.e., at 3300 yards, of course supposing the country to be level. The bark of a dog, we have read, can be heard at as great a distance as the report of a pistol, viz., at 1800 yards, and the human voice at 1000 yards. But it speaking to one above you it can be heard to a height of 600 yards; whereas to one below the voice has a range of only about 100 yards. The quality of the voice and distinctness of articulation must modify this general statement. We have taken this calculation from a transatlantic source.

E. A. B.—Go to a musical instrument maker and you may see a secondhand, but perfectly good, mandoline at a much reduced price. You would require two or three lessons to start with. We have not heard of any exams. in reference to playing that instrument. We consider it more suitable as an accompaniment to some other instrument than for playing solos.

M. DAWN.—Your letter containing a list of all your comforts in your kitchen, and expressions of gratitude for having been supplied, by God's gracious Providence with so kind a mistress and so pleasant a home, interested us much. We quite enjoyed reading it. Remember to thank Him who has cast your lot in such a pleasant place; and do your best to requite your mistress by studying to improve your cookery, and yet to save her expense. This can be done in many little ways—in coals and wood, in scraps of food to be turned to account, in saving stock for soup, etc. "Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost," St John vi. 12.

PUSSY.—We are able to reply to your query as to the origin of your *nom de plume*, or rather pseudonym. It is a corruption of the Egyptian word *Paski*, or the face of the moon, according to a contemporary. The pupils of a cat's eyes seem to change continually both in form and light. Sometimes they look like a full moon, and at other times like a crescent; and on this account the Egyptians made the cat a deity, and they embalmed them as they did other animals, and even reptiles, which they regarded as sacred.

ZARA.—You compare the habits and circumstances of a different nationality, and a long ago period with the present time, and expect to run the latter on the same lines, and regard our greater freedom as unchristian. Many of the early Christians had to live in "dens and caves of the earth," and our blessed Lord had not where to lay His head. The circumstances of the times rendered it necessary, but that constitutes no rule for us. People did not go out to afternoon teas nor other entertainments then; but Christians of quite as exemplary lives, and as full of good works, go to such now. Our blessed Lord—who "took on Him the form of a servant," and came to preach, to heal, to suffer and die for mankind—did not go to a concert nor joined in athletic games nor other recreations; left no hard-and-fast rule for us to abstain from them (used in moderation), nor enjoined our all travelling about preaching in the streets. The zeal of young believers often runs beyond their judgment. Still it is well to keep a tender conscience. We do not condemn the recreation you name with your family and friends.

MRS. G.—You tell us, in reply to some inquirers, who are seeking Cottage Homes, that you have such to offer to a young lady (yourself a widow) at 12s. 6d. a week, in Essex, near a church, and one mile from a railway station. Address, Mrs. G., care of R. J. Freeman, Esq., St. Bride's Store, 86, Fleet Street, E.C.

K. MORGAN.—For a supper-tea, when meat is served, the ordinary dinner-plates are used; but small tea-plates should likewise be laid for the bread and butter.

O MIMOSA SAN.—If you sent your short stories to papers and magazines, written on one side of lined small or long foolscap, you sent them in the proper way; and if not accepted it was that they were not approved, or else that they went in too late.

NANCIE.—We think you could not do better than put your money into the Post Office Savings Bank. You are fortunate in having found a situation as nurse-companion, for they are comparatively scarce.

JOSEPHINE.—The great mystery of the building of the Pyramids appears at last to be solved through the life-long studies of the great Egyptologist, Dr. Ferdinand Seeger (of Park Avenue, New York). He demonstrates the fact, it would seem, that they are not composed of rock-hewn and transported stone, but of a composition made on the spot, layer on layer, during the erection; impregnable to the action of fire, water, atmospheric influences, or the destructive power of time. "It was a composition," he says, "of sand, ashes, sawdust, paper, vegetable matter and refuse of various kinds; a fluid, inherent in electricity, being a factor employed in this fabrication." Dr. Seeger was the editor of a journal called *Medical Classics*, and the inventor of many instruments. We give you this information as it came to us, without pledging ourselves to the fact of an incontrovertible discovery.



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CANARIES:

THEIR REARING AND MANAGEMENT.

By AN AMATEUR.

PART I.

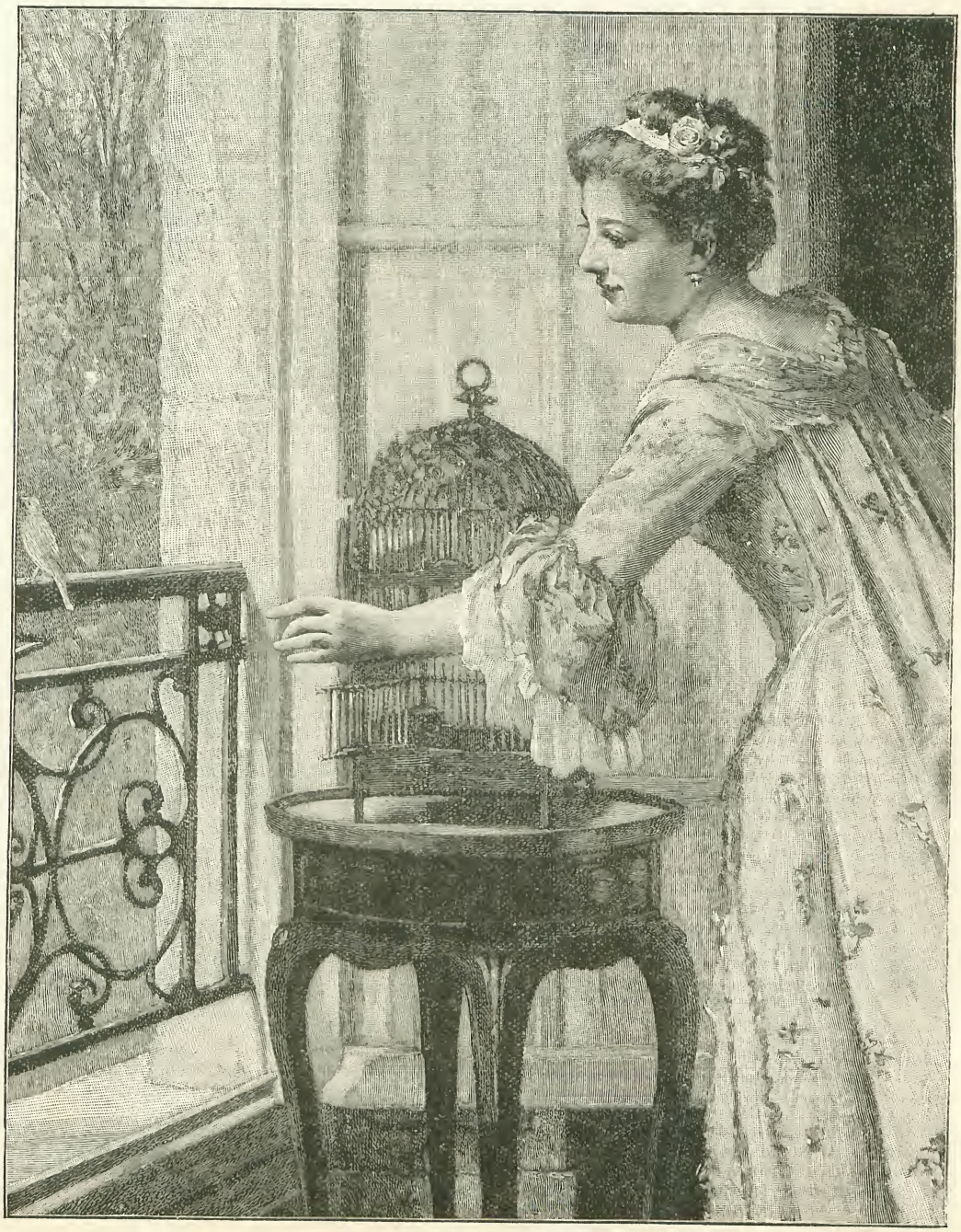
WHEN I was in Germany some years back a lady gave me a canary. He was a charming little bird, answered to his name, "Tommy," and "would oblige the company with a song" when desired to do so. Some time afterwards I left Germany and returned to England. My parting with Tommy was a sore trial; but the best of friends must part, so I gave my sweet little bird to a German girl who I knew would be kind to him. A short time back I had a letter from Germany telling me that "Tommy died worn out with old age." He must have lived over a quarter of a century!

I did not attempt to find a successor to "Tommy" until four years ago, as my time was occupied by attending to pets who were even more precious. Happening, however, to pass a bird-fancier's one day, the old interest revived in me, and I determined again to keep a canary. I will now relate my experience from that day to the present time.

My purchase was a very young bird, and the man could not guarantee that it was a male. I bought it for five shillings, hoping that it was a male, because I wanted it to sing to me. The female is not much given to song, though it is a mistake to suppose that she never sings. My purchase, for instance, though it turned out to be a female, used to sing very prettily in a plaintive warbling manner—only for a short time, however, when the sun was setting.

As soon as I knew that it was a hen, the idea of

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"HE WAS A CHARMING LITTLE BIRD."

procuring a male bird suggested itself to me. I thought that I might possibly succeed in rearing a small family of canaries, so I consulted three friends who I knew kept birds. One of them told me that she had taken the greatest pains, had read all sorts of books upon the subject, consulted bird-fanciers and been most careful about feeding, supplying nesting materials and the latest and most approved kind of cage, in spite of which she had failed to rear even a single bird. Another friend told me that it was quite possible to rear canaries, but that she found it required so much attention and such constant care that she had given up the attempt. A third told me that she had reared a few but that it was no pleasure, because the birds could not bear being looked at, and had to be kept perfectly quiet in a breeding-cage placed in a nearly dark room, and never in any way be disturbed! If spoken to the hen would leave her nest and probably destroy it, my friend added. Now these experiences were far from encouraging, because I did not then perceive the reasons of my friend's failure.

Whether I myself should be considered successful by regular bird fanciers and rearers I do not know, but I have far exceeded my own modest expectations. Within the last three years I have reared over sixty birds from the two pairs with which I started, and all of them are flourishing and healthy. Of course I have sustained some losses; two of the original birds died after the first brood; the female of one pair and the male of the other. I think these misfortunes came about through my want of knowledge how to feed the birds at the critical breeding season, for critical it is, not only for the young birds but also for the parents. The latter must be provided with special food prepared with great care at such times, or they are apt to become exhausted and run down, as the saying is, after their rearing work is over. I have also lost about ten young birds from other causes. Sometimes the young birds are born weak, or the mother nests them clumsily; sometimes the father bird feeds them injudiciously, and their digestions suffer. It requires so very little to kill a bird a few days old.

I took up bird-rearing simply as an amusement, and I can give no information about the rarer kinds of canaries. Girls who want to become learned upon the "points" of high class specimens, pedigree birds, etc., must consult one of the works written upon this subject. It is one which I confess has little interest for me; in fact I rather dislike prize birds. So long as my pets please me, are cheerful, healthy and know me when I talk to them, take their seed from my hand or mouth, get the most enjoyment out of their own little lives, my trouble and the very small expense to which they have put me are amply repaid. I love to see my little favourites fly about the room provided they do so gently; but never allow them out of the cage if they are at all wild, as a wild canary will almost kill itself by flying against a window-pane or a looking-glass, or hurt itself by struggling against the hand that is raised to put it safely back into the cage. It is a cruelty to let such birds out, especially if other birds are present in the room, as even the tamest of them are liable to take a "scare."

A short time back one of my younger birds got his nails entangled in the wires of the cage and fluttered about for some time before he could be released. This caused a regular panic, not only amongst the birds in his own cage, but also amongst the birds in five other large cages that were in the neighbourhood. It may be useful to state what I have found the best thing to do when a panic of this kind occurs during the night. I uncover the cages and turn up the gas so as to give as much light as possible (of course, if there is no gas, candles might be lit), then I talk gently to the birds. When they are still and settled I lower the gas and as quietly as possible cover over the cages. These panics amongst canaries are very common if many birds are kept, and often it is impossible to discover the cause of them. I am much inclined to think that these little creatures suffer from nightmare. So serious are these night panics that I have known birds who have been seized by them to break their wings and even to kill themselves. During these panics strangers should never be called into the room, for their presence would render the birds still more excited and frightened.

I have said that on one occasion a panic was caused by a bird getting his nails entangled with the wires, and this leads me to another point. Now however objectionable it may be for a human being to bite his or her nails, it is quite right that canaries should do so. Indeed, if they do not, their nails must be cut for them. When this is necessary, take hold of the bird and hold him in your hands, then get your sister or some other girl whom it knows to cut the nails with a sharp pair of scissors—but never below the "quick." Be careful to hold down the wings of the bird, so that he cannot flutter, but do not squeeze him, for canaries are such tender little mites. Sometimes, also, they get cotton or nest materials tangled round their feet. Remove these in the same manner.

Occasionally, when you look at the cages in the morning, you will find a poor little bird dead at the bottom of the cage. His death has been due either to one of these night panics, to apoplexy, consumption or poison. Remove at once the dead bird and all the food in the cage. Canaries are poisoned by some impurity in their food, mildew, etc., so you should carefully examine the food before giving it to them.

Now as to the food itself, I have found that canary seed, rape, millet and hemp agree with them best. The canary seed and rape may be mixed together in equal quantities and a small portion of millet added to them; but the hemp must be placed in a separate vessel, or the birds will throw out all the other seed to get at it. Hemp should only be given in very small quantities. The seed pods of the wild plantain (*Plantago major*) should be given. This you can pick up on the banks of canals and small streams and sometimes by the roadside in September. Pick large quantities of it and store some for the winter. Don't shake the seed out, but give it to the birds in long tails, as they like to pick it out for themselves. Don't give it green, but keep it until it has turned brown. It will keep through the winter; but be sure to put it in a dry place. Lettuces well-washed, groundsel and watercress may be given fresh and green, and in the winter apple occasionally, also cuttle-fish, lump sugar, and very plain sweet biscuit, but no luxuries. Pray do not give chocolate "goodies," nuts, luscious fruits nor preserves, as all these things cause digestive troubles and shorten the lives of these little creatures. Probably the poor are more successful in rearing birds than the rich, because they keep them to a simpler and plainer diet.

Of the diet of breeding-birds I shall have to speak later on. Be very careful about the water, both for drinking and for bath. Whenever you let the birds out of the cage provide them with a bath full of water and place it in full sunlight if possible. All birds love water and love of all things the sun, so never hang your cages in a dark place. If, however, the light is very fierce place a handkerchief over the top of the cage.

Caged birds are very sociable and like company. Their cages should be placed in some window looking into a street or cheerful garden. But they must be covered over after dark, as the birds will then sleep better and be preserved from draughts. They should always be kept reasonably warm. Talk to the birds, and if you can give them names and call them by their names. This is sometimes difficult when you have sixty or seventy birds pretty much alike. Still, you will find some of them will possess distinctive marks or peculiarities by which you may know them, or they may be named after their parents. Thus I have a hen whom I named "Aunt Anne" after a relation of mine, and her brood were named Antonia, Antoinette, Antonina, Andrew and Anna Maria. All these playful little jokes increase the sympathies between you and your little pets and help to tame them. Remember that birds like cheerful people and appreciate attention, so however sad your heart may be, try to smile when you address your little favourites.

(*To be concluded.*)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH IMPULSE SWAYS.

WHEN Guy came in to dinner that evening, he was most curious to know how the visit had gone off. He was a little anxious, too, for he had not yet experienced how Madge took details of this kind. The drawing-room was empty, and he was just going in search of her, when she appeared, clad all in white. He looked at her eagerly and said, "Well, how did you get on?"

She did not answer for a moment, but stooped over a flower-vase and re-arranged the flowers.

Then she said slowly, "I don't think Miss Ermyntrude Redfern will call again."

Guy laughed, for her voice had a touch of humour in it which was a great relief to him, and he took a stride which brought him to her side.

Resting his arm lightly across her bent shoulders, he continued in a bantering tone, "Oh, and so you don't

think there is likely to be a violent friendship between you and Miss Redfern?"

"Not exactly," she replied, "we barely managed to be civil to each other."

"I ought to have been here to see the fun," he said gaily, adding, "and what of the old dowager?"

"Oh, she helped to keep the peace. She wouldn't be so bad if she were a little less frivolous and a little more refined; but you must go and dress now, or you will be late."

He drew his arm away reluctantly and went, but he was away no longer than he could help, hastening back to her side as soon as he could.

When they were alone at the dinner-table she looked up and asked in emphasised accents: "Is it a fact that Jack was very friendly with the Redferns?"

"Yes, why?"

"Because Miss Redfern spoke of him in a most familiar way, and I can't imagine Jack taking to a girl like that."

"He was always susceptible to a pretty face," answered Guy. "Also they are very go-ahead people, and give very good entertainments. Probably he met other friends at their house. Poor old Jack was a terrible flirt."

"Oh, no! I don't think so," she said hurriedly. "It was only his way of joking with everyone, and, of course, the girls all made a good deal of him."

Guy smiled a little. He thought he was more likely to know than she, but he did not say so.

"Did he go to see them often?" she continued.

"Once a week, I daresay."

"Once a week," she repeated in surprise, adding, "how is it they don't know you better? I thought you and Jack were inseparable."

"Except in that particular."

"What particular?"

"I never had a partiality for ladies' company. He used to go on those sorts of expeditions with some other friend."

There was a slight pause, then, looking hard at her, he said: "Until I met my wife, I never cared for any lady's company, but I cannot have enough of hers."

She coloured slightly but did not meet his eyes. "You are getting quite clever at pretty speeches," she remarked, somewhat cynically. "What a pity they should not be more appreciated."

He bit his lip with sudden vexation and replied sarcastically, "Yes, it is a pity they should be wasted."

She raised her eyebrows, with a slightly disdainful air, which aggravated him a little more.

"I wonder if you looked like that when Jack said pretty things to you," he said, recklessly.

She regarded him stonily for a moment, then remarked coldly, "Comparisons are odious."

They had finished the meal, and pushing his chair away impatiently, he rose and walked to the window, saying as he did so, "It's very hard upon me that Jack should be always first. I believe you never think of anyone else at all."

"Not in any comparison, I admit."

"And do you think it's fair?" he asked, in a voice of stifled indignation. "Surely I am entitled to the first place occasionally."

"You are forgetting something, I fancy," she said, half bitterly, beginning to get roused also. "I told you from the first I had no heart to give you. I have tried to study your wishes and please you in most things. I am sorry if I have failed."

"Tried to study my wishes," he said, in a tone whose bitterness rivalled hers. "I am sorry you should have had to make such an effort on my account."

She looked so lovely in her pure white dress as she stood before him, with stately grace; her very presence exercised a magnetic influence over him, and the cold expression of her eyes only maddened him.

"I think this discussion is needless, and borders on the ridiculous," she said haughtily; "you have apparently forgotten the understanding between us?"

"No, but I hate it!" he exclaimed, adding hastily, "but you are right, we border on the ridiculous, and I am the fool," with which he strode past her, out of the room.

Half-an-hour afterwards he sought her again; but though his face was once more calm, it did not wear his usual careless, light-hearted expression.

"I'm awfully sorry I was so foolish just now, Madge," he said frankly. "I hope you are not vexed."

"Oh, it didn't matter," she said, "I know I'm very provoking sometimes. I always was."

"It was my fault," he replied. "I was jealous of Jack. It was silly of me, I might have known the uselessness of it," and there was a shadow of regret in his voice.

"Yes, it is quite useless," she answered, and proceeded to go on with her work.

He winced a little, but was determined not to give way again.

"Would you care to come to the Imperial Institute and hear the band?" he asked; "it's well worth it."

"I don't care about it, but I will go if you want me to," she answered.

"I don't want you to go just to please me; but I think you would enjoy it. The people are an interesting sight in themselves. I don't care to go alone," he added, after a slight pause.

For answer she rose quietly and put aside her work. "I will be ready in ten minutes," she said, and left the room.

But it did not turn out a success after all, and they sat and listened to the band and watched the people, for the most part in silence.

After an hour, a pallid whiteness on Madge's face and a certain strained look in her eyes attracted his notice, and he asked her kindly if she wasn't feeling well.

"Yes, I am quite well," she answered hurriedly, and looked away from him.

"Have you had enough? Shall we go home?" and his voice sounded very gentle.

"I don't mind, just as you like!"

She shivered a little, so he got up, saying: "Yes, we may as well. I can see you are cold," and he folded her cloak closer round her. He thought he saw a suspicious gleam of moisture in her eyes, but she persistently looked away from him, so he could not be sure. He said nothing, however, but drew her arm through his and led her from the crowd.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked as they walked slowly homewards; "you don't look well and you are so quiet. You were not hurt at what I said to-night, were you?"

"No, I am all right, it is your imagination," and her voice sounded harder than she meant it, by reason of the effort it cost her to steady it.

"Then we must have sat too long and taken a cold. Didn't you like the band? I always think it's such a pretty sight when the gardens are lighted up, don't you?"

"I don't care for those sorts of sights."

"Why not? What don't you like about it? Something is bothering you; what is it?"

She caught her breath, then answered in a low quick voice of stifled feeling, seeming to let herself go—

"It mocks me so! you don't know! you can't think! I don't see the people or the lights or anything as you do. I see my three graves, with the everlasting hills round them, and the trees moaning over them. I don't want to be thoughtless and gay like that butterfly throng, I want my lost ones, or, at least, to know that I shall see them again. When I hear the laughing and chattering all round it rings horribly in my ears. I think how empty and vain it all is and how, sooner or later, everyone there will lie under the cold ground with the wind moaning around them. I think how many of those smiling faces hide aching hearts and blighted lives, and how hopelessly we all seem to be the sport of circumstances. They think of it too, they must, if they have ever stood by an open grave that held someone precious. But they blind themselves and forget for a little while; I can't! They only ask 'where?' and 'when?' occasionally, but I am always asking it. I try not to care, but it's no use; I can do nothing but grope helplessly in the dark and find no light."

Her voice broke and she leaned heavily upon him, bending her head that he might not see the visible emotion in her face.

He drew her closer to him and said in a husky voice, "You look at things in such a strange light, Madge dear. I wish you could be more simple and less morbid. Other people can trust that it's all right, why can't you?"

"Because I can't!" she exclaimed, half-passionately, "I don't think it is all right; I think it's all wrong. Don't you see how, all the time, the wicked people triumph and the innocent suffer?"

"I think things are pretty even," he replied doubtfully. "Anyhow, it's best to take them as they come and make the best of them."

"Yes, yes, I thought so once, but it's different now. I can't bear never to see Jack again; it's that which maddens me. You must just leave me alone and enjoy your life as you used to before. Don't let me make any difference."

"Always Jack," murmured a voice within him, but he stifled back the thought, saying, with the same hesitating, half-doubtful air: "But I want so to see you happier."

They had reached home now and stood together in the dining-room.

"I am happier than I was at home," she said softly. "You must let that content you. I am going to bed now; I suppose you will stay up a little longer?"

"Yes, a little while," he answered.

Then he put his hands on her shoulders and kissed her. "God bless you," he said, "and help me to comfort you."

And when she had gone, he sat down by the table and buried his face on his arms. For a strange new life was dawning in his heart and a strange new sorrow, and he did not know how to meet them.

He did not understand what it was; or why he felt as he did; he was only conscious of that same craving for something more than she had given him and of a growing jealousy of his lost friend.

"Know thyself," said one of the seven wise men.

Aye; and surely he smiled scornfully as he said it, knowing well that what sounded so simple was indeed almost impossible.

How can we "know ourselves," when there is always something within us, lying latent, which only makes itself felt and known, when certain circumstances call it into action.

It is only by trial and testing we can truly know the worth of anything.

Not long ago Guy had said, in all faith, that he was never likely to fall passionately in love; and so firm was he in this opinion, that he could not even see the approach, or recognise the beginning of it.

He had only made the common mistake of reading his own heart before it had been tested, and reading it wrong.

(To be continued.)

PROSPECTUS PUZZLE POEM REPORT.

SOLUTION.

TO THE GIRLS OF BRITAIN.

Girls of Britain, rise to feet,
Courtesying, as is most meet,
Your new-born magazine to greet.

Fiddlers, play! Sing, voices sweet!
Volume eighteen is complete,
And nineteen comes with footsteps fleet.

Crown with bays each new print sheet,
Give it in your heart a seat,
Then you shall live with joy replete.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.
Lily Belling, Wribbenhall, Bewdley, Worcester.
Rev. Joseph Corkey, Armagh, Ireland, and John L. Corkey, Glendermott Manse, Londonderry, Ireland.
Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leicester.
Robert Henry Hamilton, 34, Leadenhall Street, E.C.
Caroline M. M. Hog, c/o H. Morland, Esq., Cranford, near Hounslow.
Fred Lindley, Gas Works, South Hylton.
Ethel C. McMaster, 23, Ross Road, Wallington.
May Merrall, Ulverley, Olton, near Birmingham.
Ellen M. Price, 38, Eleanor Street, South Shields, Durham.
Ellen R. Smith, 11A, Union Court, Old Broad Street, E.C.
Isabel Snell, 51, Mere Street, Leicester.
Ellen C. Tarrant, 2, Palace Grove, Bromley, Kent.

Very Highly Commended.

L. L. Clews, Caroline A. Kilburn, Emily L. Reid, Ada Rickards, Miss Sharp, Gertrude Smith.

Highly Commended.

A. J. Batchelor, Louie A. Boraston, Melinda S. Bourne, Olive Bridge, B. Bryson, M. J. Champneys, Agnes B. Chettle, C. D. Cole, M. Cunliffe, Constance Daphne, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Mary E. Haward, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Annie G. Luck, Christina Henderson, G. D. Honeybourne, E. A. Knight, Frances M. Lewis, J. Middlemiss, F. Miller, Mrs. Nicholls, A. Phillips, F. S. Robertshaw, Florence E. Russell, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, H. Carr Smith, Maud White, Nannie H. White, Kate Whitmore, W. L. Wishart, Elizabeth Yarwood, Helen B. Younger.

Honourable Mention.

M. S. Arnold, C. M. Baxter, E. Blunt, Edith M. Burr, Leonora E. L. Clark, Fanny Coldwell, Dr. R. Swan Coulthard, Janet Cumming, Mrs. Daffen, Daisy Gurman, Colonel A. Fishe, Miss Fleming, Edith L. Howse, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Hyde, Elsie B. F. Kirkby, Grace W. Lewis, Mabel Lewis, Edmund T. Loader, J. D. Musgrave, Janie W. Rentoul, Margaret Sweeting, M. Walker, Jenny P. Wells, Miss Wilkinson.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

It was quite refreshing to find that the Prospectus Puzzle had proved to be really difficult, and that mistakes were almost as plentiful as they used to be in the earliest days of these competitions. We might explain away the difficulties one by one, but such a good-natured proceeding would be rather too late to be of much use, and it is hardly necessary to do more than commend the solution to the attention of those who competed.

A very matter-of-fact rendering of the first line to be found in many solutions somewhat startled us. It runs:—

"Girls of Britain, rise two feet"!

Could such an exhortation be carried into effect, what a very alarming country it would be to live in! "Courtesying" was generally translated "bowing low," a reading we could find no fault with from any point of view. The fourth line was evidently a most troublesome one, but none of the substituted readings could be justified by the puzzle, and the Author's must stand as the only one possible. In reference to the sixth line, we were often informed that the division sign should have been the minus sign. Certainly not: xx. divided by 1 becomes xix., and xix. is nineteen.

Baize as a substitute for bays in the next line did not impress us favourably. It is doubtless a most useful fabric, but for coronation purposes it can be improved upon. For the rest nothing need be said.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

ON THE GENLE ARTS OF MAKING AND TAKING TEA.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

E. Nina Reid, N. Taieri, Dunedin, Otago, New Zealand.
Annie G. Taylor, The Moorings, Coorporoe, Brisbane, N.Z.

Very Highly Commended.

J. W. W. Hogan, Anna I. Hood (France), Annie Jackson (Ontario), Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Mrs. Talbot Smith (S. Australia).

Highly Commended.

Clara Finch (France), Elizabeth Lang (France), Fenella Mackintosh (Bengal), Mrs. E. R. Manners (Bengal), Mrs. S. F. Moore (West Australia), Mrs. Morison (Canada), Mary Ruttonji (India), Malcolm R. Walker (Victoria), M. Waterstorm (Melbourne), Charles Williams (Cape Colony).

A WELL-BRED GIRL.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Katherine J. Knop, Bergheim, Ootacamund, Madras Pres., India.
Jessie Mitchell, Clyderhowe, Edmonton, Alta, Canada.

Special Mention.

E. Nina Reid (New Zealand). The best solution, but the author took a prize for the last puzzle.

Very Highly Commended.

Mrs. H. Andrews, Mabel Ayliff, Trottie C. Barrow, Winifred Bizzey, Annie Isabel Cameron, Lucy E. Cress, N. D. Teresina Fenzi, John A. FitzMaurice, Edith Hardy, Dagmar Hentsch, M. E. Howell, Caroline Hunt, Ethel Malone, Mrs. G. R. Manners, Katie A. Massey, Mrs. S. F. Moore, Florence Richardson, Hilda D'Rozario, Tom Russell, Helen Shilstone, Ada F. Sykes, Marion A. Thomas, Julia Yearwood, Nellie Yearwood.

Highly Commended.

Maud E. Atkinson, Emily Auld, Daisy Bannister, Annie Barrow, Mrs. Campbell, John H. Cargill, C. H. Cather, Florence Copestake, Lillian Dobson, Alice G. Eckel, E. Eckel, Amy Esam, Edith A. Ford, Fontilla Greaves, Louise Guibert, Mrs. Hardy, Clara J. Hardy, L. Hill, Annie I. Hood, Mrs. Jeffares, Elias Keys, Elizabeth Lang, Helen M. Lister, Frances A. L. Macharg, Mrs. G. Marrett, Gertrude E. Moore, S. Moore, Estella Nichols, Mabel de Polignac, Olga Seifert, Walter C. Stewart, T. Angus Swan, M. A. Varlan, Edith Wassell, M. Anne Wilson.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "COFFEE-MAKING."

SOLUTION.

Coffee-Making.

How strange it is that we on English soil
So often fail, however much we toil,
In making coffee such as Frenchmen boil!

Do we lack sense, or pots, or water pure?
Do we bad coffee or thin milk procure?
Tell me, ye careful housewives, I adjure!

The coffee-pots rare-fashioned are to please
There English, German, French and Viennese,
So different from the simple pots for teas.

So this I urge—that girls should take a turn
With fresh-ground berries at the coffee-urn,
Greeting, with smile, the breakfast-cups' return.

Prize Winners.

Ten Shillings Each.

Mrs. J. Brand, 13, Windsor Circus, Kelvinside, Glasgow.
Edith Dewey, c/o Mr. F. A. Rogers, 327, Oxford Street, W.
Mrs. F. Farrar, Westridge, Whitefield, near Manchester.
Caroline Gundry, The Vicarage, Cerne Abbas, Dorchester.
Mrs. E. L. Hamilton, 44, Marquis Road, Stroud Green, N.
Fanny K. Hardie, 9, Kirk Street, Oldmeldrum, Aberdeenshire.
J. Hunt, 42, Francis Road, Birmingham.
Elizabeth Rose, 5, Rubislaw Terrace, Aberdeen.
Edith F. Sellers, c/o Miss Hall, Stanley House, Oundle, Northamptonshire.
A. A. L. Shave, 6, Craufurd Rise, Maidenhead.
Isabel Snell, 51, Mere Road, Leicester.
Emily C. Woodward, Handsworth Villa, Albert Quadrant, Weston-super-Mare.

Special Mention.

Emily L. Reid, Eliza J. Stable.

Very Highly Commended.

C. Adams, Ethel B. Angear, Florence M. Angear, Annie Arnold, Annie A. Arnott, Annie Barker, Edith Barnes, Lily Belling, Isabel Borrow, Melinda S. Bourne, Herbert A. Brown, Beatrice C. Brooks, William E. Bryant, B. Bryson, Louie Bull, Edith Burford, A. Burrell, Edith Carpenter, Elizabeth M. Caple, F. T. Chamberlain, M. J. Champneys, Agnes B. Chettle, Muriel L. Clague, Frances J. Cox, M. A. C. Crabb, Mrs. Crossman, Ellie Crossman, Janet Cumming, Mrs. Ranald Daniel, E. H. Duncan, Louie Drury, Maud C. Fisher, C. M. A. FitzGerald, M. J. FitzGerald, Annie French, Edith E. Gotobed, Edith E. Grundy, Mrs. G. Hardman-Hoyle, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Beatrice A. Harrison, Ethel Hodgkinson, Mary Hodgkinson, H. Hopkins, M. L. Hopkins, Rosa S. Horne, Edith L. Howse, Alice E. Johnson, Mrs. A. L. Kendall, Helen M. Keys, Carlina Leggett, Grace W. Lewis, Winifred A. Lockyear, J. S. Longland, C. Y. MacGibbon, Donald Mackenzie, Martin McKenzie, S. Mason, Bertha Medley, Marian E. Messenger, Margaret Murray, Maggie Ormond, Gertrude Peace, Lizzie Peacock, Mrs. Pinney, Ellen M. Price, Eliza J. Scarle, Florence Scott, Janet Scott, A. C. Sharp, Ethel J. Shepard, Mildred M. Skrine, Jenny Smedley, Ada Smith, Ellen R. Smith, Harriet C. Smyth, Mrs. G. M. Thompson, L. M. Todd, E. G. Trezise, Daisy Tyler, Ada C. F. Walker, Camilla F. Walker, Vera H. Walker, Ethel M. Warner, Mrs. Watson, Florence Watson, G. S. Wilkins, Freda M. Wood, Edith M. Younge, Helen B. Younger.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Mrs. J. P. Ansell, A. E. Ashton, Mabel Bacot, M. Bolingbroke, A. C. Carter, Mary I. Chislett, L. H. Clark, Edith Collins, Rev. Joseph Corkey, Mrs. A. C. Coombs, F. Cunliffe, Florence E. Deeth, Ethel Dobell, Miss Franklin, Daisy Gurman, Miss Hedderwick, Annette E. Jackson, R. V. R. James, Miss Japp, M. Keene, Evelyn M. Kent, Janet Kidd, Elsie B. F. Kirkby, Margaret S. Krauss, Dorothy Lang, Emily Lethem, Mabel J. Lewis, Emmie Lock, Donald McLean, E. MacMichael, Lucretia Milton, Miss Mingo, Mrs. A. M. Motum, Mrs. F. C. Nash, Rev. V. Odom, Miss Oldfield, Alice G. Page, Marian Pinder, M. Poole, Mrs. Pratten, May E. Purser, Nina E. Purvey, Florence E. Russell, E. M. Sanderson, L. E. Saul, Alfred Scott, Ida Seabrook, Gertrude Smith, R. E. Carr-Smith, Clara Souter, Ethel E. Spencer, Rosi Spencer, Alice E. Stretton, Alice Taylor, Bettie Temple, Evelyn Townend, Annie L. Trendell, W. Fitzjames White, Henry Wilkinson, Ethelwynne Wilson, W. L. Wishart, Josephine Woodrow.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Had we been free to gratify our sense of justice to the full, we should have awarded about half-a-gross of prizes this month. But the resources of even a puzzle treasury have their limits, and though it seems a shame to suppress such generous instincts, they may not be indulged. Accordingly, we have followed the time-honoured plan of awarding prizes for only the very best solutions, and twelve hearts may rejoice over notes of interrogation and commas rightly placed and over apostrophes remembered.

Unhappily there was a weak spot in the puzzle itself. At least, we were unhappy about it until we read (on page 811 of the part in which the puzzle appeared) "The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything." This comforted us, and we carefully refrained from reading the rest of the article lest we should find anything to detract from such a beautiful yet common-sense observation.

Line 8 began with the word "There," and we may as well confess that it was intended to be read "the're" as a contraction for there are. But there are cannot be contracted by any rules of grammar whatsoever, and we have to face an awkward dilemma. There is one way of working the word as it stands into the line and that is to use it as a triumphant exclamation:—

There! English, German, etc.;

the sense being "just look at the variety of coffee-pots—what more can you want?" But we cannot adopt such a clumsy reading to the exclusion of others more reasonable even though they imply a mistake. The favourite reading was "they're," and we accepted that and almost any other except "there's," which would almost horrify the Lindley Murrays out of existence.

"There is English coffee-pots." How truly dreadful!

The background of the title was merely intended to show up the drawings, but it was not to be wondered at that some solvers wrote "On black coffee-making." The reference to milk, however, in line 5 shows that it is the breakfast-table coffee which is in the poet's eye—poor fellow!

We were interested to note a curious touch of patriotism in some solutions, English being spelt with a capital "E" and Frenchmen with a small "f." Is this one of the results of modern education? It is quite possible to show a healthy pride in one's country without indulging in orthographical freaks on her behalf.

The Frenchmen were also variously described as gendarmes, soldiers and postmen, these professions probably being suggested by the peaked caps. We are not aware, however, that there is anything particularly illustrious about the coffee-making of any one of them.

The attenuated r in line 5 was supposed by some solvers to be "pale," but even the best of milk does not affect a very ruddy hue, and "pale" could not be accepted as a good rendering. In line 8 Viennese was often spelt with only one n.

Very many competitors failed to grasp the idea of "fresh-ground" in line 11, their reading of the line being—

"With coffee berries at the coffee-urn."

Those of our readers who, in their desire to have pure coffee, put the actual berries into the urn have themselves to thank for a very un-French result.

The last line gave much trouble, and not one competitor gave it exactly as the author wrote it. In some solutions it begins "and greet" (hand greet), and after all we have said upon this cool ignoring of the aspirate, it is very, very grievous to find the offence committed again. Another common but indifferent reading runs:—

"Salute with lips the coffee-cups' return."

Why such an exhortation? However good the coffee may be, it is not, as far as our experience goes, at all usual to kiss the cup.

Again:—

"Greeting with parted lips the cups' return,"

suggests a greediness of demeanour which would ill become the breakfast-table of any one of our readers. Furthermore both these readings miss the point of the lesson, which is: learn to make good coffee, and you will be rewarded by the return of the cups for a further supply; and, if you take any pride in your work, you will smile with delight.

We have never understood why English homes cannot or do not produce better coffee. Possibly the reason given by

A daughter of la belle France—who, by-the-way, is also an English wife—is the true one. She writes: "You ask 'Do we lack sense?' No, but we do lack the soft water; the *braise* to burn in the brasier over which the water is boiled, and the rich uncreamed milk brought to table in the vessel in which it is cooked and poured foaming upon the coffee. Let the 'careful housewives' be supplied with these aids, and she need no longer fear the competition of her sisters over the sea."

There is such a ring of probability about these suggestions, that we commend them to our readers with much confidence, though we (the *puzzle* editors be it understood) have no idea what *braise* is. We must look it up.

The number of solutions which omitted the interrogation-marks at the end of lines 4 and 5 was quite surprising. Several also left out the apostrophe in cups' (either singular or plural will do), while very many more omitted the two important commas in line 6.

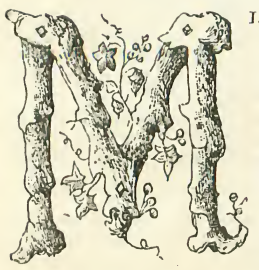
The adjudication turned upon these minor points, which, as far as the first two are concerned, are not so very insignificant after all, and no solution which showed any failure in *solving* receives any mention this month. This report finishes the puzzles in the last volume, and the consolation prize will be awarded shortly.



SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.



ISS CARR'S surmise proved correct, for even as she spoke the door opened and Lettice appeared on the threshold. No longer the Lettice of short skirts and flowing locks, but an elegant young lady who swept forward with a rustle of silken skirts, and held up the sweetest pink and white face in the world to receive her father's kiss of greeting. "Lovely Lettice," indeed, lovelier than ever now in the first bloom of womanhood. As her father held her from him at arm's length, the slim figure was almost as tall as his own, and the golden head dropped before the grave, scrutinising glance. Lettice knew that her lover had called during her absence, and Miss Carr's silence, her father's unusual solemnity, added to her natural nervousness. The grey eyes roved from one face to another with a scared, helpless look which they were quick to understand.

"Yes," said Mr. Bertrand, "we know all about it by this time, Lettice. Mr. Newcome has interviewed Miss Carr. She was intensely surprised; I also, but she has had more opportunity of seeing you together, and she tells me that you have shown no special signs of interest in this young fellow. Tell me, my dear, speak frankly, we are only thinking of your happiness—have you allowed yourself to be persuaded against your own judgment? It is a pity if that is the case, but it can be remedied. There is no engagement as yet, and I can easily explain to Mr. Newcome that you have made a mistake."

Lettice had seated herself opposite him and busied herself pulling off her long suede gloves. She avoided her father's glance, but the answer came in a little, breathless gasp—"Oh, no, no, I don't want——"

"No—you say no? Lettice, this is a serious matter. Do you mean to tell me that you love Arthur Newcome, and wish to marry him? Think well, my dear. You know what it means, that you are content to spend your life with this man, to give up everything for him, to say good-bye to friends and relations——"

"Father, Miss Carr is here; you are all coming up for the winter; he lives here. I should not have to leave you!"

"You can't count on that, Lettice. Mr. Newcome's business arrangements might make it necessary for him to leave London at any time, and it would be your duty to follow. Do you care for him enough to make such a sacrifice? If you love him you will not hesitate; but do you love him? That is what I want to hear! Come, Lettice, speak, I am waiting for your answer!"

"I—I, father, I do like him! I promised I would; I think he is very kind!"

The two elders exchanged glances of baffled helplessness. There was silence for a few minutes, then Mr. Bertrand seated himself by Lettice's side and took her hand in his.

"My dear little girl, let us understand each other. Of course he is 'kind;' of course you 'like him,' but that is not enough; you must do something more than 'like' the man who is to be your husband. Do you care for him more than for me and Miss Carr, and your sisters and brothers all together? If he were on one side of the scale and we on the other, which would you choose? That is the way to face the question. You must not be satisfied with less. My dear, you are very young yet, I think you had better let me tell Mr. Newcome that he is not to mention this matter again for the next two years, until you are twenty-one. By that time you will know your own mind, and, if you still wished it, if you both wished it, I should have no more to say. You would be willing to leave it in that way, wouldn't you, dear?"

But Lettice did not look at all willing. She drew her hand away from her father's grasp, and turned her shoulder on him with a pettish gesture which was strangely unlike her usual sweet demeanour.

"Why should I wait? There is nothing to wait for! I thought you would be pleased. It's very unkind to spoil it all! Other girls are happy when they are engaged, and people are kind to them. You might let me be happy too——"

Mr. Bertrand sat bolt upright in his seat, staring at his daughter with incredulous eyes. Could it be possible that the girl was in earnest after all, that she was really attached to this most heavy and unattractive young man? He looked appealingly at his old friend, who, so far, had taken no part in the conversation, and she took pity on his embarrassment and came to the rescue. Two years' constant companionship with Lettice had shown her that there was a large amount of obstinacy hidden beneath the sweetness of manner, and for the girl's sake, as well as her father's, she thought the present interview had better come to an end.

"Suppose you go to the library and have a smoke, Austin, while Lettice and I have a quiet talk together," she said soothingly, and Mr. Bertrand shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of nervous irritation, and strode from the room.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than Lettice produced a little lace-edged handkerchief from her pocket, and began to sob and cry.

"Father is cruel; why won't he believe me? Why may I not get engaged like other girls. I am nineteen. I was so happy—and now I'm miserable!"

"Come here, Lettice, and for pity's sake, child, stop crying, and behave like a reasonable creature. There are one or two questions I want to ask you. How long have you known that Arthur Newcome was in love with you?"

"I don't know. At least, he was always nice. That summer at Windermere, he always walked with me, and brought me flowers, and——"

"That was three years ago, the summer you came to me. So long as that! But, Lettice, whatever your feelings may be now, you have certainly not cared for him up to a very recent period. I don't need to remind you of the manner in which you have spoken about him. When you saw that he was growing attached to you, did you try to show that you did not appreciate his attentions?"

Lettice bent her head and grew crimson over cheek and neck.

"I was obliged to be polite! He was always with Madge, and I did like——"

Miss Carr shut her lips in tight displeasure.

"Yes, my dear, you 'liked' his attentions, and you were too vain and selfish to put an end to them, though you did not care for the man himself. Oh, Lettice, this is what I have feared, this is what I have tried to prevent! My poor, foolish child, what trouble you have brought upon us all! Arthur Newcome will have every reason to consider himself badly treated; his people will take his part; you will have alienated your best friends."

"I am not going to treat him badly. You are unkind; he would not be unkind to me. I wish he were here, I do! He would not let you be so cruel," and Lettice went off into a paroxysm of sobbing, while Miss Carr realised sorrowfully that she had made a false move.

"My dear child, you know very well I don't mean to be cruel. I am too anxious for your happiness. Lettice, Mr. Newcome is very much in love just now, excited and moved out of himself; but though he may not be less devoted to you, in the course of time he will naturally fall back into his old quiet ways. When you think of a life with him you must not imagine him as he was yesterday, but as you have seen him at home any time for the last three years. You have mimicked him to me many times over, my dear. Can you now feel content to spend your life in his company?"

It was of no use. Lettice would do nothing but sob and cry, reiterate that everyone was unkind, that she was miserable, that it was a shame that she could not be happy like other girls, until, at last Miss Carr, in despair, sent her upstairs to her bedroom, and went to rejoin Mr. Bertrand.

"Well?" he said, stopping short in his pacing up and down, and regarding her with an anxious gaze, "what luck?"

Miss Carr gave a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, none—none at all! She will do nothing but cry and make a martyr of herself. She will not acknowledge that she has made a mistake, and yet I know, I feel it is not the right thing! You must speak to Arthur Newcome yourself to-morrow, and try to make him consent to a few months' delay."

"I was thinking of that myself. I'll try for six, but he won't consent. I can't say I should myself under the circumstances. When Lettice has accepted him and cries her eyes out at the idea of giving him up, you can hardly expect the young fellow to be patient. Heigho, these daughters! A nice time of it I have before me, with four of them on my hands."

Punctually at eleven o'clock next morning Arthur Newcome arrived for his interview with Mr. Bertrand. They were shut up together for over half-an-hour, then Mr. Bertrand burst open the door of the room where Miss Carr and his daughter were seated, and addressed the latter in tones of irritation such as she had seldom heard before from those kindly lips.

"Lettice, go to the drawing-room and see Mr. Newcome. He will tell you what we have arranged. In ten minutes from now, come back to me here."

Lettice dropped her work and glided out of the room, white and noiseless as a ghost, and her father clapped his hands together in impatience.

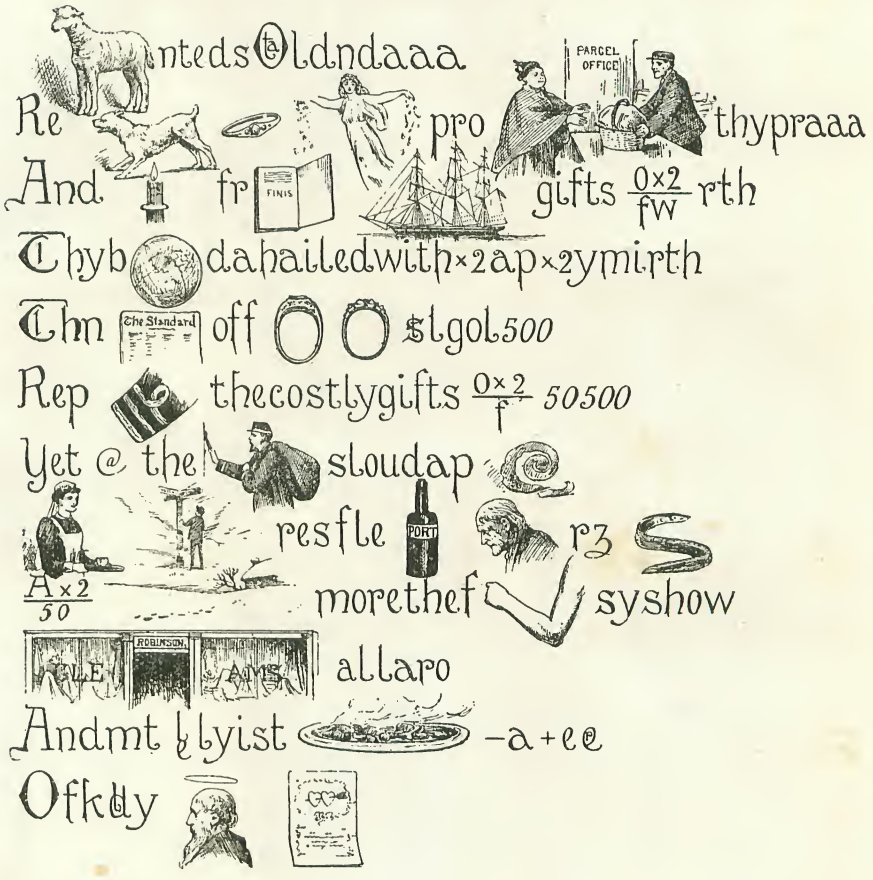
"Bah, what a man! He drives me distracted! To think that fate should have been so perverse as to saddle me with a fellow like that for a son-in-law! Oh dear, yes, perfectly polite, and all that was proper and well-conducted, but I have no chance against him—none! I lose my head and get excited, and he is so abominably cool. He will wait a month as a concession to my wishes before making the engagement public, and during that time she is to be left alone. He is neither to come here nor to write to her, and we will say nothing about it at home, so that there may be as little unpleasantness as possible if it ends as we hope it may. I had really no decent objection to make when he questioned me on the subject. He is in a good position; his people are all we could wish, his character irreproachable. He wishes to be married in the autumn, and if he persists I shall have to give in, I know I shall—you might as well try to fight with a stone wall."

"Autumn!" echoed Miss Carr in dismay. "Autumn! Oh, my poor Lettice, my poor, dear child! But we have a month, you say; a great deal may be done in a month. Ah, well, Austin, we must just hope for the best, and do everything in our power to prevent an engagement."

(To be continued.)

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.

Saint Valentine.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be March 15, 1898; from Abroad, May 18, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE last idea in the way of the shape of female dress which comes to us from Paris is, apparently, that we shall all be tall and slight; that all lines shall be long, and that if there are to be lines at all, they shall be straight ones. No bunches of any sort, no stiffening to the skirts, and no puffiness to the sleeves. If you happen to be short and stout, or even tall and full of figure, the first thing to be done is to learn how to manipulate your dress and your millinery, so that you may assume the virtue of slimness, even though you have it not.

Of course, after this notification, those who think about the matter will soon make up their minds that certain articles of dress and certain forms of cutting and making garments will soon return to our midst. Long coats to the feet, for instance, have arrived already for some people, and in my last I spoke of the three-quarter length jacket as having been seen, and is going to be in the future the proper thing to wear, instead of the short jackets which we have all worn so long and which, to give them their due, have been most comfortable and useful, and have always looked, when well-made, smart and serviceable under all circumstances. All the new hats too, are of course trimmed very high at one side; and in Paris the fur muff has grown to an enormous size, so that no one but a tall woman could be seen with such an encumbrance. Long and clinging tea-gowns, cut in the princess style, are already seen in considerable quantities here, and velvet seems to be the favourite material or at least one of those beautiful velveteens which it is difficult to distinguish from a real silk velvet.

Still, in evening dress, the short and rather full skirt holds its own, as it does also by daytime in our every-day life; and the prevalence of fur in bands, and even in flounces, is one of the things thrust on one's notice in real life. I have seen short skating dresses of fur. In fact I think one sees these in certain shops every winter, though more perhaps this year than usual. Skunk fur is more used than it was, but even though it looks so well and wears almost better than any other fur, the first damp day brings an odour that is plainly perceptible even in the best cured and most costly skins.



THE BRAIDING OF TO-DAY.

Do not fancy though that the Russian blouses have been ejected from fashion. By no means. But their tendency towards too much bagginess, both in the back and the front, has been much reduced, and I hear it said that it will disappear in the spring, when they will look more like the Norfolk jacket of old than the Russian moujik's coat. The long coat is often made with a Russian blouse effect, and on a slight figure this is very elegant and effective.

I notice that numbers of tartan blouses of all kinds are now being sold and are most comfortable in use. Their only drawback is, that they are made for the white linen collars and cuffs, which are not becoming to everyone, and seem quite out of place with

velvet. A handsome *passementerie* would look better to my mind. For the ordinary blouse of the morning, viyella, flannelette, and figured flannels are much used, and for those people who cycle, nothing could be more comfortable. When walking down a well-known street the other day I noticed in the windows of a large shop any amount of flannel and flannelette blouses, seemingly very nicely made, and priced at one shilling, or one and sixpence. Of course, one knows that the material is a cheap one, but what can the poor worker have received?

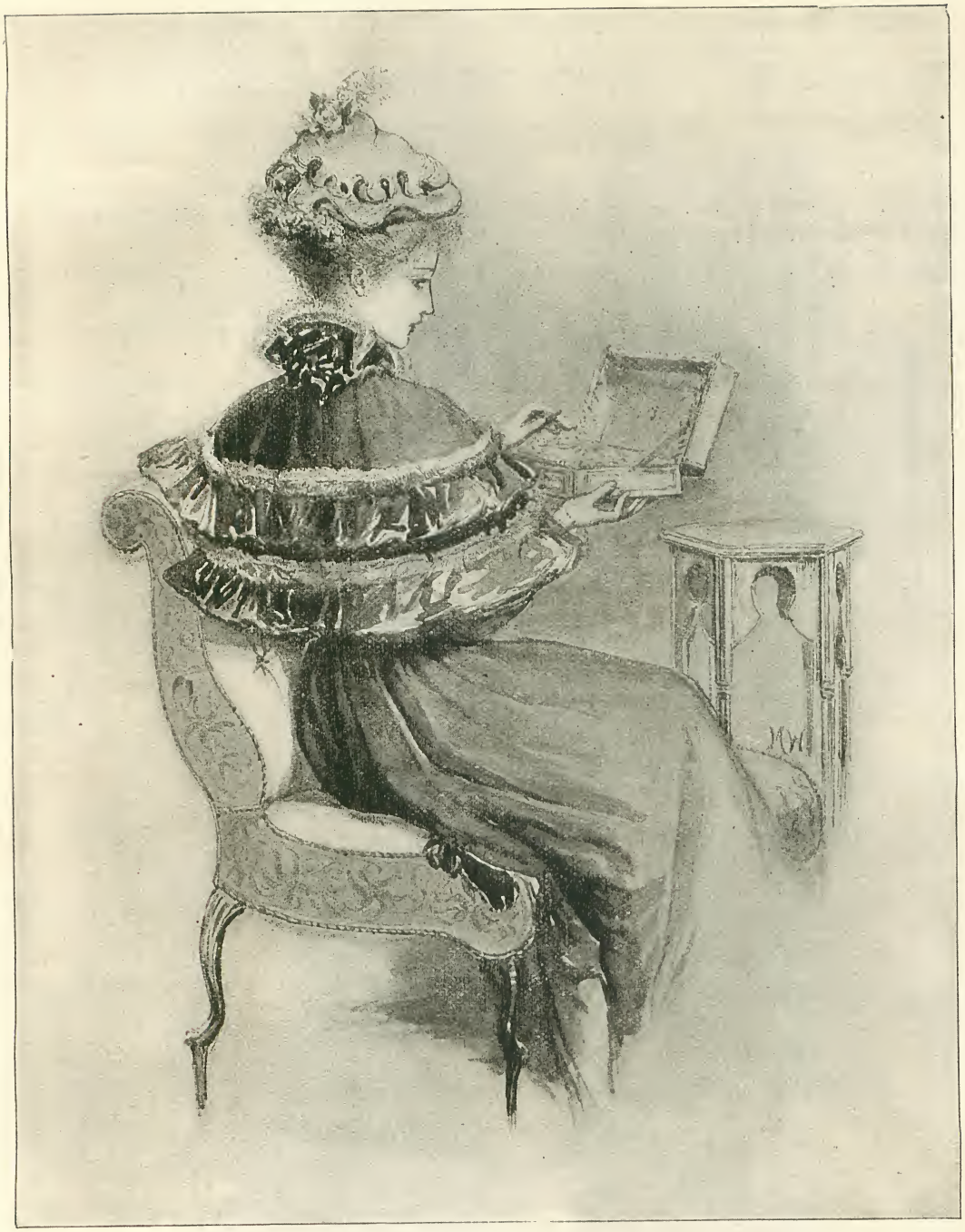
One cannot help being delighted to see that the small basques for the blouse have gained in favour; for we are spared the sight of much inelegance and some untidiness in the modes of attaching bodice and skirt. It is better now than formerly, when nearly every one exhibited the effect of "coming unscrewed at the waist," as a well-known writer once phrased it. And there is no doubt that the basque is more becoming. Of some of the new blouses the sleeves are braided all over, as well as the collars and *revers*. In a general way these are made of Venetian cloth. Wide waistbands are also braided to match, and also bands for the decoration of the skirt.

Before I finish with the subject of gowns, and their trimmings, I must mention how much fur has been used at the last fashionable weddings, for the trimming of both the brides' and the bridesmaids' dresses. White satin for the bride has been the almost invariable material, and this has been trimmed during the last ten days with three different kinds of fur, chinchilla, sable, and a lovely golden otter.

Even those who never have tried their hands at millinery might endeavour to make something of it now. The popular mode of the hour is the toque, and the folds of velvet used on it are so heavy and massive, with bands of fur, and even whole birds, as well as wings, that but small artistic skill is needed to arrange it. The folds of velvet are like turbans, they are so heavy, and this mode obtains both on hats and bonnets as well. The other day I saw a young lady with such a heavy piece of velvet arranged in folds on the brim of her hat, that it almost looked as if it would over-balance it. The hat was black, and the velvet of a lovely rose-colour, and there were white wings at the side; the colouring was beautiful, though the



GOWN WITH PLAIN FRONT AND FULL BACK AND SIDES.



A WINTER CAPE.

arrangement was top-heavy. The brightness and lightness of the hues of this winter's millinery is most remarkable. It is as if we had mistaken our season and come out in spring attire and colours instead of winter ones. The greens used are peculiarly pretty and spring-like; and nothing looks better than a dark green or black hat trimmed with green velvet, and with the inevitable white wings as a pleasant relief.

The unwonted use of flowers, with fur, is a feature of this winter's head coverings. The flowers used seem to be only violets and chrysanthemums. Not much lace is seen, and what is employed is generally white.

Our illustration of "the braiding of to-day" shows the extremely bold character of the new designs, which are mostly seen on cloth gowns. The gown illustrated is of mauve cloth, and the braid is black. The second figure has a fur jacket of caracul, edged with ermine. This shows one of the remarkable mixtures which this year has brought forth in fur. The jacket is made in the Russian-blouse style, the band at the waist being of oxydised silver.

These closely-fitting fur jackets are being found so warm by the young people who are wearing them that they cannot manage to wear anything warmer than a silk, or even a cotton blouse, under them. So it is no uncommon sight to see the latter, even though the season be winter and the weather cold.

Another very pretty jacket of the kind is shown in our next illustration of one of the newest skirts, with a plain apron-like front, on which the rest of the skirt in front is gathered. The bodice of this gown, which was of green cloth, is of green velvet, edged with ermine, or with chinchilla; the points of the *revers* in front being of white lace over white satin. This is a charming winter or early spring gown for a young girl. The bands on the skirt are of green velvet, and the waistband is of green leather with a silver buckle.

I must add a few lines to my information about trimmings in order to say something about the numberless lace bows, fronts and neckties, which are worn by everyone. Fronts for dresses are made of some bright-coloured silk, which is then covered with white lace; and thus finished it looks very well as a brightener of any winter frock. The lace must be repeated with the colour in any toque or hat worn.

Many people add a frill of white lace inside the high storm collar, as it keeps the velvet or cloth from the hair, and also prevents the fur from getting soiled. In the case of dyed furs, the lace is very useful, for the colouring matter nearly always comes off and makes everything black which touches them. Cheap furs that are dyed—not real fur—are always to be avoided, and it is better to arrange for an entire imitation (like the woven astrachan, for example) than to have a fur which will prove so unsatisfactory in wear as a fur which has been dyed to an artificial black.

Long lace scarves are in high favour, and are worn over fur and velvet jackets and fur capes. All the best laces seem to show Brussels patterns, but others may be had. All these small confections add so much to the look of a person, but they are very expensive to buy. They are, fortunately, easy to make, and anyone with a good memory for effects can reproduce the patterns seen at small expense. There are so many things in this way that can be made at home by a clever person; amongst others, the long evening cloaks that are so much worn. The pattern is easily obtained, and the material also. Velveteens make very handsome cloaks, and there is a long list of all kinds of pretty and serviceable colours from which to choose. Silk and wool materials, such as figured reps and brocades, and even some of those wonderful brocades in wool and cotton, made for upholstering purposes, may be used for cloaks. The satin can be obtained ready quilted; or else there is generally some bargain in brightly-hued materials to be obtained, which is perhaps slightly tumbled or soiled, but which is in nowise spoilt for a cloak lining.

The value of these cloaks is best found in London, where it is possible to save much cab-fare, if we can make our journey by omnibus, well covered-up in a pretty, and not too dressy, cloak.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

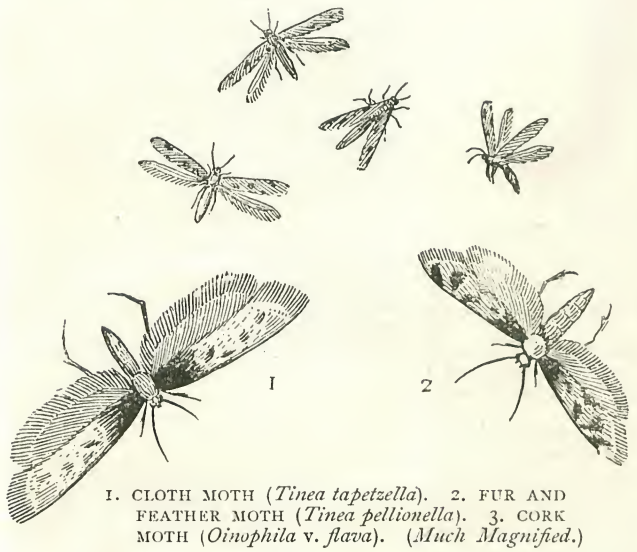
Moths.

During the past few years I have made the acquaintance of a good many members of the moth family.

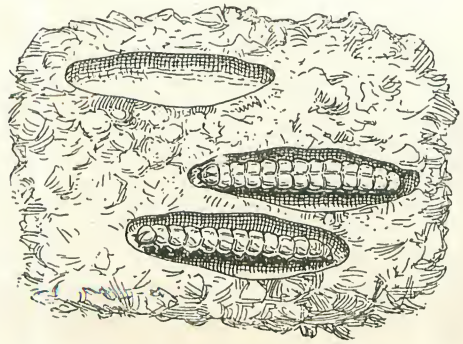
A small room built out of the conservatory was found to be too damp for my daily use and was for a while unused in consequence. I find that the moths have been having grand times there; they found out some boxes of curious feathers and reduced them to shreds and atoms, they reared extensive families in the buffalo skin which carpets the floor, a stuffed gazelle has afforded a delightful feeding-ground for another species. I find that a box of owl pellets is swarming with Tineas; in fact nothing seems to have come amiss to these little plagues. They can adapt themselves to digest every kind of material, and very diligently do they set to work to reduce feathers, cloth, furs and stuffed animals and birds to a heap of dusty fragments. One is familiar with the ordinary moth cases containing the grubs, and sometimes the small white larvæ make tunnels in the substance they are devouring, but in the room I speak of a certain red plush table-cover contained a number of neat, little oval cells, and in each reposed a fat, white grub, no doubt the maker of the cell. Since the cloth is ruined I have allowed these innocent babies to remain in their cradles, and I shall watch them turn into chrysalides, and eventually into moths.

The smallest specimens of this destructive tribe that I have yet met with are the cork moths; they lay their eggs in the corks of old sweet wine with the result that the grubs bore holes into the said corks, and thus let in the outer air and turn the wine into vinegar, and in this way thousands of bottles of choice wine become spoiled by an enemy so minute as to be very seldom seen in the winged state.

This fact points to the necessity of protecting the corks of valuable wine by sealing-wax or metal capsules.



1. Cloth moth (*Tinea tapetzella*). 2. Fur and feather moth (*Tinea pellionella*). 3. Cork moth (*Oinophila* v. *flava*). (*Much Magnified.*)



Moth larvæ in plush cloth.

The Lesser Celandine (*Ranunculus Ficaria*).

The lesser celandine is amongst the earliest of our spring flowers.

"The first gilt thing
That wears the trembling pearls of spring."
Wordsworth.

Its bright cheery flowers may be found in this month starring the ground in sheltered nooks or on hedge banks. It is one of the buttercup family, and possesses a rather curious root consisting of small oval-shaped tubers; these break off very readily when touched, and a heavy storm of rain will sometimes wash the earth away from the root, breaking off these tubers and leaving them scattered about on the surface of the ground.

This fact in olden days gave rise to the belief that it sometimes rained wheat, as the small bulbs when detached very much resemble wheat grains.

Like all buttercups the plant is poisonous, but in spite of that its glossy green leaves and golden flowers are welcome to our eyes as tokens of the coming spring.

It may be interesting to observe that in different flowers the petals vary in number from five to nine, and the sepals are equally varied, ranging from three to five or six.

The small honey glands at the base of the petals render this plant attractive to bees and flies, and the flowers thus become fertilised by their visits, but if by reason of its growing in a shady place no insects happen to visit the flowers and they fail to ripen fruit, then the plant has another resource and produces small bulbils in the axils of the leaves, and these in time fall off and become new plants.

The name ficaria is said to be given to this species because the small tubers somewhat resemble a fig, (*ficus*) in shape.

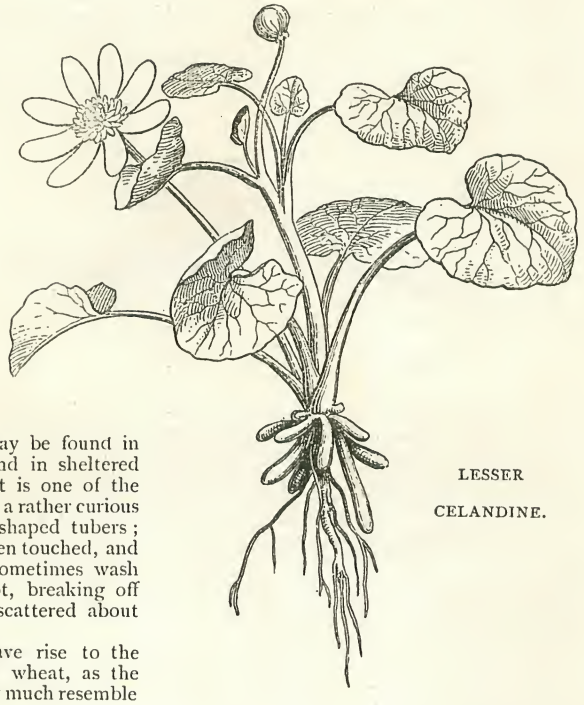
Spiders.

A spider's web empearled by hoar frost is indeed "a thing of beauty." To-day every tree-branch, bush and spray is seen to be hung with these jewelled webs, even the lawn is covered with them, and one realises that flies live in a very world of snares unseen by us until the frost reveals them.

There really seems to be a spider fitted to every situation in life.

In our houses reside the *tegenarias*, those black, long-legged, swift running creatures which are the *betes noires* of nervous people, but which, notwithstanding, are full of curious ways and instincts, as I can vouch for, seeing I kept one as a "pet" for more than a year.

I watched with interest its making silken tunnels, laying its bag of eggs in a corner of the box it resided in, and concealing it by sticking all over it the legs and wings of the flies it had fed upon until the egg nursery looked only like a bit of old spider's web.



Lesser Celandine.

Another species of spider haunts our window sills.

It makes no web but catches flies by lying in wait and springing suddenly upon them; it is called zebra, from its lovely stripes and markings.

In pine-trees we may find a spider of the most vivid green colour weaving small webs to entrap flies, and in some hidden corner it places a little mass of brilliant yellow silk which contains its precious store of eggs.

On the surface of ponds spiders may be seen running swiftly to and fro.

One species elects to reside upon a floating leaf, and on this little raft it must lead rather a precarious life driven about with every gust of wind.

The most curious of the aquatic spiders is the one which dives below the surface, carrying with it a supply of air with which it fills a silken bag it has woven amongst the weeds growing at the bottom of the pond. In this small balloon it lives its hidden life, preying upon small water insects, only going up to the surface now and again in order to renew its supply of needful air.

In summer we may see thousands of dark brown wolf spiders, each carrying a snow-white ball of eggs beneath its body as it threads its way amongst the grass stubble where the hay has been cut and carried.

Even the air has its tenants from this ubiquitous tribe, for in autumn we may often see the tiny gossamer spider being wafted along with its trail of silken web floating past in the soft breeze.

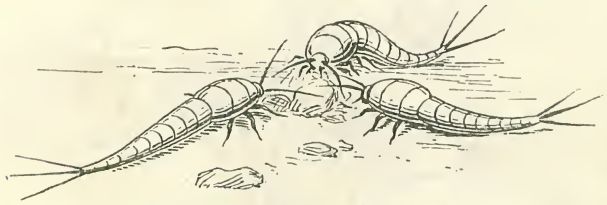
All these creatures doubtless have their uses and each performs some needful part in the economy of nature.

Lepismæ.

There is a tiny dweller in our houses, not often seen because of its nocturnal habits, but yet for several reasons it is worth a little careful study.

I paid a visit to my kitchen hearth last night when the lights had been put out and all was quiet.

There I saw small silvery creatures, shaped like fishes flitting rapidly about within the kitchen fender. These were lepismæ, but when I endeavoured to catch them I found it by no means an easy task.



Lepismæ Saccharina. (*Magnified.*)

I managed it at last by means of a small dusting brush and a basin. With a rapid sweep of the brush I secured a few specimens which I felt could only be safely retained in a glass globe, their small size and agility enabling them to escape from almost any kind of box.

When I examined them by daylight I saw that these singular little atoms possess six legs, two antennae and three long hairs in the tail. They glisten as if formed of silver, and their scales are so fine and delicate as to be used as a test for microscopic glasses.

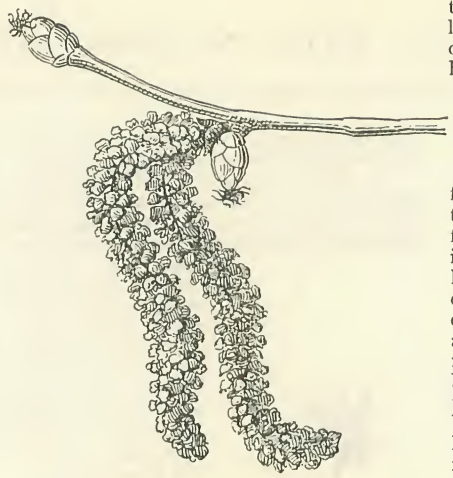
I have kept lepismæ for months, feeding them on cake and sugar until they became tame enough to bear being looked at without fear. Their Latin name, *Lepisma saccharina*, implies their preference for sugar, although they indulge in other rather diverse articles of diet, such as sweet cake, wall-paper, book bindings and furniture coverings.

They are often to be seen in damp libraries running over books and papers, but they are so small that I do not think much injury can be laid to their charge.

The Germans call these little creatures silver fishes, a name which accurately describes their appearance.

Tree Catkins.

I see to-day one of the earliest signs of approaching spring! Even before the snowdrop can be found, the little hanging blossoms of the hazel, called by country children "lambs' tails," are to be discovered on the bare sprays. They have been there since last autumn all unobserved, but now they are daily lengthening and growing more conspicuous,



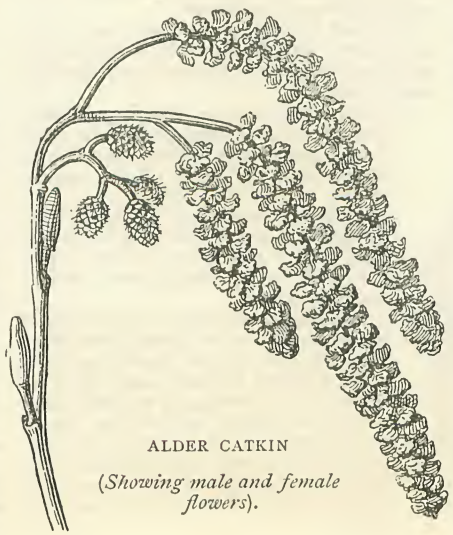
HAZEL CATKIN
(*Showing male and female flowers*).

and will soon be shedding out their pale yellow pollen as a passing wind shakes the branches.

From this time onward we shall find much interest in the study of tree blossoms, and I will endeavour to speak of them in the order in which they appear.

The essential thing in all flowers, in fact the very reason for the existence of a flower is, that its seed should be rendered fertile so that when sown it should produce a plant like itself. In the greater number of plants we find stamens and pistils, which are the male and female organs, contained in the same flower. In tree blossoms there is sometimes a different arrangement.

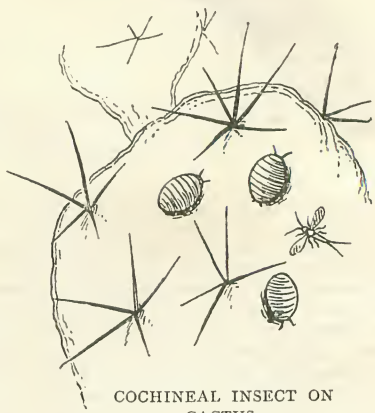
When the willow blossom is out (which we call palm) we shall find one tree bearing the pretty silvery buds which develop later on into the golden powdery blossoms; these are the male trees, and near by we shall find other willows with pale green flowers; these after receiving a shower of pollen will eventually bear an abundance of fluffy willow seed. Next month I shall be able to show an illustration of both these trees. In our hazel tree the female flower is at present a small brown bud, having at the apex a little bunch of crimson threads, and on the same twig hangs the male catkin with which we are so familiar. As soon as this hazel flower is fully expanded its anthers containing the pollen will split open, and the first passing breeze will scatter an abundance of the light powder into the air; some of it is sure to fall upon the crimson stigmas projecting from the brown buds; thus the future nut is fertilised and is enabled to grow and mature into those welcome nut-clusters which we look for in the autumn hedges. Towards the end of this month we shall find the alder catkins (*Alnus glutinosa*) beginning to ripen and shed out their pollen. They somewhat resemble the hazel, only they are of a brownish red, and the future cones appear in the form of a small spray of dark crimson buds usually found close to the hanging catkin, and it too is fertilised in the same manner as the hazel.



ALDER CATKIN
(*Showing male and female flowers*).

Scale Insects.

I have made an acquaintance, more curious than agreeable, in the shape of the destructive orange-scale insect. I find it constantly appearing upon the stem and leaves of a small seedling orange-tree which I have been growing from a pip. Every few weeks brown oval

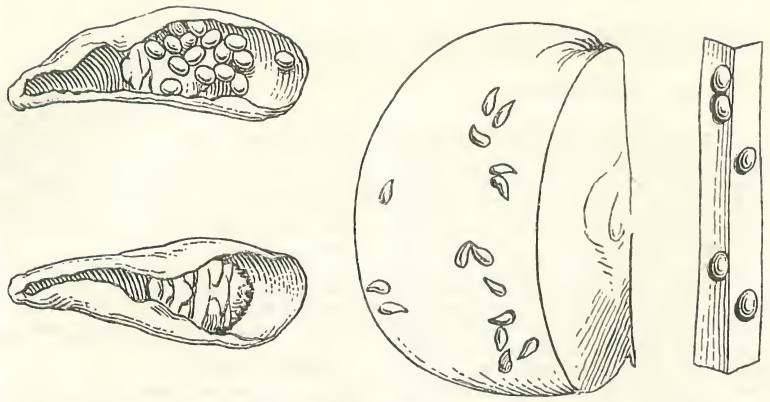


COCHINEAL INSECT ON CACTUS.

scales have to be scraped off the small tree, else its health would be impaired, for these apparently insignificant things are really live creatures each of them possessing six minute legs and a kind of beak with which it bores into the stem and sucks the sap of the plant. These scale insects are a serious annoyance to gardeners and give rise to an immense amount of trouble, for they multiply rapidly, and when once a plant is infested with them there seems no remedy but washing carefully each individual leaf, or else syringing the entire plant with some poisonous liquid.

The life-history of the various scale-insects is not fully known, but in most cases the male insect is a minute fly; the small tortoise-like brown atom which adheres to the stem and leaves being the female.

There are many English species, and unfortunately in importing foreign plants we are apt also to import new kinds of scale-insects which find a congenial home in our hothouses. The palm-scale is one of the most conspicuous, and if we remove one of these from the under side of a palm-leaf in autumn we may, with a lens, discern about fifty white eggs within the brown shell, left there by the dead scale-insect ready to hatch in due time and perpetuate her species. On the fruit of both oranges and apples we may often find the mussel-scales (*Aspidiotus conchiformis*). At the first glance we should take them to be mere brown specks, but the



APPLE MUSSEL SCALE. (*Much Magnified.*) PALM SCALE.

exact form of the mussel-shell shows that they are true scale-insects. As long ago as the year 1518 a kind of scale was observed upon cactus plants in Mexico (*Cossus cacti*). It was found to contain a red colouring matter which forms the basis of the rich carmine used by water-colour painters, and it also yields the cochineal of commerce, so much employed in dyeing and in various arts.

An Indian scale-insect (*Cossus lacca*) deposits a reddish waxy substance upon the twigs and branches of trees; this substance is called stick-lac, and is largely used in the manufacture of sealing-wax and varnish. So that while we look with disfavour upon the insect plagues of this species which infest our green-houses, we may at least recollect that they possess foreign relations who have a certain claim upon our gratitude.

Queen Wasps.

Queen wasps are now beginning to come out of the holes and crevices in which they have been hibernating during the winter.

All the male and worker wasps die in the autumn and only the queens survive until the following spring, when milder air wakens them from their torpid condition, and they begin to seek a suitable place in which to build a nest and found a wasp colony.

We have in England four or five species of wasps, and each may readily be distinguished by the markings on the face and body as shown in the illustration.

The common wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*) prefers to build either in a hollow tree or a hole in a hedge bank.

Having scooped out a sufficiently large cavity the queen lines it with a papery substance made of decayed wood.

I have often watched these insects busily at work upon the stump of an old tree in my garden.

With their strong mandibles they rasp off the dry wood-fibres and moisten them with a glutinous liquid secreted in their mouths until they have a small bundle of a convenient size to carry away.

With this material the wasp makes a ceiling to her nest, placing about sixteen layers one over the other to make a firm foundation.

From this roof are suspended terraces of cells made of the same grey paper and formed exactly like the honey-comb of bees, only these are made to contain wasp-eggs instead of honey.

An egg is laid in each cell, and the grubs when hatched hang head downwards and are fed from below. This seems a curious arrangement, but the grubs are in some way enabled to hold on by their tails so that they never fall out, and as they grow they line their cells with a kind of silk, change their skins several times, become chrysalides, and then in due time push off the cover of their cell and crawl out perfect wasps. They are pale-coloured and weakly at first, but soon gain strength and colour and begin life on their own account.

As soon as the mother wasp finds that her eggs are beginning to hatch she leaves off building cells, and spends her time in feeding her young brood of grubs, and goes on doing so until they are full grown.

In a little while she finds herself surrounded by crowds of obedient worker wasps, and by their aid she goes on enlarging the nest and laying more and more eggs, until at the end of the season a nest is said to contain as many as thirty thousand wasps.

We have reason to be grateful to these insects, because they feed upon flies and immensely reduce their numbers during the hot summer months.

I have often seen a wasp seize a housefly from the window pane and make off with it; they also pick off the teasing flies from the cattle and thus render them valuable service.

The wood wasp (*Vespa sylvestris*) forms beautiful hanging nests in trees where they look much like grey paper roses.

These nests are made of the same wood fibre masticated into extremely thin layers forming the outer case, within are the brood cells, and at the bottom an opening is left for ingress and egress.

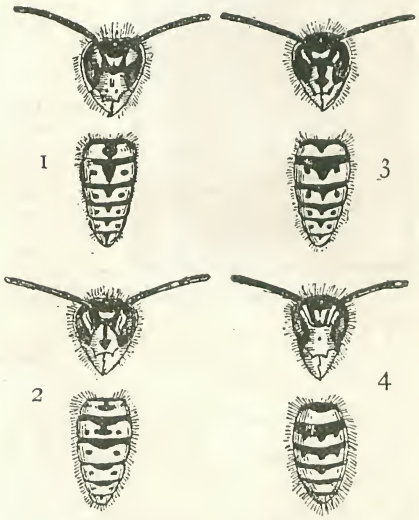
Although so much dreaded by most people, the wasp is really an inoffensive insect, rarely using its sting unless it is provoked and ill-treated.

I cannot say as much for the honey-bee; I have known one to fly straight out of the hive and fix its sting in some innocent passer-by who had done nothing to deserve such treatment.

A bee will also pursue its victim, as I have reason to know, with unrelenting fury.

In the days when I possessed an apiary, if an ill-tempered bee set upon me I found there was but one thing that would baffle my enemy in its pursuit; it was somewhat ignominious, it is true, to have to hide one's head in a bush and remain thus for four or five minutes, but it always proved an effectual defence, the angry hum of the bee died away in the distance and one could at last emerge in safety. This habit of the bee is alluded to in Deuteronomy i. 44. "The Amorites which dwelt in that mountain came out against you and chased you as bees do."

As we think of the life-history of the queen wasp and how, as soon as she wakes from her winter's sleep she sets about forming a nest, laying her eggs, and when the young are hatched feeding and watching over them with



1. *Vespa Germanica.* 3. *Vespa Vulgaris.*
2. *Vespa Rufa.* 4. *Vespa Sylvestris.*

patient mother-love, and all this entirely by herself, guided only by the wonderful instinct with which she has been endowed by the Creator, I think we can but admire the qualities she possesses. And further, when we see the marvellous industry of a colony of wasps, how they also carry out the various useful purposes for which they were created, clearing away dead wood, reducing the hosts of flies and eating many substances that would otherwise tend to pollute the air, we shall, I hope, henceforth look with different eyes upon the persecuted wasp, and instead of showing a foolish dread of its presence, learn to watch its curious ways and recognise that it is faithfully doing, in its humble sphere, the work that has been assigned to it.

VARIETIES.

A Hint to Authors.—"Brevity," says Sydney Smith, "is in writing what charity is to all other virtues. Righteousness is nothing without the one, nor authorship without the other."

A Test of Cleverness.—The clever girl is one who, when you say what you don't mean, always knows what you do mean."

Who is a Wise Girl?—She is by no means to be considered wise who is not wise towards herself.

Knowledge is no Burden.—It is said that a girl could easily carry a million pounds if the money was in £1000 notes. It is worth while for every girl to know this so as to be prepared for an emergency.

An Important Thing.—Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.

Thinkers and Talkers.—"Those who have few affairs to attend to are great speakers. The less people think, the more they talk."
Montesquieu.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART IV.

WHAT IS IT TO BE RICH?

"Labour not to be rich" (Proverbs xxiii. 4).



I WONDER if amongst us who are met together to-night, one could be found who has never said in her heart, "I wish I were rich. If I only had plenty of money, what great things I would do with it." Probably many of us have uttered the wish in the hearing of others, and have even enumerated the uses to which we would put our wealth if we only had it.

I notice, dear girls, that very few people associate the idea of riches with anything but a purse filled to overflowing from an inexhaustible source. To be rich in the estimation of most persons, means the being able to indulge every wish without stint. To be freed from all anxiety about ways and means not only for to-morrow, but through the whole of their lives. To feel that they have only to stretch out their hands and to gather in all the things that are desirable in the eyes of mankind, but which are beyond the reach of most of us.

The craving after something more and better, at least in our own eyes, than we possess, is born with us. The babe that cannot speak grasps a rattle in his tiny fist with a sense of riches, and laughs at its jingle until he catches sight of another child with a more attractive toy. Then he stretches out his free hand and struggles till he nearly throws himself out of his nurse's arms in his eagerness to seize it. The toy may be given to him to hold for a while, because he is but a babe, and other children often show the best side of their natures in being willing to deny themselves in order that these little ones may be happy. But the babe, with both his own hands filled, cares not that others have both theirs empty. Truly in this respect he is only a miniature type of us children of larger growth.

We hug our treasures, and it is to be feared that many of us selfish children of an all-loving and bountiful Father from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, enjoy our blessings and comforts the more, because they are not common to all our neighbours.

I appeal to you who are listening to me. Is it not so with too many of us? Have not some amongst you derived special pleasure from the thought that the pretty material you had just bought for a frock was an "exclusive design?" Have you not rejoiced in the knowledge that only that single length of yours was obtainable, and, therefore, none of your companions could have a dress like yours?

Again; have you not been terribly annoyed that a style which you thought unknown and unseen in your own neighbourhood because you had chosen it in town, had been already appropriated by a girl companion who had far less to spend than yourself. Perhaps, too, she wore her less costly garment with a grace you could not imitate, or the hat, daintily trimmed by her own deft fingers, crowned a face which you were constrained to confess was fairer than your own. So with one thing and the other you could not bring yourself to find any pleasure in the thought that she, having little to spend, could look so well in her simpler clothing. The very sight of her smiling face and trim figure was an offence. It made you feel poorer and as though you had failed to get a fair return for your money; because, despite her comparative poverty, she was feeling richer than yourself.

I have wandered a little from my starting place to present, by the way, a familiar picture as an illustration of our subject—"What is it to be rich?" Can you not realise from what I have just said, that, to the selfish, riches consist not merely in what they have, but in the fact that others do not possess the same things.

I have a special object in view to-night. I know that our gathering of girls includes representatives of all classes. The high born and the lowly, the toilers for daily food and the daughters of parents so wealthy that their children have only to ask and to have the wherewithal to buy soft raiment of fine linen and silk, and costly lace and glittering jewels. I know that here meet alike, the fashioner and the wearer of the Court dress in which some fair young girl makes her first courtesy to our beloved Queen. The general servant in a busy house, the ill-paid seamstress, the young shopwoman, the earnest, loving worker amongst the neglected and downtrodden can all be found joining in our twilight talks. There are many amongst us who are not girls and who yet love to sit with us in the twilight. They left their girlhood behind them years ago, but, in looking back upon it, they realise the mistakes they made and are ready to avail themselves of our meetings, because, as many have told me, they find them helpful. I think our subject to-night will suit people of all ages. When our talk is ended, I trust the rich amongst us will feel richer still, and those who consider themselves poor will find that if they are not really rich, they have only themselves to blame.

Have not you and I lain awake many a time in order to indulge in visions of untold wealth and of the good use we would make of it if it were really ours? I frankly plead guilty to having done this at intervals all my life. We do not generally begin by wishing for vast sums. Our first ideas are comparatively modest, but, as we dream on, our desires increase.

Only a few days ago I was talking to a grey-haired man on the subject. He was poor, but he owned that if he happened to lie wakeful upon his bed, he generally occupied himself in disposing of visionary riches.

"I have a friend who owns to the same failing," he added, "but he goes far beyond me. He laughs and asks, 'Where is the use of troubling about trifles when one is only dreaming of wealth?' When I began I only set myself to consider what I would do with ten thousand pounds if I had it. Now I never stop short of imagining myself a millionaire."

Imagination has no Boundary Walls.—Those who begin to dream about wealth soon find this out. Ever and always, those who have it and those who indulge in golden dreams have one thing in common. They consider that in order to feel rich, they must have something more than they already possess.

To all of you, my dear ones, who sigh over scantily-filled purses and say, "I wish I had plenty of money;" I say, "How much would plenty mean? and what would you do with it?"

I dare say most of you would begin modestly. You would name a sum which would sound trifling in the ears of those who already possess far more, and who yet say as you did a moment ago, "I wish I had plenty of money," for the more people have the more they want. Probably you, who would ask for little to-day, would find that your wants had increased in greater proportion than your means, and you would be sighing out the same old wish before the year had gone its round.

What would you do with wealth if you had it? I address this question to each one of you who, sitting with me this evening in the twilight, is longing for "plenty of money."

I do not expect your answers will reach my ears or come to me in writing, though many of you do put your thoughts on paper for me to read. I often deeply regret my inability to reply to you individually, although I can and do sympathise with and pray for each and all.

Many a girl's answer would come quickly enough if she were not ashamed to tell. Do I not know from the confession of some of our members, that self takes the first place with them? That they hate to think such is the case and that they fight against it, but find how stubborn is the foe and how hard to vanquish.

So with the selfish nature, the first thought which would come along with wealth would be, "How can I gain the most enjoyment out of my new possessions?" The lover of finery and show who has stood outside the shops, vainly coveting glittering jewels and costly raiment, would now enter confidently and strive, by lavish expenditure, to outshine those whom she had formerly almost hated for having the power to wear such costly things.

So too with the girl who was vain of her beauty and yet thought it needed rich apparel to render it irresistible. Personal adornment would be her first thought. A selfish one, for though she might wish to be pleasing to other eyes, her own gratification would come first of all.

Another who had a longing to travel would hasten to indulge her right and natural wish, only, if she placed its gratification first of all, she might ignore the fact that for the time being, her real duty lay at home.

Again, girls are like their elders in being ambitious; but ambition should be well directed. Sometimes it takes the form of striving to win admission to what is called "higher society." In such a case, riches would be used as a stepping-stone to attain this end, and then—— I hardly like to utter the thought which, however, will not be silenced.

Have not you and I known some who have in their days of increased prosperity, turned their backs upon friends who had loved, helped and cared for them, despite their poverty. Riches had made them independent of such friends, and, though conscience told them it was mean and cowardly to do it, they would pass without appearing to see the former companion who wore a last year's jacket, or a cheap frock.

Vain and selfish people have generally

shallow natures, and, if clad in silken raiment and decked with jewels, they can see no merit in a slightly faded dress. Yet the threadbare serge often represents self-denial for another's sake, and covers what is more precious than rubies.

I fancy I hear some of you say, "What ugly word-pictures you are drawing to-night! Surely you do not think so badly of us girls as to suppose that if we had plenty of money we should all act in accordance with the characters you have been sketching."

God forbid. These ugly pictures refer only to the selfish, the vain, the envious, the ambitious, the natures that would use without scruple any means and any person as stepping-stones for their own advancement and gratification. My pictures are ugly ones, but they are drawn from living models. You have only to look round your little world of acquaintances in order to find some who might have sat for them. I will draw no more such pictures, but I must add that natures like these, together with the sordid and miserly, who cannot make up their minds to spend, much less to give of their abundance, are to be found everywhere, but none of them are rich in the better sense of the word. The people who hoard, or spend only on self, are the poorest of all human beings.

I can imagine many of you, dear girls, answering my question—"What would you do with wealth if you had it?" in a very different fashion from those of whom I have been speaking. The loving daughter's heart would glow with glad thankfulness as she said to herself, "If I were rich, my grey-haired father should no longer toil at business, as he has done, in order to give his children a good education, to supply their many wants, or to make their path in life the smoother, by choosing the rougher road for himself."

Or, "My widowed mother should have no anxiety about the morrow. I would lift this burden from her weary shoulders and make her last days better than the beginning."

The self-devoting sister would rejoice that she could carry the delicate ones of the family from the narrow city home to the seaside, or the country, and the sight of the roses growing on their pale cheeks would give her more joy than the most costly jewels or fashionable raiment. She would place the clever brother or sister in a position where natural gifts would have fair play, and, though less gifted herself, would be enriched in seeing the success of one she loved.

A lonely girl with no near ties would find father, mother, sister, brother, friend in whoever needed what it was in her power to give, and would be rich in seeing the happiness she had been able to bestow. Every disciple of Christ would feel that wealth was a trust from God, to be used, not for self-aggrandisement, but for His glory and the good of others as well as for our own happiness.

Perhaps some of you are saying in your hearts, "Why am I not rich? I feel sure that I should use wealth better than many do who possess it. Yet I have no prospect of anything but toil, or the barest income. Things are very unequal." Then a little feeling of discontent stirs in your heart, and you say again, "I wish I were rich. If I only had plenty of money how well I would use it."

No doubt you are in earnest. Many dreamers have thought the same, but we all know by experience that dreams and realities differ widely. Hence our plans for spending what we have often bear little resemblance to our use of what we already possess.

Surely we should all do well to pray, "Lord help me to make a good use of the little I already possess, and rather withhold wealth than give it unless Thou seest fit to enable me to use it for Thy glory, the good of my neighbour and the eternal welfare of my own soul."

All the things that go to make us rich in the eyes of the world are of such a fleeting character, and, up and down on the pages of the Bible we find texts which remind us of this truth. "If riches increase set not your heart upon them." "Labour not to be rich." "For riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle towards heaven." "For riches are not for ever."

These texts are only examples from the many that are given us both in the Old and New Testaments. The first I quoted was sung by the Shepherd King, and it is more than confirmed in the words of Jesus Himself in the sermon on the mount, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

Later still the Great Apostle took up the warning cry, and wrote, "They that will be rich fall into temptation." "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." All these, at different times, widely apart, uttered the same counsel. All tell the same story for us to-day, namely that gold and silver, wide lands, costly jewels and rich raiment are not able to make us rich in the higher sense, because they do not endure. Even if we retain them whilst we live, it is seldom indeed that the power of enjoying what money can buy lasts to the close of life. "For we brought nothing into this world and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

If I could see all your faces, dear girl friends and those amongst us who are older, I think I should read on many of them an expression of disappointment. Perhaps, if I could hear you speak, you would be ready to reproach me, gently I am sure, yet not without reason, for did I not say earlier in the evening that I wanted to make the rich feel richer, and the poor amongst us rich? At this moment, all that I have done is to show that the possessors of plenty of money, to put it shortly, are not really rich. You are ready to ask me if I despise wealth, and deem it worse than useless towards promoting our happiness?

Not so. Have I not opened my heart to you and owned that I have been as great a dreamer, and busied myself as much in disposing of imaginary wealth as the youngest amongst you? But our subject is a wide one, and when we meet again we will consider its varying sides.

In the meanwhile, appeal to God's word to show you some of them, and ask for the Holy Spirit's light upon its teaching, so that you may not read in vain.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

MARJORIE.—Decidedly you suffer from "dyspepsia," and a very troublesome form of that complaint. That you found "quinine and iron" made you worse we readily believe. We have given advice to many girls suffering in the same way as yourself; and also we have published two articles dealing with the subject of "indigestion" and food. The first article was called "Indigestion," and appeared in the December part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The second, entitled "Food in Health and Sickness," appeared in the beginning of last year. The two papers will tell you almost everything you require. You should eat very little farinaceous food, and above all things avoid tea, coffee, potatoes, cheese and pastry. An alkaline stomachic taken before meals would relieve excessive acidity.

MEASLES.—You say that when you return home from a walk "a red rash comes out all over your face." We would like to have been told whether this occurs only during the winter or windy weather, or at all times of the year. You are quite right to wear a veil. You have used all the common application, but we will suggest one, which apparently you have not tried—"Lanoline," a fine white cream. Be careful about the soap you use.

INQUIRER.—You ask for information as to the "cause *or* cure" of a sudden rush of blood to the head and face, but we will tell you something about the "cause *and* cure" of the complaint. In your case the cause is either anæmia or indigestion or both. The cure is therefore to attend to whichever of the conditions you have. If you suffer from both anæmia and indigestion treat the latter first. It is unnecessary for us to repeat the treatment of indigestion. Read the answer to "Marjorie."

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—Undoubtedly you still suffer from "anæmia" and need further treatment with iron. We may safely say that "anæmia" in a girl of nineteen is always cured if properly treated, but the treatment takes some time to restore the health completely. Continue with the preparation which you took before and you will get all right again in time.

STELLA.—As blisters on the feet are caused by ill-fitting boots, the first thing to do to get rid of them is to look to your foot-gear. To make the blisters heal if they have burst, wash your feet every morning and evening in warm water, and then thickly cover the raw places with powdered boracic acid. When you have raw places upon your feet, to whatever cause they may be due, wear white stockings and change them immediately they are soiled in the slightest degree.

AMY.—This is the best treatment of a very bad corn. Get the following paint made up for you by a chemist—

℞ Acidi Salicylici ʒj.
Extracti Cannabis Ind. gr. viij.
Collodion (¼ strength) ℥j.

This is a dark green fluid which is very volatile, and so must be kept in a tightly corked bottle. Many chemists keep this preparation made up under the name of "Solvine." Now, to treat the corn. Soak your foot in hot water every morning and evening for about five minutes and then dry it thoroughly. Afterwards smear a little vaseline over the skin surrounding the corn, but do not let it touch the corn itself. Now apply the paint to the corn with a camel-hair brush, evenly and somewhat thickly. Repeat this for some time and the corn will drop off or be dissolved. This treatment is practically infallible if carried out carefully.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

CASTLENAU.—You and your friend could do a great deal in teaching yourselves the rudiments of French and German, but the pronunciation would be such a difficulty that we strongly advise you to have at any rate a few lessons. If you cannot have these, procure Havet's Complete French Class Book (4s. 10½d. net), or his First French Book (1s. 1½d.) and work through it with your friend, also reading daily as much easy French as you can. German is more difficult; you might try Macmillan's Progressive German Course, first year (1s. 1½d.), or Otto's Elementary German (1s. 10½d.). We are glad to hear you hope to study both languages abroad.

FRIEND-STUDIO (Budapesth).—The sketch from the Hungarian on *Doll-Character* that you enclose is very pretty in itself and very nicely translated, but it would not be quite suitable for publication. There are many phrases that are un-English, e.g., "The most little girls get a doll," and "what powerful educating articles they are." Before being able to write English adapted for publication, you would need to have visited England, or at least to have associated intimately with English. But your work does you very great credit. Do we not recognise you as a former correspondent?

PERSÉVÉRANCE.—1. "Quickening" is not used without the *e*, except in poetry at times, when the absence of the *e* is marked by an apostrophe.—2. We should recommend you to write to Messrs. Hachette & Co., 18, King William Street, Charing Cross, W.C., or to Hatchard's, 187, Piccadilly, W., for a full list of foreign periodicals, adding details of what you require. Your appreciation is very pleasant, but our rules as to *two questions only* are inexorable.

TOBY.—1. Your little sister may possibly have some literary ability, but it does not appear in the story you enclose. The faults of composition are too many to note, and the subject is far too "grown up" for her to handle with any possible chance of success. It is not good for her either physically or mentally to spend her leisure in writing this sort of thing, and after lessons are over, amusement, or outdoor relaxation of some kind, whenever possible, should be encouraged. When her mind is formed and the rules of literary composition have been studied, it will be time enough for her to cultivate the taste you mention, should she possess it.—2. Your writing is distinctive in form, but rather too "detached" and black, and we do not like the loops in nearly all your letters. Your composition is good, but you should not write your's for yours, and & for and.

DALKEITH.—We think you also had better apply to Messrs. Hatchette & Co. or Hatchard's (see above). *Undine*, by De la Motte Fouqué, is a lovely German romance every girl should read, and we have heard *Le Récit d'une Sœur*, by Madame A. Craven, highly praised, but we find it difficult to recommend French stories for girls lest the religious allusions should present an objection.

AN ADMIRER OF RUSKIN.—We are not able to give you exact information about the Guild of St. George, but we should advise you to write to Mr. George Allen, Orpington, Kent, or to Mr. R. E. Butler, late Secretary of the Ruskin Society, London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C., who may possibly help you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOROTHY.—The "Three Kings," is a name very commonly given on the Continent to hotels, and would appear to have reference to the three Magi, generally named Jaspar, Melchior and Balthazar; and also known, through tradition, by three other sets of names. They are also called the "Three Kings of Cologne," because the Empress Helena is said to have brought their bodies from the East to Constantinople, whence they were removed to Milan; and in 1164 the Emperor Frederick presented them to the Archbishop of Cologne, where, according to Cressy, "they are to this day celebrated with great veneration." Of course we could not endorse these statements as facts, at least so far as the identity of the remains so transferred; whose they were we cannot tell.

BETTINA.—As you wish to have a few hints about letter-writing we give a few rules. Excepting to members of your own immediate family never abbreviate your words, i.e., for example, do not write "don't," "wouldn't," "can't," "Yrs," "Dr" (for dear), "yours etcetera," and so forth; write the words in full, although clipping them is permissible in speaking. Above all do not write slang words and phrases. We read a short letter recently in which the words "awful" and "awfully" were used, and misapplied, six times! A hurricane, an earthquake, a massacre, a great affliction, a crime—all these and other terrible events and facts may be fitly described by such an expression. We have not space for any further rules.

ANNETTE.—It is a great mistake to interfere with a disposition to take a nap in the daytime, when delicate or elderly people are concerned, or those who are intellectually much employed. If bad sleepers at night, encourage their taking such refreshment when possible to obtain it, if only for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Keeping the tired brain awake the whole day will certainly not ensure sleep at night. On the contrary. The feverish irritation of the nerves when the day's wear and tear is over will only be intensified by over-fatigue and effectually prevent sleep at night.

MARY B.—The following is the best known version. It is said that the first verse was written by Longfellow.

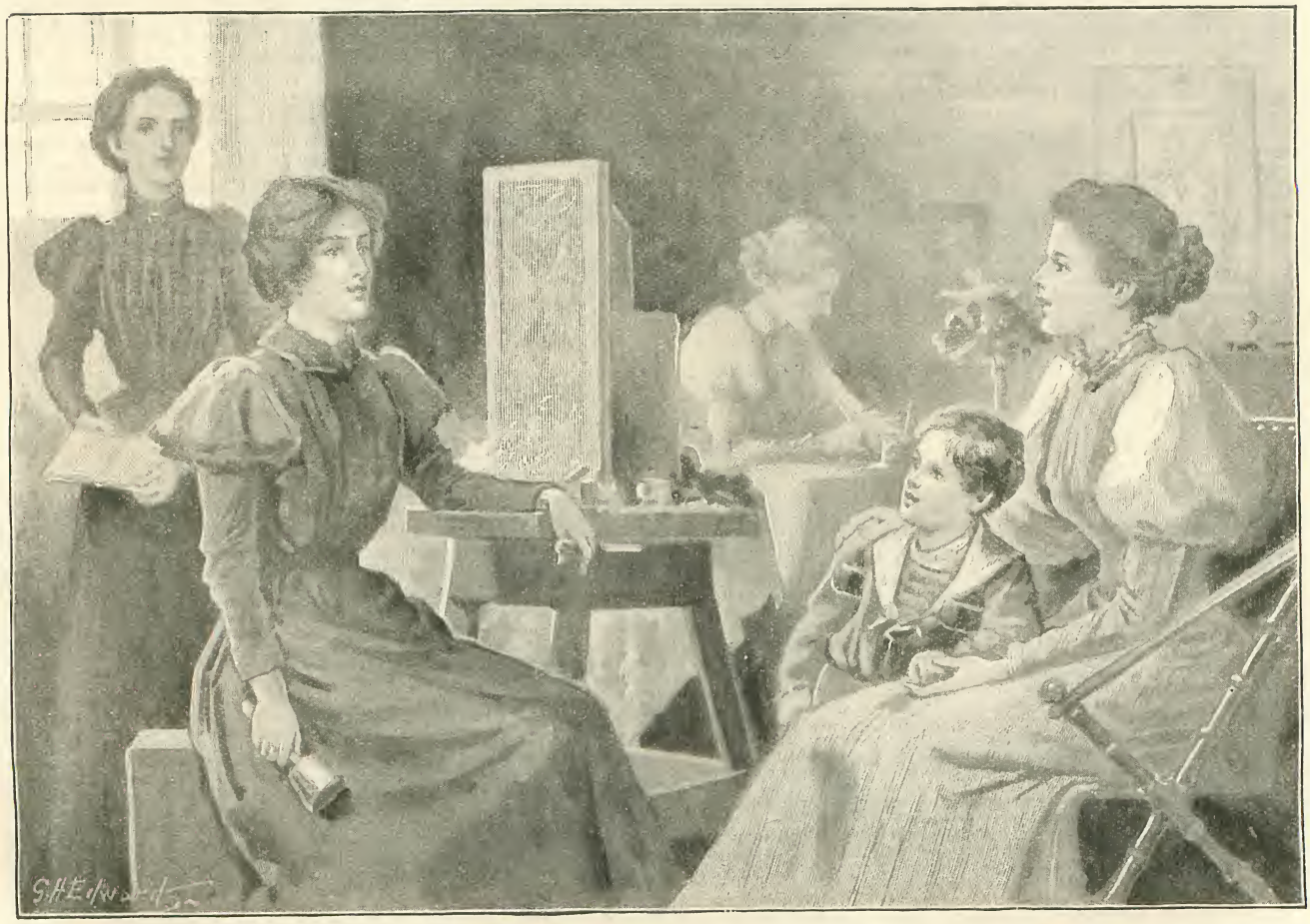
JEMIMA.

There was a little girl who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good, she was very, very good:
But when she was bad she was horrid.

She stood on her head on her little truckle-bed,
With nobody by for to hinder;
She screamed and she squalled, she yelled and she bawled,
And drummed her little heels against the winder.

Her mother heard the noise, and thought it was the boys
Playing in the empty attic;
She rushed upstairs, and caught her unawares,
And spanked her most emphatic.

"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT."



The above is an illustration to our NEW STORY SUPPLEMENT, just published, entitled "*Quatrefoil*": A Tale of Four Girls of Four Countries, by Elsa D'Esterre Keeling. The picture shows the English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish Girls in their sanctum in London, and sufficiently suggests their respective professions. For the story itself, see "THE GIRL'S OWN SUPPLEMENT," now ready, price threepence.

The first Supplement, by Sarah Doudney, entitled "*A Cluster of Roses*," has been so much liked that we had to reprint it. Only a few copies, however, remain.



THE BAYSWATER 'BUS.

(From the Painting by GEORGE W. JOY.*)*



VOL. XIX.—No. 945.] FEBRUARY 5, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE JOURNEYINGS.

THUS three months passed, in uneventful succession, and winter snow once more shrouded the land.

For Madge they brought no change; either for better or worse, and she continued to pass the days in the quiet, somewhat fanciful way that seemed to suit her best.

She seldom went out with her husband, except to good concerts, and these, in her own quiet manner, she seemed to enjoy. For the rest she read a good deal and constantly took long walks alone, finding an unfailing interest in both the out-of-the-way nooks and busy thoroughfares of the great city.

Meanwhile Guy's life was almost akin to his old bachelor one, but for all that the months had not passed for him unfraught with change.

No one knew much about it, because it was an inward one, and the only outward signs were that he was more



"A GLEAM OF RAPTURE SHONE IN MADGE'S EYES."

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reckless than he used to be, and at times irritable.

And the cause was this: he had grown to love, in the best sense of the word, his beautiful, unresponsive wife. Every week his love grew stronger and struck deeper down into the roots of his heart, so that he could take no pleasure in anything apart from her. And every week he felt her unresponsiveness more, and gradually came to exaggerate it until he persuaded himself into believing that she did not really care for him at all. The quiet, little attentions which she did not fail to render him, were too matter-of-fact to count as anything, and her continued indifference to his movements hurt him far more than if she had over-plied him with questions.

If he remonstrated, she only looked at him gravely, and either said nothing at all, or alluded, more or less indirectly, to their former compact.

This last goaded him, because he was mad with himself for not being able to act up to it without caring, and partly because it only showed how luke-warm her affection still was.

And still the best part of him, the part that had never yet been called into action, remained smothered by his habitual easy-going temperament, his love of enjoyment and his dislike of worries or troubles of any kind.

Instead of facing the matter manfully and trying to surmount his trouble, he sought to run away from it.

And alas! how many strong-hearted men and women do likewise; striving desperately to break away, until after repeated vain efforts, in which energy and strength are unnecessarily wasted, they are obliged to succumb and let the waters close in all round.

Better face the storm bravely from the first, and battle with it with all one's might.

From the aching longing and restless feverishness that reigned in his heart whenever he was with Madge, Guy sought to find forgetfulness and ease in excitement, and the form he chose was gambling.

He knew it was hateful to her, and sometimes in the very midst, her pale, calm face would rise before him reproachfully, but except for the moment, he took no heed of it.

"She does not care what becomes of me," he would muse half fiercely, "I am nothing to her; why should I consider her? I must do something to pass the time. If she cared it would be different."

So he staked higher, and let himself be drawn more deeply into the net.

One word from her, one look of hurt disapproval would have saved him, but night after night he came in late with a flushed, excited face, and she never once asked him where he had been, or evinced any interest in his movements. He would look hungrily for it, time after time. He would suggest staying with her lest she were dull, or taking her out, but the cold response was always the same, and so he believed his company was distasteful to her, and stayed away longer than he might otherwise have done.

And this was the woman who, two short years ago, had described the love she sought, and which alone could satisfy her as "A love that is not afraid of sacrifice—that shines brightest when the strife is fiercest; and grows ever stronger with the passing years."

The priceless boon lay at her feet! The best thing in all the wide world was within her grasp—and because her eyes still gazed ever at her sorrow and her heart still clung to its anguish—she passed it by and knew not that it was there. Verily, the angels might weep tears of blood over the blindness and pain sown everywhere in this world of ours by the Demon Self.

Meanwhile, early in the month of February, they decided to journey to the Riviera in search of sunshine.

The cold spring winds were very trying to Madge, and observing that the cold, pinched look on her face grew daily more apparent, Guy decided to start at once.

When he proposed the plan she acquiesced in her usual quiet manner, and shortly after went to pack up, preparatory to a hurried departure.

Guy stood on the rug with his hands behind him and looked moodily at the floor. He was wondering if she would have preferred to go without him, with a lady companion. He thought he had better suggest it; but then if she should agree, what of him? Could he let her go, and stay on there alone, where every nook and corner reminded him of her? Could he possibly exist without a glimpse of her for perhaps three whole months? And if he did, might she not forget even the little liking she had for him? This was all he cared about in the world! She was "life" and all things to him now! No, no, there was no actual need for it, he must go with her!

Then he shrugged his shoulders and called himself names. "I never would have believed it of you, Guy Fawcett," he said. "You are like any silly schoolboy who is head over ears in love with a girl twice his age. Why on earth can't you be a man and defy her to have such a hold on you?"

He drew himself up sharply, as if he had already succeeded. Then he crossed the room and stood beside her beloved flowers. He touched tenderly the petals of a beautiful Christmas rose. He bent down and rested it against his lips and cheek, and something glittered on the rose that was not dew, but like it.

"I can't help it," he murmured, "I love her with all my heart and soul. I would give my life to make her happy."

Then he again drew himself up sharply, and this time he hastily left the room. He took his coat and hat and went out into the night, for he felt as if he could not bear the pain in his heart. He was going to try and drown it in the usual way. He had learnt his heart's secret at last. It had taken him nearly twelve months, but there was no doubt about it now. He knew what she was to him. That night he staked higher than he had ever done before and, unfortunately, he won.

Two days later they alighted from the train in Monte Carlo, and drove at once to a small private hotel, facing the sea.

Their sitting-room was in the front, and from the balcony commanded a beautiful view of the coast, and a dawning gleam of rapture shone in Madge's eyes as she leaned on the iron paling and looked around. A faint colour flushed her usually pale cheeks, and she breathed quick and fast, as if the soft, balmy air had already revived her.

Guy stood by and watched her; and thought, as he was always thinking, how beautiful she was. He was glad he had not remained behind.

"You like it, Madge?" he asked wistfully.

"Yes, it is beautiful," and she shaded her eyes and looked across the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

"You will be happy here?"

She did not answer, but looked away from him.

"I want you to be," he continued. in low pleading tones. "You can't think how it hurts me to see you always so quiet and sad and careworn."

"You shouldn't think about it," and the old slight ring of ungraciousness sounded in her voice. "It is natural to me to be quiet and thoughtful; you wouldn't have me go against nature?"

"I don't think it is altogether natural," he answered. "I think you indulge in morbidness."

She glanced at him quickly in astonishment, then turned away rather haughtily.

"You may be right," she said, "but I don't think you know anything about it," and she stepped past him towards the window.

But he caught her hand and held it fast between his.

"Now you're offended," he exclaimed, "and you'll go in and hate me, I know you will. But I can't let you. Promise me, you won't hate me, Madge," and there was an undercurrent of passionate emotion in his voice.

She looked at him with a half-bewildered air and the flush in her cheeks deepened. She was quite taken aback by his earnestness.

"No! why should I hate you?" she said hurriedly, "I am not offended; I only think you don't understand."

"But I should if you would only let me. Why won't you talk to me more? I'm not such a thoughtless, empty-headed fellow that I can't sympathise."

But she shook her head and tried to draw away her hand. "It would only make you miserable too, and that would be foolish. I don't want to be a burden to you. You've been so kind to me; I want you to enjoy life."

"Enjoy life," he repeated bitterly; "and are you so blind you can't see that enjoyment is impossible to me if you have no part in it? Don't you know that I care for nothing in the world but you, and want nothing but your love."

"You have it, such as it is," she answered, with a strained look in her eyes.

"Such as it is, yes! but I can't be satisfied with that. I know I thought I could long ago, but I was wrong. I haven't got your heart, Madge, and nothing else will do."

She bit her lips and half turned away.

"I have no heart. I have told you so before. Why can't you believe it?"

"Because I know it isn't true. You think your love is buried in Jack's grave, but I believe you are altogether wrong, and you are only letting yourself be a tool of fancy. If you would only try to master it, and let the dead past bury its dead."

"Do you mean forget?" she asked in a sudden hard tone.

"No, certainly not, but be more reasonable in your grief."

"You don't understand what you are talking about," she replied loftily. "I am going in," and she tried to draw her hand from his.

But instead of letting go, he tightened his hold and drew her close to him, folding her in his arms.

"I think you'll change your mind, and find out which of us is right some day," he said, a little huskily. "And meanwhile, I must be content to serve you."

His voice broke, but he quickly mastered it. "I feel sure you will love me some day, Madge. If I didn't I think I should go mad, or something."

He kissed her two or three times on the lips, and because she was abashed by the light in his eyes, her face softened.

"But I'm not going to bother you," he continued. "Don't be anxious. You shall go your way and I will go mine, since you wish it."

Then he loosened his hold and she disappeared quickly, into the house.

(*To be continued.*)

GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

INTRODUCTION.

"If each man in his measure
Would do a brother's part,
To cast a ray of comfort
Into a brother's heart;
How changed would be our country!
How changed would be our poor!
And then might merrie England
Deserve her name once more."

Favourite lines of the late Duchess of Teck.

JUST as none of us know fully the infinite needs of the populations of our great cities, so neither do we know the vast and varied character of work undertaken in order to satisfy these needs, or at least to diminish them and make them bearable.

Whether the people be poor, or overworked and weary, lonely, or sick, or blind, or in prison, they are known to, and sympathised with, and helped by noble-hearted women, who devote themselves to the class they best understand and can best minister to.

Like ministering angels they visit the helpless little ones and the very old people, making their attics and cellars warm and bright with their presence; or they raise Homes of Rest for the weary in mind and body; or they are eyes to the blind. Others again visit the sick and care for their children while they are in hospital; some take the drunkard by the hand and help her to give up the vice; or they visit the criminal in prison and give her something to hope for. They also provide remunerative work for those who have lost their place in the world; others leave their own beautiful homes to live entirely among the people they want to help, that they may teach girls to live honourable lives, and train them to be good wives and mothers. And last not least there are women of high position who devote life and fortune to those children whose sorrows and diseases render them loathsome even to the mothers who bare them.

We may well thank God, Who has put it into the hearts of women of means and position to be brave, kind, wise and gentle in the cause of women less favoured than they, and whose sorrows and miseries would be intolerable but for the loving hands held out to them by the army of women workers.

If these articles should be the means of increasing the number of workers, even by a few, the writer would be thankful, and so would our Editor, whose sympathy with every class of need is well known.

PART I.

LADY LOUISA ASHBURTON.

"Christ is the Head of this house;
The unseen guest at every meal;
The silent listener to every conversation." *

* These words are printed and placed in every room in Lady Ashburton's block.

IT is very difficult to see at a glance all that is being done by good, noble-hearted women for the poor and the sorrowful in this London of ours, not only because of its amount and variety, but also because of the quiet way in which most of it is performed. Of one thing, however, we may be quite certain, viz., that each worker is using her special gifts in trying to make the world better, happier and brighter, and succeeds, even though she herself may not see the result with her own eyes.

Now and then, when we are allowed to look personally upon what these women-workers are doing, we stand amazed at the giant proportions and far-reaching influence of their work.

This thought is uppermost in my mind when thinking of Louisa Lady Ashburton. She looks so delicate and fragile, that you fear a rough wind may blow her away, and yet the power and influence she wields for good over those for whom and among whom she works is simply wonderful.

I am always very interested in the origin of work, and I like to know the impetus which set it going.

One can understand Lady Ashburton's good and beneficent work on her own estate at Addiscombe, near Croydon, but it was difficult to give a reason for her vast work in the Victoria, Albert and Central Docks, where she had no estate. It is of this special work I want to speak first.

Lady Ashburton was led to this part of East London by what looked very like an accident, only that we know nothing occurs by accident.

Some eleven or twelve years ago she was present at a drawing-room meeting held on behalf of the London City Mission, at which one of the speakers alluded to a good work going on at Tilbury Docks. She wished to see it, and it was on her way there that she passed the Custom-house station of the Victoria Docks. All who know this neighbourhood are aware of the many public houses which face the men with open doors as they pour out of the docks for their meals.

As she was driving past she was appalled at the number who made their way direct to one or other of these houses. She stopped the carriage, and without any hesitation attacked the men with the question, "Why do you go to the public-houses for your meals?"

"Because we have nowhere else to go," they replied.

"Would you go anywhere else if a place were open to you?" was her next question.

"Just you try us," was the answer.

I need hardly say that she did not continue her drive to Tilbury, for she felt that here lay her work; here was the platform on which to exercise the talents with which God had entrusted her.

She was very much in earnest, and by March in the Jubilee year she had built a mission-room and a coffee tavern, both of which the late Duchess of Teck opened.

During the Jubilee week she also erected a tent on an empty space behind the new buildings, in which four thousand teas were given and spiritual refreshment as well. The tent stood and continued to do good service until rough winds blew it down and left Lady Ashburton with a mission-room holding only two hundred people, a number far short of those who sought admission.

She then bought land and pulled down the houses on it, and in their place erected the present block of buildings known as the "Ashburton Block." It consists of a coffee tavern, sleeping accommodation for fifty men, a library, a house of rest, a small suite of rooms furnished quite simply for Lady Ashburton, who occasionally stays here to be in the midst of her work, a class-room and the beautiful mission-hall, which will accommodate eight hundred people. It is built on what is known as Plaistow Marshes, and therefore cost a great deal to build.

In digging for a foundation they found at the top nothing but mud, but below they came upon primeval forest; thirty feet down they came to trees, and the foundation was sunk thirty-three feet until clay was reached.

Piles were driven in and the spaces between filled with concrete, and the building stands as firm as a rock, although houses in the neighbourhood shake every time a train passes.

The hall is paved with blocks of wood and built of pine-wood. The carving round the windows alone cost £200. I believe it is no secret that Lady Ashburton sold a very valuable picture for £7000 to defray part of the expense of building this hall.

Services are held here every night, the address being given by some earnest, eloquent Christian preacher, while the choir, instrumental and vocal, is of a very high order.

We were present at one of these services, the congregation of men and women was large and exceedingly earnest. At the close many of the people came round Lady Ashburton as round a mother, not in any way familiar but with reverence.

It was pretty to hear them all address her as My Lady, just as though she were the only lady in the world to them, and when I made this remark to her she said quite simply, "Well, I suppose I am."

Our next visit was to the coffee tavern. The two large dining-rooms looked so clean, pleasant and comfortable with their green, brown and white dado, sanded floor, polished urns, marble tables and good, steaming-hot, wholesome food.

They accommodate comfortably two hundred and fifty, but at each of the mid-day meals there are frequently four hundred. We

were there at twelve o'clock. The food was brought in as I have said very hot, and the men came pouring in as orderly and quiet as possible. Each walked up to the bar asking for what he desired, laid the money down and took his portion to one of the tables where he sat down and ate it; the rapid, neat way in which each person was served was admirable; there was no hurry, no pushing, no loud talking, no grumbling. Each man knew exactly what he wanted and which part of the bar to go for it, and with the correct sum in his hands to pay for it.

You remember the men's answer to Lady Ashburton when she asked if they would get their meals elsewhere than at public houses if they had the opportunity. It was "Just you try us."

Well she has tried them and for ten years daily this has been their answer.

But all this time you do not know of what the meal consists nor the price paid for it.

A pint of good soup, 1d., made of fresh bones, scraps off the fresh carcases, the rinds of hams and plenty of fresh vegetables. A thick round of bread, ½d., familiarly known as a "doorstep"; steak puddings, beautifully made, 4d.; a saucerful of potatoes, 1d.; six ounces of roast meat, 4d.; a plate of cold ham, 2d.; a small plate of pickles, ½d.; a plate of good hot tapioca, 1d.; a plate of jam pudding, 1d.; a large mug of cocoa, 1d.; a cup of tea or coffee with milk and sugar, ½d. A luxury known as the 2d. tray consists of a teapot holding three half pints of tea, a tiny milk jug and sugar basin, 2d.; a good plate of fish, 1d.

By a quarter to one the meal is over and the rooms made clean and fresh for the men who leave work at one. All the food brought in now is fresh and hot, and as the clock strikes the mid-day scene is repeated. The men who take advantage of these meals are, as a rule, dock labourers, stevedores, sailors waiting for ships, and men whose occupation has been or is on the water.

Practically food is being served here all day and I might say night as well, for no man coming in for food is refused lest he should drink instead. Experience shows that if a man is well fed he does not crave for stimulants. Breakfasts are served from six o'clock in the morning, and often as much as £2 is taken just for halfpenny-worths of cake at that early hour.

Our next visit was to the bed-rooms, varying according to size from 4s. to 6s. a week or so much a night—all of course for men. Each room contains a bed, washstand, table, Bible and inkbottle,

The new cubicles have pinewood panels, which is a great improvement on paper walls. There is a good bath-room at the men's disposal. There is also a library which is not appreciated greatly by the men, the books being of a character they do not understand, but they love Chambers' Journal, Dickens and kindred works. All the rooms were clean and comfortable, though I should have liked all the pieces of carpet up.

The smoking-room is very good, with a bagatelle board and a lavatory attached.

Ten servants do the whole work of this big place—the women's rooms being at one end and the men's at the other. Before speaking of the management of this work I should like you to see a branch of it which is carried on two miles further east, opposite the central station in the Albert Docks south side. It is known as the dockers' dining and coffee rooms. It is a large iron building capable of seating four hundred men; here on an average two thousand are supplied every day; they consume about one hundred and fifty gallons of tea, coffee and cocoa, for which they pay a halfpenny for a half-pint.

For the sum of twopence they get a plate of cold ham or cold meat; one hundred and fifty such are sold at the tea hour alone. So good is the attendance that they serve four hundred people in thirteen minutes.

During the winter months the favourite food here is pea soup, of which fifty or sixty gallons a day are consumed at the cost of a penny a pint.

This building is also used as a shelter for men while waiting for a call to work; they sometimes have to stand about for hours, and a shelter is a great comfort to them.

Neither are the men's spiritual needs forgotten, Gospel services having been held here twice a week during the last three years, and thousands of men have been reached in this way.

Nor does Lady Ashburton's work stop here; there is yet another centre at Manor Way, North Woolwich, close to the Dock Gates; this is on similar lines to the work at the Custom House, there being eighteen beds for seamen, a large coffee and dining room and a mission hall for the workers in the docks.

Barrows are also laden with provisions and sent round to the dockers while at their work.

One thing I must say—nothing is wasted. Pieces left are given to the very poor outside, and nothing that has been handled ever goes into the stock pot.

Just think of the magnitude of the work Lady Ashburton has been carrying on during the last ten years without in any way pauperising those she has helped; and yet she often gets depressed and wonders if she is in the right place doing the right work. One would like to remind her at such moments of the improved health, habits and social condition which regular wholesome food has brought about, and the power it has given to the men to resist drink; one would like to call to her mind the number of seamen who have been saved by her watchful helpers from falling into bad hands the moment they put foot on shore, and to bid her think of the Gospel message which during the last ten years has, through her means, been carried to many thousands who in their turn have conveyed it to the far-off parts of the world.

From what I have seen I should say that the reverence these seamen and dock labourers have for the delicate, fragile woman who has thrown herself heart and soul into their lives is rich in influence for good.

Certainly she must not feel depressed, but rather let the remainder of her life be one long hymn of thankfulness to the good God and Father of all, Who has permitted her to be the good angel to a large portion of His people who just needed what she has been able to give.

Just as it was no accident that she should find her work in this district, neither is it by accident that she has found such honourable, capable, Christian lieutenants. Needless to say that the success of her work is in a great measure owing to their untiring, unceasing service, spending and being spent in what they firmly believe to be God's service and their lady's.

Mr. Hill, who has the entire charge of all the dock district coffee taverns and dining rooms belonging to Lady Ashburton, is a keen business man, and knows to a fraction how much an article should cost and the best market from which to obtain it; the amount of his work physical and mental is startling, yet he never loses his head, nor gets into a muddle, nor finds himself short of material. I need hardly say that he in his turn has good faithful workers; there is for example, Mr. Reid, who with a large staff is engaged in the Albert Dock centre, and there is Mrs. Hill, his wife, at the North Woolwich centre.

I have never seen a manager so altogether honourable and capable, but to my mind he is overworked.

Then there are Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Skuse, both of whom are Lady Ashburton's lieutenants in the mission halls.

I think the question which every one would like answered is—Are the coffee taverns and shelters self-supporting? Yes they are. Take last year as an example. After every expense was paid Lady Ashburton had £400 profits towards the expense of her mission work.

You would think that the work I have described would be enough for one woman and one lifetime, but there is more to come, and although laid in a very different scene it is carried on in connection with the dock district.

On her own estate at Addiscombe, in the midst of rose gardens and beautiful country, she has built three homes each perfect in its way; the first, built in 1883, is known as the Nest, occupied by children between the ages of six and fourteen; boys one fortnight, girls the other; thirteen can be received at one time. A second, built in 1884, called the "Rest," is for men and women; one fortnight occupied by men and the next by women.

Within this is what is known as the Prophet's Chamber, set aside for a weary clergyman or lay helper greatly in need of rest but too poor to pay for it. It is a combination of sitting and bedroom with every comfort required by such a worker; and lastly we come to the "Dove Cot," built in 1886, for mothers and babies between six and fifteen months old. The sleeping room in this home looked very sweet with its ten white cots and pink and white curtains for the "little angels without wings," while on the wall hung the appropriate text, "Under the shadow of Thy wings."

Each home is two storeys high and complete in itself and built with due regard to sanitary arrangements. Everything in them and about them is most attractive. There is a competent staff of workers, a matron, gardener, boy and four servants.

Mr. Bradshaw is the lieutenant here, everything being in his charge. Lady Ashburton allows £700 a year for these homes, and this takes in all expenses; Mr. Bradshaw considers that the average cost of each guest per week is 4s. 6d. The only expense to the visitor for a fortnight's change and rest is a railway return ticket reduced to 10d. by the railway company.

These homes are filled mainly by people from the dock district among whom Lady Ashburton works, at least they have the first choice. They are for the tired, weary, overweighted men and women and their delicate children—people who with all their work can barely make two ends meet, and certainly have no means of paying for a holiday.

It is easy to imagine how they value this lady's thoughtful care which provides them such a rest. All are known personally to Lady Ashburton or her lieutenants as honest, hard-working people to whom a rest like this is almost essential. The rules are very few and simple and by no means irksome. I was amused to see that no hair oil was permitted.

About seven acres are attached to the homes; a private road is made from one end to the other from the three homes to that built by Lady Compton for training servants. Lady Ashburton gave the ground, and the home, built under the direct superintendence of Lord and Lady Compton, now the Marquess and Marchioness of Northampton, is admirable in all its appointments. The work going on here is very good and practical under a very sensible matron, and is becoming well known for the good training the girls get. Most of them come from the East End of London.



PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "OUR PUZZLED GIRLS."

SOLUTION.

Our Puzzled Girls.

Dear puzzled girls, who bravely pore
O'er } all our hieroglyphic store
On }
And never vote it all a bore,

Say, patient friends, we do implore,
Are not the brain and temper sore,
Would you not like to have no more?

But in by thousands papers pour,
Much more than ever heretofore,
Solutions good and bad galore!

So then, dear puzzled girls, who pore,
How may we change our plans afore;
You say, politely, "Pray give o'er?"

Prize Winners.

Fifteen Shillings Each.

Miss A. C. Carter, Shottery Hall, Stratford-on-Avon.

Mary I. Chislett, Great Broughton, Northallerton.

Lily Horn, 85, Victoria Terrace, Littlehampton, Sussex.

Miss F. A. Prideaux, Modbury, Ivybridge, South Devon.

Seven Shillings and Sixpence Each.

Henrietta French, 60, High Street, Maidstone.

Mildred M. C. Little, Great Broughton, Northallerton.

Stuart Bostock-Smith, 3, Hillside, Cotham, Bristol.

A. P. Suttill, Bridport. [Kent.

Ellen C. Tarrant, 2, Palace Grove, Bromley,

Eleanor Whitcher, 21, Hove Park, West Brighton.

Very Highly Commended.

E. Adamson, Annie A. Arnott, Edith K. Baxter, Lily Belling, E. Blunt, Mary Bolingbroke, Amy Briand, B. Bryson, Ines Bryson, Rev. J. Chambers, M. J. Champneys, E. H. Duncan, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Edith E. Grundy, Marie E. Hancock, Edith M. Higgs, Edith L. Howse, J. Hunt, Alice E. Johnson, Mrs. H. Keel, Louise M. McCready, Ethel C. McMaster, Nellie Meikle, Mrs. Nicholls, E. R. Oliver, Margaret G. Oliver, Ellen M. Price, Janet M. Pugh, Annie Robinson, Kate Robinson, Fanny Shepard, Ellen R. Smith, Isabel Snell, Clara Souter, Florence Whitlock, Henry Wilkinson, Hubert Wix, M. Woodcock, Josephine Woodrow, Edith M. Younge.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Edith Berry, Isabel Borrow, Helen M. Coulthard, Dr. R. Swan Coulthard, M. A. C. Crabb, Edith Dickson, Marguerite L. Dow, Jessie F. Dulley, Mrs. A. D. Harris, M. Hodgkinson, Edward St. G. Hodron, Minnie Ives, P. R. Kemp, Mrs. Latter, E. E. Lockyear, Winifred A. Lockyear, Maud C. Macpherson, Lilie Milner, Nina E. Purvey, Amy I. Seaward, Rose Shepheard, A. M. C. Smith, R. Carr Smith, Gertrude Smith, Mary J. Taylor, Edith F. M. Varnish, Louisa Whitcher, W. Fitzjames White, Katie Whitmore, C. H. Wimpress, Helen B. Younger.

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. Acheson, Elsie Bayley, E. M. Blott, Melinda S. Bourne, Miss Bradbury, Agnes B. Chettle, Lilian Clews, Mrs. Crossman, Mrs. Ranald Daniel, K. Dawson, Ada L. Drayton, C. M. A. FitzGerald, John J. Giraud, Ada J. Graves, Florence Graves, L. Hartshorn, Caroline M. M. Hog, Katie Jameson, Ellen H. Kemp, A. Kilburn, Edith Lenton, Edmund Lord, Annie G. Luck, Mrs. McKenzie, Ethel H. Maddox, E. Mastin, F. Miller, E. C. Milne, Mrs. A. Moraine, Annie B. Olver, Emily L. Reid, Ada Rickards, A. Roderick, A. J. Rogers, Alice Salberg, Alice N. Seaman, A. C. Sharp, Sadie Stelfox, Alice E. Stretton, C. E. Thurgar, Violet C. Todd, Annie L. Trendell, May Tutte, A. F. Walker, Emily M. P. Wood, Alice Woodhead, Charles Wright, Sophie Yeo.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Wonderful to relate, there were only four perfect solutions. Some of the authors of the seven next best may demur to this statement, and if they like to complain we shall be happy to point out their mistakes in spelling and to prove that perfection is not allied with such errors. The puzzle evidently presented many difficulties, and mistakes abound in connection with the solution of almost every line. The title was rendered in many curious ways. "Our Puzzle Poems" would not do as the solvers rather than the poems were depicted. Only those solutions which worked in the evident distraction of the solvers could be accounted really good. Taking the second line, "o'er" is more usual in connection with the verb to pore than "on." On the other hand the letters in the puzzle are distinctly *on* one another and the word is rhythmically better than o'er. We therefore accepted both readings. To translate the patient in the fourth line into "tired," "weary" and the like, begs the question. The purpose of the poem was to find out if our solvers are tired of these puzzles yet, and it would be prejudging the case to assume, as early as the fourth line, that they are. Besides it is not necessary to have a bottle of medicine within reach if you are merely tired. In the same line our artist drew a thistle for the *weed*, which calls forth a dignified rebuke from a Scotch solver. We have a great deal too much respect for the Scotch to retort that, apparently, the weeds of England become the flowers of Scotland. We simply apologise for what was a grave artistic error.

In line 5 we found the most common mistake, "muscle" being adopted by a majority instead of "temper." But even wrestling with puzzle poems does not involve much muscular distress, while as to its effect on the temper whole volumes might be written. The lad is clearly displaying temper, and though such an exhibition is often accompanied by a certain amount of muscular activity, *temper* is obviously the better word here.

For the rest little need be said. The *solutions* in the ninth line were often described as "letters" or "answers," but either word robs the line of a syllable. The *change* in line 11 was sometimes rendered "coin," but "change" is necessary to express the right idea. And lastly, the word "politely" caused any amount of trouble, many of the suggested readings being extremely wild.

We have noticed that when there has been nothing particular for competitors to write about we have been favoured with a large number of letters or interesting notes with the solutions. But now when we have distinctly challenged an expression of opinion we find only four responses, and from all the rest an ominous silence. Truly the four beg us to continue the puzzles, but it is rather a large undertaking for the sake of four. In short, after the most careful consideration we are afraid that in the absence of a more unanimous (to put it as gently as we can) expression of opinion we must—— But there! Christmas is barely over and we have not the heart to say the final word. Let us review the situation for another month.

To "Violet" and others. In the solution of "On a visit to the country," "come" is a misprint. The word in the original is "fierce."

THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

PART III.



WHEN I began to confer with my girl readers—for the sake of nearness to whom I have discarded the editorial We—on the special troubles in which they may need comfort and help, I strongly disclaimed any intention of being sentimental myself, or of encouraging sentimentality in them. This danger is real, and so much to be dreaded, that in each case it seems necessary to rigidly lay down the limits within which sympathy may be granted, and confidence encouraged.

The present theme above all others needs judicious limitation, and for this reason—that in women, overstrung nerves, morbid tendencies, frequently assume the form of a complaint of loneliness and neglect. "I am so lonely; no one cares for me!" cries an invalid of a certain type, lying in a room bright with the flowers sent by sympathising friends, while the knocker is almost worn out with the constant assaults upon it in "kind inquiry." Try to prove to such an invalid that she is mistaken, and you will only be thought unsympathetic. The governess in home or school, worn out and overtasked at the end of a term, feels bitterly that certain wholly innocent actions on the part of her employers, fellow-workers, or pupils are meant as a deliberate slight. One can, in many women, detect the approach of a nervous break-down by the complaint of neglect or loneliness.

This is not a symptom to be ridiculed. It entails a great deal of suffering upon its victim; but it is not, by the recipient of such confidences, to be met by assent and pity. Rather it should be recognised as a symptom of ill-health and treated by the remedies of less work, less strain, cheerful society, and all that can brace and invigorate and help. It is a mistake in these cases ever to encourage the delusion.

The consciousness of plainness, or a painful shyness—troubles I have already discussed with my readers—are other causes that will lead to this morbid view of life; and pride in its various forms is a fruitful source of fancied loneliness and neglect. The proud and poor relation or acquaintance sees an affront where nothing of the sort is intended. Which of us cannot recall such instances? It is often most difficult to "get on" with delightful people who are a little poorer than you are because they are apt to imagine themselves neglected on account of their social insignificance, when there is not the faintest ground for the supposition.

This sort of thing is nothing but pride, and pride after the "Uriah Heep" style, which apes humility; it has its root in a diseased self-consciousness. Therefore let us beware of it with might and main.

There is also a proud reserve which fences in its owner from all approach and makes her lonely in real earnest through her own fault, while she blames other people.

Ill-health and overwork, plainness, shyness, pride: these are some of the causes that will foster the morbid conviction of loneliness or neglect, and each cause should be met in its appropriate way.

So much for the pseudo-forms of this trouble. But what of the realities? for realities they are in many a case.

All of us are lonely to a certain extent. "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther," might be inscribed above the sanctuary of every heart for all human intruders.

"Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone (so Heaven has willed) we die,
Not even the fondest heart anext our own
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

So Keble says: and as life goes on this truth is increasingly known.

And yet it will always be true that in friendship and loving converse lies the chief joy of life. In proportion as one is endowed with a sensitive, sympathetic nature does one need the response from other natures, and its lack is a misfortune so great that it is simply indescribable.

The most eminent of novelists have chosen this theme. In a past generation the *Sorrows of Werter* took hold upon the young with overmastering force. One may, with reason, call the book exaggerated and morbid and blame its influence, but Goethe knew the human heart. Charlotte Brontë, in each of her novels, has a heroine deeply, tragically conscious of this loneliness. *Jane Eyre* and *Lucy Snowe* are no mere sentimental girls lamenting loudly over fancied griefs, but women who knew and quietly faced this terror, working with all their might the while. One of the most charming passages in *Shirley* is that where Caroline Helstone finds her mother in Mrs. Pryor after her lonely suffering. Some of Christina Rossetti's sweetest poetry is on this theme; for instance, the verses on "L. E. L." "whose heart was breaking for a little love."

"Downstairs I laugh, I sport, and jest with all,
But in my solitary room above
I turn my face in silence to the wall;
My heart is breaking for a little love.
Though winter frosts are done,
And birds pair every one,
And leaves peep out, for springtide has begun.

Perhaps some saints in glory guess the truth,
Perhaps some angels read it as they move,
And cry one to another, full of ruth,
Her heart is breaking for a little love.
Though other things have birth,
And leap and sing for mirth,
When springtime wakes, and clothes and feeds the earth."

The great poet Dante knew and recorded how hard it is to pace up and down the stairs of alien homes!

In spite of Keble's question, human hearts do "faint and fear to live alone." And this is specially terrible when one is young. There is a loneliness of age that is sad and tragic enough, but the loneliness of youth has something so strange and unnatural about it that it is perhaps harder to bear. The young life sends out its tendrils in all directions, seeking to find some friendly support to answer the clinging embrace, and for due development these are necessary.

There are three chief causes which produce this genuine loneliness. First, there is the loneliness attaching to the position of a "dependent" (?) in other houses; then there is the loneliness of being surrounded by unsympathetic people, no matter who they are; lastly there is the actual isolation which sometimes cannot be helped.

The young governess in a family has long been the chief recognised type of lonely girlhood. Charlotte Brontë had had experience of that which she wrote about. In the purse-proud ignorant household, honoured for a time by her services, she was made in every way to feel that she was utterly outside the family life. "Love the governess, my dear!" exclaimed the mother in consternation when a little boy showed Miss Brontë some affection, and the fire smouldered at her proud heart until it found its vent in the novel that took England by storm. Among people of any refinement and education such treatment would be impossible. To allow a stranger living in the heart of a family to feel solitary or neglected if it can possibly be helped, is a crime that might deserve the censure of the lady in *Punch*; "It's worse than wicked, it's vulgar!" So in Coventry Patmore's *Angel in the House*, Jane Graham writes to her mother-in-law on her visit to "The Hurst" concerning the beautiful Mrs. Vaughan.

"She led
The way to where the children ate
Their dinner, and there Williams sate.
She's only nursery governess,
Yet they consider her no less
Than Lord or Lady Carr or me.
Just think, how happy she must be!"

In spite of the utmost courtesy and kindness of well-bred people, however, it must always be a difficult thing for one girl or woman, living in a household in a special capacity, without colleagues, to avoid a feeling of desolation. She who still wants affectionate guidance, has to guide others; she has to stand on an imaginary pedestal which is always a solitary position, and when her work is done for the day, for the very sake of quiet she prefers to remain alone. The girl from a large family who has gone out into the world, even although she may have secured a "desirable situation" and has no slights to boast of, must often know what it is to bear this sorrow.

To her I would say, Do all you can to put away the thought of it. If the people with whom you live are kind and anxious to make you "one of the family," do not repel them, even though solitude would sometimes be pleasanter than their society; try not to brood or grow morbid; never allow yourself to impute slights, and, above all, find companionship in books, which will carry you away from yourself. One must in these matters "make the best of things." I am always sorry for the "bright young governess" so often advertised in the daily papers; and yet she may have it within her own power to make her life as "bright" as her reputed character.

The second sort of loneliness is that which comes solely from being with people of

unsympathetic character, and here "Aurora Leigh" is the type. Many modern girls have read of Mrs. Browning's heroine, the half-Italian, half-English child, thrilling with passionate impulses and the poetic fire within, sent to the care of the cold, rigid, passionless English aunt.

"She had lived
A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
Was art and joy enough for any bird.
Dear heaven, how silly are the things that live
In thickets and eat berries."

So terrible was the isolation to the lonely girl, under the icy *régime* of this undesirable relation, that she would have welcomed death.

At length she lighted upon a treasure; cases of books packed away in a garret. With feverish haste she dragged the volumes from their hiding-place, and henceforward she had a resource. The poets she found nourished her inner life, and she could live in a world where other souls spake to her soul. The aunt in vain carried out her theory that crochet-work was a woman's chief end.

"Then I sate and teased
The patient needle till it spilt the thread
Which oozed off from it in meandering lace
From hour to hour. I was not therefore sad.
My soul was singing at a work apart
Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm
As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight
In vortices of glory and blue air.
And so, through forced work and spontaneous work
The inner life informed the outer life."

Aurora Leigh did not die but lived to find a happy fate.

The loneliness of the young is chiefly of Aurora's type. Those who are forced by circumstances to live as the solitary one in a family, and are therefore lonely, are few in comparison with those who feel themselves for other reasons solitary in a crowd. The shy, reserved girl at boarding-school whose tastes are not those of her fellows, and who cannot express herself freely to them; the lonely girl among brothers and sisters with whom she has little really in common; the orphan in the home of unsympathetic relations, like Aurora Leigh, may know the bitterest pang of loneliness, though they are never alone.

Again, loneliness may befall a girl, not from so-called "dependence," not from uncongenial companionship in any form, but from circumstances that shut her out from any society, pleasant or the reverse; such, sometimes, is the loneliness of an only child.

For the genuine sufferings of which I have written I have a warm sympathy. They cannot be altogether avoided, but there are many ways in which comfort may be taken.

One great help is to cultivate the inner nature, so as to be a companion to one's self. This is quite possible, and girls who know this truth can conquer the ache of loneliness. "They are never alone," said Sir Philip Sidney, "that are accompanied by noble thoughts." And of course the power of reading is above all the power that will supply companionship. As Mr. J. R. Lowell says, "It is the key that admits to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments, that enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time." Ruskin puts it in something of the same way. "All the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time."

Yes, and within this great array there are the gentle and the sympathetic who will stoop to comfort and to help the simplest lonely child in her solitude.

Cultivate, then, an inner life in which you know the delight of communion with the world of literature. If, perchance, you are treated with neglect or scorn by silly people, such interests as these will help you to put trivial matters in their right places and to go your way undisturbed by them. It may be a solace to remember the saying of Lord Bacon:

"In reading we hold converse with the wise; in the business of life, generally with the foolish."

Lonely hours in youth may be made a preparation for the life that is coming. In them we should learn, as far as possible, the strength and the weakness of our own character; we should practice self-control and self-denial; we should lay up treasure for the coming years, in the shape of beautiful thoughts and inspiring knowledge. If solitude is thus used, it may come to be recognised as a priceless boon.

Once more, then, I may say to the lonely as I said to the shy, look away from yourself, avoid brooding, avoid self-consciousness—never nurse or indulge the lonely unappreciated feeling. Find plenty to fill up the recesses of your mind. Take all the opportunities you can, even if they are not at first sight attractive, of having companionship.

And, above all, cultivate the sense of intercourse with the unseen that lies about you and around—

"Closer is He than breathing; nearer than hands or feet."

Then you will know that the worst sort of loneliness is impossible to you, and, even in your youth, will understand the meaning of the lines:

"Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush a fire with God."

VARIETIES.

Shop-keeping in the East.

The small shop-keeper in Eastern lands has ideas of business very different from ours. When a customer enters, he looks at him and makes up his mind how much he may ask, which is usually about three times as much as he thinks he may get, that being about five hundred per cent. beyond the actual value of the article.

"When I was in Alexandria," writes a traveller, "I went into a small *boutique* to buy a trifle I saw in the window. I asked the price. 'Ten francs.' 'Nonsense!' I said. 'Five, sir! two—one franc only.' Eventually I bought it for two large piastres (fourpence-halfpenny). Not a bad instance this of a rapid fall in prices."

"Tea of Long Life."

Numerous charlatans have appeared in the history of the world, and still appear at intervals, loud in their claims to have discovered the veritable elixir of life—gold, tinctures, and many other nostrums with which they promise to prolong human existence.

The most notorious of these quacks was the Count de St. Germain, who, with barefaced impudence, declared that he had already existed for centuries by the aid of his "Tea of Long Life," which he asserted would make the oldest of mankind young again.

On close examination, his miraculous tea was found to consist of a simple infusion of sandal-wood, fennel, and senna leaves.

The Honest Farmer Explains.

"It's dreadfully queer," said the housewife, "that the potatoes you bring should be so much bigger on the top of the basket than they are at the bottom."

"Well, mum," said the honest farmer, "it comes about this way. P'taters is growin' so fast right now, that by the time I git a basketful dug the last ones is ever so much bigger than the fust ones."

An Odd Address.

The post office officials recently had their ingenuity taxed by the following curious address:—

"Mrs. ——, wearing a large bear boa, violet flowers in bonnet, promenade (morning), Aberystwyth."

The letter was from the lady's son, who had mislaid his mother's seaside address. It was successfully delivered.

She Stopped to Play with a Kitten.—An authority on the subject of nursing, in discussing the question of the age at which training should begin, declares that twenty-three is quite early enough. "I have known," she adds, "some small hospitals and nursing-homes take girls to train as young as seventeen; and, in one instance I remember, a girl who had been sent for a splint in a great hurry stopped on the way to play with a kitten and forgot all about what she was sent for."

A Musical Sister.

Captain (to stowaway): "So, you young rascal, you ran away from home, did you? You ought to be thrashed for leaving home, and thrashed again for getting aboard a ship without permission."

Stowaway: "Please, sir, my sister commenced takin' music lessons an' practisin' scales on the pianer, an' I thought there wouldn't be no pianers on ships."

Captain: "Come to my arms, my son. I had a musical sister once *myself.*"

What Time Cannot Destroy.

"Thou shalt not rob me, thievish time,
Of all my blessings, all my joy;
I have some jewels in my heart
Which thou art powerless to destroy."

The Subject of Quarrel.

Lady (in want of a cook): "Why did you leave your place?"

Cook: "I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and mistress used to quarrel, mum."

Lady: "What did they use to quarrel about?"

Cook: "The way the dinner was cooked, mum."

Good in Evil.—There is this of good in real evils—they deliver us from the despotism of all that were imaginary.

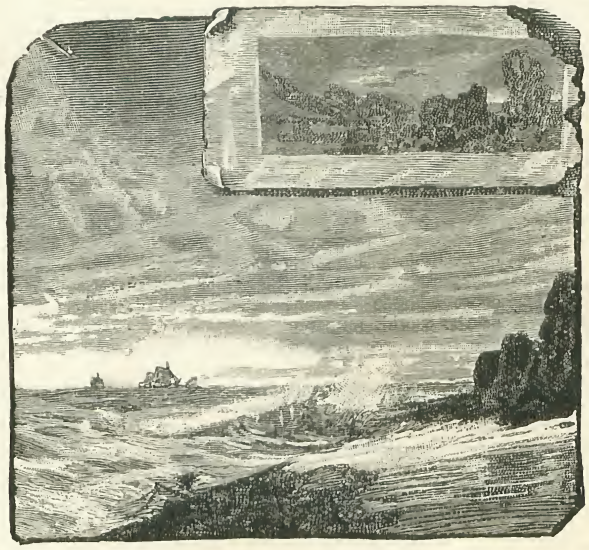
THE GOLDEN LONG AGO.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

DREAMING in the tender twilight
Of my garden, tranquil, sweet,
Not a sound to break the silence,
Save the fall of mine own feet
As I pace the dear old pathways,
To and fro, and to and fro,
Just as we were wont, together,
In the golden long ago.

White and saintly stand the lilies,
As they did in days of yore,
Ere my lily had been gathered
To make glad the earth no more.
Fragrant as the breath of roses
Her sweet memory lingers yet,
Dews are heavy on the blossoms,
Mine own eyes are dim and wet.

Dreaming in the hush of twilight,
As the shadows deeper grow,
Dreams the sweetest and the saddest
Of the golden long ago.
Peace and silence reign around me,
Hallowed are those evening hours,
For an angel walketh with me
In my dear old world of flowers.



AN OLD CORNWALL ROMANCE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

CHAPTER I.

"Cornwall is a poore and very barren countrey of al maner of thinges except Tyn and Fische. Their meate and their drinke is ruin'd and spylt for lacke of good ordering and dressing. Fyres and Turves is their chief Fewel, their Ale is stark, naughty, looking whyte and thynne, as pigges had wrastled in it, smoky and ropy and never a good sope . . . There be many men and women that cannot speke a word of Inglish, but all Cornish."

Dr. Andrew Boyle, 1542.

THERE have been in this paper many commemorations of good women who have left

"Footsteps on the sands of Time,"

to direct and encourage the efforts of those who, young and perhaps inexperienced, are fighting the battle of life; and we have watched in vain for one name, that of a young peasant girl whose strange career, heard by accident, has haunted memory ever since as the melodies of the gods were said to haunt the poets. An old writer says—

"This Wike St. Marie was the birthplace of that famous minion of fortune and example of charitable benevolence, Thomasine Bonaventura. Whether so called from her success in worldly affairs, or from her ancestors is altogether unknown to me. Most certain it is, she was born of poor parents about the year 1450, tempore Henry VI., but not so poor but that her father had a small flock of sheep that depastured on the wastrell of Wike St. Mary Downs or moors, whereof she was the shepherdess."

So far this old chronicle, founded on the histories of Hall and Tonkin relating to this noble lady, and we add as much of her history as we can gather from old histories and documents of that time. The Rev. R. T. Hawker, of Morwenstow, has written charming sketches on this subject, from which we are allowed to make extracts; but contemporaneous histories, parish registers and MS. have also contributed facts and dates which have often thrown another light on her history and character.

"It was in the old days of Cornwall, a wild desolate country, poor in all material luxuries, rich in mines, in grand ruins of still older times, savage in population, but strong in religious faith, and in superstition and wild legends.

"It boasted among its nobles some of the most honoured names in English history—the Grenvilles of Stowe, the Arundels, the Carews, the Trelawneys, the Godolphins, the Fortescues, the Bassets, the Trevanions, who had great sway and possessions.

"But the principal domains of the land were mostly expanded into woodland and marsh and moor, with glades or grassy avenues here and there for access to the lair of the red deer, or the wild boar, or other native game, which afforded in that day a principal supply of human food. Yonder in the distance appeared ever and anon a beacon tower which marked the place and word for the warning of hostile advances by night, and for the gathering rest of the hobbelars or horsemen whose office it was to scour the country and to keep in awe the enemies of God and the king.

"Wheelroads, except in the neighbourhood of cities, or on the line of a royal progress, there were none, and among the bridle-paths men urged their difficult path in companies, for it was seldom safe for an honest or well-to-do man to travel alone. Rivers glided in silence to the sea without a sail or an oar to ruffle their waters, and there were whole regions that now are loud with populous life that might



"THE GOLDEN LONG AGO."

(*From the painting by E. Patry, exhibited at the Royal Academy*, 1894.)

then have been called void places of the uninhabited earth."

"But more especially did this character of uncultured desolation pervade the extreme borders of the West of England, the country between the Tamar and the sea. * * Long after other parts of England had settled into an improved agriculture and submitted to the discipline of more civilised life, the Cornish were wont to hew their resources out of the bowels of their mother earth, or to haul into their nets the native harvest of the sea. Thus the merchandise and fish, tin and copper became the 'vaunted staple of their land.' These, the rich productions of their native country were, even in remote periods of our history, in perpetual request, and formed, together with the wool of their moorland flocks, the great trade of the Cornish people. From all parts, and especially from that storied city whose merchants were then, as now, princes of the land, men were wont to encounter the perilous journey from the Thames to the Tamar to pursue their traffic with the 'underground folk' as they termed the inhabitants of Cornwall, that rocky land of strangers, as, when literally interpreted, is the exact meaning of its name."

"It was in the year 1463, when Edward IV. occupied the English throne, that a tall and portly merchant in the distinctive apparel of the times rode along the wilds of a Cornish moor. He sat high and firm upon his horse, a bony gelding with a demi-pique saddle. A broad beaver, or, as it was then called, a Flanders hat, shaded a grave and thoughtful countenance, wherein shrewdness and good humour struggled for the mastery, and the latter prevailed, and his full brown beard was forked—a happy omen, as it was always held, of prosperous life. His riding garb displayed that contrast of colours which was then so valued by native taste, insomuch that the phrase 'motley' had in its origin a complimentary and not an invidious sound. Behind him and near rode his servant, a stout and active looking knave armed to the teeth."

It was a fair summer evening, and they had wandered on and on over those trailless moors till the question of safe shelter had become an anxious one. They surmounted a rising knoll, and the merchant halted, struck by the scene beneath him—a wayside cross was shining in the evening light, a gnarled and wind-swept tree gave shelter to a young girl, who leant on her shepherd staff, her little flock of sheep had settled quietly on the slope, and beside her stood a peasant youth, his little flock of goats feeding near him. It seemed an old trysting-place, and the merchant, arrested by the peace and beauty of the scene, stayed his horse and surveyed them a few moments before speaking. At last, raising his voice, for the wind was boisterous, "Can you tell me," he said, "maiden, some way across this moor to shelter for the night? We need rest and food, and the horses are spent with a long journey."

The girl came forward. "Sir," she said, "this is a very lonely place, and there is no inn nor shelter for many miles."

This was embarrassing, but the merchant was not one accustomed to be thwarted, and stayed looking at the fair innocent face and the graceful form he saw before him, while the youth scowled and drew back, in apparent dislike of any communication with a stranger.

"Well," said the rider, "what are we to do? Our horses are spent; we are both hungry and shelterless in this wild place. Is there absolutely no roof in the neighbourhood which can take us in for a night?"

The girl, with some hesitation, answered, "My father's hut, sir, I can guide you to; but it is a very poor place—not fit for a gentleman like you. I know they will do all they can for you, and there is a shelter where the horses would be safe, but——"

"Say no more!" joyously said the merchant. "A cover for our heads, any food for the beasts and for ourselves! We will be glad and grateful for shelter and safety!"

"It is a *very* poor place, sir," still urged the girl; but all remonstrances were thrown to the winds. The unwilling youth had to gather the flocks together and go off with his own across the moor, while the little maid guided the strangers across the ford and over the moor till they came in sight of a very low-roofed hut sheltering beside a hillock, which they assuredly never would have observed, and where they were welcomed by the father and mother of their guide.

The merchant was a wealthy man, and in his own house in London knew comfort and luxury, and yet, when he looked round the interior of this poor home, felt a thrill of surprise as he marked the extreme cleanliness and order which was there, and still more when, having explained his situation, the true kindness and courtesy with which they made him welcome, and arranged a sleeping-place for himself and his servant, and prepared him a supper—poor and simple indeed, but clean and wholesome—which refreshed and rested the weary travellers.

Within those mud walls, evening came with a feeling of peace and rest. And in the night the merchant lay awake musing on the character of the people among whom he was thrown, and the native modesty and dignity of the girl. The parents were evidently such as might have been expected from what he had seen of their child.

His wife was ailing, and had begged him to find for her some little maid who could help in her housewifery, and also be a personal attendant to her. Where could he find a better? He had talked with her along the way when she guided them home, and had been surprised at the intelligence and character he found in her; and he knew he could offer her a kind mistress, and a home of comfort and plenty, but would she come? And would her parents spare her? To say nothing of that young scowling lover, who seemed to grudge every word she said to another, and every minute away from him.

The next morning the merchant spoke on the matter. The parents were good judges of character, and they trusted and liked their guest. His man had not been silent as to his master's dignity, the wealth of his home, and the goodness of his mistress; and the letters to dwellers in the same county which were shown to them made them aware of his real position and honourable character—but the girl? Would she willingly give up home, parents, and, perhaps more than all, the dream by the wayside cross, for years, perhaps, ah! for more than years?

She was very young—not fourteen years old. She looked at her parents. They, true father and mother, were thinking only of her, her advancement, the honourable home she was offered, the kind friend they thought, and truly thought, her mistress would be to her, and her master whom they felt they could trust.

She looked at her parents—ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-sheltered from wind and weather, exposed to a thousand ills she bitterly knew. And she was offered means—help to get for them comforts, perhaps luxuries, certainly safety and security from many dangers. She thought of her lover—but she was very young, and life promises so much at thirteen—and then the coming winter, the food, the clothing, the warmth she might cause to glow in that poor wind-blown hut. And then she made up her mind.

There was no hesitation in the frank acceptance of the offer. Bright visions of what she might be able to do for those dear parents, for that dear home, were crowding on her as she packed her very small store of luggage and left the home.

They got a pillion for her, and belted it behind the saddle of the merchant's man; and so, bidding farewell to the wild moors of Cornwall, she travelled to London, "where she would see the place where the King lived, and where, she was told, the houses were stuck as close together as Wike St. Marie church and tower. Ah, truly she would store up every coin and come back with money enow to buy a flock of sheep of her own, which perhaps she and John would tend together as aforetime on the moors!"

Happy child in her love, and trust, and hopefulness of the future!

(To be continued.)

VILLAGE HOMES FOR LADIES.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN.

PART II.

I POINTED out in my first article that the depopulation of the country is a problem that not only affects every one interested in agriculture, but affects likewise, though it may be indirectly, all workers in the towns. And I went on to say that I felt sure that the chief reason for the mad rush of the young village life into the towns was not on account of wage (because wage in the country, with all its accompanying advantage, is for the average workers as good if not better than that in the towns), but because of the almost entire absence of life, change and amusement in the country villages.

You may say, why cannot the villagers be satisfied with their life as were their forefathers of old? But it should be remembered that, since those old days, conditions have changed—the school, the library, the press, the train, the cheapening of books, has developed the imagination, has all contributed to teach the villagers of a wider, deeper, more restless life than they have had the experience of, and the young life of the villages very naturally desire to see and share it. And if this wider life is not brought to the villagers, the villagers will go to it at any sacrifice to themselves or others.

It would be just as foolish and as futile to try and bid the earth not march round the sun as to try and check this growing desire for a life more varied and full of interest.

To accept the inevitable and then to try

and make the best of it is the attribute of wise statesmanship, loyal citizenship, and sane living.

The fact therefore has to be faced, that the young villagers want to live, think, and be amused and not to stagnate.

The stage lights, the movements on the boards, the hustling, crowded audience of a music-hall do not, by any means, form desirable entertainment; but it stimulates the thoughts of the villagers, and causes the life to pulse through their veins a little quicker than the muddy lanes, the isolated cottages, and the tumbling into bed night after night, without any change, by the light of a mournful, badly-burning candle. Who can help to satisfy this growing desire in the villagers for a wider life and deeper thought better than unoccupied untrammelled ladies?

Ladies possessing small incomes can live in the country at a less cost than in the towns, and can in addition find no end of useful work to fill up all their spare time, so that there need be no spaces left for feeling dull and bored.

The helping to get up amusements, running clubs and libraries, the forming of social gatherings on terms of perfect equality, interest taken in the work of the school and in the children themselves, all such work will cause the sweetening of many a despairing, soured life, and will, I venture to say, do more to restore bad health than all doctors and medicines can do.

Let me, however, here utter one note of warning. No one can do any real good amongst the villagers who works amongst them in a spirit of condescension or with a feeling of superiority. These simple folk can easily see the real person behind the put-on person, no section of society quicker—just because, I think, all their lives they have been obliged to deal with simple, stern realities.

No one, I say, can do any real good who does not feel the deepest respect for them, who does not feel a conviction that the housemaid who dusts the room and the agricultural labourer who turns over those beautiful straight furrows (provided the work is well and honestly done) is just as important to the life of the great whole and therefore as much to be respected as the politician and student who, from platform and study, endeavour to teach a gospel of wiser, cleaner, and more kindly living. If this spirit, this conviction, is not in you, then do not attempt life in the villages.

Now as to the cost of living. Of course I can only give it for my own part of the country, Shropshire; but from many inquiries, I think the prices are as high there as any other part of the country, because we have a market-town close at hand that taps Manchester, Liverpool, and the thickly-populated Pottery districts.

First, as regards house rent. An artistic and conveniently-planned little house, two sitting-rooms, four bed-rooms, and fairly spacious back premises, with a garden sufficiently large to keep the household supplied with fruit and vegetables, can be erected for £300. A landlord, as rent, would require £18 per annum, 7s. per week, which would give him 4 per cent. per annum for interest and 2 per cent. for repairs, depreciation, etc. The taxes would amount to £1 10s. per annum.

If a lady tenant's income was not sufficient to allow her to keep a servant, a woman from the village could easily be obtained who would gladly give two or three hours each day for the doing of the rough work, and if two or three of these village homes were situated fairly close to each other, one woman could manage them, and her wage and food thus divided would not be a very serious item.

In almost every country village there are a few young and healthy girls who would be only too glad of a kind and thorough training for domestic service, and in exchange for such a training and their food would gladly give their work. And so in this way by living in the country, not only would ladies be of great service to the village girls themselves, but would be the greatest benefactors to the nation by sending forth a number of honest and efficient servants.

As regards food: the best English beef, prime cuts, 8d. per lb., mutton 9d.; English Cheshire cheese 7d. per lb.; best butter varies, according to the time of the year, from 10d. to 1s. 3d. per lb.; milk 2d. per quart—but I had to send my cans for it to one of my tenants who happened to be within a very short distance; young chickens and ducks of a large size 2s. 3d. each or 4s. 6d. per pair; rabbits 1s. each; partridges in the season, when plentiful, 2s. per brace; pheasants, good young birds, 4s. 6d. per brace.

Every efficient housekeeper, who is well up in current market prices, will see at once that these prices are under London prices. Groceries, etc., of course are practically the same everywhere.

Strangely enough what I found it most difficult to obtain was good fruit (this is a complaint in many country places), it was scarce, and when I did obtain it, it was of very inferior quality.

From the few figures given above, it will be seen that a small income will go further in the country than in the towns; also in the country there is not the same temptation to spend a few pence here and a few pence there, that at the time does not appear much, but at the end of the year amounts to a very considerable sum.

I will now state some of the difficulties from the landlord's point of view. There are many landlords who are simply tenants for life; that is, tenants who only receive the income of the property, and have not the power, even if they had the wish, of selling one yard of ground, and in other ways have their hands much tied.

The rent and value of agricultural property during the last twenty years has decreased by at least one-third, in some cases one-half; therefore landlords have to be careful before they embark on any doubtful speculations and a 4 per cent. interest on capital does not leave any margin for an unoccupied tenancy, and the risk of an unoccupied tenancy is a contingency that has to be faced in erecting village homes.

Another great difficulty in many parts of the country is the water-supply. In some cases water can only be obtained by sinking very deep wells, and in other parts it has to be brought from a distance, all of which entails considerable expense.

Also most of the farms are let, and it might upset a good tenant if one of his fields were taken from him for the purpose of erecting these village homes, and in the present precarious state of agriculture, no landlord would care to do this.

Miss Mary Campbell-Smith in the *Queen* newspaper says: "Convert unoccupied cottages into artistic homes." Yes, that is all very well, but where are the unoccupied cottages? In my part of the world an unoccupied cottage is nowhere to be found. What is required in country districts are more cottages, and the reason why they are not built is that, in most cases, a landlord cannot ask more than 1s. or 1s. 6d. per week rent, which does not give 2 per cent. interest on his outlay.

But still, I feel sure that all these difficulties might be overcome if a landlord had some kind of guarantee, that when he had gone to all the expense and trouble of erecting these village homes, they would be permanently occupied by suitable tenants.

Now let me consider some of the objections from the lady-tenant's point of view, because it is always as well, before taking a serious step in life, to weigh well the pros and cons.

There is no doubt that to stimulate thought, to keep in touch with all the *forward movements*, to live a broad, free, tolerant life, there is no place like London. There is something infinitely refreshing to come to huge, bustling, selfish London, where few people know you, and fewer still care anything about you. A sense of delicious freedom is there in its perpetual movement and big interests; especially if you come from the narrower, more intolerant, gossipy and more sluggish life of the country, where everybody knows you and your every movement is criticised and commented upon.

But to live always in London, owing to the rapid manner of its life, is to skim the surface of things, brilliantly it may be, but still to skim the surface merely and not go deep down into any subject or to make any subject your own possession.

You are stronger far and more satisfactory, if by pondering you think out one thing for yourself, than to be simply a mechanical machine for the reproduction of a vast number of the thoughts and sayings of others. One ounce of original thought, arising from your own experiences, arising from your own sufferings and joys, your own observations, your own thoughts, your own successes and failures, do more to the building up of immortal character than to know parrot-like the inside of cartloads of books.

The stimulation and activity of London needs the hours of quiet and solitude of the country if your own fruit, and not another's, is to ripen to the harvest. So when, in your village home, you feel the need of stimulation, of fresh thoughts, when you feel yourself becoming narrow, intolerant and miserably gossipy, why not seek for a while refuge in London or one of the other big centres.

The saving in the cost of living in the country will probably allow you a few weeks each year in London; but if you cannot afford the expense of a boarding-house or lodging in London, then surely some London friend would be glad to give you welcome for a few weeks, if, in exchange, you would offer your friend the quiet of your village home, when the strain of London life is paling the cheek and hardening the expression.

I think, in a very short time, the motor-cars will be used in the country; the cars, by connecting cottage with cottage, village with village, town with town, will do a great deal to enliven and make easier country life. These cars will, I believe, run from place to place at stated times, and then the poor old woman, instead of trudging, as she does now, to the nearest market town, burdened with a terrible load, will for a penny or so ride to and fro on a motor-car.

By calling each day at the different farms and by picking up the eggs and butter, and running them into a central depôt, these cars will be of immense service to the farmer and the whole community. A prettily-painted motor-car, driven by an artistically-dressed young lady, with its freight of eggs and butter, would be a sight that would enliven the heart of the labourer as he toiled at his dull work in the fields.

The country roads are, I believe, to be taken over by the district authorities, so that a muddy, badly-kept country road will be a relic of the past.

In my last and third article, I shall make some suggestion whereby I think a lady living in a village home can add to her income with advantage to herself and the community at large.

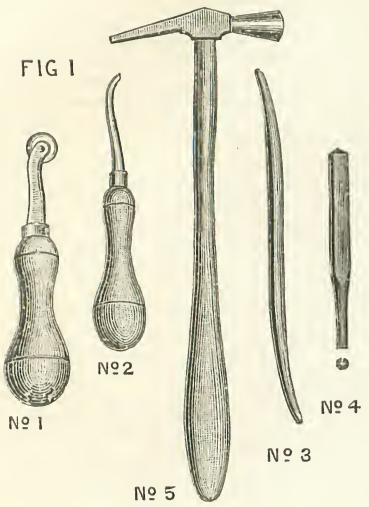
(To be continued.)

CUT LEATHER WORK.

CUT leather work is one of the most fascinating of minor arts, and has the great advantage of being open to amateurs as well as to skilled designers.

In this, as in every other pursuit, talent and originality produce an adequate result, but a

FIG 1



good copyist who can transfer or adapt the patterns of more gifted artists, can turn out very creditable work.

The cutting of leather is not an expensive pursuit. Two or three shillings will provide an ample supply of material upon which to begin, while the same remark applies to the tools, which once bought wear for a long time.

As regards the tools there is a very large choice before the worker, but it is better to start only with those which are absolutely necessary, and to gradually add others to the collection as increasing proficiency seems to warrant the expenditure.

Five tools are here shown, and they are all sufficient for early attempts.

Cut leather-work being, as its name implies, a process by which certain outlines are incised upon the material, it follows that the first requisite is a tool which will mark curves and angles evenly. The wheel (Fig. 1, No. 1) accomplishes this satisfactorily if used as shall afterwards be described. The bent awl (No. 2) should be employed to more deeply mark certain points in the design and to trace corners and small curves which the coarser tool cannot reach.

No. 3 is a modelling tool, intended to help rub and soften down the edges of the cuts made by the tracing wheel and awl.

No. 4 shows a punch, at one end of which is a mould of a star or other design which is of great help in making little patterns over a leather background, to which it is held with the left hand, while with the right grasping the light hammer (No. 5) a sharp tap is given so that the pattern is transferred to the leather whereon it is used most commonly as a powdering.

There are many of these punches to be had, each, of course, made to stamp a different device.

A few specimens of punching are shown at Fig. 2, where sixteen punches have left as many impressions of crosses, stars, circles, trefoils, roses, triangles and other patterns.

Punching is easy and interesting, but the worker must not employ it too liberally, nor be tempted by the prettiness of the little patterns to invest too largely in these tools.

The next consideration is the leather. Of this there are two kinds which are more frequently used than others. There is cowhide and calfskin; the former thicker, stouter, suited for larger articles, and requiring greater firmness in handling than the latter.

They should be worked upon a flat board to which they can be fastened with drawing-pins, the cowhide being lightly but evenly sponged over the back before work is begun, and then, when dry and pinned down upon the board, should be again moistened with clean water over the face of it. Calfskin requires, if soft, no such preparation; but if firm, damping on the under surface only.

Whichever kind of leather is used will probably need a little rearrangement on the board before any pattern is marked upon it, as after being damped it is sure to stretch a little. The leather should be larger than is desired for the finished article, as the marks made by driving the pins through it can then be cut away.

It is to be supposed that the worker has from the first made up her mind what article she is going to make, and what design she means to emboss upon it. The pattern should be drawn upon paper and perfected, then this paper should be stretched over the leather, being fastened down with drawing-pins, and all the outlines gone over with a sharp bone knitting-needle, or even with a penknife, held so that only the point touches the paper.

The pressure exerted should be sufficient to mark the pattern clearly, but rather faintly upon the leather. When the paper is taken away any mistakes can, in this part of the work, be corrected by rubbing out the erring line with any smooth and polished surface, as that of a knife-handle or agate burnisher. So far the surface of the leather has not been cut through, so judicious smoothing and, if necessary, damping, can thus be employed.

When the outlines are satisfactory, the wheel is the next tool required. Wheels are to be had in various sizes, but one only, of medium dimensions, is sufficient for a beginner.

The wheel is to be held in the right hand, firmly and upright, to be guided and assisted by the left hand.

The wheel passes over all the lines of the design and should dent through the leather for about half its thickness.



FIG 3.

The wheeling done the bent awl is taken up, and the use of this is to cut, as did the wheel, but especially all those portions of the pattern which could not be reached by the larger tool. This may seem a small purpose to serve, but such is not the case, as a study of the bends and curves of even a simple pattern will show.

When the lines seem ready for its use the modelling tool is applied to them to rub or bend down the edges of the cuts so that they have a rounder and more gradual slope than when, as at first, gashed straightly down into the leather.

There are few patterns in which one or more punches are not used as a speedy and effective way of ornamenting either the background of the work, or of certain details of it which it is desirable should have some such distinction.

As hinted above, punching is done by holding the punch pattern downwards on the leather and striking the head of it a sharp tap with the hammer. Each stroke should be of similar force that the marks may be of equal depth and sharpness.

When the work is finished as far as the tooling is concerned, it can be released from the board and made up.

For a beginner a penwiper is a good thing to make, as this consists only of a circular or other shaped piece of leather glued on the top of a pile of sections of cloth. The pattern may

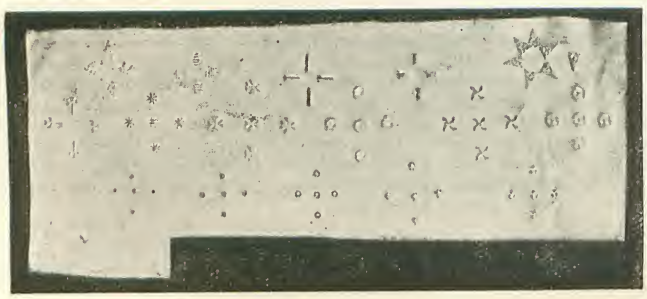


FIG 2.

be either simple or elaborate, but beyond it all should be marked the extreme limit of the finished work, outside of which boundary were the drawing pins. The leather is to be cut with scissors along this line when, for a pen-wiper, the making up alone remains to be done.

The mat shown in Fig. 3 is a sample of a handsome and rather uncommon way of using cut leather. In this all the skin beyond the outlines has been cut away to form a vandyked edge, and certain portions of the design have also been removed. This was, of course, done after the wheeling and bevelling, in fact after the removal of the work from the board. In a small picture the details of the tooling cannot be fully seen. Suffice it that the corner sprays and inside of the edge are wheeled, while for the background of both centre and edge three differently patterned punches were employed. The leather when fully tooled was glued firmly down to a square base covered with brown velvet.

The fourth figure is of another variety of the work and is easier, more fit for a novice. The strip of leather is intended to be fastened into a circle for use as a serviette ring. The pattern is particularly easy, being all wheeled except the tiny rounds in it, which, if liked, can be punched. The special feature, which



Fig 4.

alone distinguishes it from previous examples, is its colouring.

Bright hues are not employed for this ring, black, brown and yellow alone being used. It is lined with a strip of leather and fastens with a stud and slit.

The last design is a heraldic one of special beauty and a typical specimen of one variety of the work. It is partly completed, the head and shield being both tooled and varnished. The tooling is somewhat elaborate in character, the outlines being not merely cut with a wheel or knife, but also undercut and modelled. Undercutting needs a little practice to accomplish satisfactorily, but is simple enough in theory, merely consisting, as its name implies, of raising the upper surface of the leather with a knife inside the outlines of the design so as to cast them into higher relief.

The modelling is done after the leather is taken from the board by laying it face downwards on some soft surface, and pushing and pressing out from the back with the modelling tool all the parts which are to be in relief. The leather may need damping to render it pliable.

Work intended to be in high relief is maintained in position by filling in the hollows at the back with modelling wax. Silver paper is laid over this to make a clean and level surface. The effect is naturally much richer than that of the plain cut leather work.

A coat of varnish is an improvement to some articles of leather-work and gives them a more professional and finished appearance.

Sometimes staining is applied, or staining and varnish are seen on the same piece of work, thus introducing two shades of colour. The varnish must be first laid on where it is to go, but not over the parts to be dyed. The varnish dry, the stain can be applied to the rest of the work; this will leave no mark on the portions already varnished. Varnish, staining and wax, are obtainable ready prepared.

Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co. are doing

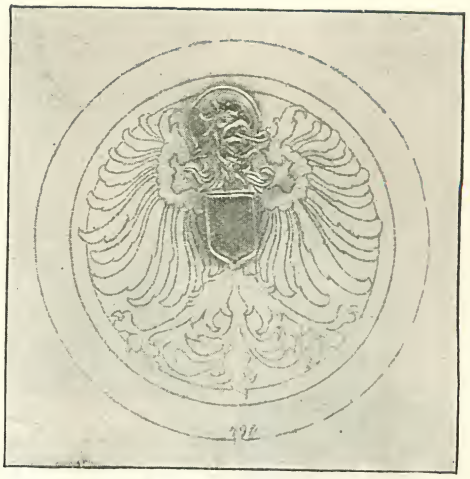


Fig 5.

much to revive the art of leather work, and their tools, designs and commenced articles are to be had from any artists' colourman.

There is an endless choice of subjects for ornamenting: chair seats, cushion covers, panels, portfolios and desk-strips are for the skilful; caskets, book-covers, card-cases and blotters offer rather smaller fields.

Even scraps can be used up for mats, purses and other trifles.

A caution on the important subject of designing. In every case the patterns must be chosen with regard to the articles they are to decorate; bars of music (the notes punched) can be included in the design for a music-case and heraldic "beasties" on a panel, but not impossible flowers on a church hassock or a dog's head on a chair-seat for instance.

For a powdering on a large surface, such as a *fleur-de-lys* on a church curtain for example, a stencil plate is an assistance, as the pattern can be repeatedly traced round with wheel and knife and then tooled in the usual way.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ORIENTAL FACE CREAM.

Six grains of powdered tragacanth, six drams of pure glycerine, nine ounces of triple rose water. Mix well, and add two drams of simple tincture of benzoin. This makes a splendid white emulsion, which leaves no greasy stain upon the skin.

HAIR RESTORER (IN POWDER).

Two drams of pure sugar of lead, three drams and a half of pure milk of sulphur, five grains of powdered cinnamon. Mix. To be added to twenty ounces of rose water.

LAVENDER PERFUME FOR SMELLING SALTS.

Six drams of oil of lavender aug., five drops of oil of cloves aug., ten drops of oil of rose geranium, ten drops of attar of roses, one dram and a half of essence of ambergris, two drams of essence of bergamotte, one dram and a half of essence of musk. Mix and shake well before dropping on the salts.

MACASSAR OIL.

Ten ounces of oil of sweet almonds, three drams of oil of bergamotte, two drams of oil of rose geranium, sufficient alkanet root to colour. Digest.

COCA TOOTH PASTE.

Four ounces of powdered precipitated chalk, three ounces of powdered orris root, one ounce of powdered white soap, half an ounce of powdered cuttle fish, two drams of powdered carmine, half an ounce of tincture of coca leaves, thirty drops of oil of ligu alœ, thirty drops of oil of peppermint, five drops of oil of castarilla, sufficient pure glycerine to make a paste.

BLOOM OF ROSES.

One dram of pure carmine, one dram and a half of strong solution of ammonia, three drams of pure glycerine, one dram and a half of white rose triple perfume. Sufficient triple rose water to make up four ounces; rub up the carmine with the ammonia and glycerine, add an ounce of rose water, and heat to drive off traces of ammonia. When cold add the white rose, and make up to four ounces with rose water, and filter.

FRECKLE LOTION.

One dram of sulpho-carbolate of lime, two ounces of pure glycerine, one ounce of spirits of wine, one ounce and a half of orange flower water, three ounces and a half of triple rose water. Mix well; to be applied morning and evening, and also after exposure.

LIME-JUICE AND GLYCERINE.

Two drams of white curd-soap, two ounces of distilled water, eight ounces of fresh lime-water, eight ounces of oil of sweet almonds, one dram of oil of bergamotte, half a dram of oil of lemon-grasse, half an ounce of essence of lemon. Well mix the oil and the lime-water in a large bottle, dissolve the soap in the distilled water by aid of heat, add the solution to the emulsion, shake well, and, lastly, add the essential oils.

MOUTH WASH.

Half an ounce of salts of tartar, four ounces of honey aug. opt., thirty drops of oil of peppermint, thirty drops of oil of wintergreen, two ounces of spirits of wine, ten ounces of triple rose water, sufficient liquid cochineal to colour. Mix well. To be used morning and evening.

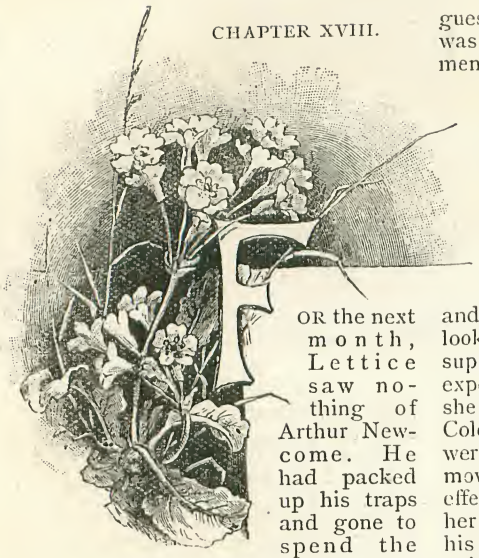
WHITE HELIOTROPE.

(*A*). One dram of heliotropin, one ounce of extract of jasmine, one ounce of extract of white rose, two ounces of extract of ambergris, sixteen ounces of spirits of wine. (*B.*) Thirty drops of oil of bergamotte, three ounces of extract of neroly, three drops of essential oil of almonds. Mix. Allow (*A* and *B*) to stand separately for a week, then mix them and filter.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.



FOR the next month, Lettice saw nothing of Arthur Newcome. He had packed up his traps and gone to spend the weeks of probation in Norway, where he would be out of the way of temptation, and have his mind distracted by novel surroundings.

No such change, however, fell to Lettice's share. Mr. Bertrand would not allow the ordinary summer visit to Clearwater to be anticipated. He had forbidden Lettice to mention the proposed engagement to her sisters, as he was sanguine that a month's reflection would be more than enough to convince the girl of her mistake, when the less that was known about the matter, the better for all concerned. As Arthur Newcome was out of town he could see no objection to Lettice remaining where she was, and Miss Carr agreed the more readily in this decision as she had made a number of engagements which it would have been difficult to forego. Both were thinking only of the girl's welfare. But alas, the best-meaning people make mistakes at times, and this arrangement was the most unfortunate which could have been made, considering the object which they had in view. Lettice had nothing to distract her mind from the past, no novelty of any kind to keep her from dwelling on the gratifying remembrance of Arthur Newcome's devotion. On the contrary, her life was less bright than usual, for the Newcomes were naturally displeased at Mr. Bertrand's objections to the engagement, and would not hold any communication with Miss Carr's household until the matter was decided. Thus Lettice was deprived of the society of her best friend, and was forbidden the house where she had been accustomed to spend her happiest hours.

Miss Carr did her best to provide interest and amusement, but there was a constraint between the old lady and her ward, which was as new as it was painful. Lettice was conscious that she was in disgrace. When her father fumed and fidgeted about the room, she guessed, without being told, that he was thinking of the proposed engagement; when Miss Carr sighed, and screwed up her face until it looked nothing but a network of wrinkles, she knew that the old lady was blaming herself for negligence in the past, and pondering what could still be done to avert the marriage, and a most unpleasant knowledge it was. Lettice had lived all her life in the sunshine of approval. As a little child everyone had petted and praised her because of her charming looks; as a schoolgirl she had reigned supreme among her fellows; her short experience of society had shown that she had no less power in the new sphere. Cold looks, and reproachful glances were a new experience, and instead of moving her to repentance, they had the effect of making her think constantly of her lover, and long more and more for his return. Miss Carr thought she was vain and selfish. Arthur said she was the best and sweetest of women; her father called her a "foolish little girl." Arthur called her his queen and goddess. Miss Carr sat silent the whole of the afternoon, sighing as if her heart was broken; Arthur had walked across London many times over for the chance of a passing word. Other people were disappointed in her, but Arthur declared that she was perfect, without possibility of improvement. Lettice would take refuge in the solitude of her bedroom, cry to herself and look out of the window wondering in which direction Norway lay, what Arthur was doing, and if he were half as miserable at being separated from her, as she was at being left alone in London. Then she would recall the afternoon on the river, when he had asked her to be his wife. How terribly in earnest he had seemed. She had tried to say no, because, though she enjoyed his attentions, she had never really intended to marry him, but the sight of his face had frightened her, and when he had said in that awful voice, "Lettice, do you mean it? Is there no hope? Have you been making a fool of me for all these years?" She had been ready to promise anything and everything in the world if he would only smile again. And he had been very "kind." It was "nice" being engaged. She had been quite happy until father came, and was so cross.

If Miss Carr could have been her own cheery, loving self, and talked to the girl in a natural, kindly manner, still better if she could have had half-an-hour's conversation with out-spoken Norah, all might have been well, but Miss Carr was under the mistaken impression that it was her duty to show her disapproval by every act and look, and the result was disastrous. Every morning Lettice awoke with the doleful question, "How am I to get through the day?" Every night she went to bed hugging the thought that another milestone had been passed, and that the probation was nearer to its end. By the end of the month her friends' efforts had so nearly succeeded in making her honestly in love with Arthur Newcome, that they marked the girl's bright eyes, happy smiles, and told each other sadly that it was no use standing out further.

Arthur Newcome wrote to Mr. Bertrand announcing his arrival in London, and asking permission to call and receive his answer from Lettice's lips, and there was nothing to do but to consent forthwith. An hour was appointed for the next afternoon, and Lettice spent an unconscionable time in her bedroom preparing for the great occasion, and trying to decide in which of her dainty garments Arthur would like her best. Her father had taken himself into the city after a conversation in which he had come near losing his temper, and when Lettice floated into the drawing-room, all pale green muslin and valenciennes insertion, and looking more like an exquisite wood nymph than a creature of common flesh and blood, there sat Miss Carr crying her eyes out on a corner of the ottoman.

"Oh, Lettice, Lettice, is it too late? Won't you listen to reason even at the eleventh hour? It is the greatest folly to enter into this engagement. Never were two people more unsuited to each other. You will regret it all your life. My poor, dear child, you are wrecking your own happiness."

It was too bad. For almost the first time in her life Lettice felt a throb of actual anger. She had been docile and obedient, had consented to be separated from Arthur for a whole month, and done all in her power to satisfy these exacting people, and even now they would not believe her—they would not allow her to be happy. She stood staring at Miss Carr in silence, until the servant threw open the door and announced her lover's arrival.

"Mr. Newcome! ma'am. I have shown him into the morning-room as you desired."

Lettice turned without a word and ran swiftly downstairs to the room where Arthur Newcome was waiting for her in painful anxiety. For three long years he had tried to win the girl's heart and had failed to gain a sigh of affection. Her acceptance had been won after a struggle, and he was racked with suspense as to the effect of this month's separation. When the door opened, Lettice saw him standing opposite, his tall figure drawn up to its full height, his handsome face pale with the intensity of his emotion.

She gave a quick glance, then rushed forward and nestled into his arms with a little cry of joy.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur, you have come back! Take care of me! Take care of me! I have been so miserable!"

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

A Vocal Cord.—You certainly might try gargling for a "relaxed throat," but you would find spraying more efficacious. Whichever method you employ, you must pursue it thoroughly, so that the remedy may come in contact with every part of the throat. Salt and water is not a bad lotion to use, though certainly inferior to solutions specially made for the purpose. The following is the best application for "relaxed throat":—Take one teaspoonful each of bicarbonate of soda, chlorate of potash and borax, and two teaspoonfuls of finely ground white sugar. Mix these ingredients well and keep the powder in a dry bottle or box. You make the lotion by dissolving one teaspoonful of the powder in half a tumblerful of tepid water. An astringent lozenge, of which the best is "rhatany and black-currant," of the throat hospital pharmacopœia, taken occasionally, especially before singing, is also helpful. We hope you will excuse us for reminding you that there is no "h" in "vocal cord." It is only spelt vocal *chord* in some books on the voice. If you wish to spell the word with an "h" you must use the Latin phrase "chorda vocalis." The vocal cords are so called because they are cords, like pieces of string. They have nothing to do with "harmonic chords."

Kathleen.—We would like to know two points in connection with your nose. First, do you breathe through your nose? or is it always stopped up? If you answer that you do breathe through your nose, we can tell you for certain that you have not got polypus. The second question is, is there any bad smell connected with your nose, apparent to yourself? or to others only? Here we expect the answer "that other people have noticed a bad smell, but that you do not notice it yourself." The treatment we advise is the following. If you will read above the answer to "A Vocal Cord" you will see a prescription, or more rightly speaking, a description, of how to make a lotion. Use this lotion as a spray for your nose and as a gargle for your throat. Next, get a chemist to make up for you the following ointment:—

℞ Zinci Benyoatis, gr. xx.
Lanolin ʒj.

Apply this ointment to the sore places after using the spray. The little finger is the best "instrument" to use for this application. Use both spray and ointment as often as you possibly can. Your nose will soon get better, but you must use the applications for a long time.

Eva.—If you have an abscess in your gum, above a tooth, you may be almost certain that the abscess is caused by that tooth being decayed. We therefore advise you to have the tooth looked to at once by a dentist, who will either remove it or stop it as he thinks fit. To get rid of the abscess wash out your mouth two or three times a day with water, as hot as you can stand it. When the tooth has been seen to the abscess will not recur. Neither the abscess nor the tooth are without dangers, and it is not by any means uncommon for serious mischief to arise in connection with either. We therefore repeat—go to a dentist and have the tooth seen to.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

"Protestant."—1. You should procure "Family Prayers for One Month," by Archbishop Langley and others, edited by the Rev. C. Hodgson (Religious Tract Society, 2s. 6d.).—2. For a grace before meals we have heard the following—"Sanctify, O Lord, these Thy mercies to our use, and ourselves to Thy service;" or, "Grant us Thy blessing with these mercies and help us to live to Thee;" or, "For these and all His benefits God's Holy Name be praised." The latter is suitable for grace after meat also.

Reval.—There are many points in which your verses are open to criticism. "Thou brings" ("Faith," v. 1) is incorrect, and your rhymes and metre are often faulty. "Name" and "refrain," "wealth" and "itself," are instances; and the line "Desires small and great" is a syllable too short. "Love" is the best of the poems. All the thoughts you express are very good.

Christmas Rose.—1. We think the remarks of your friend (with whom we sympathise) on "Is Life worth Living?" are altogether too dismal, and that the majority of people, considering the eagerness with which they cling to life, do *not* (as she says) "reply in the negative." You tell us that she has a contented mind, although she does not possess the gift of sight; therefore it is a pity she takes so dark a view of the universe.—2. When "How d'ye do?" is said as a matter of form, the correct thing is, not to reply with detailed statements about one's health, but to say "How d'ye do?" in return. Only two questions are admissible at once.

Bessie.—The safest way for you to set to work would be to write to the National Debt Office, London, saying what you want to discover. You might also write to the office of the London Gazette, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.; for the Gazette each year publishes a list of the sort you require. These are more reliable sources of information than the one you mention.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

Can any of our readers help "Mademoiselle Nemo" to find the author and source of the following extract which appeared years ago in The Girl's Own Paper?—

"Let us be thankful for all God's gifts to us, but ever most thankful for those He lets us give. Sometimes it is our giving that leaves room for His gifts. But we must not think of getting, only of giving; nor of doing, only of being; and not even of being loved, but only of loving. This is the daily dying which keeps our souls open to the fountains of eternal life."

We have to thank "Flo" and "Ella" for the information "A Lover of Poetry" requests concerning the "Queen's Mairies." From "Ella" we learn that the ballad has been set to the music of an old melody, arranged by James Merrylees; and that the song is included in that collection of Scotch songs called "The Thistle," by Colin Browne. "Flo" gives the last three verses as follows:—

"Oh, little did my father think
That day he held up me,
That I, his last and fairest hope,
Should hing upon a tree.

For if my father and mother got wit
And my bauld brethren three,
O mickle wad be the gude red blude
This day wad be spilt for me.

Sae weep nae mair for me, ladies,
Weep nae mair for me!
The mither that kills her ain bairn,
Deserves well for to dee."

Winifred A Griffiths says, "Can any of your readers give me the words of "The Voiceless Chimes," or tell me where I can obtain a copy of it. It begins as follows:—

"Many deeds of daring glory
Figure on the roll of fame."

Hawthorne wishes to know where the following lines are taken from:—

"'Tis we, not they, who are to blame
When others seem so wrong."

M. Lilith E., Los Angeles, California, who tells us that our magazine "has been an intense pleasure to her from the initial number," asks for the remainder of the last verse and the author's name of the following:—

Charade. (Answer "Campbell.")

I.

Come from my first, aye come,
The battle dawn is nigh,
And the screaming trump, and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die;
Fight as thy fathers fought,
Fall as thy fathers fell,
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,
So forward, and farewell!

II.

Toll ye my second, toll,
Fling high the flambeau's light
And let us sing the parting hymn of a dying soul to-night,
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,
So take him to his rest.

III.

Call ye my whole, aye call,
The lord of lute and lay——

She also asks for the name and author of the poem from which the following lines are taken—

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell,
I know the grass beyond the door
The sweet, keen smell;
The sighing sounds the lights around the shore.

* * * *

But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned—so.
I saw it all, I knew it all of yore.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lena.—All you have heard of the late Laura Bridgman (of New York) could scarcely exceed the truth. Blind and deaf she proved to be a singularly gifted woman, wrote, spelt, and expressed herself well; and her scientific attainments were of no mean order. We have read a letter of hers, and seen a beautiful specimen of her needlework. Now another marvel of a similar character has arisen, also American, Miss Helen Keller, who lost both sight and hearing at nineteen months old from fever. Now, at the age of sixteen, she has learnt to speak not English alone but French and German; and she has made such an advance in literature and science that she was to enter Dr. Gilman's school at Cambridge, U.S.A., this autumn to prepare herself for entrance into Ratcliffe College, the so-called annex of Harvard University. All this has been accomplished by the sole sense of touch. She learned to speak by placing her hands on the throat and lips of her teacher, Miss Sullivan.

Bible Student.—No, it is not believed that our Lord spoke Hebrew. Dr. Meyer, of the University of Bonn, who has made a special study of the question, says that there is one only work extant written in the language He spoke," i.e., the Jerusalem Talmud, written in Tiberias, in the third century after Christ. According to this authority (says a transatlantic contemporary) our Lord spoke a Galilean dialect of the Aramaic tongue. This latter is one of the Semitic family of languages, and sister-tongue to Hebrew. Aramaic was at one time the language of business intercourse between Syria and the countries farther east. We do not pledge ourselves to this opinion. We only give it as that of a learned man, whose special researches give weight to the theory he has formed and pronounced.

Odds and Ends.

It is generally believed amongst French people that there is a five-franc piece still in circulation which is worth 100,000 francs, which is equivalent to £4000. The story of this valuable coin is, that the Emperor Napoleon the First finding that a new issue of five-franc pieces, which he had ordered to be coined, was by no means popular with the people, made it known that in one of the coins of this issue he had caused an assignment for 100,000 francs to be hidden, and afterwards had had this particular piece re-minted so that it should be undistinguishable from the rest. The story was received by a large number of the French with the greatest incredulity, but those who believed it, pointed out that the five-franc pieces were sufficiently large to conceal a small paper, and that in order that the assignment should pass uninjured in the re-minting of the coin, it was written on asbestos paper. The consequence was that every year hundreds of five-franc pieces were split open, and those who believe that the coin is still in existence continue to destroy as many five-franc pieces as they can afford in the hope of lighting upon the assignment. It goes without saying that the search is an expensive one, as when split open the coins can only be sold for their silver worth. However, it has now been suggested that the Röntgen rays should be called into the service, as any difference in the density of a piece of metal could readily be discerned by their aid. In this way the 100,000 francs assignment could be quickly discovered, or its existence proved to be a myth, by the examination of all the five-franc pieces issued under the rule of Napoleon, and seeing the years that have elapsed since then, the number of these coins cannot possibly be very large.

To attempt to tame butterflies seems to attempt the impossible, but two ladies in Paris have succeeded wonderfully in this apparently impossible task. A friend of theirs on returning from Asia brought them nearly a hundred rare specimens, each lady taking fifty. By dint of much patience the ladies have tamed the insects to such an extent that now, when they enter the rooms in which each keeps her collection, the butterflies fly to greet her, perching upon her head and shoulders, but particularly upon her finger-tips. This is explained by the fact that they were originally tamed by smearing the finger-tips with honey. Both the ladies paint, and their unusual pets have proved of great service in their art, as they have been able to paint them on the wing and also in groups, and this is impossible under ordinary circumstances.

The lovely Maréchal Niel rose owes its name to the Empress Eugènie. When General Niel returned from the scene of his triumphs over the Austrians in Italy after the battles of Solferino and Magenta a poor man gave him a basket filled with exquisite yellow roses. The general had a cutting struck from one of the blooms, and when the rose tree from it had grown he took it to the Empress Eugenie. She was charmed with the gift, but when she asked the name of the rose, she was told that it was unknown. "Ah!" she said. "I will give it a name; it shall be the Maréchal Niel." By this she conveyed to the gallant officer that he had been made a marshal of France for his services to the country, as well as naming the lovely blossom.

"Of all passions indolence is that which is least known to ourselves; it is the most powerful and the most baneful, though its powers be unfelt and the loss which it causes be unseen."

The official history of the War of the Rebellion now being issued by the Government of the United States of America has the distinction of being the most expensive book ever published in the world. Already it has cost £446,000 and is by no means complete. One half of this sum has been paid for printing and binding, the rest going in rent, stationery, salaries and other miscellaneous expenses.

In the little village of Hartley in Yorkshire there is a baby so small that it is called "The living doll." The name of this midget of a child is Margaret Saddaby, and she is only twelve inches high and a few ounces in weight. She is perfectly formed and perfectly normal for her age, and has a bright and intelligent expression. Since her birth the child has not grown either in size or weight and has never worn anything but doll's clothes, sleeping in a doll's cradle, which could easily be placed in a doll's house.

The Argentine Republic has imposed a tax upon celibates of either sex. These are the first two clauses of the new law: "On and after January 1st, 1897, every male from the age of twenty to eighty shall pay a tax until he marries, and shall pay it once in every month." Clause 2: "Young celibates of either sex who shall, without legitimate motive, reject the addresses of him or her (ladies may propose in Argentine) who may aspire to her or his hand, and who continue contumaciously unmarried, shall pay the sum of 500 piastres for the benefit of the young person, man or woman, who has been so refused."

Grass might be supposed to be the last material from which glass could be obtained. But an accident at a northern glass-factory proves that it is so. A large mass of esparto grass had been burnt by mischance in a furnace, and after it had been entirely consumed large masses of glass were found amongst the ashes. These pieces, on being treated in the usual manner in a kiln, produced glass which is described as "a good sample of bottle-glass." At first sight this seems most extraordinary, but as flint, which is the chief component of glass, is to be found in large quantities in all grasses, and particularly in the straw of wheat and oats, it is easily explained.

A great portion of subterranean Paris is honeycombed with catacombs which were once used as burying-places. A novel use has now been made of these underground galleries that lie immediately beneath the Jardin des Plantes, for they have been converted into a laboratory and aquarium. A number of them have been filled with reservoirs and glass tanks, whilst in others the niches that once contained human bodies have been turned into cages, so that scientists may be able to study the effect upon animal life of total and partial darkness.

Damascus is probably the oldest city in the world, and is estimated to be about 4200 years old. It is supposed to have been founded by a great-grandson of Noah, and for many centuries was famous for its manufacture of jewellery, silks and swords. In the Middle Ages a Damascus sword was more highly prized than any other; but the Damascene method of tempering steel is one of the vanished arts of the world, and the famous swords are no longer made. In point of age Jerusalem comes next to Damascus amongst the oldest cities in the world, it having been a Jebusite city in the days of Abraham 3900 years ago. Athens is the oldest city in Europe, being about 3453 years old. Rome is the next oldest, and after that comes Marseilles, founded by a colony of Greeks when Rome was still a small village. London and Paris have neither of them been in existence two thousand years.

Fencing is becoming quite a favourite exercise and pastime with women, it being claimed for it that it thoroughly develops all the muscles of the body. In Germany it is extremely popular, and there, the most fashionable young women receive half-a-dozen of their friends in their fencing-rooms in the afternoon and indulge in trials of skill and strength with the foils. It is said that a few months or even a few weeks' fencing will put muscles of steel into the slenderest of wrists, will train the eye and give a suppleness and grace to the figure, which must be seen to be believed. The devotees of the exercise declare that it develops the strength of the muscles without enlarging them, as is the case with most gymnastics.

Orange juice is an excellent cleanser of black boots and shoes. A slice of orange should be rubbed upon the shoe or boot, and as soon as it is dry should be brushed with a soft brush until it shines brightly. The inside of a banana skin will be found most effective for cleaning tan shoes, the skin being rubbed all over the shoe, which should be carefully wiped with a soft cloth, and then briskly polished with a flannel cloth. Patent leather boots or shoes should never be touched with blacking. They are the most difficult of all boots to keep in good order, and require constant care. A damp sponge rubbed over them, and an application of a little sweet oil or vaseline after they have been thoroughly dried will keep them soft and bright, and prevent them cracking.

"Thou knowest well how to excuse and colour thine own deeds, but thou art not willing to receive the excuses of others. It were more just that thou shouldst accuse thyself, and excuse thy brother. If thou wilt be borne withal, bear also with another. Behold, how far off thou art yet from true charity and humility, for that knows not how to be angry with any, or to be moved with indignation, but only against oneself. It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willingly enjoyeth peace and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace and a most commendable and manly thing."—*Thomas à Kempis.*



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SISTERS THREE.

By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

TWO days later a happy party were disporting themselves on the lawn at Cloudsdale. Rex and Edna Frere had driven over to spend the afternoon with their friends, and just as Mary placed the tea tray on the wicker table, the postman came marching up the drive, and delivered the only thing which was necessary to complete the happiness of the party—a letter from Lettice!

"She has written so little lately, and her letters have been so unlike herself, that I have been quite uneasy," said Hilary, turning the envelope round and round, and feeling its proportions with undisguised pleasure. "I'll give you each a cup of tea, and then I'll read it out, while you listen in comfort."

The three years which had passed since we saw her last had dealt very kindly with Hilary. The consequential air had given place to an expression of quiet serenity which was by no means unbecoming. Her complexion was pink and white as of yore, and as she



"'LETTICE IS ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED!'"

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presided over the tea-table, her blue cambric dress fitting closely to the lines of her neat little figure, her tiny feet crossed before her, and her shining brown hair arranged in its usual fastidious order, it would have been difficult to find a more favourable specimen of a young English girl. Norah, seated opposite on the long hammock chair, was still very girlish in appearance, despite the dignity of eighteen years. She was thin and lanky, and her cheeks had none of Hilary's delicate bloom, but the heavy eyebrows and expressive lips lent a charm to a face which was never the same in expression for two minutes together, and though there could be no question as to which was the prettier of the two, it was safe to predict that few people who looked at Norah would be tempted to turn back to the study of Hilary's more commonplace features.

Edna was narrow-chested and delicate in appearance, but Rex had developed into an imposing looking personage; broad-shouldered, muscular, and with such a moustache as was unequalled in any young fellow of his age in the country-side. He wore a white flannel suit, and though there were several unoccupied seats at hand, chose to loll on the grass, his long legs stretched out before him, his blue cap pushed well back on his curly head. Nestled beside him sat Geraldine, a little taller, a little older in appearance, but with the same grave, earnest little face which had characterised her three years before. Perhaps the member of the family who was the most changed, was the tall, young fellow who sat beside Norah. Raymond had only lately returned from a two years' sojourn in Germany, where he had acquired an extra four inches, a pair of eye-glasses and such "a man of the world" manner, that it had been a shock to his sisters to find that his teasing propensities were as vigorous as when he had been a schoolboy. Faithful Bob hovered near, ready to obey his leader's commands, and take part in any mischief which might be at hand, but for the moment all other interests gave way to the hearing of the letter from London.

Hilary handed the last cup to its owner, and opening the envelope, ran her eye rapidly down the sheet. The next moment a loud "Oh!" of amazement startled the hearers into eager curiosity.

"What is the matter?"

"Oh—oh! It can't be true—it can't! Lettice is engaged to be married!"

"Engaged!" A moment's breathless silence was succeeded by a very babel of questioning.

"Engaged?" "Whom to?" "When?" "Where" "What does she say?" "Read it aloud. Let us hear every word she says!"

But Hilary folded up the sheet with an air of determination. "Not yet. I'll read it by-and-by; but you must guess. I'll give you fifty guesses who it is."

"The painter fellow who did her portrait!"

"That what-do-you-call-him man—the Polish nobleman who sent her the verses!"

"The curate!"

"Sir Neville Bruce!"

"One of the men she met at Brighton!"

"Wrong! wrong! wrong! Guess again. Nearer home this time. Someone you know!"

"Not Mr. Rayner?"

"O, dear me, no! I should think not. He and Lettice never get on well together. Someone else."

"Someone we know! But we know so few of her friends. Only Mr. Neville, and the Bewleys, and—oh! No, it can't—it can't possibly be——"

"What! what! Who—who? Never mind if you are wrong. Say whom you are thinking of."

"It—can't be Arthur Newcome!"

"Arthur Newcome it is, my dear!" said Hilary, tragically; whereupon Raymond instantly dropped his teacup, on the grass, and fell heavily on Norah's shoulders.

"Smelling salts! Brandy! I am going to faint! Oh, my heart!"

But for once, no one paid any attention, even Norah sat motionless, forgetting to push him away, forgetting everything but the appalling nature of the news which she had just heard.

"Lettice—is—engaged—to—Arthur Newcome?"

"Lettice—is—engaged—to—Arthur Newcome!"

"But—but—we knew that he admired her in his solemn way, but she never seemed to like him! She used to make fun of him, and imitate the way he talked!"

Raymond sat up and passed in his cup for a fresh supply of tea. What was the good of fainting if nobody took any notice! "I say," he cried energetically, "fancy Arthur Newcome proposing! I'd give anything if I could have overheard him. 'Miss Bertrand! Lettice! may I say Lettice? Deign, oh deign——'"

"Oh, be quiet, Raymond, and let us hear the letter," pleaded Norah, who was on the verge of tears with agitation and distress. "I can't believe it until I hear her own words. Read it, Hilary, from the very beginning."

Hilary opened out the dainty, scented sheet, and read aloud, with an impressiveness worthy of the occasion—

"My dearest old Hilary, and Norah, and every one of you—I have a great piece of news to tell. I am engaged to Arthur Newcome, and he wants to be married some time in autumn. He proposed to me a month ago, on the day of our water party, but father and Miss Carr wished us to wait a month before being engaged, so that I should have time to make up my mind. They think I am so young, but if we wait until September I shall be twenty, and many girls are married at that age. I have a beautiful ring—a big pearl in the centre and diamonds all round, and Arthur has given me a brooch as well, three dear little diamond swallows—it looks so sweet at my neck! Madge is very pleased, of course, and Mr. and Mrs. Newcome are very kind. Won't it be nice when I have a house of my own, and you can come and stay with me? I shall have six bridesmaids—you three, Madge, Edna, and either Mabel Bruce or Monica Bewley. You must think of pretty dresses. I like a white wedding, but it doesn't show the bride off so well, that's the only objection. We shall have a great deal to talk about when I come home next month, and I am longing for the time to come. It is so hot and close in town, and Cloudsdale must be looking lovely just now. Father expects to leave on Tuesday. He does not seem very pleased about my engagement. I suppose parents never are! Good-bye, dear, darling girls. I wish I could be with you now.

"Your own loving Lettice.

"P.S. How surprised you will be. Tell me every word you said when you read this letter!"

"Humph! slightly awkward if we took her at her word!" It was Rex who spoke, and there was the same expression of ill-concealed scorn in his voice which had been noticeable on his face since the announcement of the news. "Charming epistle, I must say. So much about 'dear Arthur' and her own happiness. One must excuse a little gush under the circumstances, and Lettice was always demonstrative!"

Hilary looked at him, puckering her forehead in anxious fashion. "You mean that sarcastically! She says nothing about being happy. I noticed that myself. There is something strange about the whole thing. I am quite sure she did not care for him when I was there in spring—what possessed her to accept him at all?"

"Because he asked her nicely, and puts lots of treacle on the bread," said Raymond, laughing. "You could always make Lettice do what you wanted if you flattered her enough. She would accept any fellow who went down on his knees and swore he worshipped her. Oh, I say, fancy having Arthur Newcome as a brother-in-law! We used to call him, 'Child's guide to Knowledge,' when he was at Windermere that summer, because he would insist upon improving every occasion. We played some fine pranks on him, didn't we, Norah? We'll give him a lively time of it again if he comes to visit us, as I suppose he will, under the circumstances."

"We can't!" said Norah, dolefully. "He is engaged to Lettice, and she would be vexed. I don't feel as if I could ever play pranks again. I was looking forward to having Lettice with us when we went up to London, but now it will never be the same again. Even if she has a house of her own, Arthur Newcome will be there, and I could never, never get to like him as a brother." She put her cup on the table and walked off by herself into the shrubbery which encircled the lawn. The others looked after her in sympathetic silence, but did not attempt to follow. As Lettice's special friend and companion, the news was even more of a shock to her than to the rest, and it

was understood that she might prefer to be alone.

Ten minutes later, however, when tea was finished, Rex rose lazily from the ground, stretched his long arms, and strode off in the direction of the shrubbery. Half-way down the path he met Norah marching along in solitary state, white about the cheeks, suspiciously red and swollen about the eyes.

Rex clasped his hands behind his back, and blocked the narrow way.

"Well, what are you doing here?"

"Crying!" Norah flashed a defiant glance at him, then turned aside to dab her face with her handkerchief and gulp in uncontrollable misery, whereupon Rex looked distressed, uncomfortable, and irritated all at the same moment.

"Then please stop at once. What's the use of crying? You can't help it now, better make the best of it, and be as jolly as you can. Norah—look here, I'm sorry to bother you any more to-day, but I came over specially to have a chat. I have not had a chance of speaking to you quietly until now, and my father is driving round for us at six o'clock. Before he comes I wanted to tell you——"

Norah put her handkerchief in her pocket, and faced him with steady eyes. Her heart gave a great leap of understanding, and a cold certainty of misery settled upon her which seemed to dry up the fountain of tears, and leave her still and rigid.

"Yes?"

"We had a big talk last night, Norah. The three years is up, you know, and I have fulfilled my share of the bargain. I have known all the time what my decision would be, and six months ago I wrote to all the men I know abroad, asking them to look out for the sort of berth I wanted. On Tuesday I had a letter from a man in India offering me a good opening. You will be surprised to hear why he gives me the chance instead of all the other fellows who are anxious to get it. He knows I am a pretty good musician, I don't mean in your sense of the word, but I can rattle away on the piano and play any air I happen to hear, and he says the fellows up-country set no end of store by that sort of thing. If other qualifications are equal, the post is given to the man who can play, and make things cheerful in the evening. Rather a sarcasm, isn't it, after all the money that has been spent on my education that such a trifle as that should decide my destiny! Well—I showed the letter to my father, and he was terribly cut up about the whole thing. I had said nothing about my plans for some time back, for it seemed no use to upset him before it was necessary, but he has been hoping that I was 'settling down.' Norah, I can't do it! I hate leaving home, and shall be wretched when the time comes, but I have roving blood in my veins, and cannot settle down to a jog-trot, professional life in a small English town. If I go out to this place I shall lie low until I have a practical knowledge of the land and its possibilities, and then I'll try an estate, and work it in my own way. I have the money my uncle left me, and can make my way without asking father for a penny. He is coming over this afternoon and I am sure he means to talk to you. We didn't say anything to the mater and Edna, but he knows that you and I are friends, and that I will listen to what you say. He means to ask you to persuade me to stay at home. But—you understand how I feel, Norah?"

"Yes, Rex. Don't be afraid! If your father speaks to me I shall advise him to let you go. You have kept your share of the bargain, it is for him to keep his," said Norah steadily. "And it appears that you want to go away and leave us."

"You will live in London now for the greater part of the year. If I were at home I should only see you at long intervals. I should not settle in this neighbourhood. It would be quite different."

"Oh yes, quite different. Everything will be different now. You will have gone, and—Lettice! Rex! don't be angry if I ask you something. I will try to persuade your father to give you your way, but—tell me before you go! Has the news about Lettice had anything to do with your decision?"

Rex stopped short, and stared at her in amazement.

"This news about Lettice! Norah, what do you mean?"

"About her engagement! I always thought that you liked her yourself. You remember what you used to call her—'Lovely Lettice?'"

"Well, and so she was lovely, anybody might have seen that. Of course I liked her, but if you mean that I am jealous of Arthur Newcome—no, thank you! I should not care for a wife who would listen to the first man who came along, as Lettice has done. She was a jolly little girl and I took a fancy to her at first sight, but—do you remember our adventure in the old passage, Norah? Do you think Lettice would have stuck to me, and been as brave, and plucky, and loyal as you were in the midst of your fright? I never forgot that day. It was last night that I spoke to my father, before I heard a word about Lettice, or her matrimonial intentions."

"So it was; I forgot that!" Norah smiled with recovered cheerfulness, for Rex's words had lifted a load from her mind, and the future seemed several shades less gloomy than it had done a few minutes before.

"And if you went, how soon?"

"As soon as possible. I have wasted too much time already. The sooner I go the sooner I can make my way and come home again to see you all. Three or five years, I suppose. You will be quite an old woman, Norah."

"Yes; twenty-three. Lettice will be married, Hilary too, very likely. The Mouse will be as big as I was when you first knew us, and Raymond a doctor in practice. It will all be different!" Norah's voice was very low as she spoke the last words, and her face twitched as if she were about to break down once more.

Rex looked at her with the same odd mingling of tenderness and vexation which he had shown a few minutes earlier.

"Of course it will be different! We are not children any longer, we can't expect to go on as we have been doing. What was the Vicar's text the other Sunday? 'As an eagle stirreth up her nest.' I liked that sermon! It has been very happy and jolly, but it is time we stirred out of the old nest, and began to work for ourselves, and prepare for nests of our own. I am past twenty-one, my father need not be afraid to trust me, for I can look after myself, and though the life will be very different out there, I'll try to do nothing that I should be ashamed to tell you, Norah, when I come home."

Norah turned round with a flush, and an eager, outstretched hand, but only to behold Mr. Rex marching along on the edge of the very flower-beds themselves, in his anxiety to put as much distance between them as possible, head in the air, and a "touch me if you dare" expression, at the sight of which his companion gave a dismal little smile.

That was Rex all over! In spite of his masterful ways, he was intensely shy where his deeper feelings were concerned. To say an affectionate word seemed to require as painful an effort as to drag out a tooth, and if by chance he was betrayed into such an indiscretion, he protected himself against its consequences by putting on his most "prickly" air, and freezing the astonished hearer by his frigid tones. Norah understood that having shown her a glimpse of his heart in the last remark, he was now overcome with remorse, and that she must take no notice whatever of the indiscretion.

(To be continued.)



RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

March.

Whitlow Grass (*Draba Verna*).

Early in this month I found, on an old wall, the pretty rosettes of one of our very early spring flowers, the whitlow grass, which is not a grass at all, but a miniature plant seldom more than three inches high, and sometimes so small that it only occupies a space that might be covered by a shilling.



WHITLOW GRASS.

On a tiny central stalk it bears a few white flowers which droop gracefully when the air is moist, the petals quickly fall away, and then small oval seed vessels appear; these, when mature, shed off two outer husks, leaving a white membrane which divides the seed vessel, just as one sees it in the seed vessel of the common honesty.

During February and March the whitlow grass may sometimes be seen growing in such profusion on old ruined walls as to give the effect of a slight fall of snow.

Another charming little annual which haunts old walls is the rue-leaved saxifrage (*Saxifraga tridactylites*). It rarely exceeds three inches in height; a dainty little plant with white flowers, three-lobed leaves thickly covered with viscid hairs, upon which small insects may often be found entangled.

When the flowers are over, the stem and leaves become of a rich red tint, which seems frequently to be the case with plants exposed to full sunlight as they are when growing upon rocks or walls. We may prove this by trying the experiment of keeping two specimens of this plant in pots and placing one of them in a sunny spot and the other in shade. We shall find that the latter will continue to be green and fail to attain its natural crimson colour.

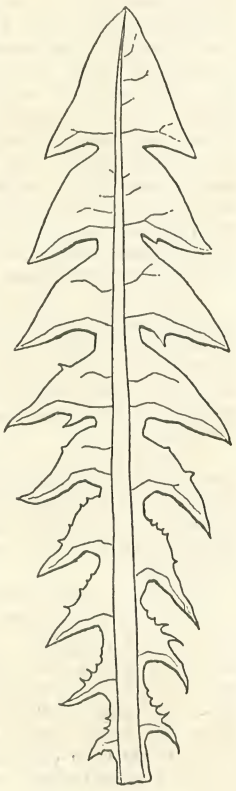
The Dandelion.

Dandelion flowers are now making such a bright glow of colour by the roadside that we will choose them for our subject of study to-day.

The plant takes its name of dent-de-lion from the form of the leaves, which are so deeply cut as to resemble teeth; more especially perhaps in the spring is this the case, as later on in the summer they become less sharply indented.



RUE-LEAVED SAXIFRAGE.



DANDELION LEAF.

The flower-bud rises from the centre of the plant to nearly a foot in height, then it opens and becomes fertilised by insects. As soon as this process has been completed, the flower closes up and the dead petals and calyx leaves remain like a pointed roof defending the seed from rain. Now the stalk bends down until it lies flat upon the ground, where it remains about twelve days. By that time the seeds are matured, and the stalk again rises to an upright position. The calyx leaves now turn back until they are parallel with the stem, and the beautiful downy globe is formed and expands until it is a fluffy ball of seeds hanging so loosely that the lightest breeze can waft them into the air.

The seed itself is worth examination. When after a longer or shorter flight a seed touches the ground and falls into some crevice, it might still be dragged out by the wind and carried away, but this is guarded against by some spiny projections on the upper part of the seed which tend to hold it securely in its place.

The Nuthatch (*Sitta Europæa*).

The nuts we throw out at the windows for the squirrels are frequently shared by the nuthatches. These pretty birds abound in my old garden, and in the course of years they have become so extremely tame, that they will almost take nuts out of our hands.

An old oak tree on the lawn near by is much used by these birds; they ram the barcelonas into crevices in the rugged bark, and, whilst they hang head downward to gain the greater force, I hear the birds' loud hammering going on, and afterwards find the empty nut-shells from which the kernels have been extracted still remaining in the interstices of the tree bark.

The loud call-note of this bird is one of the early signs of coming spring. It is hard to believe that the small feathered creature that we see creeping up a tree-stem like a grey mouse can be filling the woods with so much sound.

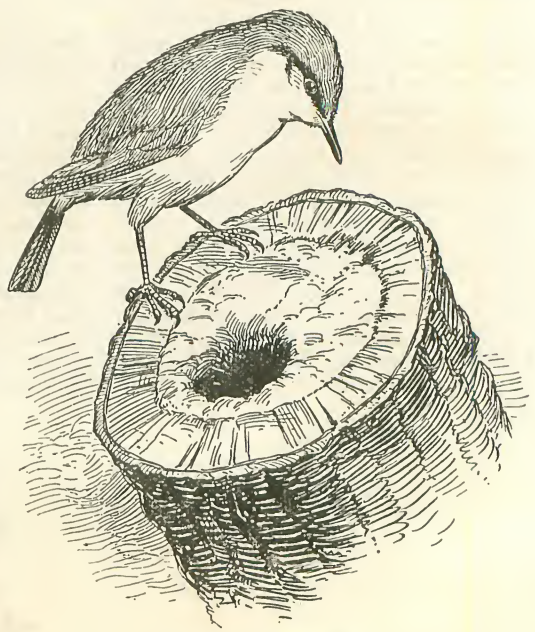
Its mating call-note is a clear sharp cry, several times repeated, at short intervals, and maintained throughout the early spring months.

One ancient lime-tree near this house has frequently been the nesting home of four species of birds. In the highest hole some starlings established themselves. Just below, a smaller cavity was taken by a pair of nut-hatches. Some jackdaws appropriated another opening in the stem, and lower down a neat round hole was bored by a green woodpecker.

These various lodgers all appeared to live harmoniously together, and they allowed me to watch them as they flitted in and out on family cares intent. The green woodpecker was the most wary, and would seldom allow me more than a hasty glimpse of his bonnie crimson head and golden green plumage.

The nuthatch has a curious habit of closing the entrance to its nest with layers of mud until only a very small hole remains. The illustration shows a case in point. The bird had made its nest about twelve inches down a hollow tree trunk, and then, with infinite labour, it brought yellow clay sufficient to close up the tree stem, leaving but a small hole for ingress and egress.

It is said that the male bird keeps its mate



NUTHATCH AND NEST.

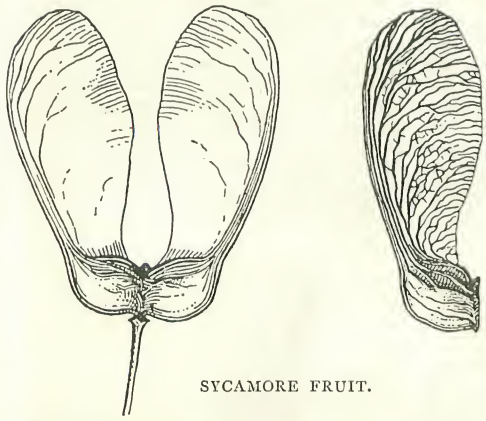
upon the nest, and feeds her through the entrance hole until her eggs are hatched. I have not seen this myself, and can only give the fact as stated by others.

Tree Seeds.

The high winds which usually prevail in early spring, perform a very useful office in scattering the seeds of trees and plants.

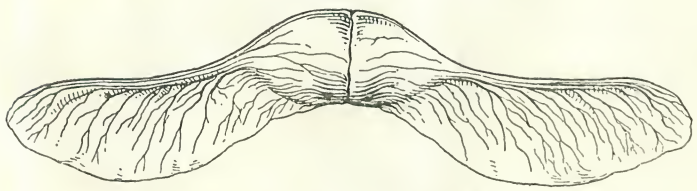
The hornbeams, sycamores and maples were unusually full of fruit last autumn, and their dried bracts and seeds are now lying thickly strewn over the lawn. Some of them are already sprouting and showing tiny cotyledon leaves.

The winged part of the sycamore fruit



SYCAMORE FRUIT.

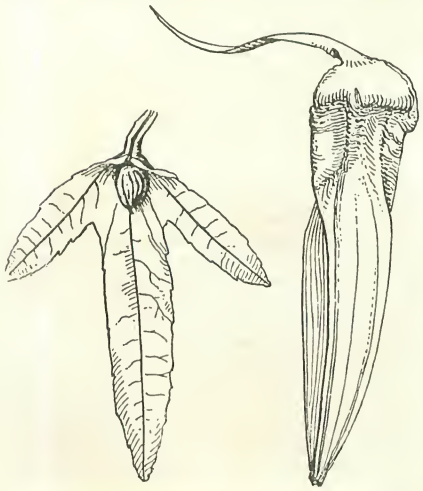
(botanically called *Samara*) has in many cases become a delicate piece of lace-work, the action of rain and wind having made it into a skeleton; the heavy end is entangled in the grass, and out of the seed-case a young rootlet is finding its way into the ground.



MAPLE FRUIT.

Later on I shall be able to find and record the unfolding cotyledon leaves, which are curiously rolled up within the seed-case.

The maple fruit is also two-seeded, and somewhat resembles the sycamore (which is



HORNBEAM. ARAUCARIA SEED.



HORNBEAM SAMARAS RIPE.

a maple), except that the two *Samaras* are joined at a different angle. The fruit quickly divides, and each seed has then a fair chance of germinating.

The hornbeam *Samara* is like a three-pointed leaf, the sharp-angled nutlet being attached to it at the lower end. Each bract in the cluster seems to prepare for its flight by breaking off from the stem, and then hanging by a hair-like thread, so that a passing breeze may easily detach it.

The araucaria, when well established and growing vigorously, will sometimes produce its huge cones in England.

There are male and female trees; the cones of the former will shed out more than a wineglassful of yellow pollen.

The strange-looking seeds which fall out of the fertile cones are sure to attract attention as they lie on the grass by their peculiar form and large size.

Poplar Catkins.

The flowers of various species of poplar are now appearing and form an interesting subject for study.

I have obtained to-day the catkins of the aspen (*Populus tremula*), the abele or white poplar (*P. alba*), the Lombardy poplar (*P. nigra*) and the grey poplar (*P. canescens*). A slight shower had brought out the perfume of the buds and blossoms of the balsam poplar or tacamahac (*P. balsamifera*), which has very conspicuous catkins of a bright reddish-brown.

As most of these trees flower mainly on the upper branches where we cannot reach the catkins, we must be content to pick them up, as I did to-day, beneath the trees, where they look extremely like red and brown caterpillars.

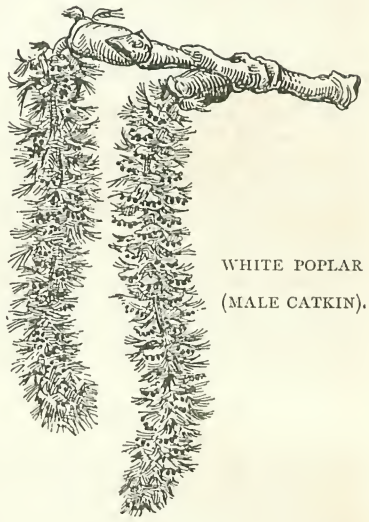
Poplars are all dicœcious trees; that is, bearing flowers with stamens on one tree and flowers containing pistils on another, usually growing near by. This makes their study rather puzzling, and it is further complicated because the willows are now in flower and there is a certain resemblance between them; we may, however, always recognise poplars by their drooping catkins, whilst willow flowers are invariably borne upright upon their stems. The male catkins bearing the stamens are usually the most conspicuous, and often they appear earlier than the female flowers.

By dissecting a specimen poplar catkin from each tree, we can readily trace the different parts, the fringed scales bearing the stamens and the small woolly stigmas which catch the pollen-dust brought to them by the wind.

Poplar catkins are usually fertilised by the wind; they contain no honey, and are therefore unattractive to insects. The willows, having



WHITE POPLAR (FEMALE CATKIN).



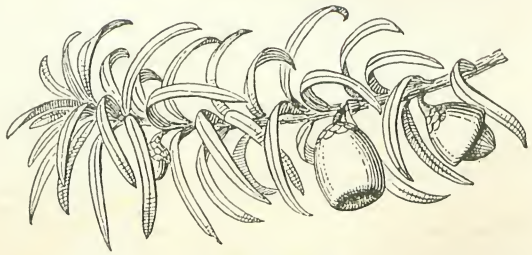
WHITE POPLAR (MALE CATKIN).

small honey glands, offer three lures to the insect tribes—colour, scent, and honey—hence we may be sure to find bees and flies frequenting their early blossoms.

The Yew-Tree.

The male blossoms of the yew-tree are now fully out, and, as a passing breeze shakes the branches, they send out clouds of yellow pollen. I never see this happening without recalling Tennyson's interesting allusion to this "smoking" of the yew-tree.

"O brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke,
Spring after spring, for half a hundred years."—*The Holy Grail.*



YEW BERRIES.



MALE FLOWERS OF YEW.

The female blossom is on a separate tree, and it may be at some distance away; the wind therefore carries the fertilising pollen far and wide, and in due time it reaches the other flower, which will eventually produce the beautiful wax-like yew-berries.

I used to think that the showers of pollen, which make the ground under the tree look yellow with its abundance, was an instance of needless waste; but I have now observed that many species of flies and solitary bees are extremely fond of pollen and feed greedily upon it, as well as use it to store in their nests for their young grubs to feed upon when hatched.

Doubtless in this way the tree is able, all through the early spring, to afford the winged creatures an abundant supply of needful food until they are able to obtain honey from the summer flowers.

Willow Catkins.

As one of the tokens of coming spring, it always gives me a thrill of pleasure to note for the first time the silvery willow buds appearing. As the dark brown bud scales begin to open and reveal the silky down within, then, as the sun gains power, these outer scales fall off and the pure white catkins become conspicuous. They daily grow in size, until, attaining maturity, they are covered with pollen of a rich golden yellow. This pollen is highly attractive to the newly-awakened humble bees. These may be seen clustered upon the blossoms, not only feeding themselves, but carrying away provision with which to store their cells.

It is interesting to observe that while the willow has only one bud-scale, the lime-tree has two, and other trees usually have many outer coverings for the bud.

The male and female catkins are shown in the illustration, and, as I have said, they grow on different trees which are usually found within a short distance of each other, so that the wind may carry the pollen from one tree to another in order to fertilise the flowers.

A small low-growing species of willow called sallow, which, by the way, grows abundantly on our common, is the kind which is most frequently gathered for decoration at Eastertide. This custom dates from the time when palm-branches were strewn before Our Lord when He was riding into Jerusalem.

The real palm, of course, is still used in Eastern countries for church decoration, but as we in England have no tree with either fresh green leaves or conspicuous blossoms flowering at Easter, the willow, with its pretty golden catkins, has been called palm and substituted for it for many generations. A passage of Goethe on this subject has been thus translated:—

"In Rome, upon Palm Sunday,
They bear true palms;
The cardinals bow reverently,
And sing old Psalms.
Elsewhere their Psalms are sung
Mid olive branches;
The holly-bough supplies their places
Among the avalanches;
More northern climes must be content
With the sad willow."

With reference to that last line it is rather curious that from the days when captive Israel hung their harps upon the willows of Babylon, the tree should have been regarded as an emblem of sadness, and yet, in later times, it should have changed its character and become a token of joy and gladness.

We possess from thirty to forty kinds of willow in Britain ranging from trees eighty feet in height down to the dwarf species which abound on northern moors and are only a few inches high.

I have gathered sufficient of the white silky down from the willow seed-vessels on our common to stuff a sofa cushion, and in fine weather the air is filled with the light fluffy seeds which are thus carried far and wide.

We owe to the willow the valuable medicine salicine, so much used for the alleviation of rheumatic pains. A preparation of salicine crystals forms a beautiful microscopic slide, and when shown with the polariscope exhibits exquisite rainbow colours.



MALE. FEMALE.

SALLOW CATKINS.

AN OLD CORNWALL ROMANCE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

CHAPTER II.

"Cornwall's wrecked-devoted shores,
Her barren hills, and russet moors;
Where languid verdure tints the vales,
And sigh, through chasms, the summer gales"—*Polwhele.*

Cornish proverbs: "Speak little, speak well, and well will be spoken again."

"Be silent, tongue."

"Look twice before you leap once."

Travelling in the days of Henry VI. was a very different affair to the rapid locomotion of the present day. There were wild moors and forests, lonely wastes to pass, rivers to ford or ferry, little hamlets clustering round the castles of the nobles were the only resting-places—few and far between. The towns were the centres of the rising trade of the country, of the cathedral life and that of the universities. Among the bridle-paths men urged their difficult way in companies; for it was seldom safe for an honest or well-to-do man to travel alone. All travelling was dangerous across wild, uninhabited country. There were few roads, except the great Roman roads—from one old Roman colony to another—and the need of getting food and shelter for the night often made a journey a very anxious and circuitous business. Besides, all travelling had to be on horseback, and the horses needed food and rest.

It was a pleasant journey they took across moor and heather, through woods and forests, by ferry and river, jogging along from dawn to nightfall. They had fair weather and a prosperous home-coming. The merchant had noted the intelligence, and, still more, the modesty and discretion with which the child had spoken when he met her first, and on the road he often whiled away the time by answering kindly her questions as to the journey and the places they passed, and also in trying to prepare her for the life to which he was taking her.

She was a keen observer, though a silent

one, of the respect paid to her master, and the higher comfort of the new position she held; and when he spoke to her of the kind and gentle mistress to whom she was going, and the duties of the household she was entering, she felt she would devote herself, please God, to the one, and take a zealous part in the labours of the other.

The rude, rough country inns were no trial to her who had lived in such hardness and poverty, and the towns and churches were wonders to the peasant girl who had felt the little church of Wike St. Marie so grand.

What would her parents say to the daily comforts of her present life, to the beauties of the buildings she saw. Truly she would let them know the good things she had been allowed to enjoy, and the blessedness of the new life of usefulness and well-being which had been opened to her.

What might she not do for her father, whose little flock of sheep she had tended so often, wishing them so many more for his sake; for the dear mother whose poor, thin winter gear she had so often yearned to make warm and soft and plentiful; for the scanty wood fires in the little hut, which she might be able to replenish with a noble wood-stack beside the door?

Thinking too of the Cousin John, her young lover, for whom she might weave bright hopes for the future, and to whom she might perhaps be able to send good news—perhaps (for he had taught her to read and write) some of the books she had heard him wish for so hopelessly. Dreams! dreams!

But one thing assuredly this noble girl did not dream, that her name, Thomasine Bonaventura, would be handed down through centuries to come, amongst the chronicles of her native county as one of its benefactresses, and her life be remembered as an example of what one true woman can do for the good of her people.

Her county of Cornwall is rich in memories; a few names have been already mentioned, but it may be well to remember also such as, though distinguished for their eminence in science or philanthropy, are possibly fading from the recollection of our too busy times.

We should not forget Ralph Allen, the distinguished man of business and philanthropist, of whom Mr. Pitt wrote, "I fear not all the example of his virtues will have power to raise up to the world his like again." His organisation of the post office was a remarkable service to his country, and he used the immense fortune he gained in the noblest manner. We must also remember the Arundells of Lanherne, Trevice, and Jolverne, ecclesiastics and warriors; the Bassets of Tehidy; Admiral William Bligh, F.R.S.; Henry Bone, R.A., the enamellist; the Boscawens; Rev. Dr. William Borlase, F.R.S., the antiquary; Davy, the man of science; Admiral Viscount Exmouth; Samuel Foote, wit and dramatist; Trevethick, the engineer; Vivian, the soldier; Incledon, the singer; Richard Landor, the explorer; the Killigrews (diplomatists, warriors, courtiers and poets); Opie, the painter; the St. Aubyns (of Clowanse and the Mount); the Rev. Henry Martyn, B.D., the Christian missionary and oriental scholar; the Grenvilles of Stow (heroes by sea and land); the Trelawneys (mentioned in the old saying), "A Godolphin was never known to want wit, a Trelawney courage, or a Grenville loyalty"; and lastly, the Godolphins of Godolphin, statesmen, jurists and divines.

In those days a household was a very different thing to govern and supply from the households of our days. Now the trouble is assisted by numberless inventions and handicrafts.

The household books of those days throw a great light on the home-life of the upper classes in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There were then scarcely any of the fruits and vegetables now in common use among the poorest people. They have been brought over sea from warmer countries and naturalised here by care and toil.

The larder, especially in winter, depended chiefly on salted meats and salted fish (often very dear). Many diseases arose from this diet. Wheaten bread was a luxury for the richer classes; and all households had to prepare and make what was needed at home. Not only the daily bread had to be made, but the daily beer to be brewed (for then, remember, there was neither tea, coffee nor cocoa in England), and the daily butter and cheese to be made.

The still-room, too, was a very important affair, with its distilling of spirits and cordials, herb-medicines and essences; these last by no means a matter of luxury, as the sanitary arrangements left much to be desired, and the difficulty of getting water told upon the work of the laundry and the baths. The napery at that time also was very rich, and in large households (sometimes in small ones) had to be woven and spun at home.

Lastly, and most exacting of all the duties of the ladies of the family were the tapestries and hangings and embroideries (of which exquisite examples are still remaining), besides the making of clothes for the household, and the gathering in of the daily supplies.

The Duke of Wellington once said, "I have several generals I can trust to win a battle, but I don't know one I can rely on to feed my army—I do that myself."

Well, these households had to be fed and supplied and kept in health and well-being by the organisation of the mistress; and we may the better feel the difficulty of this when we remember that there were then no stores of preserved food of any kind such as we have now; no tinned meats or delicate *entrées* of fish or fowl, fruit or preserves to be had for love or money. There were no factories where hundreds of workmen are busy in making cakes, biscuits, etc. No large laundries where machines are so kind as to spare almost all manual labour while they tear and destroy our pretty under-garments so effectually, that it is a great temptation to buy them at the cheapest store, and forget (alas!) that it is blood-money that we so spend, and that our machine-stitched linens are tainted with the sweating system which makes their price possible.

In these old households there was much to be done, but the variety of the work was great, the food and shelter, though perhaps rough, was in plenty, and there was (what we may be permitted to allude to and regret) an amount of training and discipline which women now at the head of households have such cause bitterly to miss, and hopelessly to desire.

In reading a list of household effects of a merchant in the days of Queen Elizabeth, we may make a slight extract to show what those home productions were which cost so much toil and lasted so well.

"Tapestries, hangings of silk, fringed napkins (the list of silver goblettes, etc., is too long to quote), naperie, diaper borde cloths, cloths with fringes, diaper napkins, linens of all kinds."

The kitchen apparatus was large, chiefly of brass, which had, of course, to be kept bright and ornamental; but the bedroom furniture, or rather the want of it, must be left to the imagination—coffers for clothes, vessels of wood, iron and brass—no china or commonware. Cups and glasses began to be used only in the reign of Henry VIII.

Into this very busy world of work the peasant girl came, little more than a child, for she was only thirteen years of age, and the travellers arrived at their journey's end after being only a fortnight on the road—a speed so satisfactory and unusual that it was Dame Bunsby's emphatic remark "that she really thought they must have flown."

"Her mistress received Thomasine with a kind and hearty welcome, and ratified by her daily approval her husband's choice of the Cornish maid. When she was first told that her name was Bonaventura, and her husband explained it signified good luck, she said, 'Well, sweetheart, when I was a girl, they used to say that the name was a fore-sign of the life, and God grant that thine may turn out so to be.'"

The anxiety of her mistress as to her qualities and capacities was gradually and effectively appeased by the ease with which the girl learnt, and the zeal and industry she showed—most of all by her earnest sympathy with, and devotion to, her mistress which relieved her gradually of all care and fatigue. Like the Hebrew servant, in whose wisdom and fidelity his master learnt to put absolute trust until he had put everything into his hand—for all that he did prospered—so this girl gradually won the love and confidence of her employers, so that in a few years she became the manager of the whole household, and all that she did also prospered. But her care and love, though it prolonged and soothed the suffering life of her mistress, could not cure the sickness under which she suffered.

"Her death drew nigh, and, with the touching simplicity of the times, she told her true and tender husband, with smiling tears, that she thought he could not do better than, if they so agreed, to put Thomasine in her place when she was gone.

"Tell her it was my last wish." This gentle desire so uttered—her strong and grateful feeling towards the master who had taken her, as she expressed in her rural speech, "Lean from the moor and fed her so that her very bones belonged to him," weighed with her. She thought of the happy home he had given her, and the power she would gain to make the latter days in the old hut at Wike St. Marie prosperous and calm.

With such feelings and impulses we cannot wonder that Thomasine yielded to the last wish of the mistress she loved, and the master to whom she owed years of happy usefulness, and consented to become his wife—a position which promised her a future power to be a blessing to the dear home far away, which she knew to be so poor, so dependent on her for cheer and comfort.

(*To be continued.*)



GODMOTHER'S SECRET.

By LIZZIE MILLER PENGELLY.

DEAR Godmother Dorothy Grant is dead,
And a year has passed since she went to rest;
Just a long, long year since her will was read—
A year since she left me her old oak chest.
I opened the lid and I peeped inside
Full many a time in that long, dark week,
While the clouds of November, dark and wide,
Frowned on the wild wind's shrill whistle and shriek.

And then, when I emptied and searched it through—
The old chest, rubbed bright by the hand of Time—
Quaint, curious relics were brought to view
Of godmother's girlhood, godmother's prime—
Bright pieces of satin and old brocade,
A high-heeled slipper, an ivory fan;
And, deep in a sandal-wood box inlaid,
A note to her grandsire from Good Queen Anne;

Some gems, and a wimple her mother wore,
With a silken jess, and a falcon-ring;
A Bible of sixteen hundred and four,
And a song that godmother used to sing;
An embroiderèd waistcoat, last of all—
Unfinished, and wrapped in a silken square—
With a string of pearls in a casket small,
Old letters, a ring, and a lock of hair.

They were grandfather's letters! Through and through
I read them, and scanned the waistcoat again.
If all that my grandfather wrote were true,
Then how came grandmother Grandmother Frayne?
Gentle and good was grandfather's wife—
She was Godmother Dorothy's dearest friend.
Did grandmother know why godmother's life
Was lived all alone to its sweet, bright end?

And the half-wrought 'broidery seems to speak
Of godmother's grief-stricken, tearless eyes,
Of the chilling blanch on each wild-rose cheek,
And the sobs she never allowed to rise.
"Ah! Godmother Dorothy, sweet and mild,
I fear I could never be true like you!"
I murmured; but Cousin Irene smiled—
"True love must for ever and aye be true!"

And her fair face shone with a happy light.
"Love could not die in a year and a day,"
She thoughtfully said, as her eyes grew bright;
And methought that tears were not far away.
Fair Cousin Irene's white finger bears
A big signet ring, with a queer old crest;
And methinks I see in the smile she wears
A shadow of godmother's old oak chest.



PRACTICAL POINTS ABOUT CLOTHING.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

"YOU should always wear flannel next to your skin, as it prevents consumption."

"You should never wear flannel next to your skin, for it produces eczema."

These two "commands" were given on the same day to the same lady by two physicians. The man who gave the first advice was a chest physician, the other a skin specialist. Which was right? I don't know. But I do know that both were wrong; not in the nature of the advice itself, as this was right enough from the very limited point of view of each, but in the positive way in which they gave it. Opinions are known to differ, and in nothing do they vary so greatly as in medicine.

If the first physician had said, "I advise you to wear flannel next to your skin as it reduces the liability to consumption;" and if the skin specialist had said, "In some people flannel produces great irritation, and for them it is better not to wear it," nothing more would have been required. The lady would wear the flannel, and if it caused no irritation, she would continue to wear it; if it caused inconvenience she would discontinue its use. She would have received good advice, and in either case she would have acted rightly.

As it happened, however, she was, as was not unnatural, rather doubtful as to whether she should or should not wear flannel. Thinking that if she got a third opinion, she would have, at all events, two against one, she asked my advice about the matter. I felt very much inclined to suggest a compromise and advise flannelette! But one must never joke in medicine. If I had given her this advice she would have told her two colleagues. The first would very likely have said that flannelette is no good for the purpose, the other that it produces worse irritation than flannel. So I should have had to answer both.

The truth is this, that what suits one person, does not necessarily suit another. It is therefore useless to lay down laws about every article of dress. But there are certain articles of attire about which there are no two opinions. These are what I am going to talk about to-day. At another time, perhaps, I will go into the question of the more disputed points about dress.

Have you ever heard of growing pains? Perhaps you have had personal experience in this matter. But did it ever strike you as peculiar that pain should occur especially during growth. But these growing pains do not stop when the body is full grown. I know an old lady of seventy who suffered from "growing pains" (according to her own statement). The truth is that these pains are not due to growth although they may occur during youth. "Growing pains" was the name used by our grandmothers for a great variety of affections, especially rheumatism and flat-foot. This latter is the commonest condition that gives rise to pain in the legs during youth; especially is this the case in large cities which are paved with flag-stones.

Let us talk about flat foot, as there is no condition which is more common amongst girls of all ages.

The shape of the natural foot is very curious and has little resemblance to that member as it occurs in most boot-wearing persons. If you look at the foot of a classical figure you will see that only the heel, the outer border of the foot and the balls of the toes touch the ground, while the greater part of the sole is above the level of the ground. The inner border of the foot does not touch the ground anywhere, and forms an arch with the convexity looking upwards. The four outer toes form a straight line, but the great toe turns inwards towards the middle line of the body, that is away from the other toes. All the toes are straight and the second toe is the longest. What a contrast to this is the foot of an ordinary English girl who has worn



[*From photo: Copyright* 1893, *Photographic Union, Munich.*

"QUAINT, CURIOUS RELICS WERE BROUGHT TO VIEW."

ill-fitting boots from infancy! Usually, if not invariably, the feet of Londoners are more or less flat. The inner border of the foot instead of forming an arch with the convexity upwards forms an almost straight line, often descending right on to the ground during walking, and occasionally showing a slight projection in the centre. This is the condition of flat or splay-foot.

If we were to examine the feet of every inhabitant of London we would probably not find that the great toe turned away from the others in more than a dozen at most. In a large number this toe is forced against the others, often overlapping or being overlapped by them. Sometimes a "bunion" becomes developed upon the ball of the great toe. One of the toes, most often the second is very commonly bent up and squeezed between its two fellows constituting "hammer toe."

These are some of the "peculiarities" of the civilised foot, and I will proceed to inform you how we have acquired these various modifications.

There is simply no question, that the shoemaker is responsible for the shape of our feet, and a very serious responsibility rests upon him for the evil he has wrought by his various "improvements" upon nature.

Take the foot of a classical statue and place by the side of it a boot; let it be square-toed, round-toed, pointed-toed; high-heeled, low-heeled, or heelless, a man's boot, a woman's boot, a girl's boot, a boy's boot, a child's boot, an infant's boot, a golosh, a dancing shoe, a slipper, a shoe, a boot or a Wellington, and you will be at once struck by the fact that not one of these various orthopædic instruments bears the slightest resemblance to the shape of the foot it is intended to "strengthen." Yet notwithstanding their various names, they are all made on much the same pattern, which is the foot of the shoemaker's imagination.

Now take off your boot and look at your foot whilst you move it about in all possible ways. You will observe there is very free movement at the ankle and at the balls of the toes, but that the whole of the sole of the foot is practically immovable. Now take your boot in your hand and try and bend it. With the slightest touch the boot bends in two at the waist, but there is no movement elsewhere. Here we have a boot, a support for the feet, in which the only movement allowed is one which the normal foot cannot perform. What do you suppose will happen in this struggle between boot and foot. Unfortunately the foot gets the worst of it, and for the following reason. Although there is no movement at the waist of the foot there is a joint there which allows a slight gliding movement. When a person walks with boots on, this joint is dragged open at every step and the sole of the foot instead of being a firm arch to support the weight of the body becomes a weak yielding pad. I do not mean to say that every boot bends at the "waist," for occasionally one meets with boots that do not do so. But these are great exceptions.

Now look at the toes of the statue and at the extremity of the boots. In the former the toes do not form a straight line, like the tip of a square-toed boot, nor a rounded summit as in round-toed boots, nor an acute angle as in pointed-toed boots, but a line gradually rising from the little to the second toe and then slightly decreasing again towards the great toe. The inner border of the foot is perfectly straight.

As I was writing this morning a girl came to see me who was very flat-footed, and I advised her to have her boots made with some resemblance to the member they were intended to hold. She answered: "People would think I was mad if I walked about with such odd-looking things on my feet."

The shape of the boots is responsible for most of the deformities of the toes which are so common. The bent-in great toe, hammer-toe, corns and bunions are all due to wrong boots.

Personally I believe boots with pointed toes are no worse than those with square toes.

I have not yet finished with boots. There are other points about foot-gear that require to be looked into. There are tight boots, loose boots, high-heeled boots and others which must be criticised.

Tight boots do not in themselves do much to deform the foot, but when the boots are both tight and misshapen they work havoc in a very short time. The special danger in tight boots is that the foot is liable to be pressed upon and little blisters to make their appearance at the point of pressure. These blisters protect the foot, and so far are of service, but if they burst dirt is liable to get in and produce very serious mischief. If ever you get a blister on your foot leave it alone until it bursts and then keep the place scrupulously clean and apply some antiseptic preparation every night. New boots even if they are not tight often produce blisters.

It is almost unnecessary in a girl's paper to say anything about boots that are too large, except that these are really much worse for producing blisters than those that are too tight.

I would not say much about high-heeled boots even if I dared, for it is useless for a physician to tell women not to wear high heels. He will simply be disobeyed; so he must put up with what is insisted upon and make the best of it. When all has been said against high heels there is not much fault to find with them. They do help to produce flat-foot; but what boots do not? There is, however, one great objection to high heels—not so much in boots as in shoes—that is that the heel is liable to give way and wrench the ankle, giving rise to severe strain of that joint which tends to weaken the ankle, especially if it is often repeated.

As we are on the subject of flat-foot, let me just say a word or two about treatment. I have not told you everything about its cause, but I will do so at another time when talking of exercise. If you have flat-foot which really gives trouble, such as the "growing pain" mentioned above, or inability to walk far, it will be advisable to do something to prevent it going any farther. First look to your boots—if they bend at the waist, discard them and get others in which the waist is especially strong, if possible strengthened with steel bands. If your feet are very flat a pad may be advisable. These pads can be got at almost any boot-maker; but it is difficult to get them to fit exactly, and unless they do so they are very uncomfortable. As a general rule I do not advise them. The second point is exercise. As I shall say more about this at another time, I shall only briefly state that walking, running, dancing and jumping intermittently with periods of rest with the feet elevated are good. Sitting and, far more so, standing are bad. Walking on tip-toe is very beneficial in the early stages of flat-foot.

The next articles of attire that I am going to talk about are garters. I have heard that lately these "constrictors" have given way to suspenders, and I am very pleased that they have done so, as you will see what unpleasant conditions they may cause.

Somebody (who I have not the least notion, but I sincerely hope that he was not a physician) lately circulated the idea that garters should be worn below and not above the knee. This is a very curious mistake. Garters above the knee do little or no harm, whereas if worn below the knee they impede the circulation and produce varicose veins and other highly undesirable conditions. The circulation in the legs at its best is the weakest in the whole body, and in those whose occupation necessitates much standing is extremely liable to become incompetent. It then only needs the help of garters below the knees to press upon the veins of the leg to set up a very serious state of things, which renders the leg so feeble that the least injury results in great ulcers which do not readily heal.

If garters are worn at all they should be worn above the knee, and they should be very loose and elastic. They should be white in colour by preference, or else dyed by aniline colours, not by mineral substances, as these often set up irritation which may go on to eczema.

I now come to the everlasting cause of feuds between women and physicians. I refer, of course, to corsets. The other day I was talking with a celebrated "fashionable" doctor, who told me that he had fought against the practice of wearing tight corsets for years and that during the "wasp days," as he expressed it, he lost many patients through his determined stand against the fashion of the day. But, he added, chuckling, I have got the best of it at last.

With all due deference to this most able physician, I cannot help thinking that the edict of fashion has had far more influence on the circumference of the waist than all the warnings and prognostications of the medical faculty. In no case can a man convince a woman against her will, and a doctor is by no means an exception to the rule. But by gentle advice one may be heard when stronger measures would be resisted.

There is no doubt that very serious conditions often follow from tight lacing. If one were to take a circle round any part of the human body none would include more vital organs than the waist. The lungs, liver, stomach, and great masses of nervous matter which innervate the abdominal organs are all included by the waist. None of these organs will stand pressure. Yet but a few years back it was the custom to force the waist into the smallest space for the sake of fashion. Serious results often followed the practice, and most fortunately it was always painful, and rendered both eating and digestion difficult. The very natural result of this is that the fashion is gradually dying out, and how fortunate it must be for those fair ones whose appetites are ordinary and not birdlike!

I do not wish you to think that I condemn a waist on principle or object to the use of corsets. I only crave for half an inch more for the poor organs that are kept working all day and night and receive no better treatment than to be squeezed out of all resemblance to their rightful shape.

About hats I have little to say except that I could never understand how it was that more people were not injured by hat-pins. I have noticed that, if a tall man and a woman of middle height are standing together, his eyes are on a level with her hat-pins. It wants little in a crowd for an extra-far projecting hat-pin to do very considerable injury to those standing by. Surely sheaths can be obtained for the points of hat-pins, and it is the duty of every woman to use them. I lay particular stress on this subject, as I have lately seen a woman whose eye had to be removed owing to damage done by a hat-pin.

Whilst on the subject of hats one might refer for a moment to baldness. As everyone knows, this is very much more common in men than in the opposite sex. The reason for this, I feel almost certain, lies in the head-gear. A man usually wears a stiff hat with a hard rim, which he rams down on his head, while the hats usually worn by women are soft and fit loosely.

The great blood-vessel that supplies the scalp, namely, the temporal artery, lies against the projection of the temple. If you force a stiff hat on your head this artery gets compressed between the hat rim and the bone. More than this, the veins are also pressed upon, so that the blood supply to the scalp is seriously interfered with. The result is that the hair is not properly nourished; it becomes brittle, or very thin and soft; the hair follicles strike work, and baldness ultimately ensues.

The fact that some men who wear top-hats become bald while others do not, though at first apparently contradictory, the above statement really goes far to prove it. Those whose heads are broad—that is, those in whom the temples are prominent and the temporal artery exposed—are the more likely to become bald. The fact that baldness is common amongst the "top-hat-wearing" class and comparatively rare among "cap wearers" also favours this view. There is another point that I have often observed among gentlemen who are not bald; that is, that there is often a distinct line of demarcation in the hair corresponding with the rim of the hat. Above this line the hair is soft and thin, below it is thick and hard.

When I went out yesterday afternoon I saw a woman with a veil of a most remarkable pattern. It represented a web spun by a spider. Two flies and a something—I do not know what—were represented on that part of the veil that covered her right cheek, whilst an enormous spider quite concealed her left eye. Now this may be a great novelty, and perhaps an object of admiration and envy for some of her friends; but, as far as I am concerned, it was the ugliest thing I ever saw disfigure a lady's face. But it is not for its beauty or ugliness that I call attention to it, but because the great spider over one eye is injurious to the sight. It is often stated that veils are bad for the eye-sight, but this is not the case, a simple, slight veil doing no harm to the sight if it is not worn too close to the face.

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By "A GIRL PROFESSIONAL."

CHAPTER V.

TURNINGS AND SEAMS.

We may pass by a few months, as, though full of many changing and varied experiences there were few of them that need to be recorded here. The most noteworthy of these changes was the bachelor's loss of her post, which happened in the early part of that summer, and so cut off one of the few resources we had, and made it more than ever necessary to bend every energy to maintaining the house and keeping its inmates. Feeling how greatly we depended on it for the chief part of our income, I endured many smaller trials and put up with a good many things of which no one else knew; it was worth something if only to preserve a home, at least until other ways and means of maintaining one should open out.

There was no thought of taking holidays that year; a Saturday to Monday trip to the seaside had to suffice; indeed we had no opportunity for holiday-making, as early in August Mrs. Norris received the visit of another son, a student in Germany, and his "visit" was prolonged until the beginning of October. He added considerably to the work of the house, and only very reluctantly could be persuaded to add to its funds, indeed, if he had not been cornered and forced to pay up, we should have been left with nothing but the doubtful honour of having entertained a—defaulter—unawares.

The other ladies were both away for a short time, and their board money was accordingly stopped; but as our receipts had been fairly regular up to this time we were able to lay in a few tons of coal in August before the prices were raised. It gave one a certain feeling of security to feel that the coal cellar was so well stocked, and it was fortunate for us we had it so, as the winter proved to be exceptionally severe. After Christmas the weather set in for keen frost that intensified every day. One after another the pipes were attacked, and the water-supply gave out as the main became frozen in the road. We were compelled to have our water brought by cans from the stand-pipe in the road at stated hours in the day, employing a poor man for the purpose to whom the few pence he could earn in this way represented his whole living. There was much distress abroad in those weeks, and if we could keep a warm fireside and a well-supplied table, we had cause to be thankful. We were well into the middle of February before the frost broke up, and it was March before our pipes were restored to use again; like every other householder we had a plumber's bill to pay, but our damages were less serious than might have been expected.

To add to the difficulties of this time, which now, as we look back upon it seems like a nightmare, the influenza claimed us amongst a host of other victims. Mrs. Norris was the first to be laid up, and she kept her bed for a fortnight, and her room for nearly a month; requiring our constant attention by day and her son's devotion in the evening.

She was barely convalescent when our mother was attacked and took to her bed, and the very next day I succumbed myself. The bachelor, who had a temporary appointment in the North of London, was compelled to give it up and act as nurse and housekeeper, and for convenience sake mother and I shared one room and one fire. Our doctor was called in and seemed to find it rather a joke at first and chaffed us on our miniature hospital. But by the third day it was no joking matter as far as our mother was concerned, and I was compelled to leave my bed and take up the reins again, as she required constant watching and care. When the crisis was past there followed seven long weeks of anxiety; such very slow progress was made, and what was gained one day seemed to be lost the next. It was close upon Easter before she was able to come downstairs again, and so soon as she was fit she left us to pay a long visit into the country; this, happily, putting the final touches to the cure. As I accompanied her down and stayed a few days, the rest and change completely restored me also.

After this long and trying winter the house needed a thorough turning out and spring-cleaning. We were fortunate in having met with a woman for day-work who proved a veritable treasure, and has been a stay ever since. We called her *La dame Blanche*—a play on her proper name of White—and she truly worked like a good fairy, quietly, unobtrusively, and conscientiously. Under her care we speedily regained spotlessness, and when the summer sunshine came were able to enjoy something of a respite, especially as Mrs. Morris departed with her married daughter and children to a house by the sea, leaving us her son-in-law as her representative, and he, being most frequently out in the daytime was less trouble than herself. We rather enjoyed the three months of his stay with us; he was very good company at table, and made a better balance of parties, as young Mr. Norris brightened up when supported by one of his own sex, and the other ladies, though professing to think Dr. A. a humbug, were on their mettle with him, so to speak, and exerted themselves to be as charming as they could. We ourselves, as lookers-on at the play, often found it highly diverting.

Both gentlemen took their holidays in the month of August, and as the ladies also happened to be away by the middle of the month I was persuaded to join my brother's family at Deal, and spent with them a very happy and restful week. The bachelor kept house meanwhile, and at the beginning of September went down to the country to spend a few days there; thus we both had a break in the routine of daily life, a much needed one too.

With mother's return a new difficulty arose. Having a servant to sleep indoors had, of course, taken off one of the bedrooms on the top floor; we did not wish to lose the maid as she suited us very well and wished to stay; but mother's comfort must be studied too.

Mrs. Norris had been very trying latterly, and had taken advantage of us in so many ways, that as we happened then to make acquaintance with another possible tenant—through a mutual friend—we thought seriously about giving her notice to quit.

The new applicant was a single lady of very uncertain age but of good family, a family of whom we had had some previous knowledge, and when she finally agreed to terms and settled to come to us we approached the difficult task of telling Mrs. Norris to go. I should explain that by taking one tenant in place of two our difficulty about rooms became settled, as the two sisters moved on to one floor, and left us the top of the house entirely to ourselves; as this arrangement was also made with but a slight reduction of terms in the case of the new-comer, it was apparently a very wise move. I say apparently, for alas, it proved a very mistaken move and one we had sincerely to regret ere we were much older. But though wisdom comes to all with experience, we can only pursue what seems the best course at the time.

Mrs. Norris was much aggrieved and taken aback by such an unexpected move, she professed herself utterly *désolée*, as indeed I truly believe she was. Doubtless she foresaw that her easy times were drawing to an end, as she might not meet with a home so much to her mind again; moreover, having been born and bred in this neighbourhood she had a genuine affection for it. When she finally departed it was with tears in her eyes, but after we had got rid of the last of those debatable goods of hers and swept up the *débris*, we on our side heaved a deep sigh of relief. Altogether there could not be much regret for us to feel.

The new inmate began to prove less eager to come after the coast was clear; she was touched

with the craze of æstheticism, and found it imperative to have the walls repapered and the floors repolished, etc. As the paper was still good and little damaged we naturally objected to removing it, whereupon she consented to do it at her own expense, and chose her own colour and design. All her furniture was new, much of it costly, and she ransacked the warehouses in search of it, while we had to endure any amount of bell-ringing and carrying in and out of goods, besides the needless trouble and expense of having workmen indoors for nearly a fortnight. However, by the end of the month she was safely established and we had got somewhat used to her ways. With regard to these, if Mrs. Norris had been trying this lady was doubly so, and expected attention during every waking hour of the day. The maid was nearly run off her legs, and I could hardly secure an hour to myself many days. Still, as her payments were good and she was more profitable on the whole, we might have endured her idiosyncracies hoping to run more easily as we grew accustomed to the effort, had she not proved treacherous as well. Full of freaks and fancies she pined for incessant change, and quickly wearied when she found herself one of a quiet and regular household.

In the first weeks of her stay a grown-up niece paid her a visit, and together they interviewed a physician on her niece's account. The latter, apparently a most robust young woman, was supposed to be in the preliminary stage of consumption, and a voyage out to Australia and back was advised for her, to be taken without delay.

This suited the tastes of both ladies exactly, and they were in high spirits at the prospect, losing no time in booking their passages as they wished to travel in one particular ship. That she was leaving us in the lurch and breaking up her newly-made home seemed of no consequence to Miss A. She was careful to give her due notice when paying her monthly rent, so that we might not legally claim more than that from her, but to our appeal for compensation for the expense and the trouble to which we had been put on her account, she was completely deaf. Unfortunately we had no written contract to bind her, and so could not force her in any way.

In another month she was gone, her furniture also, and we were once more left with empty rooms, that, too, at a time of the year when very few people care to move, and though we advertised and answered advertisements, and put up a card over the door in orthodox fashion, yet we had four long months with those empty rooms haunting us. Not that there were no applicants for them, but very few who came found them suitable. This was a hard time and a difficult lesson to learn. We were sorely put to it to make our expenses and meet rent and rates with the small income which was ours, and it seemed but little short of miraculous that we did meet and fulfil them as they fell due. No doubt it was a lesson we needed to learn, and the forty pounds it cost us was perhaps not too dearly paid, but it was a hard time indeed, scarcely less hard, though in a different way, than the preceding winter had been.

It is, however, a long lane that has no turning, and in April we received an application that was almost a demand for these two rooms. The applicant was an elderly lady, tall, imposing, by no means handsome, but evidently not ungenerous and seemingly well-to-do. She was so charmed with her first inspection of the rooms that she came again the following day bringing with her a relative to give an opinion. With the latter, a truly bewitching old lady, we fell in love at first sight, and had she been the negotiating party she might have carried everything before her. We were much amused with her advice as she gave it; her friend was somewhat against joining us at table for dinner, seeming to prefer the idea of having her meals alone.

"No, my dear," the elder lady said, emphasising her words with her fingers; "no, it will do you good to have company and conversation, better for you in every way."

Within a week this lady was housed with a quantity of what she called "charming" furniture; it seemed that whatever she took it into her head to do she would do, in spite of every difficulty, so that she had paid heavily to clear out of her flat without staying out her notice, and she also paid us a month's rent in advance on the day she arrived. Being quite unused to doing anything for herself, she sat in the midst of a chaos of chairs and tables for several days, waiting for workmen to come and fix up her belongings. We offered our help many times, and sent the maid to her assistance, but it was of little use, nothing could be done right, so she was left to bring order out of the scene as she could. When tired of bewailing the unfortunate circumstances that obliged her to do without a maid of her own, she set to, and finally emerged triumphant over her difficulties, when she invited us all to pay her a visit of inspection. Certainly there was some praise due to her, for the quantity of china and bric-a-brac was exceedingly well arranged, and the room looked well and handsomely furnished. Her bedroom was not so satisfactory, indeed that bedroom has always been more or less of an eyesore, and seems as though it always will be. A good many chests and large pieces of furniture had had to be stored, other things had been sold, and she had given us the use of many things that were really helpful, notably a servant's wardrobe, which being nearly new we put into our own bedroom, and there was a nice linoleum which just covered the kitchen floor; for these we felt duly grateful and gladly found her storage room for a quantity of smaller articles.

When she was at ease in her mind and satisfied that we had no intention of imposing upon her, we found her to be by no means unpleasant company. When it suited her to be so she could be most entertaining, and having lived much in society, being indeed a member of an old county family, she was full of anecdotes and stories. At other times she was the very opposite—obtuse, hard of hearing, and exasperating to a degree. Though at present she is still with us and apparently quite content, we are quite aware that a small offence might be enough to turn her affection into enmity and cause her to leave us on the spot, so though we run along very smoothly there is never a great feeling of certainty to be depended upon.

As this brings our history up to the present time my next chapter must deal with the practical working of such a "business" as this, as the motive in writing the history has been the hope of being truly helpful to others in similar situations.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE FIERCENESS OF GLOUCESTER.

A STUDY IN THE TAMING OF SQUIRRELS.



If any one wishes for a fund of never-failing amusement, let her cultivate and tame wild squirrels!

It takes some years of patient feeding and coaxing, but when the confidence of the graceful little animals has once been won, they reward their friends with never-ceasing antics and gambols, fierce little scrimmages and fights amongst themselves, and with a succession of such charming attitudes that one longs for them to sit still quietly enough to allow one to sketch them.

Very frequently I am visited at breakfast-time by as many as nine or ten of these active little rodents. They well know it is feeding-time for them, so they congregate outside the window waiting most impatiently until it is opened, then they are rewarded by a shower of nuts. Soon there are ten little furry people thoroughly happy, each flinging his nut-shells about with saucy abandon, keeping his black beady eyes fixed on his neighbours lest they should be meditating a sudden aggressive assault if opportunity occurs.

All this is charming, but the real amusement begins when the store of outside nuts is exhausted and the squirrels come trooping into the room to see what they can find. They spring upon a table, where my doves Peace and Patience reside in their large cage, and scout around to find more food.

Several of the squirrels are tame enough to take the nuts out of our hands, others boldly run off to the cupboard where their food is stored, and they have taught themselves to leap, first up to a shelf, and then into a box, where we soon hear the little marauders cracking the nuts.

But how shall I describe the amusing squabbles that go on?

One, sitting on the window-ledge, is knocked over by another leaping in; both reach the ground together and have a tussle, squeaking and grunting the while, others join in the fray, then there is a race round the room ending with a dissolving view of squirrels' tails disappearing out at the window. It is all play, for no real harm is done, it is only the effervescence of high spirits and keen appetite.

Some years ago a tame squirrel was sent to me from Gloucester to be let loose in the garden. For some time we could not feel sure of her identity, she mingled with the others and did not show any special tameness.

Of late, however, "Gloucester," as we have named her, has become a very marked character, tameness has merged into a more and more defiant aggressiveness not altogether to be desired. Whilst I am peacefully writing my letters, Gloucester springs suddenly upon my table, walks over my note-paper, regardless of the smudges she leaves behind her, leaps on to my shoulder, and with an angry growl the small tyrant intimates that nuts must be forthcoming instantly or else she will

make her claws and teeth felt in a way that I shall remember. At present I meekly obey, for peace sake, but I only hope that the time may never come when "Gloucester" will have to repent of her effrontery and find her liberty curtailed.

When an animal or bird has been reared from its early years with care and kindness it is remarkable how invariably all its faculties are developed and brought out. The native instincts remain, but being cultivated, they result in many curious traits showing unusual intelligence.

Gloucester having been petted from her babyhood is just an instance of educated ability. I must pay a tribute to her skill and perseverance by relating what I saw her achieve in my dining-room when she thought no one was observing her. The heavy oak door of the nut cupboard was closed but not latched; Gloucester wanted to get some nuts, and when she found that she could not get at them, she sprang up to the handle and sitting upon it, she pushed with all her might against the door-post and actually made the door open sufficiently for her lithe, little body to squeeze through into the cupboard. It certainly showed a measure of reasoning power, thus to carry out several varied actions in order to attain a desired end.

I do forgive the terrible virago a good deal because of her cleverness, but when she sits loudly cracking nuts on the table-cloth within three inches of my plate at breakfast-time, and yet will not allow me to take up my fork or spoon without a growl or a snap, and when I know how severely she bit a gentle little girl who merely wished to "stroke the pretty squirrel," I think my readers will agree that Gloucester carries the emancipation of the female sex to a very serious length.

Squirrels vary a good deal in their appearance according to the season of the year. They are in their fullest beauty in April and May when the fur is thick and of a rich red brown, the ears are adorned with long additional hairs called pencils, and the tails are thick and bushy. Now, in the month of June, having worked industriously making their nests (dreys) and having families of young squirrels to maintain, the little parents' furry coats show signs of wear and tear; the ear-pencils have fallen off, and all the tails have become cream colour which gives them rather a bizarre effect as they flit rapidly across the lawn.

We often see the squirrels busily stripping off the inner fibre of the lime-tree branches, of which soft material they form their dreys. The fibre is held together by small interlacing twigs of larch, and the nest is usually placed in the fork of a branch very high up in some fir-tree where the foliage is thick enough to afford perfect concealment. Sometimes a hole in a tree-stem is chosen, but wherever it is, the future home is carefully lined with moss, leaves and fibres, and is a cosy retreat for the baby squirrels.

I often wish we could see the little ones when quite small, but they never appear at the window until they are nearly as large as their parents. Nor do I quite look forward to the day when Gloucester will present to me a whole family of young persons as insolent and bullying as herself.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.



CHAPTER XX.

A NEW FRIEND.

It was a dull, wet afternoon, two weeks later, when Elsie Merton hurried along the streets of Monte Carlo, and on reaching the hotel in which Guy and Madge were staying, entered and ran upstairs to her own apartments.

She was a young English professional singer, and was spending a few weeks in Monte Carlo with her mother for the latter's health.

"It is wretched out," she said, throwing off her hat and jacket and ensconcing herself in a low chair by the fire. "I am glad to see a bright fire. Have you been alone all the afternoon, little mother?" and as she spoke she took her mother's hand in hers and looked lovingly into her face.

"Yes, dear, but I was not at all lonely, I had a nice book. But I am glad you are back; I did not like you to be out in this miserable weather."

"It was not pleasant, certainly," replied her daughter, "but it is delightful to be in now; we will sit in the twilight a little while. I will make up the fire; I love to see it flicker on the walls."

Suiting the action to the word, she quickly succeeded in producing a bright blaze, and then, with a contented sigh, sank back into her chair.

It was a very sweet face, though not strictly a beautiful one, that the firelight revealed; one of those pure, strong, thoroughly English faces that it rests one to look upon.

Her features were irregular and her complexion slightly sallow; but one forgot this when gazing into the beautiful grey eyes of the young singer. Those sweet eyes which are capable of lighting up with fun and merriment one moment, and becoming thoughtful and sympathetic the next. The kind of eyes that speak sympathy in silence and elicit confidence unasked.

For some minutes after making up the fire she remained watching it in silence; then, looking up suddenly, she said: "Mother, I saw the beautiful English girl again this afternoon. I wish you could see her; I wonder what you would think of her. I can't tell you how she interests me. When I first saw her I wanted to stand and gaze at her because she was so lovely, and yet at the same time I felt conscious of something that repelled me; something about the expression of her mouth and eyes. I never saw quite such a look on anyone so young; it was both half-callous and half-defiant. But when I came to look again I felt a sudden sympathy for her. I am sure she isn't happy. I should say she has had some bitter disappointments."

"Perhaps she isn't happy with her husband."

"No, I don't think that, but I can't make them out. They very rarely go about together, but when they do he seems to show her every attention."

"I have seen him," said her mother. "I met him on the stairs this morning; their rooms are on the floor above ours. I thought he had a particularly nice face, but he looked ill and worried."

"They can hardly have money difficulties or they wouldn't live as they do. She dresses exceedingly well, and they certainly don't look like people who live on nothing a year. I should like to know her; I feel more drawn to her every time we meet. I don't think she can have many friends here, for she is always alone when her husband is not with her. Funnily enough, the parlour-maid only mentioned to me this morning that she considered them a most extraordinary couple. She says they very seldom talk, and whenever she goes in the room he is always reading the paper and she a book. She says they are 'true, cold English,' and added with delightful simplicity, 'and he be such an extinguished looking gentleman.' I felt obliged to stop her then, for I hate to hear servants discuss the visitors; but all the same, I was longing to know more about them."

"Perhaps she will unbend a little if you continue to meet her often, and help to open a way for your acquaintance," said her mother.

"I'm afraid not," was the thoughtful reply, "she looks too reserved. I shall have to manage it myself if I am to get to know her. As a matter-of-fact, I think she has probably not noticed me at all, for if she glances in my direction it is as if she did not see anything. But there, I mustn't sit idling here any longer," she continued, rising and giving herself a little shake; "I have three letters to write before post-time."

When she had finished she rose, remarking, "I will run down and put them in the hall at once, and then they cannot be forgotten."

On the way she was surprised to meet the object of her fire-light conversation, and struck by the unusual weariness of her ascent looked half-anxiously into her face as she passed. The feeling of sympathy came over her again, although Madge passed her without seeming to see her, and she hurried down with her letters and back again in order to overtake her, scarcely knowing why. But she had no reason to regret her haste, for, even as she approached her, Madge stood still on the staircase, pressed one hand over her eyes, and grasped the banisters tightly to save herself from falling.

"I am afraid you are not well," said Elsie, touching her gently. "Let me help you up these two steps and then you must come into my room and rest for a few minutes. It is the first door."

Madge started slightly and hastily attempted to move on.

"Thank you," she said quickly, "I am quite well, it was only a sudden touch of giddiness. I need not trouble you."

But even as she spoke she again reeled and had to support herself, so that it was impossible to protest further, and she suffered Elsie to lead her into her room.

"This lady is a little faint, mother," she said, as Mrs. Merton rose and came forward. "I have persuaded her to rest here a little while. I think a little rest would revive her. There is no one here," she added, leading Madge to a large arm-chair. "You will soon feel better."

Then she gently took off her hat and unfastened her jacket. "I have some eau-de-cologne," she said, reaching a bottle from a small table. "May I bathe your head with it?"

Madge thanked her and closed her eyes, and presently a faint colour came back into her cheeks.

She opened her eyes and looked at her kind benefactors.

"You are very kind," she said, trying to rise, "but I need not trouble you any further."

"Please don't speak of troubling us," put in Elsie quickly, "I am so glad that I happened to be at hand. Won't you stay until you are rested? We shall be so pleased if you will."

"Thank you," murmured Madge, and leaned back in her chair again. Somehow she found it pleasant to sit there and be taken care of. She looked round the pretty room, bright with photographs, and at the two kind faces before her, and a momentary sense of peacefulness possessed her. But all too soon her natural reserve returned, inducing a sudden impulse to seek her own solitary apartments.

"I think I must go," she said, and stood up to take leave.

For one moment Elsie hesitated, and then, with an intensely winning smile, she said, "We should be so glad if you would stay a little. Mother and I are quite alone, and we shall like your company so much."

"Madge looked at her in surprise and then said suddenly, "I think I have seen you before; have we met anywhere?"

"Only on the stairs and out of doors," replied Elsie, "and then I thought you did not see me."

"Yes, I did, I remember now, I liked your face. It is kind of you to ask me to stay, but I am a very unsociable person. I'm sure you wouldn't enjoy my company."

"Please let us judge for ourselves," urged Elsie, and her mother added a word of persuasion, so that Madge was at last prevailed upon to sit down again.

"Will your husband be anxious about you, because we can easily ring and send him a message," said Mrs. Merton. "Perhaps he would join you?"

"He is out," replied Madge. "I do not expect him back yet."

"Are you making a long stay here?" asked Elsie, seating herself on a low chair beside her visitor.

"An indefinite one. We may go any day, or we stay for weeks. It depends upon how we feel."

"Do you like Monte Carlo?"

"I don't mind it. I would as soon be here as anywhere. I find all places are much the same."

"But surely friends and associations endear some to us more than others."

"I have no friends and no associations, except those I would rather forget."

Madge spoke with an undertone of much bitterness, and turned her face away to the fire. The gay life and throng of pleasure-seekers in Monte Carlo had not had a soothing effect upon her. And as she sat in Mrs. Merton's cosy sitting-room and felt the atmosphere of love and happiness and contentment that reigned there, a hard sense of desolation smote her.

She thought, if she had had such a mother, one who made a friend and not a subject of her child, how different she might have been now. A lump rose in her throat and tears were ready to start into her eyes, for she was tired and unwell, and her usual cold demeanour forsook her. But she was determined her new friends should know her as she generally was, so she resolutely controlled the rising softness in her heart and took refuge in increased bitterness.

After her last remark she expected Elsie and her mother to regard her in wonderment and perhaps expostulate with her.

She was surprised when instead Elsie said simply, "I am so sorry," and her mother went on quietly with her knitting.

"Have you travelled much?" asked the former, hoping to find a subject congenial to her strange guest.

"Yes, a good deal during the last year, at least since I was married. Before I never went anywhere."

"Are you fond of it?"

"Not particularly."

"Mother and I love it. We scarcely ever left London until two years ago, and since then we have seen a good deal."

"Yes?" said Madge questioningly, her interest beginning to grow. "Where did you live in London?"

"In Chelsea. I am a professional singer. I have earned my living by my voice for about ten years."

"Have you, indeed?" and now Madge turned and looked at her with scrutiny. Evidently the calm sweet eyes pleased her yet more, for she asked kindly, "What is your professional name?"

"Marie Beaufoy," replied Elsie.

"Then I have heard you sing at the Orchestral Concerts," she said. "I remember your name quite well."

"Are you fond of music?" asked Mrs. Merton.

"Yes, very; I often went to concerts in London."

"I'm sure Elsie will be pleased to sing to you if you care about it any time."

"Indeed I shall," echoed her daughter, "if you will let me, some evening."

"Thank you," replied Madge, a little hesitatingly.

She was not sure if she wished to make a friend after going so long without.

Elsie, noticing her hesitation, changed the subject, bravely determining not to be discouraged.

"Did you live long in London?" she asked.

"No, I was never there before I was married. My home was in Cumberland."

"Do you like a country life?"

"I don't mind it. The winter seemed long."

"Yes, that must be the worst of it, unless one has brothers and sisters at home for company. Have you either?"

"No." She paused, then added in a low voice, "I had one brother, but he died."

"How sad," said Elsie, in the same kind, sympathetic voice. "You must have felt it dreadfully," and she purposely avoided looking into her visitor's face. "I have always longed for a brother. If I had one and lost him, I don't know what I should do."

Madge moved a little restlessly as if the subject hurt her.

"You wouldn't do anything but just endure it," she said, in a hard voice. "There is nothing else to do. It is a thousand times better never to have had one."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Merton quietly. "The memory is a glad one, and at least it is one more dear one to greet you hereafter."

Madge did not speak, but she bit her lips hard.

"Has he been dead long?" asked Elsie gently, adding, "I hope you won't think me very rude, asking so many questions. I seem to know you so well, after meeting you so often and talking to mother about you."

Madge looked a little surprised, but in her heart she admired the girl's frankness.

"I think it rather kind of you to have troubled to be interested," she said, "and if I had a friend I should wish her to be perfectly frank. My brother has been dead eighteen months. He was killed by an accident. He went out strong and well in the afternoon, and they carried him home dead in the early morning."

Her breast heaved, and she clutched the arm of the chair so that the veins on her hand stood out.

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed

Elsie, feelingly. "It must have almost killed you."

"I wished it might," was the bitter answer, "and sometimes I wish it might still."

Elsie did not reply, and there was a silence for a few moments; then Madge rose to go. Elsie rose also and accompanied her to her own door, begging her as they parted to come and see them again any time when she felt inclined.

The following evening, a good deal to her own surprise, Madge found herself again in Mrs. Merton's little sitting-room. All day long the memory of the sense of peacefulness and calm that had so struck her the previous day haunted her, until at last she had yielded to her inclinations and gone down for a second visit. Thus their intimacy grew apace, and though Madge still continued reserved, Elsie was as gentle and sympathetic as ever, which made Madge feel that she had found a friend.

When Guy returned she was seated in her old chair reading as usual. She looked up as he entered and made one or two remarks, but she did not tell him of her new acquaintances, and presently took up her book again without having noticed the unusual pallor of his face and the strained look in his eyes.

And Guy took up a paper and sat down by the window, but he did not read a word and the look in his eyes became more strained.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

A. JENNIE ASTON.—We have inserted your request under "International Correspondence." We like your writing very much, and have no special fault to find with your composition, save that "&" is scarcely admissible in a formal letter to a stranger, and it would be better to use the same tenses on page 1; "you say that any one. . . . . may write to you," not "might." You also use two "thats" close together, which should be avoided.

We regret that through a clerical error, Miss Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E., was in our December number represented as Miss Anderson, Hathway's.

ONE WHO NEEDS HELP.—You will find the National Home Reading Union adapted to your needs. Send for full details to Miss Mondy, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. Amateur societies are frequently mentioned in this column: see our back numbers.

Miss Clifford, 44, Hill Road, Wimbledon, sends details of an Art and Photographic competition; rules free by post for three stamps.

F. E. GEORGE.—We should suggest *The Beginner's Guide to Photography*, published price 6d.; J. C. Hepworth's *Photography for Amateurs*, 1s.; *Photography in a Nutshell*, 1s.; or Captain Abney's *Instructions in Photography*, 3s. 6d.

W. F. M.—Your poems are not suitable for publication, and we only accept the work of experienced writers. The idea of "Two Sides of a Picture" (the better poem) is good, but your "form" is defective. "Descry" and "eyes," "forms" and "storm" do not rhyme. Your last verse about the homeless poor is the best.

> "If you told them of the figures
> You could see in falling snow,
> They would mock you and make answer
> 'Tis very cold! that's what we know'."

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Your story is interesting, to the point, and well-written. We should be rather disposed to wonder why the St. Bernard dog only came into the "Haunted Lane" at night, but that being granted, the remainder is quite probable. Many thanks for your kind words of appreciation.

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.—1. We can honestly praise the brief sketch you send us, and see no reason why it should not obtain admission into one of the small magazines. Try one of the penny weekly "home" magazines that are so numerous just now. You may do better work with practice and study, and we advise you to persevere.—2. We think you would obtain a spinning-wheel, flax, &c., at Keswick, where Mr. Ruskin has established a spinning industry. We cannot tell you the exact address, but doubtless a letter addressed "The Ruskin Spinning Industry, Keswick," would arrive at the right quarter.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.—Your verses contain a very good thought, sometimes well expressed. Your rhymes, however, are occasionally faulty, *e.g.*, "faint" and "gate," "mien" and "seem."

ELSIE.—Many thanks for your very interesting letter in reply to our criticism. A story, to comply with the canons of literary art, must not record what is exceptional good fortune, and represent it as being the achievement of "patience, courage, and faith in the love and providence of God under the most trying circumstances of adversity." The marriage of a penniless governess, over forty years of age, with the rich and charming father of a pupil, comes under the category of this exceptional good fortune, and to represent it as resulting from the above-mentioned cause, is to give false views of life; for the majority of hard-working middle-aged women, though they may be as good and devoted as Violet Hermesley, do not meet with a similar reward. We did not say, nor intend to say, that such an occurrence never did or could take place, and we think if you read this answer carefully you will understand our meaning.

LOVER OF ITALY.—Your lines on "Italy" are not written in any particular metre, and you use "thee" and "you" alternately in apostrophising the "land of your dreams," whither we hope you may one day go.

IRIS.—Feller's *Pocket Italian Dictionary* is published at 4s.; Graglia's improved *Pocket Dictionary* at 2s. 6d.; Routledge's at 1s. 6d. We always use Grassi's, but it may be out of print. Your other query is answered elsewhere.

SEMPER PARATUS.—We append two translations, the one free, the other literal.

> WITH MANY WISHES FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.
>
> The guileless Babe, moving by tedious means
> In time appeareth as one fully fledged,
> Forgetful oft, of friends of former days
> When he hath left his lowly cradle bed!

Literal Translation—

> MANY WISHES FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.
>
> The Babe without guile, moving by tedious means
> Comes after a time into the great world,
> And then neither hears nor sees anyone
> When his crib is left behind!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MADEMOISELLE MARIE PERRAUD, Quai de Retz 25, Lyons, Rhône, France, would be glad to exchange letters with an English girl. She is nineteen years old, of good family, and obtained two years ago the highest diploma for Girls' Secondary Education at the Lyons School; she is a good musician, and fond of drawing and painting.

We commend this information to Miss A. Jennie Aston, care of Dr. J. P. Aston, Richmond House, Eccleshill, near Bradford, Yorkshire, who is eighteen in the sixth class of the Salt Schools, Shipley, Yorks, and who wishes for a French correspondent.

"Robin Hood" also asks for a French correspondent.

Miss S. Ackermann, Syke Villa, Troutbeck, Windermere, would be glad to exchange letters with a German girl.

As our correspondents still enclose stamped envelopes, we must again say that we cannot undertake to answer letters privately, and refer them to the remarks in a recent number.

MEDICAL.

IN HOPE.—"There is no disease which is absolutely hopeless. There is no sufferer who does not hope to be cured." You tell us that you suffer from a cough which has persisted for over two years. This cough may be due to a most serious affection or a very trifling cause. You must therefore find out what is the cause of the cough. It is of course impossible for us to hazard an opinion on your condition without a thorough personal examination of your chest and throat. We can therefore only advise you to have a proper examination made by a competent physician. You say that you had your chest examined by a doctor last year, who said that you had a "weak chest." Have your chest examined again, perhaps signs of a more definite disease may have developed during the last few months. If nothing is found in your chest have your throat examined. Affections of the throat and nose very often cause chronic cough. As regards hydrotherapy for disease of the chest and throat, we give it as our opinion that it is useless. Whether you should go abroad or not is a question which cannot be answered except by a physician, who has personally examined your chest.

WEARY ONE.—Everything that you mention is due to anæmia. You are almost certain to get well again. It has been said that those persons who mistrust their doctors take the longest time to cure. Anæmia is not a very difficult disease to treat, and we can answer for it, that your doctor knows what is best for you.

PEN.—Where you have heard that "blackheads are absolutely incurable" we do not know, for there is no condition that is easier to cure, if sufficient pains are taken to do so. We have never heard of "blackheads" not being cured, yet certainly twenty-five per cent. of adolescents suffer from them. You say you have used sulphur ointment for a long time, but without success. Either you have not used the ointment sufficiently long ("a long time" is very indefinite) or else you have not used it properly. It is no good simply to apply the ointment. We will repeat how this must be used. Wash your face with warm water, and use only sulphur soap. After washing, rub your face well with a roughish towel, not sufficiently hard to hurt you or peel your face. Squeeze out any very prominent "blackheads," but not more than five or six a day. Apply the ointment thickly all over the parts affected, especially about the jaws and the temples. Use the ointment every evening, leave it on all night and wash it away with the sulphur soap in the morning. We venture to suggest that if you carry out this plan you will alter your opinion on the curability of "blackheads." Face massage has often been used for blackheads. It is very expensive, and the results we have seen are very far below those which we see every day after treatment with sulphur.

MOTHER.—Measles is one of the most infectious diseases known. The reason why children with measles are not usually isolated as thoroughly as those with scarlet fever, is that measles is most infectious before the rash appears; whereas, in scarlet fever, the most dangerous time is during the stage of peeling, which follows the fever. It is, therefore, comparatively easy to check the spread of scarlet fever; whereas, it is next to impossible to do so with measles. Scarlet fever is not a much more serious disease than measles.

THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH.—1. We wish we could tell you how to remove wrinkles, but unfortunately we cannot do so. We are therefore not surprised that you found the preparation which you tried had no effect.—2. When you call on a married couple, both of whom are out, you should leave two single cards.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

VERENA (*Mother's Help*). — You ask whether a mother's help need be "accomplished?" In the old fashioned sense—certainly not. But she should be accomplished in cooking, or housework, or both. The duties of a mother's help are usually pretty much the same as those of a general servant. It is sometimes hardly an enviable post. We advise you to obtain a thorough knowledge of some one department of domestic work, so that you can offer yourself as either a plain cook, parlourmaid, or lady's maid. In the last-named capacity you ought to be a fair dressmaker.

FRANCES (*Dressmaking*).—We have not kept the address of the correspondent to whom you refer. From what you tell us, there is not time now for any dressmaker to avail herself of the opportunity you mention, for doubtless the business has already been disposed of.

GRETNA (*Nursing*).—You are rather too young for admission to almost any general hospital. But if you are resolved on beginning work at once, and do not mind having plenty to do, you might apply to the matron of the Poplar and Stepney Sick Asylum, Devon's Road, Bromley, E. It is stated that after a personal interview with the matron and managers, and two months' trial, applicants are received for three years' training. Candidates should be between twenty-one and thirty-five years of age, and must be well educated, active, industrious, thoroughly trustworthy, of unexceptional character, and in good health. No premium is required, and the salary paid is £10 the first year, then £15, and the third year £20. Laundry and indoor uniform are provided.

Soups.

Brown Soup.

Ingredients.—One pound of bones, one carrot, one turnip, two onions, a bunch of herbs, two ounces of barley, two ounces of dripping, two quarts of warm water, twelve peppercorns, one blade of mace, pepper and salt, one ounce and a half of brown thickening.

Method.—Prepare the vegetables and cut them in halves; chop the bones; melt the dripping in a large saucepan and fry the bones and the vegetables; pour off any dripping that is left and put in the herbs, spices, pepper and salt, and the barley (blanched). Put on the lid and let all simmer for three hours. Strain off the soup through a colander, put the liquor back in the saucepan with the vegetables cut up small, add the thickening and stir until the thickening dissolves and the soup boils.

White Vegetable Soup.

Ingredients.—One carrot, one leek, two onions, one turnip, a bunch of herbs, a blade of mace, one ounce and a half of dripping, two ounces of flour, a small lump of white sugar, one pint of skim milk, one pint and a half of warm water.

Method.—Prepare the vegetables and cut them into nicely-shaped pieces; melt the dripping in a saucepan, put in the vegetables, pepper, salt and sugar, put on the lid and let them cook gently for ten minutes without browning. Add the water, herbs and mace, and let all simmer gently until tender, from twenty to thirty minutes according to the age and size of the pieces of vegetables. Mix the flour smoothly with a little cold milk and stir it into the soup when boiling; take out the herbs and mace and add the rest of the milk.

Cabbage Soup.

Ingredients.—A small cabbage, one onion, two bay leaves, two sprigs of parsley, two ounces of cornflour, one pint and a half of water, one pint of milk, pepper and salt.

Method.—Wash the cabbage and shred it small, put it in a saucepan of boiling water, and let it boil three minutes and strain the water away (this takes away any disagreeable smell); put the cabbage back in the saucepan with the onion cut small, the parsley washed and chopped, pepper and salt and a pint and a half of water. Cook with the lid off for fifteen minutes; mix the cornflour smoothly with a little cold milk and stir it into the boiling soup, and when it has thickened add the rest of the milk.

Celery Soup.

Ingredients.—One head of celery, two onions, one pint of water or stock, one pint of milk, one bay leaf, one blade of mace, six white peppercorns, two tablespoonfuls of cream, salt.

Method.—Prepare the vegetables and slice them; put them in a saucepan with the stock, bay leaf, mace, peppercorns and salt; cook gently until tender, rub through a sieve, return to the saucepan with the stock, bay leaf, mace, peppercorns and salt; cook gently until tender, rub through a sieve, return to the saucepan, re-heat, add the milk (warm) and then the cream. Do not let the soup boil after the cream is added.

Potato Soup.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of potatoes, three onions, two sticks of celery, one ounce of crushed tapioca, one bay leaf, pepper and salt, one pint and a half of water, one pint of warm milk.

Method.—Prepare the potatoes and onions and cut them in dice; prepare the celery and cut it small; put all in a saucepan, with the water, bay leaf, pepper and salt, and simmer till tender, sprinkle in the tapioca and stir until clear, add the milk.

Brown Onion Soup.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of onions, two potatoes, two ounces of dripping, three pints of warm water, one ounce and a half of brown thickening, pepper and salt.

Method.—Pare the onions and slice them from top to bottom; melt the dripping in a saucepan and fry the onions in it; prepare the potatoes and cut them in dice, add the potatoes to the dripping and onions with the water, pepper and salt; put on the lid and simmer till tender; add the thickening and stir until it boils.

Green Pea Soup.

Ingredients.—One pint of shelled green peas, a handful of pods, two sprigs of parsley, four shalots, two sprigs of mint, two lumps of sugar, two ounces of fresh butter, half a small lettuce, one quart of stock, two tablespoonfuls of cream, or one ounce of cornflour mixed with a little milk.

Method.—Melt the butter in a stewpan, put in the peas, shalots (peeled and sliced), parsley, lettuce (cut up), mint and sugar; let all cook very gently by the side of the stove for fifteen minutes; do not let it fry brown, as the soup must be kept as green as possible; warm the stock and pour it on and simmer gently until the peas are tender; rub through a hair sieve, return to the saucepan, re-heat, and if necessary, thin with a little stock; add the cream and salt. If a cheaper soup is wanted stir in one ounce of cornflour mixed with a little milk instead of the cream.

Lentil Soup.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of lentils, two onions, one carrot, one turnip, two sticks of celery, a bunch of herbs, one quart of water, one ounce and a half of dripping, a piece of bacon rind.

Method.—Wash the lentils in several waters, prepare the vegetables, cut them in dice and fry them in a saucepan with the dripping. Add the lentils, water and rind and boil for one hour and a half. When cooked add pepper and salt.

Palestine Soup.

Ingredients.—One pound of artichokes, one stick of celery, two onions, one pint of water, one pint of milk, one ounce of cornflour, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, six white peppercorns, one teaspoonful and a half of salt.

Method.—Prepare the vegetables and cut them in slices; put them in a saucepan with the water, bay leaf, mace, peppercorns and salt; simmer till tender with the lid on. Rub through a sieve, return to the saucepan and re-heat. Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little cold water and stir it into the soup when it boils; add the milk (warmed) and serve.

Lettuce Soup.

Ingredients.—Three-quarters of a pound of lettuce, a bunch of herbs (including chervil), one ounce and a half of butter, one pint and a half of white stock (made from mutton or veal trimmings), two yolks of eggs, a quarter of a pint of cream, two spring onions (chopped), a little green colouring, a little grated lemon rind, a few drops of lemon juice.

Method.—Put the butter into a stewpan, and when melted add the shredded lettuce, lemon rind, onions and herbs; cook these gently in the butter for about fifteen minutes, and then add the stock and simmer gently for half an hour. Pass through a hair sieve, re-heat the soup and add the lemon juice; beat up the yolks of the eggs and add the cream. Pour upon this the hot soup, whisking rapidly all the time to prevent the eggs curdling. Return the soup to the saucepan and whisk until the soup is thickened and the eggs cooked. It must on no account boil; add a little colouring if necessary; serve with *croûtons* of fried bread.

Tapioca Soup.

Ingredients.—One pint of bone stock, one pint of milk, a piece each of carrot, turnip, and onion, one stick of celery, a bunch of herbs, a blade of mace, two large tablespoonfuls of crushed tapioca, pepper and salt.

Method.—Prepare the vegetables and simmer them very gently in the milk with the mace and herbs for half an hour; warm the stock and strain the flavoured milk into it; bring to the boil and sprinkle in the crushed tapioca, stir until the latter is clear, which will be in a few minutes, add pepper and salt and serve.

Scotch Broth.

Ingredients.—One pound of scrag of mutton, one large carrot, one turnip, two onions, two ounces of barley, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of washed and blanched parsley, one quart of water.

Method.—Wipe the meat with a damp cloth and cut it in pieces; trim away some of the fat and remove the gristle. Wash the carrot and turnip and peel the onions; blanch the barley. Put the meat and vegetables in a saucepan with the water, barley and salt; put on the lid and simmer gently for two hours, skimming from time to time. Take out the carrot, turnip and onions, cut them in dice and put them back in the soup. Have ready the parsley and stir it into the broth at the last minute before serving. If a better soup is wanted use good beef stock instead of water, and use the best end instead of scrag. Trim the cutlets very neatly and serve one to each person.

Tomato Soup.

Ingredients.—One pound of tomatoes, one onion, two sticks of celery, one bay leaf, one blade of mace, a small piece of cooked ham, pepper and salt, one pint and a half of water, one ounce of crushed tapioca.

Method.—Slice the tomatoes; prepare the celery and onion and cut them in pieces; put the vegetables in a saucepan with the mace, bay leaf, ham, water, pepper and salt, and cook till tender; rub through a sieve or colander, return to the saucepan, bring to the boil, sprinkle in the tapioca and stir and cook till clear.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART V.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

IT is perhaps not too much to say that Northamptonshire presents the most remarkable architectural puzzle in the world. Here, in a purely agricultural county, apparently not remarkable for wealth, with no cathedral, for Peterborough was only converted into a cathedral in the reign of Henry VIII., with few monastic churches of importance, the towns small and unimportant, we find a series of village churches which, for refinement of style, delicacy of detail, graceful carving, rich mouldings, elegant window tracery, and a general air of what we call exquisite taste in ornamentation, are not surpassed, if equalled, in the grandest cathedrals.

These Northamptonshire village churches are not grand, stately structures like the Yorkshire, Norfolk, Suffolk and Lincolnshire churches, or such elaborate buildings as those of Somersetshire. There is scarcely a large church in the county, with the exception of Peterborough Cathedral, and few of the churches measure one hundred and fifty feet in length, whereas the majority are of still more modest dimensions. There is little boldness of construction, and the scale of their various component parts is almost diminutive, yet, owing to their artistic arrangement, carefully contrasted features and delicate detail, they are the most perfect series of ecclesiastical buildings in this country.

Noting the various excellences of these buildings, our modern architects at the time of the "revival of ecclesiastical architecture" largely copied them, but unfortunately their churches were generally erected in modern towns, and the result of these imitations was failure complete and inevitable, because a Northamptonshire village church, though exquisite in a country village, is thoroughly out of place in a town. We saw an example of this a few days back. A pretty little church of the Northamptonshire type had been built in a busy eastern suburb of London, and would have looked well upon a village green with low-built cottages about it, a pretty churchyard around it, backed up by trees with a clear stream flowing past, and a picturesque manor house with pleasant gardens near at hand, perhaps a windmill, and a cherry-cheeked country lass driving home a pack of geese in the foreground. But place such a building in a filthy street between two huge factories as tall as its spire, with vast chimneys belching forth black clouds of smoke, without a scrap of ground about it except a narrow paved space forming a receptacle for torn paper, rags and filth, and how then will it look?

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RAUNDS, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The mediæval architects never committed this mistake. If we look at Bristol, Norwich or York, we shall see their idea of an ordinary "town church;" but, if we want to see what they would have done in the way of church building in a town with buildings eight or ten storeys high, we must go to Lubeck, Danzic, or Landshut.

Another puzzling thing about the Northamptonshire churches is the fact that the spire is almost universal all over the county, and this is so marked because the adjoining counties are not remarkable for spires. Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, for instance, have very few spires, and those which they do possess are like Olney on the borders of Northamptonshire. Here and there exceptions may be found, such as Leighton Buzzard for instance.

The characteristics of the Northamptonshire steeples are these: In the first place the spire almost always grows out of the tower in such a way as to show that the tower was designed to support a spire; now, although the spire of Norwich Cathedral is a striking object, yet it does not grow out of the tower, but is simply an afterthought cleverly superimposed. It will at once be seen that the example we give from Raunds Church, Northamptonshire, has a unity which could only have been brought about by the tower having been designed to receive a spire.

Secondly, the spire in Northamptonshire is far more developed than in other counties. At Raunds, for instance, if you divide the height of the whole structure into five, it will be found that the tower occupies two parts and the spire three! At Irchester, Bozeat, and Higham-Ferrars, etc., we find proportions almost similar. Some of the Northamptonshire spires, however, are equal in height to the towers which they surmount; such, for instance, as Oundle, Rushden, Kettering, and others slightly less in proportion, such as Finedon and St. Sepulchre, Northampton.

It is difficult to say which are the most beautiful, but certainly the first class mentioned is the most characteristic of the county, and for that reason we give a sketch of Raunds, though Rushden is quite as fine in its way.

It is impossible quite to account for the superiority of the Northamptonshire architecture over that of every other county, or for its strange individuality and incomparable elegance. That, in some way or other, there must have been a very refined school of designers and art-workers here, especially during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that such a thing should have existed in a purely agricultural county free from surrounding or foreign influences bespeaks a high condition of culture and civilization.

If we had found one or two churches showing a superior workmanship and design to what we are in the habit of seeing, we should of course conclude that some architect or workmen had been called in from a distance; but when we find even the smallest village churches exhibiting a delicacy and refinement of detail as marked as the most important ones, it shows at once that the people were possessed in these early times of a cultivated taste and refinement to be met with nowhere else in this country.

(*To be continued.*)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE "WHY" AND THE "WHEREFORE."



THE next day, as Madge sat alone reading, she was disturbed by a knock at the door.

"Come in!" she called, and Elsie entered, and closed the door behind her.

"May I come and see you for a little while?" she said, advancing half-shyly. "Mother has a friend with her and I thought they might like to be alone for a little time. You won't think me very intrusive, will you?"

Madge rose at once, closed her book and held out her hand. "You are very kind," she said graciously, feeling pleased that this sweet woman continued undaunted by her coldness. She disliked people who were afraid of her, although she knew perfectly well how distant and unapproachable she generally was.

"I saw your husband go out, so I knew you would be alone," continued Elsie, "and I enjoyed talking to you so much yesterday."

Madge drew an easy chair to the fire for her, saying, "Do stay if you would like. I have not been out to-day and shall be pleased to have your company."

At first their conversation was only of a commonplace nature, but as each quickly grew to know the other better, it took a more confiding turn.

"A public life brings one into contact with so many different people," said Elsie, after an allusion had been made to her profession. "One grows larger-hearted, I find, as time passes. There is so much more good in men's hearts than people think. I have received little kindnesses from people who are credited with no kind feelings whatever. There is so much hidden away which the world knows nothing about, and I think there would be more still if people oftener gave their fellow-creatures credit for being better than they seem. Instead, a doubtful character is often hardened and wrecked by censure. It is terrible to think what a degree of influence every human creature exercises over those with whom he comes in contact." She paused a moment, then said simply, "I expect you think a great deal; do you often sit alone?"

"Yes, I like it."

"I like it too sometimes, but not too often. Do you never feel lonely?"

"I have felt lonely all my life," answered Madge briefly. "More especially when I am in company with others."

"I know what you mean," replied Elsie thoughtfully. "That loneliness is, I believe, an inseparable feature of existence. But there is another loneliness, when we are tired of our thoughts and long for a kindly voice or friendly touch. Do you never feel this?"

"I used to many years ago; but I grew up practically alone. I never had a real friend, and I never met anyone whom I felt could fill such a post to satisfy me. I have always felt alone—alone," and she repeated the last word, sadly, half to herself.

"You have seen a good deal of trouble?" asked Elsie gently.

"I don't know, I can hardly say. Possibly I have made my own troubles."

"And those self-made troubles are often the hardest to bear," replied Elsie, in the same gentle voice, "for we get no sympathy and it is bitter work, groping about for comfort, when we scarcely know what our trouble is."

"Yes, and never finding it," put in Madge, speaking quickly, "and at last we get sick of it and grow hard and bitter, and those who ought to help us, because they make a profession of a religion, that is supposed to be one of love, look at us coldly and preach at us. They raise their hands in self-righteous horror at what they call our wicked unbelief, and we—well, some of us scorn them, and think no religion at all better than one which they make half a farce."

"But, Mrs. Fawcett, all are not so," said Elsie earnestly. "It is only a few here and there."

"I think it is the majority, or the world would be happier and better."

"I'm not sure if it would be good for the world to be happier," said Elsie, thoughtfully, after a pause. "If there were no sorrow, there would be no great noble souls towering above the littleness and pettiness that abounds; for it is sorrow that ennobles, and makes us 'more like God and less like curs.'"

"Or else drives us, blinded with tears, into darkness and unbelief," added Madge bitterly.

"From the lowest depth there is a

path to the loftiest height," quoted Elsie gently.

"You have read Carlyle?" asked Madge.

"Yes."

"And you don't hate cynics and sceptics?"

"No, I can sympathise very deeply with them."

"You have 'felt,'" continued Madge, half eagerly.

"Indeed I have."

"Then I think—I feel sure—that I should like you for a friend. Only you are sure to dislike me, when you know me better," she added, a little sadly.

"No I shall not," replied Elsie, firmly, "I do not take hurried likes and dislikes. I can read faces and I always know instinctively when anyone is well worth loving. Mrs. Fawcett," and she leaned forwards, speaking very earnestly, "if you will let me I should dearly like to be your friend. I love you already and I am not afraid of you. We both have suffered, let that be the bond between us."

"Very well," said Madge, half-wearily, "I do not think you will disappoint me. I do not know what is expected of friends," she added.

"Only what each feels inclined to give and that they stand by each other in every hour of need. Who fails then is no friend at all, but a poor counterfeit."

"Shall I tell you a little about myself?" she continued, "or don't you care to hear?"

"I should like to hear very much. It is good of you to offer."

"I want to prove to you my right to sympathise with anything in your past, because of what I have gone through," she said, and then she began:

"Until I was seventeen, I think I never had a care. My father was a clergyman and I half worshipped him; we were quite inseparable. When I was seventeen he died suddenly. I need not dwell on my distress, I was just heart-broken, and for a time everything seemed a blank. Then the knowledge of our poverty awoke me to the fact of the immediate necessity for action. I went to town about my voice at once, for I had often heard it warmly praised, and had an interview with an eminent musician. He was satisfied with my talent and I at once commenced my training.

"Then followed five years of great anxiety and care, for the competition in London is so great, that it is very hard to make a real start. I was growing seriously disheartened when a new influence came into my life; I became engaged. I believe I worshipped my lover, he was such a splendid man. He seemed to me more like a god than an ordinary being. It was my first love you know," she said with a little smile, "I have no other excuse for its extravagance. For one blissful year he was all the world to me; I can't tell you how he helped and encouraged me. Then came my first great success; I was engaged to sing at the Albert Hall. I remember it all as if it happened only yesterday; I made myself almost ill with nervous anxiety, as to whether I should do myself justice or be too nervous. The evening came, and at the last moment, as I stood dressed and waiting for my cab, my lover, Frank Weldon, hurried in to say it was absolutely impossible for him to be present. My disappointment was great, I felt as if I could not sing at all, but he cheered me with his brave helpfulness and made me promise to do my best for his sake. He said he had to go into the country on important business, but he would come early the next day, to see how I got on."

She paused awhile and then continued, as if speaking to herself, "He praised my dress and appearance; he placed his hands on my shoulders and looked at me critically; then he kissed me and hurried away."

Again she paused and drew a deep breath, then added in a low voice, "I never saw him again, alive!"

Madge started with a low exclamation, and instinctively held out her hand.

Elsie took it, and though great tears stood in her eyes, her voice was firm as she continued, "It is an old wound now, but one of those that neither time nor happiness can erase, though they may heal the soreness. But to continue, I need not tell you much about the concert. I had all the success I could wish for, including two good encores.

"I remember feeling dumb with joy, and when my master shook my hand until he quite hurt it, and the other artists gathered round to congratulate me, I had nothing to say.

"The next morning I got up early in spite of a bad headache and prepared to watch for Frank. All the morning I waited at the window but he did not come, and so I ran out to get a paper to while away the time. The first thing I noticed was the heading 'Shocking Railway Accident' last evening. Moved by an unaccountable impulse, I stood and read it there at the book-stall! Among the list of killed I read 'Frank Weldon, Tite Street, Chelsea.' I knew it was my Frank, but I read it again and again without taking it in. Then I walked slowly home feeling as if I had had a dreadful dream and only just awaked. When I reached the house, I fell in a dead faint across the threshold.

"There is little else to tell. I never shed a tear for three days, and then mother took me to see him in his coffin, and a flood of passionate weeping saved my life and reason. I have not a very clear recollection of what followed. I know I had a great many engagements which I was obliged to accept, as soon as I was well enough, for a livelihood. Broken-hearted and worn with grief I had to go and sing to gaily-dressed throngs, until I thought the effort must kill me."

She hid her eyes with her hand and bent her head.

"Oh, the irony of life!" she said in a low, strained voice, "I may well feel sympathy with sceptics. To think of the many among those gay audiences, who envied me, because of my success—me—who only wanted to lie down beside him in the still grave. But after a time peace and strength came, as it comes to all who wait; and then a quiet happiness which nothing can take from me, for it was bought at such a bitter cost."

She ceased speaking and remained with her face buried in her hands, lost in thought; and a long pause followed.

Suddenly Madge broke the silence. "I cannot understand it," she exclaimed half-passionately, leaning towards Elsie with a white face that worked with smothered emotion. "Why was it good? Why was it right? I say it was cruel! You needed him, he did you good; you had neither of you deserved it. If God is all-powerful, He must have been able to save him. Then why did He let him be struck down? It was the same with my Jack, and he was all the world to me. Oh Miss Merton! the Sorrow of Life! I can't understand it," and her voice broke. "God cannot be an all-loving Father."

"And yet," said Elsie gently, "it is those who have suffered most, who believe it most firmly. The happy and careless go on their way, without stopping to consider, while those who walk in the dark Valley of Pain, find Him nearer and dearer than He ever was before.

"But still, it may be a delusion. The heathens suffer torments for the gods they believe in, and we, who think ourselves so much better than they, smile pityingly on their folly. How do we know they have not cause to smile at us?"

Elsie looked up questioningly. "Are you an unbeliever?" she asked.

"I can't tell; I don't know myself," replied Madge. "I have tried to accept everything, but my reason revolted against so many things. I have studied the Bible carefully, but I only found it full of enigmas and passages that I could not reconcile with each other, or with anything else. I would believe it all if I could; life is terrible without religion. I thought I could grow callous and indifferent, and so I am generally, but there are times when a desperate craving comes over me, which I can hardly define and which nothing will satisfy. I thought I could stifle feeling, but when I see a mother and child clinging to each other, or an old, old man and woman, treading the downward path fearlessly, hand in hand, after long years of love, then I know I am a fool."

She paused and a short silence followed. When she continued, her voice had a low, thrilling sound in it, like the vibration lingering after a long acquaintance with sorrow. "The fate of our lost ones," she said, clasping her hands tightly and gazing hard into the fire. "It is impossible not to care. Oh, Miss Merton! only to know if it is well with them and if we shall ever see them again! The craving to know this never leaves me. By night and day I ask, but always there is only silence in the heavens."

Her beautiful face worked with emotion, as for the first time in her life,

she told all that was in her heart, and sought sympathy from a fellow-woman.

"I had a dear mother once; she died when I was very young, but I remember her as if she were with me now. I loved her so, and she understood me—no one else ever did. All my life I have gone on loving her and yearning after her. I used to pray God to let her come and kiss me and tuck me up just once more and then I lay awake waiting for her. I was so sure she would come, for had not God, the great loving God, said that whatsoever we should ask in prayer believing, we should receive.

"I used to watch far into the night, getting up now and then to keep myself awake and finally crying myself to sleep. I was such a lonely child, there wasn't anyone I could talk to about it; and after a time, young as I was, I grew rebellious. I remember saying one day, that I did not think God could be very good, or He would keep His promises, and I was punished for daring to utter such blasphemy. But I said I did not care, but should still think the same, and began to distrust and hate my step-mother. I wanted my own mother so, and I could not see why God should have taken her away from me. So I began, when quite a child, to ask deep questions which were never answered for me, and I have been asking them ever since.

"I was tired with the wrestling and trying to force myself into a state of acquiescence to the inevitable when Jack died. I can't tell you what I felt then, but I do not think anything in the world could ever make up for such anguish. Oh, Miss Merton!" and she turned her eyes, dim and strained, to her companion's face. "Life is fearfully hard, and it is, as it were, thrust upon us unasked; if only those who wished might give it up and be nothingness. It seems such a little thing to ask; just to be no more." She paused and turned her eyes to the window, fixing them on a solitary star in the deepening sky.

Elsie was silent a few minutes, then she asked, in a low voice, "Has it ever occurred to you, Mrs. Fawcett, to think why we don't give up our lives, when we so much want to? Why don't you give yours up?"

"Yes, I have thought about it; for some reason or other I think it would be cowardly. It is so like turning back and running away in the fight. Also, there is always the probability that a life given up in this world may have to be taken again in another, though how, or when, or where, I have not the faintest idea. Miss Merton," and she turned suddenly to her with a wistful, yearning look in her eyes, like a little child asking to be taught, "tell me what you think about it all? You are good and true; I believe in you, perhaps you could help me. I am not really as bad and heartless as I seem. I would be better if I could, but everything is so confusing."

"There is one thing that I cling to with desperation," said Elsie slowly, "and when everything seems slipping away beneath my feet, I have found it an anchor that has never failed me. It is just that God is love. That if we look into our own hearts, and read the deep passionate love we human beings are capable of, then place it beside God's love—it is as a grain of sand to the sea-shore."

"Yes," exclaimed Madge, with a sudden return of bitterness and scepticism, "they tell us that in the pulpit, and many other things with it of their own imagination.

"Oh, Miss Merton!" she continued, and her voice again grew plaintive. "Only to think of the sadness and helplessness and sorrow of this strange life of ours. We see the innocent trodden under foot and the wicked triumphant; we see our dear ones struck down in the prime of life, making our world a wilderness; we see terrible diseases eating all the pleasure out of life and leaving the sufferers to drag on, longing for death, while Death passes them by and takes the strong and ardent, who long to live.

"We see our cherished hopes die silently, one by one, and our ambitions fade into nothingness. We meant to be so good and noble. We meant to do such great things and be everywhere beloved for them. But as the years came, they only brought struggle on struggle and sorrow on sorrow, until worn with conflict we lost heart and went with the throng.

"We learn to know that it is folly to say of any sorrow, 'It is too hard, I cannot bear it,' for there is no known limit to the capability of suffering in the human heart. We can bear all things, even a life without sunshine and a blackness in the heavens and a silence, when we raise our hands in passionate prayer to God. Oh, Miss Merton," and her voice trembled, "they think I don't care. They call me heartless. When I have heard people talking together over someone's sorrow, I have always been silent and they taxed me with indifference. They thought I was silent because I did not care, but it was because I cared so much; I could not trust myself to speak.

"When I see anyone in trouble, I long to fold the sufferer in my arms and comfort him. But it is impossible, no one can help him; everyone must bear his sorrow for himself; there is no escape and little relief, unless it is enforced indifference. *Oh!* to know why these things are! Just to know why they are good if they are good! Just to know if there really is a God who sees all and cares."

She covered her face with her hands and bent her head. The girl's strong heart had burst its bounds at last. For years she had been schooling it into indifference; with a relentless hand she had done her best to crush feeling from it; little by little she had built an icy barrier of reserve about it, and now, a few words of true sympathy, a large-hearted tendernesss and her labour of years is all undone. The old striving and struggling; the old yearning for some One to worship and something to reverence, reasserts itself and will not be silenced.

Far from being crushed, it had strengthened and increased like wheat, hidden away in the hard ground, and now that God's sunshine, in the form of a true woman's tenderness has found it out, it leaps into new life.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

"The Crown and Flower of Creation."—We have no wish whatever to say a word against the education of women. By all means let it be thorough and the best possible for the purpose of making woman what God intends her to be—the crown and flower of creation. He would not have given women brains if he had not intended them to be developed. Faculties are so many talents strictly to be accounted for. The knowledge of Latin and Greek, mathematics and science, are most valuable not only as serving to develop brain-power, but also as antidotes against the undue development of the senses; but the nurture of little children, the opening of the infant understanding and affections, the training of the will, and the guidance of the early steps, physical, mental, and moral—who is to do it except women? If women are working away from home, whether in professions or in handicrafts, what becomes of the children and future workers of the world? By all means let women work, and work hard. Let them work for money or for fame, as suits them best; but first and foremost comes mother's work if women are married, and mother's work and influence is both the glory and the prize of women's vocation.—From *The Spectator*.

English Governesses in Spain: A Warning.—The British Consul in Bilbao, in his latest report, mentions that it has happened more than once during the past year that an English lady has gone to him in an almost destitute condition, having been discharged without warning from a situation as governess in a Spanish family. No misconduct was alleged in any case; but the governess was regarded by her employers as a servant, and had been treated in accordance with Spanish custom, by which either master or servant can terminate the engagement without notice. It seems that it is not illegal to suddenly order a young girl, a foreigner, who may be without money or friends, and unable to speak the language, out of the house, however unseemly it may be. Accordingly, the Consul advises English governesses not to enter Spanish families without a written agreement defining the terms of the engagement and stipulating for notice. They would do well, also, to register themselves at the nearest British Consulate. The Consul also hopes that this warning may be widely circulated in the United Kingdom, and especially in Ireland.—From *The Times*.

CANARIES: THEIR REARING AND MANAGEMENT.

By AN AMATEUR.

PART II.

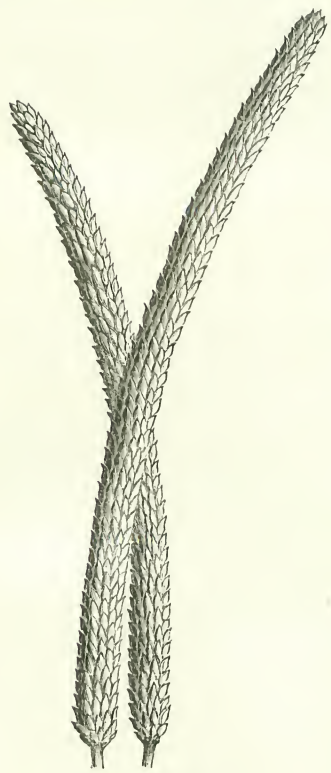
I NOW come to the question of rearing birds, and this requires some judgment. It is not always the handsomest birds that are the best for the purpose. The best plan is to place the female in a cage alone, and then to put perhaps two male birds in separate cages near at hand. It is better that the female should be rather older than the males; but neither should be less than a year old; they should be between two and five years of age.

You will soon see whose attentions the female bird prefers, and after about a week let the favoured one become her mate and admit him to her cage. It is absolutely necessary that the birds should take a fancy to one another. The *mariage de convenance* does not obtain with canaries, and however handsome or highly-bred either may be, all is of no use unless nature gives them an attraction for each other.

Canaries must not be paired before the middle of April or after the middle of August.

I have always found open wire cages by far the best. They should be placed in a light situation and not covered over except of a night.

The old-fashioned breeding cages are, I believe, a mistake, as canaries always build in the lightest places, and avoid making their nests in anything like a night-box, however elaborately constructed.



THE WILD PLANTAIN.

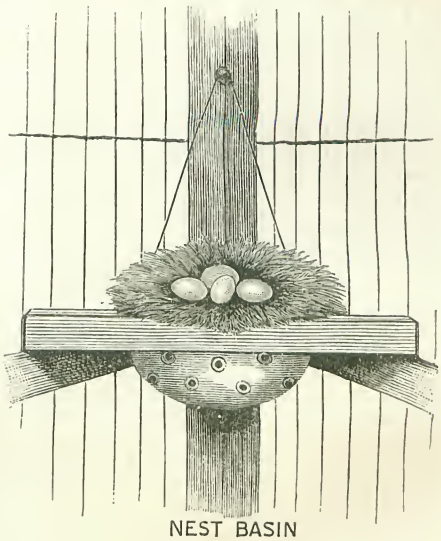
The hens usually lay from three to six eggs before they begin to sit. They should not be left solitary. Talk to them gently; hang their cage in a cheerful position, so that they can look out of window, as they are a little inquisitive and like to know what is going on in the world around them. To put them in a dark room or in a heavy lugubrious cage makes them melancholy and dispirited. But it is better not to allow strangers or noisy persons—schoolboys for instance—to go too near the hen when sitting. Of course the birds are caged and cannot get out to collect materials with which to build a nest; these must be provided for them, therefore, and arrangements made to attach the nest to the cage and support it. A spur should be constructed in one corner of the cage, if the latter is square, or a small frame if the cage is round. Upon the supports thus provided insert one of the porcelain nest-basins (which may be bought for 4½d.) with a movable lining of thin white felt (I bought mine at the Crystal Palace). When placed in position it will be like sketch.



Nesting materials can be bought anywhere, but it is advisable to add a little feather-grass and some clean small feathers if you have any at hand. You will probably find a little squabbling going on between the male and female birds over the building of the nest, as they often take different views of the matter; but if you leave them alone after pulling it to pieces three or four times, the female, who is really the "master builder," will get her own way. I remember on one occasion the male bird was determined to insert one large feather in the nest, and the female was equally determined not to have it there, and the controversy over that feather lasted about three days. Whenever the hen bird went down to find some fresh building materials, the male hopped into the nest and placed this feather where he thought it looked well, but directly the lady architect returned it was ignominiously thrown out. Finally it was rejected.

Some birds are lazy over their building and others are so fastidious that the first egg is laid before the nest is completed. Some young birds will lay the first egg on the floor of the cage without building a nest. In this case the egg should be taken away as it will simply get trodden to pieces and cannot possibly be hatched.

Our girls must not be frightened if domestic differences take place between the birds, who are often very quarrelsome and even pugnacious. I was once afraid that I should have to separate one couple, but a working man who was in the house at the time said to me, "Take my advice, ma'am, and don't separate them birds. They are just like human beings, and if they 'as their differences, they'll soon



NEST BASIN

make them up and be none the worse for them."

This reminded me of the old saying, "The falling out of faithful friends, renewal is of love." So I let the pair alone, and when their chicks were hatched, they became most attentive parents, and brought up a brood of five, all of whom are fine birds. One thing, however, I must point out. If the two birds show complete indifference to each other and appear to be morose and miserable, keeping at different parts of the cage, then separate them and let them choose other mates.

When birds are sitting, keep them plentifully supplied with water for drinking and bathing, as it is not well that they should bathe in their drinking water, which they will do if none other is provided.

Keep the cage scrupulously clean, but do not interfere with the nest, nor attempt to wash the birds. Let them have their own way, feed them well, and leave the rest to nature.

And now I come to a most important matter, and that is the food to be given them at these times. There are many and various theories upon the matter; but I have found the following the best recipe:

Take one dessert-spoonful of rape seed and simmer it in water for six minutes, one egg boiled hard (it need not be a new-laid egg), three Swiss biscuits. Pound the whole together in a mortar. This will be sufficient for four days for a couple of birds after the young ones are hatched. The parent birds must, of course, have their usual food in addition, and perhaps a little watercress. One thing is very important. The egg-food must not be allowed to get sour, or it will kill the young birds. Perhaps more are lost by this than by any other means. Let me advise our girls always to mix this food and give it themselves to the birds.

The bird sits thirteen days; but do not remove the unhatched eggs for three or four days later, because, of course, the eggs are not all laid on the same day, and the later eggs may require a longer time. When the female leaves the nest, which she does about three times a day, the male bird generally takes her place and sits on the eggs, but this is not always the case. The two should not be allowed to sit on the eggs together. If this is attempted the male bird should be driven off.

Some writers advise that the first egg should be placed in bran until all are laid, and an imitation egg placed in the nest. But this I have not found necessary.

Although I am very fond of canaries, I cannot say that they are pretty when first hatched. In fact, for four or five days, they are repulsive objects, consisting of a beak, a long scraggy neck and a raw-looking body covered with a kind of down, looking like mildew, which gives them the appearance of very old wizen little men. After a few days, however, they begin to be pretty. Remember both parents feed the young.

The small birds will leave the nest on their own account after about a fortnight when they are strong enough to get on to the perches. If you find the mother begins to peck them or pull out their feathers, you must remove them into a different cage, as this is a sign that the hen wants to lay again and rebuild her nest. Before she is allowed to do this, clean out the cage and wash the nest basin.

Sometimes the parent birds are a little exhausted after bringing up a brood, and should be fed and attended to with extra care, especially when they have brought up three broods in the same season.

I remember two charming canaries I once had, and I will tell you their tragic history. They were named "Yellerino" and "Stiggerepino." These two little creatures were an attached couple. They selected each other, and were inseparable. We thought the little female bird delicate, and chose another mate for Yellerino; but he would not look at her, and seemed to pine for his first love. So we allowed them to come together again.

They hatched and brought up four nice little birds; but the female became so weak afterwards that he used to feed her and tend her most gently. It was, however, no use, for, after a few days, she fell off the perch dead.

We thereupon removed poor little Yellerino into another cage with companions to cheer him; but day after day he would stand upon a perch looking out with such a longing look—sometimes singing very plaintively, but generally silent. Always so gentle, he would come on to my hand and look up into my face as if he would ask what had become of his mate. He got thinner and thinner until one day when I put my hand into the cage he laid his little head on my hand and gently passed away.

What I have here written is the result of my own experience of canaries. I have simply related what has *happened* to birds which I have kept or reared, sixty of whom are alive and many of them singing lustily at this moment. I have no theories to advance, or methods to advocate, neither have I given much time to the study of bird literature. In fact, my birds are simply my amusement with which I beguile my spare hours in a life which is occupied by the calls of a very large though, I thank God, an obedient and affectionate family.

WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

PART V.

MILK, EGG COOKERY, BUTTER, SUET, LARD, ETC.

"Trifles forgot, to serious mischief lead."



To appreciate the real value of milk, we must regard it as a food, not drink. Though we drink it from a cup or tumbler, as soon as it reaches the stomach it becomes a solid, and the process of digestion quickly separates its component parts, one-third only of which being water is readily absorbed into the system.

As fully two-thirds of the components of milk are solids, we should bear in mind that the drinking of milk by children does not lessen their need for water wherewith to quench natural thirst. Babies and very young children often suffer acutely for want of a draught of water—nurses supposing that the child's supply of fluid food had been ample when its "bottle" was emptied.

Why milk is pre-eminently the food of the young of all species is because it is itself a type, in the most easily digestible form, of all foods. It contains all the essentials for growth of muscle, nerve, bone and tissue; hence for adults also, when the digestive powers have become weakened from any cause, milk establishes itself as a perfect food.

The process of sterilising milk as we obtain it at some dairies is rather a process preventive of disease than one touching digestion, although many people put faith in it. Sterilised milk may be safely taken when going on a journey, and, indeed, if the milk is liable to be carried far, it is well to use home sterilisation—or scalding—as well.

The addition of a tablespoonful of lime-water to a pint of milk is invaluable for delicate children and invalids; soda-water, again, is an improvement when milk is taken as a beverage by adults or by children.

A tumblerful of milk brought up almost to boiling-point and drunk at once is an excellent restorative after great exertion or exposure. The same, either with or without the addition of a tablespoonful of stimulant, is an excellent specific for colds in the head. It should be taken just before getting into bed.

A pinch of powdered borax stirred into milk and cream will prevent them turning sour for several days. Borax is the charm on which the purveyors of cream as sold in little brown stone-ware jugs rely; the cream in these may be trusted to keep, when unopened, for a month without its turning sour.

Milk baked in a stone jar in the oven for an hour becomes much enriched, tasting indeed like cream. It makes a better supper for children than if simply boiled. If, however, in addition to baking it, a handful of Scotch oatmeal be put into the jar, the result is even more satisfactory.

Milk that has become stale or clotted has by no means lost its virtues. It is a shame to waste even a single spoonful of good milk.

To make good *Scones*, it is necessary that the milk be decidedly "lobbered," to use an Americanism. When so, a half-teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda well stirred in will quickly make it froth, and the scones made from this will be sure to be light. It is essential to make scones and cakes well that the milk shall be of thoroughly good quality—if poor, they will be tough and flavourless.

Supposing that the milk which has turned sour is also thin and poor, it may be turned to good account as a cleanser. For washing and imparting a polish to floorcloths and linoleums there are few things better than milk. Milk will wash out ink-stains on cotton or linen goods, and will even clean paint.

The whey of sour milk is one of the best things for dabbing on the face and hands when they are red and hot from exposure to sun and wind with boating, tennis, etc. Sun freckles can be removed by making flower of sulphur into a paste with sour milk and spreading it over the face at bed-time; wash off in soft rain water the next morning, and, if persevered in, this treatment will beautify the skin as well as remove disfigurements.

A glass of new milk at bed-time, taken regularly, between the ages of twelve and fourteen, will cause a child to grow almost twice as fast as without it.

Next to milk, the most readily digestible article of diet we can have is an *Egg*.

As the nutritive quality of an egg depends partly on its freshness and partly upon the kind of egg, it follows that we do not economise truly when we buy foreign or "cooking" eggs. One large, well-flavoured home-grown egg is worth three foreign ones, even when its worth is going to be partly hidden in a pudding.

Whipping the whites is a sure test of the quality of an egg used for cookery, as poaching proves the freshness of one that is intended for eating. Only a fresh egg will whip well as only the freshest will poach well.

In making buttered, scalloped, or fricasseed eggs, we may disguise their staleness somewhat; but there will be no comparison in the flavour when our dish is to be eaten of. An omelette again can only be made well from the best eggs.

Hence we see that it is not possible to content ourselves with subterfuges when we come to natural products. The best are the cheapest in the end.

Eggs are most easily digested when eaten uncooked. Next to this, however, we might place one lightly poached, as in poaching some of the sulphur has an opportunity of escaping, and it is usually the sulphur in it which causes a boiled egg to disagree with some people.

When boiled, however, we must carefully adhere to either one of two extremes; that is the underdone stage, when three minutes and a half is an ample allowance of time, or ten minutes, which is sufficient to render the egg mealy like a potato. Between these we have the "leathery" stage, when indigestion is deliberately courted. Crack the shell as soon as the egg is taken out of the water in order that the sulphury odour may escape a little.

There is perhaps no nicer way of serving a dish of eggs for luncheon or supper—when the flavour of curry is liked—than *Curried à l'Indienne*.

Boil four or five fresh eggs for ten minutes, then throw them into cold water; when cool crack and peel off the shells. Cut each egg in half or, if large, into quarters. Make a rich sauce by adding to a breakfast-cupful of broth or stock, a dessertspoonful of cornflour, the same of tomato ketchup, a small teaspoonful of curry powder or paste, a pinch of salt, an ounce of butter, and a teaspoonful of grated onion. Boil these together for five minutes, and, if the sauce is not sharp enough, add to it a small spoonful of chutney. Pour into a dish, and set the quartered eggs carefully in the sauce, cover closely and leave in a warm place for a few minutes, then serve with well-boiled rice in a companion dish.

An *Omelette* not only tests the quality of the eggs used, but it also tests the capabilities of the maker, more severely even than the usual "boiled potato." But when satisfactorily achieved there are few things which give more pleasure in the eating; and, as we can add so many ingredients to give piquancy and variety, it is well worth while apprenticing oneself to the art of omelette making.

The pan, to begin with, should be one of medium size, neither large nor small, as four eggs makes an omelette amply big enough for two or three people, and one of six eggs is as much as can be managed at once. A black or galvanised-iron pan is the best to use, and it should be one kept strictly for this purpose and no other. Do not wash it after using, but wipe thoroughly inside and out with clean kitchen paper.

A good ounce of fresh butter will be needed, and, while this dissolves, break the eggs on to a plate, add to them just a tablespoonful of milk, a liberal pinch of salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of minced parsley. Beat briskly with the blade of a knife, and pour at once into the frothing butter. Stir from the sides to the middle until the omelette shows signs of "setting," then leave it alone for a minute. When it begins to rise, set the pan in a brisk oven, or under the "toaster" of the gas; this will draw up the top and also enable you to slip the whole more easily out of the pan. Directly the surface is the least bit brown, fold over the omelette and serve without a moment's loss of time.

It is at this stage that you would introduce frizzled mushrooms, or kidney and bacon, chopped ham, tomatoes, etc.—all, of course, previously cooked—into the middle of the omelette.

The point of skill which it is desirable to reach is that of cooking the omelette quickly and just sufficiently, but not one second too much, as then we get to the stage when it becomes leathery. Quickness, deftness, and speed in serving are the other essentials.

Buttered eggs are more easily managed by the unskilled cook, and these again may be varied by adding a drop or two of anchovy sauce, or a chopped chili, a spoonful of minced cooked bacon, etc. The mode of making buttered eggs has been given several times in these pages.

To use up eggs which have been boiled for the table and not eaten, one of the best modes would be to shell them, cut them in half, take out the yolks, add to them a spoonful of shrimp paste, a drop of sharp sauce, a pinch of cayenne, and a little salt, with a few fresh breadcrumbs. Fill up the cavity of the whites with this mixture, and place each half on a tiny square of buttered toast, setting them in the oven or underneath the "toaster" for a couple of minutes.

Butter, Suet, Lard, etc.—The pre-eminence of butter over all other fats is due to the fact that it is relatively more nutritious as well as being more palatable, for in butter we have the best constituents of milk in a partly digested form.

Butter is so valuable in the nursery that to curtail it there is to rob the children of one of their first aids to health. A child who dislikes any other form of fat will often eat butter greedily; if so, it is Nature herself who is recouping herself for an outlay that is not repaid otherwise. A child that shows strong repugnance to fat in any other form ought to be carefully watched; a tendency to chest disease and consumption will be there, and without fat the nerves will be insufficiently clothed and nourished.

More robust children would be equally benefited by having good beef dripping to spread on their bread; but, in any case, let them have fat in some form. It is not fattening, but makes energy, generates warmth, and helps to repair muscular waste.

Where there is no need for the so-called "economy," mistaken mothers and nurses are fond of giving jam, treacle, or honey, to children as a substitute for butter. "They like it, and it is cheaper." In the end it is considerably dearer however. Give them jam or honey on occasion by all means; but do not deprive them of butter. This is one of those cases where the "trifle forgot" does indeed "to serious mischief lead."

It matters not so much in what form fat is taken, so that it is taken, as we soon find it has to be taken medicinally when the natural mode of assimilating it falls short.

Students and people who have sedentary occupations, have often to be induced to take in other forms the fat that, in its natural shape, they would leave on their plates. One of the easiest ways of doing this is to serve the fat in puddings or in a simple cake; and a light suet pudding, nicely made and cooked, is hardly surpassed by any other. Its flavour may be varied *ad infinitum* by the addition of fruit, spices, etc., or, if plain, it may have a meat gravy to make it savoury.

The secret of making a light suet pudding is to rub well together half as much minced suet as flour, with salt, and a pinch of baking-powder will be an improvement. Mix to a stiff dough with water or milk, and then knead it like bread dough for a few minutes. Place in a greased mould, or tie loosely in a cloth, then drop into boiling water and keep it fast boiling all the time it is cooking.

Rendered beef suet makes the best fat for most frying purposes, as it is free from the objectionable odour which often accompanies lard or mutton fat.

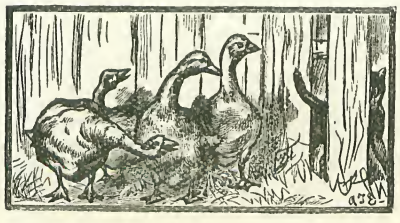
For a beef-steak pudding or pie, a suet crust is essential and most suitable. For lighter pastry lard is perhaps the most suitable of all "shortening" materials. For plain pastry to be eaten the same day at the family table, beef dripping is admirable, but it quickly grows soft. For pastry that is required to be kept in stock, butter is preferable, especially if the pastry will be reheated.

Lard and butter together make an excellent "puff" pastry, also they will do excellently well for dough and other plain cakes. Good luncheon cake can be made with clarified dripping; but the best cakes demand butter only.

Oil is a form of fat that finds greater favour abroad than in England. Frying in oil is in some respects a more difficult process than frying in any other kind of fat. Oil expands as it grows hot, and allowance must be made for this, otherwise the lighter kinds of *frittura* and fish generally taste and look better when fried in the oil medium. Next to oil, for these, comes lard.

It is well to cultivate a taste for oil as an ingredient of salad dressing, as by this means a beneficial quantity can be easily taken, even by the most fanciful. And, after all, it is surely easier to take olive oil on a crisp lettuce leaf than to take the nauseous spoonful of "cod liver" out of the dreaded bottle.

L. H. YATES.



COMING HOME.

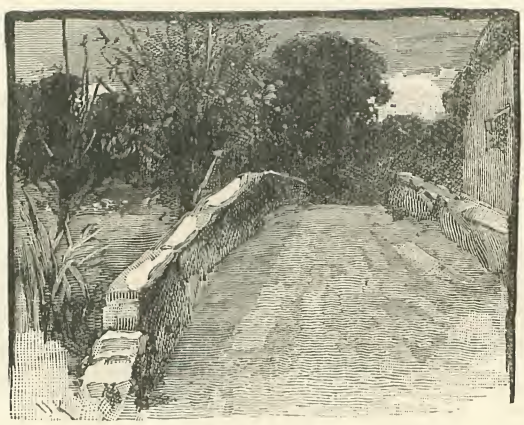
By SARAH DOUDNEY.

I CAN see them, waiting, watching,
In the garden full of flowers,
Where the bees are humming round them,
And the blossoms fall in showers;
Soft the summer wind is playing
With the scented blooms of May,
While I hear their voices saying,
"She is coming home to-day!"

I am coming, yes, in gladness,
From the clamour of the town
To the sweetness of the woodland,
And the silence of the down,
To the true hearts growing dearer
As the long years roll away.
Hark! the happy tones are clearer—
"She is coming now!" they say.

There are others, waiting, watching,
In a world we may not see,
With a patience strong and tender,
And a love more full and free;
In my lone hours, dark and dreary,
I have almost heard them say—
"Courage, if the night is weary,
You are coming home at day."

There is but the faintest echo
Of those voices in mine ears,
And I know not, ah, I know not
How that other home appears!
Is it rest, or is it glory?
Change of place, or change of state?
Peace, be still, this earthly story
Is not ended—I must wait.



AN OLD CORNWALL ROMANCE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

CHAPTER III.

"L'opulence est un état difficile à exercer, il faut y être acclimatisé pour la pratiquer sainement. Elle ressemble à ces contrées d'Amérique, qui respectent leurs habitans et donnent les fièvres aux étrangers." *—*Emile Augier.*

THE news of such a marriage rang far and wide in Wike St. Marie, and if Cousin John could have had patience to endure and still to hope for some future happiness with his little sweetheart, the mistress of the rich city household might have had another history; but he at once abandoned his hopes in life and when he heard she was about to become her master's wife, suddenly disappeared, and for a while the place of his retreat was unknown, but it afterwards transpired that he crossed the moors to a house of religious men, called "the White Monks of St. Clere," and pleaded for reception there as a needy novice of the gate. His earnest entreaties prevailed, and "six months after his first love and his last had put on her silks as a city dame, and began her rule of a goodly house in London, her cousin had taken the vows of his novitiate and received the first tonsure of St. John."

"Her wedded life, however, as Mistress Richard Bunsby did not last long. Three years after the master became the husband, he took the plague sore and died, leaving his wife a young and beautiful widow."

She was then only three-and-twenty, and richly endowed, for her husband had bequeathed "all his goods and chattel-property, and well-furnished mansion to his dear wife, Thomasine Bonaventura, now Bunsby," in token of his faith and esteem for her, and gratitude for her loyalty and affection to her departed mistress and to him.

He had also endowed her on his marriage with a considerable jointure in case of her survivorship, and at his death, as they were childless, left her sole executrix and legatee. So the young girl who had been taken into the house as a poor servant had become its mistress.

She was very young to be so left, unprotected and alone, after having been under such loving and yet strict guidance; but the faith and trustworthiness which had brought her safely through the short years which had changed her fate stood her in good stead now.

The time of mourning for her widowhood past, she sent down to her native village to learn what had been her cousin's fate, and slow as was all communication in those days, the news soon reached her, that he was in the sacred life of a monk, severed from her whom he loved, and who still clung to the remembrance of her early youth and its hopes.

In a letter about this date she writes to her mother:—

"I know that Cousin John is engaged to the monks of St. Clere. Hath he been shorn, as they do call it, for the second time. Inquire, I beseech, if he seeketh to depart from that call, and will red gold help him away? I am prospered in pouch and coffer, and he need not shame to be indebted unto me, that owe so much to him."

But this frank and kindly effort did not avail, for John had broken the last link that bound him to the world, and was lost to love and to her.

She may in her bereavement and her freedom have dreamt of her life being still rich with the happiness of him she had loved in her early youth, and of making her wealth and power a blessing to the distant home.

She could no longer do the one, but she gathered hope and strength to do the other.

She did not forget her husband's memory, to which she caused to be erected a substantial bridge and structure (or perhaps we should say its modern representative) which may still be seen, as it was in the autumn of 1880 at Wike Ford.

* Rough translation.—"Wealth is a very difficult state to manage. One ought to be acclimatized to it, to conduct it healthily (or wisely). It is like those districts in America, which spare their inhabitants, but give fevers to strangers."



[*From photo: Victor Angerer, Vienna.*

"'SHE IS COMING NOW!' THEY SAY."

Among the MS. of her writing which still remain there is a letter which announces her husband's death and bequest, and then goes on to notify her solemn donation, as a "year's mind" of Master Bunsby of ten marks to the Reeve of Wike St. Marie, "to the intent that he shall cause skeelful masons to build a bridge at the Ford of Green-a-moor, yea, and with stout stonework well laid and see," she wrote, "that they do no harm *to that tree which standeth fast by the brook*, neither dispoyle they the rushes and plants that grow thereby; for there did I pass many goodly houres when I was a small mayde, and there did I first see the kind face of a faithful Frend." One so sweet and serviceable, and withal so rich and fair, was not likely to be long without suitors.

The times also were full of danger to lonely and unprotected women, more especially if highly esteemed and well dowered.

We must remember she lived in the reigns of Henry VI. (full of wars and commotions), of Edward IV., of evil life among the fair citizens of London, of Richard III., warring for the crown in a desolate country, till Henry VII. came, ruling sternly but wisely for the good of his people.

Green the historian says of those times: "The break up of the military households, and the return of wounded and disabled soldiers from the wars, introduced a dangerous leaven of outrage and crime. England for the first time saw a distinct criminal class in the organised gangs of robbers which began to infest the land. . . We see houses sacked, judges overawed or driven from the bench, peaceful men hewn down by assassins, or plundered by armed bands, women carried off to forced marriages, elections controlled by brute force, parliaments degraded into camps of armed retainers."

It was not a time for a woman, young and fair, and known far and wide for her wealth, eminent qualities and singular history to remain alone.

An old chronicler says, "Her dower together with her youth and beauty, procured her to the cognisance of divers well-deserving men, who thereupon made addresses of marriage to her, but none of them obtained her affection, but only Henry Gall of St. Lawrence, Milk Street, an eminent and wealthy citizen of London, a merchant adventurer . . . (The merchant adventurers, at that time, were an off-shoot of the Mercers' Company of London. They were a body of English merchants engaged exclusively in the exportation of woollen cloth. . . The quarrels and dissensions with foreign merchants and the Staplers, made the ventures of the merchant adventurers full of risks and dangers from pirates and from their rivals at sea.")

This gentleman made a considerable augmentation of her jointure in case of her survivorship, and they were married. He was very wealthy and uxorious, and enabled his wife to confer many benefits on the poor of her native place, for which she always entertained a lingering fondness (a trait characteristic of the Cornish as of the Swiss themselves). We find that "twenty acres of woodland copse in the neighbourhood were bought and conveyed by that kind and gracious lady, Dame Thomasine Gall, to feoffees and trustmen, for the perpetual use of the poor of the parish of Wike St. Marie, for fewel to be hewn in parcels once a year, and finally and equally divided for evermore on the vigil of St. Thomas the Twin.

"To her mother she sends by a waggon which has gone on an enterprise into Cornwall for woollen merchandise, a chest with array of clothing, fair weather and foul, head-gear and body raiment to boot, all the choice and costly gifts to my loving parents, of my goodman Gall and in remembrance, as he chargeth me to say, that ye have reared for him a kindly and loving wife."

But a graphic and touching passage in this letter is the message which succeeds.

"Lo! I do send you also here, withal in the coffer a litel Boke, it is for a gift to my cousin John. Tell him it is not written as the whileom usage was, and he was wont to teach me my Christ Cross Rhyme, but it is what they do call emprinted with a strange devise of an iron engin brought from forrin parts. Bid him not despise it, for although it is so small that it will lie in the palm of your hand, yet it did cost me full five marks in exchange."

After the lapse, however, of five years, Henry Gall sickened and died of a mortal distemper, leaving Thomasine a richer widow than he found her, still young and fair, not yet thirty years of age. So she found herself once more alone in the world, and again her husband had: "Endowed his tender wife with all and singular his moneys, and plate, bills, bonds and ventures now at sea," with a long "inventory of precious things beneath the moor," too long to rehearse, but each and all to the sole use, enjoyment and behoof of Dame Thomasine Gall, whose maiden name of Bonaventura was, as her first and loving mistress had foretold her, fulfilled with every change of her fortunes.

Old papers and chronicles tell us much of the sort of life and household which existed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. And in judging of any character, it is some help (where it happens to be possible) to get an idea of the temper of the times and the state of society in which they lived. So we allow ourselves to make a few extracts from such papers of the time, as we have searched for records of our heroine, and which may interest our young readers.

Will it be too frivolous to give them some idea of ladies' dress at that date? Possibly what the author of *Social England* says of costume in the fourteenth century might interest them. The ladies had given up plaiting their hair in long tails, but rolled it up in a caul or net, sometimes made of gold thread; over this a veil was thrown which was confined in some instances by a chaplet or coronet, and the wimple or gorget was still in use. If no chaplet was worn, the veil was skewered with pins. In the brass of Lady Joan de Cobham, in Cobham church, Kent (1520), she is represented with veil, wimple, and a plain dress almost close-fitting, with tight sleeves buttoned all down the forearm (there were sixty-three buttons on each arm!) The dresses were worn long so as to cover the feet. Even then the senseless, long-trailing dress was in vogue, and the following is a curious satire on a proud woman for her dress in an old Latin story.

"I have heard of a certain woman, whose whites robes dragged on the ground, and trailing behind her, raised the dust as high as the altar and the crucifix. When, however, she would leave the church, and lifted up her tail (train) on account of the dirt, a certain holy man saw a devil laughing and adjured him that he should tell him why he laughed. Who said, 'a companion of mine, was just now sitting on that woman's train, and he was using it as if it were his chariot; when, however, the woman lifted her train, my friend was shaken off into the dirt, and that is the cause of my laughing.' Though the dresses were worn long, the feet were daintily shod. Furs were much worn (chiefly hind and squirrel skins) as linings and trimmings."

The education of girls at this period is also a matter of interest. Music was much cultivated, and had obtained such excellence in England, that when especially good musicians were wanted at the Court of Burgundy, six English musicians by order of the Privy Council in 1442 were chosen, such as the Emperor desired, to go to his court.

An old critic tells in a poem written about 1490, "How the good wife taught her daughters," and we may see exactly what the canons of good society were as applied to girls at this period. She was to love God, to go to church (not letting the rain stop her) she was to give alms freely, and when at church was to pray and not to chatter. Courtesy to all went without saying, and she was to love her husband and answer him meekly and then he'd love her. She was to be well-mannered, not to be rude or laugh loudly, "but laugh thou softe and milde." Her out-door conduct is thus regulated. "And when thou goest in the way, go not thou too fast, brandish not with thy head, thy shoulders wriggle not, have not thou too many words."

She was to exercise caution in her relations with the other sex and not to accept presents. She was to see that her people worked, and work with them, have faults put right at once, keep her own keys, and be careful whom she trusted.

Add to this that she was to be Lady Bountiful and physician in ordinary to all around her, and we get a good idea of the inner life of a woman of this time.

The wife had her meals with her husband, sat by his side afterwards, and was his daily companion when he was at home, and entertained his friends in his absence.

The parlour was first added to the houses built about this date, and it was used by merchants to receive their friends on business.

She had plenty to do, for she had the direction of the whole establishment, besides looking after her maidens, who were of good degree, and to whom she taught housewifery, and who were on a footing of equality with the family; they spun together, and wove also, carded, wove and heckled flax, embroidered and made garments, whilst the children also had to be taught. There were the pet birds and squirrels in cages to be looked after, cleaned and fed; and there were intervals for music and conversation. They danced, played chess and draughts and read the last things out of romances. They played at ball together and wove garlands and flowers in the garden.

Out of doors the ladies walked freely, disdaining not the company of the male sex, they gathered wild flowers, and in fine weather had their meals upon the grass and organised picnics, at which they had bread, wine, fish and pigeon pies. They rode on horseback and went hunting, hawking, and rabbit-ferreting, and no tournament was complete without their presence, nay, the chivalric ideas of the time allowed them to be Dames of the Garter. Manners and courtesy then, were treated as of the first importance. An old writer said—

"In hall or chamber or where thou gone,
Nurture and good manners maketh
That courtesy from heaven came,
When Gabriel Our Lady greete,
And Elizabeth with Mary meete."

And in whatever society he might find himself, the humblest citizen should therefore so order his behaviour that when he left the table men would say "a gentleman was here." We had marked extracts from the *Paston Letters* (1443), which are exceedingly interesting, but space fails us.

In the healthy activity and variety of such a life our country-women lived, and in such homes were reared the men, who, under Providence carried their country through storm and danger, to her Freedom and Empire.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSICAL DEGREES FOR OUR GIRLS.

By ANNIE W. PATTERSON, Mus. Doc., B.A., R.U.I.



Of professions open to women, perhaps none is so eminently suitable to a refined and imaginative feminine temperament, given the natural endowments, than that of music. And to qualify thoroughly for the calling, so as to obtain an indisputable standing therein, and to be capable of executing the best work—to be hall-marked as it were—there is no more commendable course than for the really earnest aspirant, laying minor distinctions aside, to work for the highest guarantee of competency that can be obtained, namely, a University Degree in Music.

To begin with, the intending musical "girl graduate" needs not only to cultivate her specific art by means of assiduous practice under the guidance of able teachers, but there requires also that the general education should be carefully attended to. This, because at all universities, before candidates are permitted to enter for examination in their particular "faculty," a thorough, and often severe and lengthy "arts" test must be passed; thus it is a part of the musical graduate's qualification that he or she should not be in ignorance, as so many mere musicians are, of the wealth of classic and modern literature and history, nor be deprived of that symmetrical mental development which mathematics, logic and physical sciences so well tend to promote. That the mind is enlarged and the intelligence quickened by these preliminary studies goes without saying. Nor is such knowledge lost when the attention is turned entirely in the one direction of music; for composers, thus previously cultured, will doubtless, whether in the evolution and arrangement of musical themes, or even in the choice or adoption of *libretti*, show a more advanced and widened judgment than those whose necessarily stunted perceptions are devoid of the imagery, recollection, and mental power of order and sequence which are the almost invariable results of a liberal education. Indeed there is small doubt that, were a preliminary general culture compulsory in the case of all professional musicians, the entire body would be considerably raised and exalted thereby, and would certainly command more respect and attention from the world at large than is, perhaps, gained at present by a large proportion of the devotees of the divine art.

There are now in the United Kingdom some eight universities that confer musical degrees, namely: Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, London, Durham, Royal University of Ireland, Victoria (Manchester) and Edinburgh. Schemes are in prospect with regard to the encouragement of a musical faculty at the universities of Glasgow, Aberdeen and Wales. Honorary degrees in music have been conferred by the University of St. Andrews (Scotland), and the so-called "Lambeth degrees," *honoris causa*, are in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but honorary titles do not come within the scope of our present consideration. It should be mentioned also that the Royal College of Music (incorporated by Royal Charter in 1883) has the right of granting degrees in music, but so far the power has not been availed of.

As to choice, although there are distinctive points in the workings of the several universities specified above, yet the respective curriculum of each tends to cover the same ground, therefore the student, individual circumstances being of course taken into account, will most probably be wisest in selecting that which is nearest home. In the case of intending women graduates, however, this is not always possible; as, for instance, the University of Dublin (Trinity College) stands alone among the universities in not admitting them to degrees; and at Oxford and Cambridge, although women may enter for and pass the musical examinations (under similar conditions prescribed for men), yet degrees are not conferred upon them, no matter how high the standard of excellence to which they attain. With these somewhat unreasonable exceptions—which we shall doubtless see obliterated in time—all the other universities that grant degrees in music admit both sexes to these titles on precisely the same footing; and with such facilities for distinction as are offered by London, Durham, Edinburgh, the Royal University of Ireland and Victoria (Manchester), our girls have really small cause for complaint.

With regard to the time that is occupied in working for a university degree in music, the period varies from five to seven years. For instance, at the University of London, the "Matriculation" (or literary entrance examination) must be passed at least ten months before admission to the "Intermediate Examination in Music;" and this latter again precedes that for Bachelor of Music by one year. Two so-called "academical" years must come between the passing of the B. Mus. and D. Mus. examinations; so that, calculating for, at all events, one year's preliminary study, a London degree means, at the smallest computation, five years' work. Nearly always candidates will, moreover, of their own accord, take one or two extra intervening years for study in this as in other universities. Again, at the Royal University of Ireland (which took the lead in conferring musical degrees upon women, and has since honoured them to the fullest extent by admitting them to examinerships and fellowships), one year must intervene between the passing of the "Matriculation," the "First University Examination in Arts," the "First examination in Music," and the "Degree Examination" (Bachelor of Music), and a candidate cannot qualify for Doctor of Music until three years after obtaining the Bachelor's degree. The Durham, Victoria and Edinburgh examinations also extend over periods varying from five to six years.

To the enthusiastic, and often impetuous young musical tyro, five or more years' study seems an unending delay towards a much-desired goal; but then it must be remembered that the very fact that the obtaining of a university degree involves such a period of steady, earnest work, practice and experience, is, in itself, a pledge of the solidity and genuineness of the title; and who will deny that the honour once gained is not worth toiling and waiting for? Moreover, to the really devoted student, this time of apprenticeship—if we may so design it—passes all too quickly; and, as we have said before, they are many who voluntarily extend their term of undergraduateship in order to be the more assured of ultimate success.

With regard to the specific regulations touching musical candidates and the details of the respective "courses" at the different universities, all information may be obtained by writing direct to the authorities of the various bodies themselves; but it may interest our girls to know that the usual subjects which form the programme of study for a musical degree include (*a*) for literary tests, English, and one Classic as well as a Modern Language and Literature, Mathematics (Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid and Trigonometry) and Physics (Natural Philosophy, experimentally or otherwise); (*b*) for the musical work proper, Harmony and Counterpoint (up to eight real parts), Canon and Fugue (vocal and instrumental), History of Music and Musical instruments, Orchestration and the acquaintance with standard full scores, Practical Playing, Acoustics and Composition.

The latter department, Composition, is, perhaps, the chief stumbling block in the way of obtaining a university distinction, as the possession of a "musical ear" and aptitude for executive work are not always combined with the "creative" gift. Indeed, to be endowed with this inventive ability in its highest sense falls to the lot of but few, as the world knows, and these few we call geniuses. But there are some who, although they may never reach the supreme heights, will still, with culture and practice, do much really good work, and to these we would say, do not despair! If the first attempts at original composition are disappointing, by all means try again. Master theoretical rules thoroughly, hear the best music that is to be heard, study the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great "tone poets" and watch how they weave their woof of sound-forms; and then, be the amount of the inventive faculty great or small, do the best possible with experience gained, and the result can in no wise be stigmatised an effort made in vain.

In this connection we would remark that although hitherto men rather than women have shone in this creative branch of the art, yet it must be remembered that musical science, as we understand it to-day, is of comparatively recent development, and is but on the borderland of future and, perhaps, undreamt-of possibilities; and moreover, that, until quite lately, the musical training of girls was conducted upon very limited and restricted lines. Still the past has had its Miriams, its Sapphos and its St. Cecilias; and the present, teeming with advanced thought and generous views on the subject of the higher education of women, holds much promise of a future wherein our girls may show themselves as competent to clothe the fancies of the brain in musical garb, as they have already been apt to depict the inner working of the human heart through the medium of word painting.

Although it is incontestably true that composers, as poets, are born and not made, yet, before any work can be produced that will claim attention from connoisseurs, it is absolutely necessary that the grammar, so to speak, of music must be thoroughly mastered and assimilated, a process that undoubtedly requires a good expenditure of time and patience, given the indispensable accessories of musical talent and the means and opportunity to improve it. Few girls, if any, have been privileged to receive the juvenile drilling that fell to the lot of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and hosts of others; and the fact that the excellent training of the cathedral choir is, as yet, only open

to boys, also militates against the progress of women gifted with musical genius; but, in the opening of the doors of several of the universities mentioned above, some few years ago, with equal privilege of graduateship in all faculties, to female as to male candidates, the chances of qualification in every branch of art are becoming more equalised for the sexes.

We regret to say that the old-world disbelief in the professional woman musician is not quite yet a thing of the past; witness the fact that many parents still consider a few "finishing" lessons from a fashionable "master," no matter how indifferent or careless he be, a necessary completion of the musical education of their daughters. Still more flagrant and unreasonable also is the prejudice, unhappily indulged in by many from whom we look for more generous sentiments, that often debars the thoroughly trained woman organist from having as good a chance of a fitting church appointment as her more fortunate brother performer; in which connection we would merely say that from her innate devotional nature, her inherent power of child-training, and notably her tact in the avoiding and quelling of the only too frequent "choir jealousies," there is no presence so apt and influential in the organ loft as the earnest, devoted and fully-qualified choir-mistress.

There is no doubt, however, that a just appreciation of women's work in the sphere of the professional musician is only a matter of a few more decades; and meanwhile the conferring of musical degrees upon them by the universities has even now given those few who have already utilised the privilege a status that it is impossible to dispute; and it is with a view to encourage more girls to avail themselves of university distinctions that the writer, who may claim some experience in the matter, would hereupon urge all of her sex so disposed (and especially should it be the case with those who wish to fulfil high and responsible positions in the musical world) to qualify for a University Degree in Music.

It may be desirable to mention that, in the matter of examination fees, the expenses range from £10 to £30 or £40 at the different universities, but these do not cover the necessary expenses of preparation, the purchase of books, etc. However, with care and economy, especially with the facilities granted to students by our public libraries and *conservatoires*, and the number and variety of classical concerts held yearly at popular prices, the amount of money to be spent upon a musical education need not fall too heavily upon a limited income. A little self-denial in the matter of dress, and perhaps the giving up, during the period of study, of even a few of the amusements and distractions over which we often spend more time and money than we are aware of, will soon provide funds for the comparatively small outlay which is involved by entrance upon a collegiate career.

The amount of space already occupied by the present article precludes the possibility of giving some hints as to plans of study in preparation for a university course; but perhaps at some future time there may be opportunity of treating this matter fully. The main point to be borne in mind in connection with musical, as with all other work is that courage and perseverance, with a worthy and lofty aim in view, are bound to succeed in the end, whatever be the nature of the task or the difficulties to be overcome.

Given, however, the capacity for endeavour and the determination to do nothing short of one's best, excellent results must ensue, especially if all work is undertaken, not so much in order to gratify personal ambition, as to utilise to the utmost those gifts which come to us from the Giver of all good things.



"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART IV.

IN SICKNESS.

In a former series of papers I gave advice of how to treat our girlies in the infantile dangers that beset their earliest years. Croup, convulsions, dysentery and thrush were fully treated of in June 1897. This month we go a little further and encounter greater lions still. At the door of the beautiful ivory palace of health, however, stands one "Watchful." He calls to every guardian of the King's daughters, as he cried to the pilgrim of old, "Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path and no hurt shall come unto thee." Yet, though we may be well assured that no good thing will be holden from us and our children, yet sickness is "a very narrow passage" indeed. There is sometimes room "to turn neither to the right hand nor the left." Well for us if our eyes are open enough to see that the Angel of the Lord is standing here, and can bow our heads resignedly (Num. 22). The lions too only guard the Palace Beautiful—the Palace Beautiful of health or the beautiful abiding place of death.

Perhaps of all the childish diseases we dread most, whooping cough stands pre-eminent. I have been told by one of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of the day, that where other sicknesses slay their thousands, this giant slays its ten thousands. It must at all times be looked upon as a serious disease. The slightest attack of it must be a source of uneasiness to the friends of children. The insidious nature of its approach; the duration of its visit, make it one of the most dreaded scourges of young life.

I am not going to enter into a diagnosis of whooping cough. Any medical book will tell us far better how to recognise and deal with it than I can do; but I do want to warn all readers of these papers never to trifle with this disease. "Only whooping congh" is the bewraying expression of one utterly ignorant of its effects on delicate nervous childhood. The complications are so numerous. Bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, convulsions, tubercular disease and diphtheritic croup, are often set up and established during the course of this disease. We should, therefore, watch minutely for any wheezing, any heat of the mouth, any spasmodic movements of face and head, any enlargement of brow and forehead, any sore throat. A good doctor should be in charge of every case of even simple pertussis. The disorder is now considered to be almost purely a nervous one. The whole nerve centres are deeply involved. Any sudden rebuke, sudden or rapid movement; anything which irritates the child, is sure to bring on a fit of that brazen, terrible, convulsive coughing. So we should be very tender with our little girls during the weeks and months this disease may last, soothing them more with caresses and encouragement than by giving them any of the quack medicines advertised as specific in this illness. Chloral, chloroform, chlorodyne, opium, are all more or less skilfully employed in calming the paroxysms of whooping. They should only be given, however, by qualified practitioners. All mothers can do, is to bind flannel round the upper part of the sufferer's chest, to rub back and spine every night and morning, to quiet and calm the child, and to see she has plenty of digestible, nourishing food. It is in the sequela we women can help our daughters so much. Their liability to fall into bad states of health after whooping cough must never be lost sight of, and we should surround them with every hygienic arrangement. Tidman's salt in their daily tub, if a sojourn at the seaside is impossible. Plenty of milk and cream if staying in a farmhouse cannot be arranged. Out-of-door exercise if we cannot take them to live for a while in pinewoods or on a hillside.

There are more old women's nostrums for whooping cough than for any other disease. In Ireland any man riding a piebald horse can be stopped and asked what is good for the chin cough. He is supposed always to give an inspired answer. One owner I knew, always replied to the question by giving the short formula, "Patience and water gruel." In my great-grandmother's recipe book the following prescription finds a place: "Take one tablespoonful of honey, one of good rum, and half a one of spirits of turpentine. Mix them and rub the backbone occasionally." The stimulating properties of rum and turpentine no doubt often produced much counter-irritation, but I pity the patient.

We must remember that whooping cough is most infectious, and no doctor will give a written certificate of exemption under nine months. I have proved this in my own family. The younger a child gets pertussis, the more danger to the child. After six years of age the glottis and trachea increase in size, and there is less danger of suffocation in a paroxysm or by croup.

Another of the lions we would fain chain by watchfulness is measles. Make a flannel bag out of an old blanket, and pop the patient into this when a pinky red eruption shows what is the matter; tie round the neck—arms in—and you will have a bundle to laugh at, but also a bundle that can get no chill. Suppressed measles are responsible for so many things, and to keep arms covered helps the rash to come out thoroughly.

In caring for the King's daughters, I think we should always seek a medical man's aid. "The gifts of healing" are still entrusted to those who have made medicine their study. I would never advocate a mother treating disease by herself; but a mother should understand symptoms.

If parents were better informed, many children's lives would be spared, much suffering averted, and much sorrow saved. Knowing a little about the seriousness of disease, we should enter more readily into the plans and views of our medical adviser. "Sickness is always a fight between life and death," and in this battle, obedience, promptitude and patience are our best aids. The treatment of ailments in the present day does not consist merely in the dosing with drugs.

We understand now the importance of surrounding the King's daughters with arrangements that help nature in the struggle with disease, and to call art and science to the assistance of nature.

Nursing is essentially a practical matter. There is little theory in it. Experience—one ounce of it—is worth a peck of speculation. There are, of course, a few broad rules that apply to nearly every case of illness. Ventilation, for one thing, is as necessary in measles and bronchitis as in scarlet fever and asthma. Miss Nightingale says, "The very first care of nursing, and the first and last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed; the first essential to the patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing, with which, I had almost said, you may leave all the rest alone, is this: to keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air without chilling him." A sick room should have no improper, close smell in it. Air from outside—not from inside—should be admitted freely, though in measles a small fire in the grate is necessary (and it should be a brisk little one with bright jets of flames, not a sluggish cinder and slack bed). The window should be open a "teenty weeny" bit even in winter. About 60° Fahrenheit is the proper temperature to be maintained, and a thermometer in the sick room to insure this is a necessity. Remember that early in the morning—twixt night and dawn—is the time our patient may get a chill and drive in any eruption. Make up your fire then, rather than close the window. Do it quickly and decidedly, not fidgeting gently and timidly with one bit of coal after another, and so irritating your patient by dawdling; but even at the risk of half a minute's noise rake out the lower bar and pile on fuel.

Light is another necessity. In measles, of course, eyes are often affected and too weak to stand a glare, but in most cases of sickness the bedroom should not be unnecessarily darkened. Under the influence of sunlight nutrition is more active, and that is what we need, is it not? in all cases of illness. At night a small light should be burned, but behind a screen. Nature herself shows us how necessary darkness is to repose and rest. "Discretion" is still a welcome resident in the Ivory Palace, and in the matter of light and darkness should be carefully consulted.

"Prudence" too, will counsel isolation in all cases of eruptive disorders. Measles is so infectious that it sometimes seems useless to try and prevent them. But no guardian of the King's daughters is justified in running any risks. Mistrust and Timorous ran away from the lions. But Discretion, Prudence and Watchful kept guard over them. He that runs may read.

Scarlet fever is a third roaring and raging enemy that may block the path of the King's daughters. I am thankful to say I have never had to nurse it in my own family. It is one of the most fatal diseases to which our girlies are liable. The mortality from it is really terrible. I am told that the present day treatment differs *in toto* from the old-fashioned one. Plenty of iced drinks, daily sponging with vinegar and water, preventing desquamation of cuticle by oiling frequently. Constantly changing linen, instead of heaping on bed-clothes, giving hot beverages, wrapping in flannel, and otherwise aggravating all feverish symptoms. Immense care is necessary to prevent the spread of this most "contagious blastment" as Shakespeare terms this and other youthful disorders. Saucers of carbolic and water should stand about the room. A sheet dipped in Condy's fluid, or a weak solution of permanganate of potash should hang before the bedroom door. Every utensil used should be removed only in a bath of disinfectants. Bed and body linen should be soaked in the same.

But, there is no disinfectant like the pure air of heaven. "This should be allowed to permeate and circulate through the apartment and through the house. Air, air, air, is the best curative and preventative of scarlet fever in the world." Yet air must be admitted scientifically so as not to chill the patient; also all draught must be avoided.

After a case of any such infectious disease, a notification to the sanitary officer of the district will be followed by thorough disinfection at the minimum cost. If this is not done a sulphur candle should be bought. They cost about 1s. 3d. each, and are simply blocks of prepared sulphur with a wick attached. After closing and stopping with rags or paper every window and door, blocking up every chimney, and spreading out everything that has been in the way of infection, place the candle in a tin trough, and set it on fire. After twenty-four hours open the door. You will be convinced that no microcosm could exist in such an atmosphere. Every germ must be killed, and you will be right. Brasses may be dim; down quilts odoriferous; bed-blankets smelling strongly; picture frames spoiled—but, a clean bill of health can be given to that room without fear. If a trained nurse has helped in the care of the King's daughters during the illness, it is her business to then disinfect the chamber. For the sake of others as well as ourselves, we should be very careful about not spreading infection.

"In honour preferring one another," is a good motto for the travelling, bustling, hurrying work-a-day world. No guardian of the King's daughters should allow them to go by bus or tram or rail until a clean bill of health is theirs. Other people's children are somebody's darlings. To expose them to infection is a cruel wrong. We should be scrupulous in all these things. Do we unto others as we would wish they should do unto us.

Nervous disorders, such as St Vitus' dance, are very apt to attack girls between eight and twelve. A sudden fright should always be deprecated. I knew of one child who nearly lost her life from the state of physical nervousness induced by a frog being thrown at her. Another who suffered from St Vitus' for months, and on inquiry, the disease dated from the purchase of a jointed snake held in terrorism over her by a mischievous brother. We must remember that great and sad results often follow from trivial causes. A toy in some cases may become an instrument of torture; a shadow; a sound. We must watch our girlies and shield them from anything which seems to upset them.

Mother's arms should always be open. Her bosom their refuge. We must also realise that a false delicacy often stands in the way of a little girl mentioning ailments. A false delicacy which we ourselves have fostered by strained ideas of maidenliness. It was unauthorised knowledge made Adam and Eve know they were naked. True modesty consists in being pure. Society demands restrictions and coverings and shame. Twixt mother and child such a thing should be unknown. Our sweet, beautiful, women-children, should know no shame. God has made them goodly and fair. Every function of their bodies are part of His great scheme. I can not write more definitely of what I mean—guardians of the King's daughters will understand.

Perhaps I can not do better than close this article by giving a short list of things useful to be kept in medicine chest or drawer. Amongst the things most likely to be useful are, a two ounce bottle of castor oil, a similar one of ipecacuanha wine, well corked and sealed. (Hippo wine soon loses its power on exposure to air. When it looks muddy and deposits a sediment it is useless.) This should often be replaced. A bottle of tincture of arnica. This is for bruises; but in dealing with it one requires to know that arnica should never be rubbed on an open wound. Erysipelas may and frequently will ensue.

In no popular book on domestic medicine have I seen this warning given.

One pint bottle of linseed oil and lime water in equal proportions. This is called green oil and is useful in cases of burns and scalds. Pour on the surface at once and it excludes air from the inflamed tissues.

A pound tin of linseed. Keep this in a tin or the useful ingredients in it will soon dry out. This is for poultices. A quarter pound tin of mustard, for the "plaister" so often called for. A little sticking plaster and gold-beater's skin for cuts. A roll of old linen for bandages, another of flannel for a compress. Scissors. A few bottles of the homœopathic preparations of—(1) aconite, for use in feverishness; (2) camphor, for "backening" a cold; (3) nux vomica, for an attack of indigestion or constipation; (4) belladonna, for a relaxed throat; (5) spongia, for croupy coughs. Also an enema apparatus; a bottle of strong smelling salts; a little old brandy, and a roll of cotton wool.

With this outfit we can meet the few stray lions that may prowl about unchained in the narrow way before the palace of health. Pack each of them in place with prayer. Lock them up with a promise, and you will calmly meet the accidents of life.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

FOR the next ten minutes conversation was of the most desultory character; then the sound of wheels was heard in the distance, and Rex became eager and excited once more.

"There's my father! Go and meet him, Norah. Get hold of him before Hilary comes with her everlasting chatter. He wants to speak to you. Bring him along here, and I'll go into the house."

Norah sped off obediently and met the Squire as the cart turned in at the gate. He pulled up at once, handed the reins to the man, and jumped down to join her. His ruddy face looked drawn and anxious, and the first glance at the girl showed that she was like himself, in a woe-begone state of mind.

"Oh, you know all about it! That boy of mine has been talking to you, I can see!" he said, as they shook hands, and turned along the winding path. "Well, well, this is a fine ending to all my hopes. The lad's as obstinate as a mule—I am sure I don't know where he got his disposition; if he once takes a thing in his head there's no moving him. Now he wants to go and bury himself in the wilds of India! I've talked until I am tired, and I can't make him see what mad folly it is. After an expensive college education——"

"Yes, but, Squire, I don't think that's a fair argument! Rex didn't want to go to college; he went against his own wishes because you were set on it. He said it would be waste of money."

"Tut, tut, nonsense! Waste of money, indeed; I don't grudge a few hundreds spent on my only son's education. Things would have come to a pretty pass if that were the case," cried the Squire, turning off at a tangent as usual the moment he found his position attacked by the enemy. "I thought the boy would have come to his senses long before the three years were over. I have told him——" and he launched off into a lengthy account of the interview of the night before, repeating his own arguments and his son's replies, while Norah listened with downcast eyes. "There!" he cried in conclusion, "that is the matter in a nutshell, and everyone must see that I am perfectly reasonable and within my rights. Now, my dear, you talk to him; he thinks a great deal of your opinion; just tell him plainly that if he persists in his folly, he is ruining his life and behaving in a very wrong, undutiful manner to his mother and to me. Talk to him plainly; don't spare your words!"

"I can't do that, Squire. I'm sorry, but I don't agree with you. Rex has given in to your wishes for three whole years, though, from his point of view, it was waste of time. He has worked hard and not grumbled, so that he has kept every word of his promise. Now he asks you to fulfil yours. I am sure you must feel sad and disappointed, but I don't think you ought to be angry with Rex, or call him undutiful."

"Eh—eh, what's this? Are you going to side against me? This is a pretty state of affairs. I thought I could count upon your help, and the boy would have listened to what you said. Well, well, I don't know what is coming over the young folk nowadays! Do you mean to say that you approve of the boy going abroad?"

"Yes, I do! It is better to be a good planter than a bad lawyer," said Norah steadily, and the Squire pursed up his lips in silence.

The girl's words had appealed to his pet theory, and done more to silence objections than any amount of arguing. The Squire was always lecturing other people on the necessity of doing the humblest work as well as it was possible for it to be done, and had been known on occasions to stand still in the middle of a country lane, brandishing his stick while he treated a gang of stone-breakers to a dissertation on the dignity of labour. The thought that his son might perform his duties in an unsatisfactory manner was even more distasteful than the prospect of separation.

"Well, well," he sighed irritably, "no one need envy a man for having children! They are nothing but trouble and anxiety from beginning to end. It's better to be without them at all."

"You don't mean what you say. You know quite well you would not give up your son and daughter for all the money in the world. You love Edna all the more because she needs so much care, and you are just as proud of Rex as you can be. Of course he is self-willed and determined, but if you could change him into a weak, undecided creature like the vicar's son, you would be very sorry to do it!"

"You seem to know a great deal about my sentiments, young lady," said the Squire, trying hard to look ferocious. Then his shoulders heaved and he drew a long, weary sigh. "Well, my last hope has gone if you range yourself against me. The boy must go and bury himself at the ends of the earth. Goodness knows when he will come back, and I am getting old. Ten to one I may never see him again!"

"It will be your own fault if you don't. Westmoreland is sweet and beautiful, but if I had no ties and plenty of money like you, I would never be content to settle here for the rest of my life, while the great, wide world lay beyond. If Rex goes to India, why should you not all pack up some year and pay him a visit? You could sail down the Mediterranean and see all the lovely places on the way—Gibraltar, and Malta, and Naples, and Venice; stay a month or two in India, and come home overland through Switzerland and France. Oh, how nice it would be! You would have so much to see and to talk about afterwards. Edna would get fat and rosy, and you and Mrs. Freer would be quite young and skittish by the time you got home! If you went to see him between each of his visits home, the time would seem quite short."

"I daresay! I daresay! A very likely prospect. I am too old to begin gadding about the world at my time of life," said the Squire; but he straightened his back even as he spoke, and stepped out as if wishing to disprove the truth of his own words. Norah saw his eyes brighten, and the deep lines down his cheeks relax into a smile, and knew that her suggestion had met a kindly welcome. "Well, there's no saying! If all the young people go away and leave us, we shall be bound to make a move in self-defence. You are off to London for the winter. It seems a year of changes——"

"Oh, it is, it is, and I am so miserable! Lettice, my own, dear Lettice is going to be married, and she will never come back to live with us any more. I have been looking forward to London, just to be with her, and now it is further off than ever. It will never come!"

Norah had fought hard for the self-possession which she had shown during the whole of the interview; but now her lips trembled, and the tears rushed into her eyes. The future seemed dreary indeed, with Rex abroad, Lettice appropriated by Arthur Newcome, and Edna at the other end of England. She had hard work not to cry outright to the great distress of the Squire, who was the kindliest of men despite his red face and stentorian voice.

"Ha, humph—humph! Sorry, I'm sure. Very sorry! Come, come, my dear, cheer up! Things may turn out better than we expect. I didn't know you had a trouble of your own, or I would not have intruded mine. Shall we go up to the house? There, take my arm. What a great, big girl you are, to be sure!"

Norah found time for a whispered conference with Rex before he took his seat behind his father and Edna in the dog-cart.

"It's all right! I have spoken to him and he means to give in. Be as kind and patient as possible, for he does feel it, poor old man, and he is very fond and proud of you!"

"Humph!" said Rex shortly. He knitted his brows and looked anxiously at the girl's face. "You are awfully white. Don't cry any more, Norah, for pity's sake. We are not worth it, either Lettice or I." Then he was off, and Raymond turned to his sister with a long, lazy yawn.

"Well, and so Rex is bound for India! He has just been telling me about it. Lucky beggar! When I take my degree I mean to ask father to let me travel for a year or two before settling down to work."

"Oh, dear, dear," sighed Norah to herself, "what a stirring up of the poor old nest! There will be no eagles left if this sort of thing goes on much longer. And we were so happy! Why, oh why did I ever wish for a change?"

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MEDICAL.

S. F. L.—If you will read the article "Indigestion," which appeared in the December number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, you will obtain nearly all the information that you require; and if you follow the rules there laid down, you will get rid of your troubles. There are one or two extra points that we will add here:—1st. Are your teeth in good order? Nobody can expect not to have indigestion if their teeth are not sound. 2nd. If your teeth are sound, do you masticate properly? You have thirty-two teeth, you should therefore give thirty-two bites to each mouthful. This is an old saying, and though the theory is open to question, it gives good practical results. You should take a mild laxative occasionally, and *never* eat at irregular times. Take a solid, and not a liquid diet. Half-a-pint of fluid with each meal is ample; more than this interferes with the process of digestion.

LELA.—We thank you for your kind letter, and are glad to hear that you are getting better. Follow your doctor's advice in everything, and remember the old saying, "Those patients who mistrust their physicians, take the longest time to recover."

"AN ANXIOUS ONE."—If you cannot breathe through your nose, it is a sign that your nose is not in a healthy condition. Do not think "because your nose is stopped up" you ought to breathe through your mouth permanently. Of course you must breathe through your mouth until your nose is clear, but do not delay to see to your nose. We cannot tell you exactly what is wrong with your nose, because you give us such a very scanty account of your symptoms. You do not even tell us how long your present condition has lasted, or whether it is stationary or not; if there is a discharge from the nose, or if it is abnormally dry; if your throat or voice is affected, or if any other symptom is present. It is absolutely essential for us to know these points before we can form any idea of the true nature of your complaint. Whichever of the large number of nasal diseases it is that you suffer from, you will obtain relief from the use of the following lotion:—Take one teaspoonful each of chlorate of potash, bicarbonate of soda and borax, and double the quantity of finely-ground white sugar; mix them well together. Make the lotion by dissolving one teaspoonful of the powder in a teacupful of tepid water, and use it as a wash or spray for your throat and nose.

MAID MARIAN.—The symptoms you mention *may* be due to heart disease; but we are rather inclined to think that they are due to anæmia. Of course, shortness of breath is the chief symptom of heart disease, but it is also a very prominent symptom of severe anæmia; and so it is with the other symptoms you mention, they may or may not be due to heart disease. You do wrong not to tell your mother of your troubles, for, far from thinking that they are imaginary, we feel sure that she would do her best to restore your health, and the best way that she can do so is by having you examined by a physician.

TROUBLED NELL.—1. The best tooth-powder for general use is carbolic tooth-powder. Camphorated chalk has not sufficient grit in it to thoroughly clean the teeth; moreover it is not antiseptic as the carbolic powder is. If your teeth are very yellow, the following is an excellent powder:—

℞. Pulv. sepiæ (powdered cuttlefish) ʒj.
Pulv. iridis (orris root) ʒj.
Pulv. sapon. dur. (hard soap) ʒj.
Magnesii carbonat. ʒj.
Calcii carbonat. pp. ʒj.
Ol. caryophylli (oil of cloves) μ xv.
Attar of roses μ v.

Most people only wash their teeth once a day—in the morning. Consequently their teeth are only clean between the time they finish dressing and the beginning of their breakfast—rarely more than half an hour a day. The teeth should be washed after every meal, and above all before going to bed.—2. Use a stimulating pomade for your hair, such as "cantharidine pomade."

OLIVE.—Ingrowing toe-nails are always connected with ill-fitting boots; so the first thing to do is to get boots which approach more or less to the natural shape of the foot. We have been much surprised, recently, to see boots for sale which do bear some resemblance to the human foot. If you could obtain a pair of these boots you would do well. To treat the nail, cut it as short as possible, and then file it down evenly to the level of the flesh. Then place a small piece of cotton-wool under the edge of the nail: renew the wool occasionally. Ingrowing nails are only removed when very painful and refractory to treatment.

L. G.—Your information is really of too scanty a nature. You say you have "spots upon your face." What kind of spots? They may be spots of dirt for aught that we can tell from your description! If you will give us some definite description of the spots, we may be able to help you, but we cannot do so without any information except that you have "spots upon your face."

AN OLD READER.—Have you read the article on "Indigestion" in the December Part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER? You will there find all you require for indigestion. The symptoms you describe, "Giddiness, light-headedness, extreme lassitude, pain in the eyes, black spots and streaks jumping about before the eyes, pain at the back of the head and over the loins, trembling and fluttering" are all to be explained by biliousness, or possibly they may be due to an allied condition "migraine." Do you know of any special diet which brings on the attacks? If so, scrupulously avoid it. Calomel is worth every other drug put together in the treatment of liver complaints. One dose of three grains, with twenty grains of bicarbonate of soda, should be taken as soon as the symptoms appear. It is also a good plan to abstain from eating anything during the attacks.

RONALD'S DARLING.—Now that you have answered some of the questions that we asked you, we can give you some more definite information. We gather that you suffer from nervousness; that your brother is also very nervous, but that no other member of your family is afflicted in the same way; that your nervousness takes the special form of "fearing to walk out alone, especially where there is a number of people, and of entering a room where many people are assembled, and that you think that everyone is looking at you, *though you are no beauty.*" It is this last sentence which is the most important, for it tells us at once that *self-consciousness* is the root of your malady. In your letter you evidently confuse self-consciousness with self-conceit, two mental processes which are almost diametrically opposite, both in their causation and in their results. You say you are not shy—shyness is not self-consciousness, nor anything like it. Your question, therefore, resolves itself into "What is the best method to overcome self-consciousness?" It is a difficult question to answer, and one which requires to be considered from various points of view. Social intercourse is very important. You must get yourself used to think of the people to whom you are speaking, or who are speaking to you, and not to think of yourself, or to think about what the person who is addressing you is thinking about you. This is really what self-consciousness means—thinking about what others are thinking of you, and not about what they are really thinking about—the subject of the conversation. From this we get the rule that, if the conversation is uninteresting or trivial, self-consciousness will assert itself; whereas, if the speaker is thoroughly interested in the conversation, she will not think of herself, but of the conversation; that is, she will not be self-conscious. The teaching of this is—talk whenever you can, but never engage in trivial conversation. You want to be a hospital nurse—well, if anything will cure self-consciousness nursing will; but it is a hard school.

MAUDE.—You suffer from nervousness of quite a different kind from the last. Reading through your letter, the first thought is, "Do you eat sufficient?" All your symptoms could be accounted for by insufficient food; or it may be that you suffer from anæmia, due to some other cause. We advise you, therefore, to see that you get good food, and plenty of it, and to take some simple, digestible preparation of iron, such as "Blaud's pill."

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

A SERVANT (*Nursing*).—As you left school at the age of twelve, the educational difficulty would, we fear, stand in your way as a candidate for regular hospital training. Moreover, as we are continually obliged to remind girls, the doors of hospitals are already besieged with would-be nurses. But it occurs to us that if you really possess a strong love of nursing, you would be acceptable as a village nurse on the Ockley system. The Ockley Nursing Association, of which the Hon. Secretary is Mrs. Henry Lee Steere, The Cottage, Ockley, was founded for the nursing of little cottagers by women who have themselves had practical experience of cottage life. The nurses undergo a short course of training in maternity nursing at one of the London special hospitals, and are also taught how to treat infants and young children at the Maternity Charity, Plaistow, E. The Ockley nurses receive a salary of £25 to £30 per annum. You should write for further particulars to the lady whose address we have given.

QUIS (*Secretaryship*).—Do not let this be your "great ambition." Nearly all the girls who are unemployed insist upon becoming secretaries, companions, or housekeepers. Many of them would make good secretaries; but the unfortunate fact is that very few people want, or can afford, to keep a secretary. They are obliged to employ cooks, dressmakers, and laundresses, but they cannot find enough women of these kinds. Had you not better meditate on these facts, as there is no immediate hurry for you to seek employment, your education not being completed.

INCERTA (*Clerkship*).—You need not entertain any hesitation on the score of good faith in regard to the school you mention. But every statement may be read through glasses either rose-coloured or blue. Now supposing that we look at this matter in a cold blue light. We then find that an enormous number of young women clerks are being placed annually upon the London labour market. In what proportion do these obtain employment? And, again, in what proportion do even the fortunate section obtain employment for a period, say, of five years, without long out-of-work intervals meantime? These are the questions which you should put to yourself. Another question, that of salary, your letter answers. You may hope for £60 to £80 per annum. Twenty-five shillings a week is a very usual salary, and is considered a good one. It is not insufficient for any one, man or woman, who is just beginning to earn a living. But you must consider that a girl's chances of promotion as a clerk are extremely small, and that to live in London on £1 5s., though not disagreeable in youth, becomes a condition of distressing poverty as years go by. These are the aspects of the subject you should reflect upon. At the same time you appear to possess a better education than the generality of clerks can show; so that we think you could probably obtain employment more speedily than the majority of your fellow-pupils.

ORPHAN SISTERS (*Emigration*).—We advise you to write to the Emigrants' Information Office, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. From our own knowledge we should recommend you and your friend to try Canada rather than South Africa, as in the latter colony there is plenty of cheap native labour to be had. In Canada there is a good demand for active, hard-working servants, and excellent wages are offered. But you should not go thither in the depth of winter. Through the British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, Kensington, you could probably learn on what terms you might make the voyage with a protected party. You should not go out alone, and without arrangements being made for your reception on arrival.

ELAINE (*Telegraph Learner*).—For a telegraph learnership the limits of age are from fifteen to eighteen. Salary begins at 10s. per week, with prospects of promotion to higher grades. The subjects of examination are handwriting, spelling, English composition, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions, and percentages) and geography. The examinations are usually held in London half-yearly, and are notified in the principal morning papers, generally on a Thursday shortly before the time fixed upon. Successful candidates are instructed in telegraphy at the Post Office Telegraph School; but they cannot draw a salary until they are sufficiently expert to receive an appointment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

T. F. A.—For lessons in millinery you must apply to Miss Prince Browne, The Studio, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. Millinery lessons are given on Tuesdays and Fridays, and you may pay a visit to inspect the studios and inquire about terms, which are most moderate. Pupils can enter at any time.

E. J. L.—We are much obliged by your letter. We merely answered the question put to us, which only concerned Italy.

MAYBLOSSOM.—Could make inquiries of a second-hand bookseller.

D. C.—We should, in your position, decline to go to parties where these games with forfeits are played. You will always find yourself in a difficulty if you go and cannot play them, as your future husband disapproves of them.

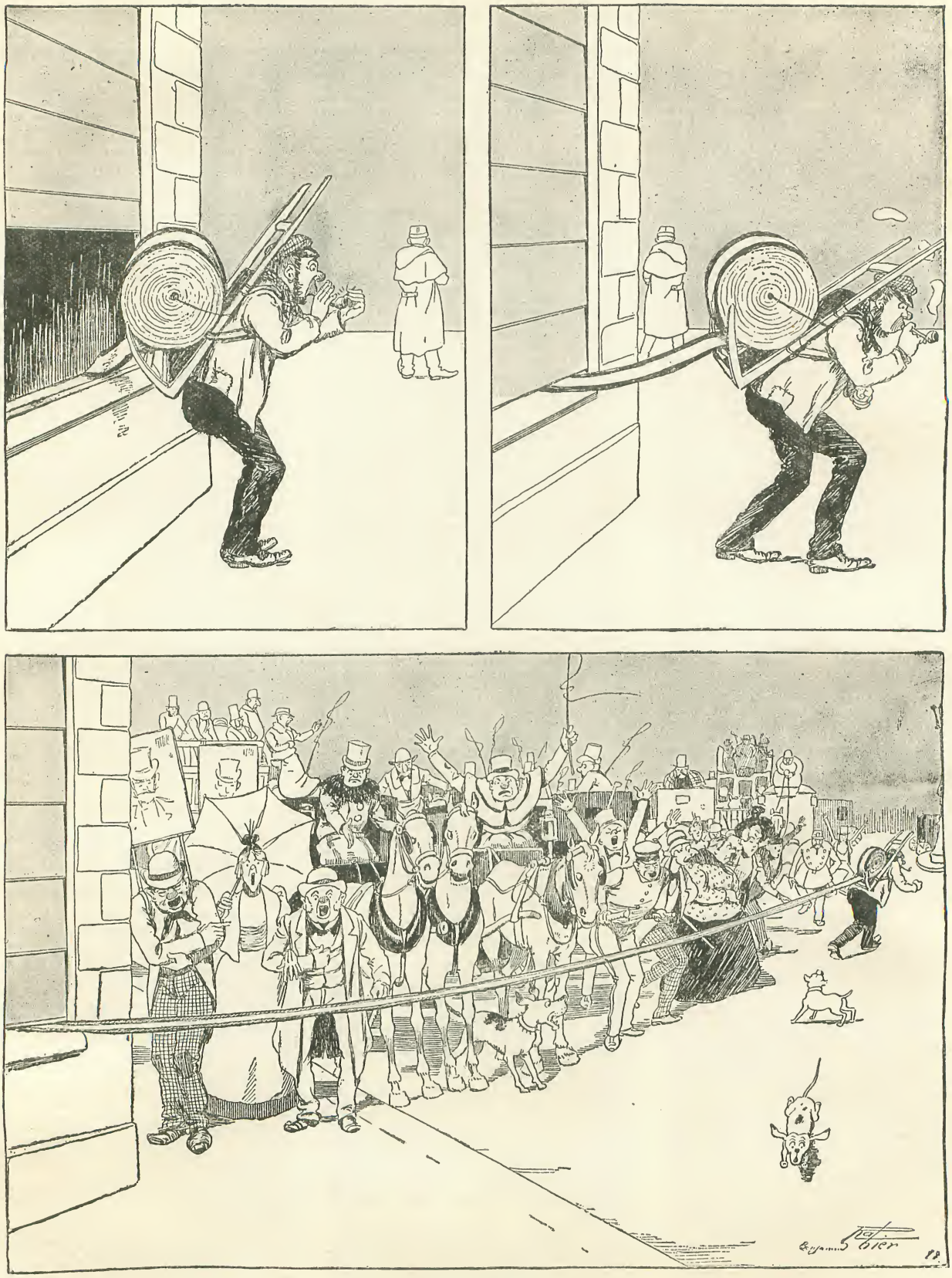
ANNIE.—A stamp is required for receipts of £2 and upwards, so you should put a stamp on the receipt for every £5 you receive.

TOPSY, A SUBSCRIBER TO THE "G. O. P."—1. We fear from Topsy's account of her boa that it is made of dyed fur, if so, there is no cure for the "black coming off." Beaver fur can be cleaned by rubbing it with hot bran or oatmeal till clean and free from grease. Fullers' earth is also used, well pounded. All these should be applied with a dry flannel.—2. To produce the gloss on linen you must use a polishing iron. Wax is also employed.

I. L. GREEN.—You will find a recipe many times given for toffee in our vols. of the "G. O. P." Consult their indexes.

ARYNTHIA and ETRURIA (Oxford).—For the answers you require you should write to the London office of the P. & O. Line of S. Ships, to ascertain which of the latter left for California on or about the 2nd or 3rd week in August. As to the wages of a captain's cabin boy, we fancy they may vary according to the ship. The average amount you could find out on application to any of the great shipping offices; such as those in Liverpool.

PANSY.—Refer to the Christmas Numbers of the "G. O. P." for the directions and suggestions you require for Tableaux.



THE BARRIER.



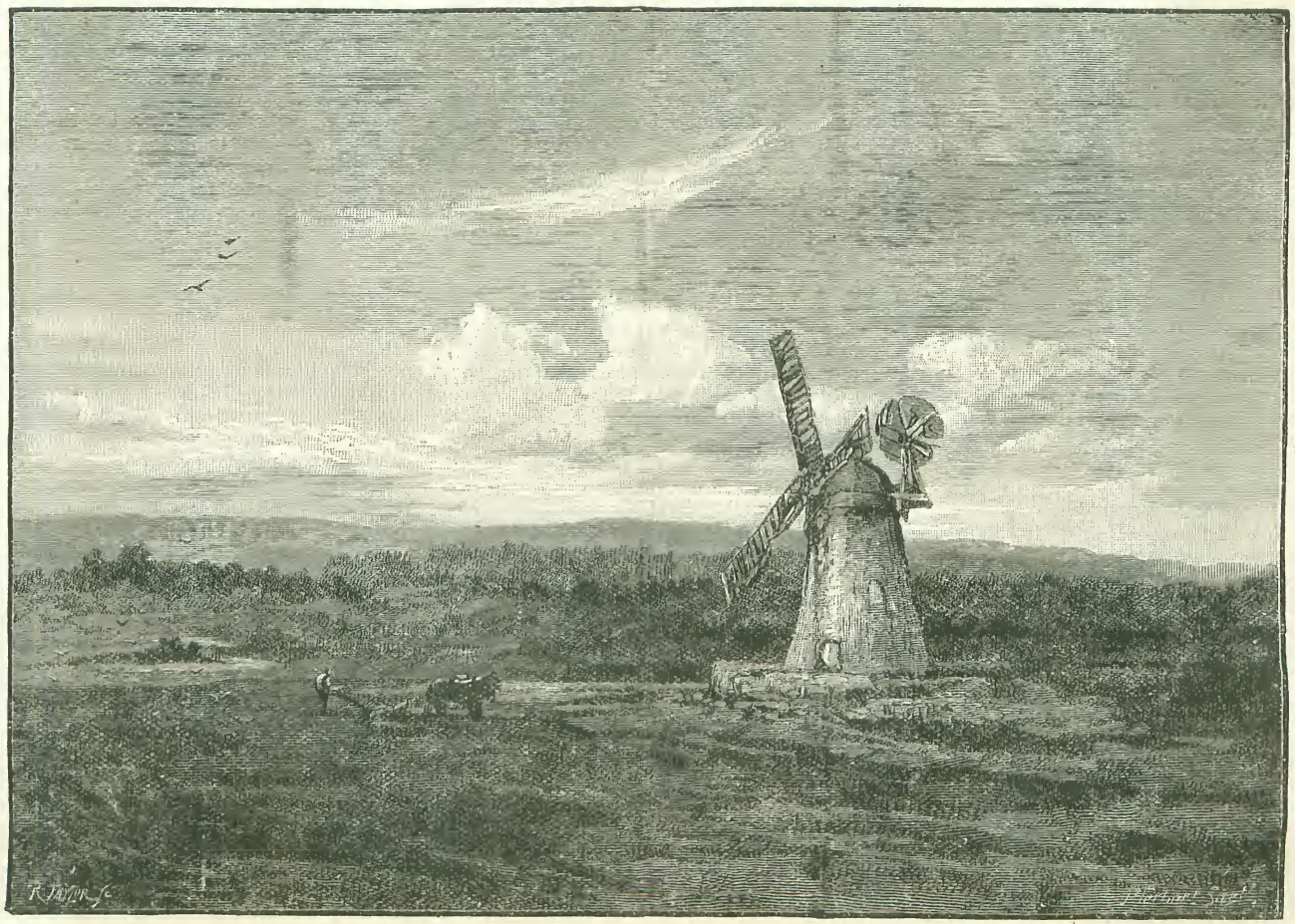
VOL. XIX.—NO. 948.] FEBRUARY 26, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MARCH.

BY MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

HE comes—a lion roaring after prey;
His cruel fangs grind fiercely in the surge
Of snarling billows, where along the verge
Of wrathful seas, the headlands stand at bay.
Strange cloud-shapes wreathe the hill-tops far away,
And all the stormy winds of heaven emerge
From their high places, and their vassals urge,
With rush and riot, onward to the fray.
Yet, in the wind-rocked elms, the busy rooks
Through all the din their yearly strongholds form,
And cheery gossip to each other call,
And Nature works in safe and sheltered nooks,
Assured amid the passion of the storm
One violet in bloom will pay for all!

He goes—a lamb, whose lightsome footprint fills
No daisy-heart with terror—from the strong
Hath come forth sweetness, and a world in song.
At dawn the blackbird's note the woodland thrills,
And throstles practise sudden shakes and trills,
The blackthorn signals April with a throng
Of milk-white buds, its dusky sprays along,
And all the fields are hemmed with daffodils.
Cleansed through and through the freshened skies look down,
And earth looks up, with love and life astir,
Glad for the windy tumult overpast;
For each wild hour some root hath deeper grown,
And every breeze that blows is harbinger
Of Easter treasures, due to flower at last!



All rights reserved.] "THE FRESHENED SKIES LOOK DOWN."

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

LETTICE'S annual summer visit was postponed this year until the middle of August, for Arthur Newcome had gained his point, as Mr. Bertrand had prophesied, and the wedding was arranged to take place at the end of September. Mr. Bertrand had done his best to gain more time, but it was difficult to fight against a man who was so quiet, so composed, and so immovably determined as Arthur Newcome. He listened to what was said with the utmost politeness, and replied to all argument with the statement that he was twenty-eight, that he was in a good position, and that he saw no reason for waiting on indefinitely. After this performance had been enacted four or five times, Mr. Bertrand's patience gave way, and he declared that he was powerless to stand out any longer, and that perhaps it was a good thing to get the wedding over, since if he had much to do with Arthur Newcome, he should certainly fall into a nervous decline.

"His very presence oppresses me. It is all I can do not to yawn in his face when he is telling those long-winded yarns. Poor little Lettice! I wonder what sort of conversation he treats her to when they are alone. I thought she looked very tired yesterday at dinner. Get her all the pretty things she wants for this *trousseau*, Helen. I must do what I can for the poor child, for I fear she has a dull time before her."

Miss Carr sighed and shook her head. As time went on she was more and more distressed about her ward's engagement, for now that his time of suspense was over, Arthur Newcome had lost his temporary gleam of brightness, and settled down into the old solemn ways which made him so different from other young men of his age. The previous night was not the only occasion on which Lettice had seemed weary and dispirited after a *tête-à-tête* with her lover, but she showed plenty of interest in the selection of her *trousseau*, and in the equipment of the handsome house which Mr. Newcome was preparing for his bride.

By the middle of August dressmakers and upholsterers had received the necessary instructions, and could be left to complete their work, while the tired little bride-elect went north to recoup her energies. How glad she was to escape from London only Lettice herself knew; while at Cloudsdale, the whole house was turned upside down in excitement at the prospect of her arrival. Lettice, as an engaged young lady, a bride on the eve of her marriage, had assumed a position of great importance in her sisters' eyes, and the questions as to how she would look, how she would bear herself, formed the subject of many lengthy discussions.

The hour came at last. Lettice was once more among them. She came rushing in, in the old impetuous way, kissing everyone in turns, and exclaiming in delight at being once more at home. There had never been any unpleasantness connected with Lettice's home-comings. Though she had lived in the lap of luxury for the last three years, she was utterly unspoiled by its influence, and so far from being dissatisfied with her own home, seemed to take an affectionate delight in finding it unchanged in every particular. Her sisters followed her from room to room, listening smilingly to her ecstatic exclamations.

"Oh, how nice it looks—the dear old place! What a sweet, sweet smell of mignonette. Oh, look at the old red table-cloth, and the ink-stain in the corner, where I upset the bottle. Oh, how lovely to see it all again! And the dear old sofa where we used to camp out all together—I have never found such a cosy sofa anywhere else. Tea! How pretty the urn looks! I love that cheerful, hissing sound! and what cream! You never see cream like that in London."

She was all smiles and dimples, and though decidedly thinner, the flush upon her cheeks made her look so bright and well that she was a picture of a radiant young bride. Hilary and Norah watched her with fascinated eyes as she flitted about the room, or lay back in the deep chintz-covered chair. What a vision of elegance she was! The blue serge coat and skirt was exactly like those which the village dressmaker had made for their own wear, exactly like, and yet how different! The sailor hat was of a shape unknown in northern regions; every little detail of her attire was perfect in its unobtrusive beauty, and with every movement of the hands came the flash of precious stones. If she had been a whit less like herself, Norah would have been awed by the presence of this elegant young lady; but it was the old Lettice who flung her arms round her neck the moment they were left alone together in their own room; the old Lettice who kissed, and hugged, and caressed with a hundred loving words.

"Oh, Norah, I have wanted you! I longed for you so, but father would not let me write. It was a horrid, horrid time, and I was wretchedly lonely. Dear, darling Nonie, I am so glad to be back."

"And, oh, Lettice, I am so glad to have you! I have a hundred questions to ask. Let me look at your ring. It is a beauty, far nicer than the ordinary row of diamonds. And are you awfully happy? I was very much surprised, you know, but if you are happy, it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks!"

"N—no!" said Lettice, slowly. "Yes, of course I am happy. It hasn't been as nice as I expected, for Miss Carr has behaved so queerly, and father was not pleased. But, oh yes, I am quite happy. Madge is delighted about it, and Arthur does everything I like. He is very kind!"

"You funny old Lettice! Kind, of course he is kind!" cried Norah, laughing and kissing the soft, fair cheek. The flush of excitement had faded by this time, and the girl's face looked pale and wan, while the blue shadows beneath her eyes gave a pathetic expression to the sweet face. "Lettice," cried Norah, anxiously, "how ill you look! You were excited before, and I didn't notice it, but you are as white as a ghost, and so thin! Aren't you well, dear? Have you a headache? Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, no, no!" Lettice stretched her arms over her head with a long, weary sigh. "I shall be quite well now that I am at home, and with you, Norah. I have been tired to death in London lately. You have no idea how tiring it is being engaged. I have stood such hours and hours at the dressmaker's being tried on, and Arthur and I were always going to the house. The workmen are so stupid, they have no idea of colourings. The drawing-room was painted three times over before Arthur was satisfied. I was so tired that I would have left it as it was, but he is so obs—— he likes to have things done exactly in his own way, and he worries on and on until he gets it. I thought it would be fun furnishing a house, but it gets a little tiresome when people are so very, very particular. We will have a nice lazy time, won't we, Norah? Arthur is not coming up for three weeks, so we shall be alone and have no one to bother us."

"Ye—s!" stammered Norah confusedly.

This novel way of regarding the presence of a lover was so amazing, that it took away her breath, and before she recovered, Miss Briggs entered the room and there was no more chance of private conversation for the present.

Nothing could have been sweeter or more amiable than Lettice's demeanour during the first week at home. She seemed to revel in the simple country life, and to cling to every member of the household with pathetic affection. She went into the kitchen and sat on the fender stool, talking to the cook and inquiring for "your aunt at Preston," "the little niece Pollie," "your nephew at sea," with a kindly remembrance which drew tears from the old soul's eyes. She made dresses for Geraldine's dolls, trimmed Miss Briggs' caps, and hovered about her father and sisters on the watch for an opportunity to serve them. Everyone was charmed to have her at home once more, and fussed over her in a manner which should have satisfied the most exacting of mortals; but sweet and loving as she was, Lettice did not

look satisfied. The grey eyes seemed to grow larger and larger until her face seemed all eyes, and her cheeks showed a faint hollow where the dimples used to play. One miserable night too, Norah woke to find Lettice sobbing with her head buried in the pillow, and heard a pitiful repetition of the words, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" But when she inquired what was wrong, Lettice declared that a tooth was aching, and sat up in the bed and rubbed her gums obediently with a lotion brought from the medicine cupboard. Norah blamed herself for doubting her sister's word, but she could not help noticing that the toothache yielded very rapidly to the remedy, and the incident left a painful impression on her mind.

Norah was not the only member of the household who was anxious about Lettice's happiness. Mr. Bertrand had a serious conversation on the subject with his eldest daughter one morning when Lettice's pallor and subdued voice had been more marked than usual.

"I can't stand seeing the child going about like this. She looks the ghost of what she was five or six months back, and seems to have no spirit left. I shall have to speak to her. It is most painful and awkward on the very eve of the marriage as it were, but if she is not happy——"

"Perhaps it is only that she is tired, and feels the prospect of leaving home," said Hilary, and at that very moment the door was burst open and in rushed Lettice herself, cheeks flushed, hair loose, eyes dancing with merriment. She and Raymond had just played a trick upon unsuspecting Miss Briggs with magnificent success. She was breathless with delight, could hardly speak for bursts of laughter, and danced up and down the room, looking so gay and blithe and like the Lettice of old, that her father went off to his study with a heartfelt sigh of relief. Hilary was right. The child was happy enough. If she were a little quieter than usual it was only natural and fitting under the circumstances. He dismissed the subject from his mind, and settled contentedly to work.

One thing was certain, Arthur Newcome was a most attentive lover. Lettice contented herself with scribbling two or three short notes a week, but every afternoon the postman brought a bulky envelope addressed to her in the small neat handwriting which was getting familiar to every member of the household. Norah had an insatiable passion for receiving letters, and was inclined to envy her sister this part of her engagement.

"It must be so lovely to get long, long epistles every day. Lettice, I don't want to see them of course, but what sort of letters does he write? What does he talk about? Is it all affection, or does he tell you interesting pieces of news?"

Lettice gave the sheets a flick with her white fingers.

"You can read it if you like. There is nothing private. I must say he does not write exciting letters. He has been in Canterbury, and this one is a sort of guide-book about the crypt. As if I wanted to hear about crypts! I must say I did not think when I was engaged that I should have letters all about tombs and stupid old monuments! Arthur is so serious. I suppose he thinks he will 'improve my mind,' but if I am to be improved I would rather read a book at once and not be lectured in my love letters."

She had never spoken so openly before, and Norah dared not let the opportunity pass.

"Oh, Lettice, dear, aren't you happy, aren't you satisfied?" she cried earnestly. "I have been afraid sometimes that you were not so fond of Arthur as you should be. Do, do speak out, dear, if it is so, and put an end to things while there is time!"

"An end! What do you mean? I am to be married in less than a month, the house is ready; how could I put an end to it? Don't be foolish, Norah. Besides, I do care for Arthur. I wish sometimes that he were a little younger and less proper, but that is only because he is too clever and learned for a stupid little thing like me. Don't talk like that again, it makes me miserable. Wouldn't you like to have a house of your own and be able to do whatever you liked? My little boudoir is so sweet, all blue and white, and we will have such cosy times in it, you and I, and Edna must come up and stay with me too. Oh, it will be lovely, *I am sure it will*. I shall be quite happy. I am glad father insisted upon having the wedding up here, it will be so much quieter than in a fashionable London church with all the rabble at the doors. Dreadful to be stared at by hundreds of people who don't know or care anything about you, and only look at you as part of a show. Here all the people are interested and care a little bit for 'Miss Lettice.' If only Rex were to be here! It seems hard that he should leave home just a fortnight before my wedding."

Norah sighed and relapsed into silence. It was all settled about Rex's departure by this time. The Squire had given way, Mrs. Freer and Edna had wept themselves dry, and were now busily occupied in preparing what Rex insisted upon describing as his "*trousseau*."

"I have one hundred and fifty 'pieces' in my *trousseau;* how many have you in yours?" he asked Lettice one day, and the girls were much impressed at the extensiveness of his preparations, until it was discovered that he counted each sock separately, and took each suit of clothes as representing three of the aforesaid "pieces." Having once given way, the Squire behaved in the most generous manner, and at his suggestion, Rex was to travel overland to Brindisi, spending a month in various places of interest on the continent; in order to do this and catch the appointed boat, it was necessary to leave Westmoreland at the end of August. Ten days more, and then good-bye to Rex, good-bye to the happy old days which could never come back again! Four days more, three days, two days, one day—the last afternoon arrived, and with a sinking heart Norah went to meet Rex in the drawing-room for the last time for long years to come.

(*To be continued.*)

PUZZLE COMPETITION.

No Puzzle Poem this month. Instead, we invite our readers to convert the following verses into a puzzle. There are no restrictions as to the form the puzzle must take. If pictures are employed, due allowance will be made for inexpert draughtsmanship, for this is not a drawing competition. The prizes will be awarded for the most ingenious efforts. If the Puzzle Editor can be tempted back to puzzle life he will act as judge.

SIX GUINEAS will be given in prizes; one being reserved for competitors living abroad.

The rules are few but important:—

1. Only a single sheet of paper or card may be used.
2. Only one side may be written upon.
3. The name and address of the competitor must appear at the top of the paper or card.
4. The puzzles are to be sent as soon as finished to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.
5. The last day for receiving them will be April 15 from the United Kingdom; and June 18 from Abroad.

A BAIT.

The Puzzle Editor has flown
(Although he cannot fly),
His whereabouts is quite unknown,
Because he is so shy.

He disappeared the very night
His last report was penned,
Perchance he thought by wingless flight
His puzzle work to end.

If happily this puzzle bait
Should tempt him from his lair,
No more he'll underestimate
His victims' wild despair.

CONSOLATION PRIZE, 1896–7.

This is awarded to

IDA RAFFORD,

to whom a guinea will be sent if she will forward her address to the Editor.

FROM MARCH TILL MAY.

By W. GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

"The stormy March has come at last,
With winds and clouds and changing skies,
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies."



So uncertain is the weather during this month that it is universally dreaded by those who are delicate. Many and many a young girl has come safely through a hard wild winter, only to succumb to the searching, biting blasts of March.

Probably the greatest danger lies in the fact that for days, sometimes, the weather is so mild and balmy, we can hardly believe it is not summer itself, instead of early spring, and then suddenly it changes, skies lower dark and gloomily, bitter winds rage and roar through the still leafless trees, and the air is filled with whirling sleet or snow.

March may therefore be called to its face a most deceitful month, and we need have no difficulty in proving the charge.

I myself am not much of a man for fires at any time, but a "blink" in my wigwam looks cheerful during the winter months, and my beautiful St. Bernard, Fair Helen of Troy, likes to lie on a bear's skin and warm her nose thereat. But the first few days of March have at times been so delightful, that it was a pleasure to do my writing out of doors altogether, taking a turn now and then through the orchard or the gardens.

"Heavenly weather!" everybody that passed would be saying.

The violets and primroses and the forget-me-nots all around the borders would seem to be making the same remark.

And the early bees and butterflies were singing it, or sighing it.

Tired of brain-work on days like these I have laid down my writing-board, and, whistling on my dogs, who came sweeping around me like a hairy hurricane, I have gone off to the woods for a ramble, just to see how many tender wee wild flowers were gazing with upturned faces, at the fleecy clouds and the sweet ethereal blue of the sky, and to note how buds and burgeons were coming on, and try to calculate how soon the woods would be clad in leaves of drooping green.

Yes and probably before I got home the wind would have changed to boisterous north or colder east, and be moaning drearily among the trees overhead, with here a patch of sleet and there a flying flake of snow.

Well, I attribute the fairly good health I enjoy and the excellent appetite I have for my oatmeal porridge at six in the morning, chiefly to two facts. I am no sooner out of bed than I have my sponge bath. Cold, of course; for often in winter, hard though my fist is, I have to use a dumb-bell to break the ice. Secondly I wear woollen underclothing, not only in winter, but in summer as well, and I will tell you why. Wool is a non-conductor of caloric, that is, it obstructs the passage of heat. Therefore in cold weather it conserves the body's warmth, while in the summer-time it protects the whole system from the sun's fierce rays.

But treacherous though the month of March may be, we must not speak too unfavourably about it. For March is the month of hope. Shakespeare says—

"The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope."

Well, a glorious medicine it is, and if March brings the delicate and the weary only this, it is to be forgiven for a great deal. On fine days now a weakly girl, if she lives in the country, can hear the birds singing, such happy, happy songs; she can list to the croodle of the wood-pigeon and loving murmuring purr of the turtle-dove in the ivy or cedar; she can see the blue shy eyes of the violets opening to the light; the primroses in bloom and scenting all the air around, and, by the wayside or in the woods many a wild flower bursting into blossom, and banks snowed over with anemones. To all this her heart must respond, and the hope that leads to health, will find a resting-place within it.

Well, I should like the delicate, even during this uncertain month, to have all the fresh air and all the sunshine it is possible to get.

But nevertheless I would have them avoid all chance of catching cold. How can a girl do so? I shall try to tell her. But I must at once say that she cannot do it by over-coddling.

To begin with she should remember that it is sudden changes from warmth to cold that often works such deadly mischief, especially if the pores of the skin are open, and probably perspiring. Many a strong and healthy girl has not only caught cold, but lung disease, that ended in death by coming out from a warm close ball-room, or even church, and standing for a minute or two in the cold air, instead of keeping walking or moving to encourage the circulation.

Churches, I am sorry to say, are often badly ventilated and over-heated, and after coming out from them on a cold winter's or spring night, and standing for a time bidding friends good-bye, one is very apt to catch a deadly chill.

I repeat that it is the suddenness of the change which works the terrible mischief, not the actual lowness of temperature. It is a fact well known to men of science that plants, and even the lower forms of animal life may be frozen, and recover again if the change from the high temperature to the very low and *vice versâ* be very gradual, and it is not quite beyond the bounds of possibility that even a human being might be thus treated, were the freezing process slow enough, and also the reaction.

The reverse of this is true. During my cruises to the Arctic Regions, while making journeys across the great ice-pack, my companion would have an eye to my face and I to his. (N.B. That isn't meant for a pun.) If either of us noticed a white spot on his fellow's cheek or nose, a halt had to be called at once, for that spot was a frost-bite and the halt was called that gradual action might be induced. Now one of three things must take place in such a case. If the spot were left, there would be death of the part and an ugly ulcer; if a strong stimulant were used to rub with, action would soon be restored, but of so violent a character as to produce a huge blister and ulceration would follow! but if the part were quietly rubbed with snow, the blood would return to the spot so gradually, that neither pain nor any other bad result could possibly follow.

I trust these simple illustrations will render my meaning plain, that one must avoid sudden extremes of either heat or cold, if one would retain health, and avoid lung troubles, which are undoubtedly the greatest drawbacks to this uncertain climate of ours.

But extremes of all kinds should be avoided if a girl is to be well in spring-time. I shall now mention a few of these by way of warning, and be it remembered that I have the delicate in my mind's eye as I write.

A bed-room should be just moderately warm, certainly not hot. If so the sleeper is apt, unconsciously, to toss the bed-clothing off, then about three in the morning the fire goes out, the cold comes and the mischief is done, so that she need not be surprised if she has a hacking cough next morning. Pretty early in the evening the bedroom windows should be opened wide, the fire after this will ventilate the room.

Never go into a very cold bed if delicate. Have it warmed, if only by means of a square stone bottle of boiling water, placed in the upper not lower part of the bed, at first anyhow. Do not press the feet too much against this bottle, especially if they are cold, else the reaction will be much too sudden, the nerves will be irritated, and perhaps the foundation laid for a good crop of chilblains.

If delicate, linen or cotton sheets are most dangerous. Let them be wool by all means. While wandering in my caravan, even in summer, I invariably sleep in rugs, and though windows and even doors may be left open, I never catch cold.

The very delicate should, in March and even in April, have a bit of fire lit in the morning before turning out. If they cannot stand the cold tub which is so bracing, a warm bath should be taken every third night.

Rest is good for those who are weakly, but too much rest in bed will render them weaker than ever.

Too much sleep is also an extreme to be avoided.

Sleeplessness may be treated simply enough by laving the forehead very well with cold water before going to bed; by taking a very hot foot bath, a little supper and a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon in it.

Get up pretty early and take the juice of the other half in a glass of pure cold water.

Take breakfast soon, your system wants feeding and is willing to be fed early in the morning.

But avoid extremes in eating. If one breakfasts at eight, and is not hungry for luncheon or dinner at half-past one, it is a sign that too much breakfast has been eaten. Do not eat new bread nor fancy bread for the morning meal, though well-fired rolls may be wholesome enough. Avoid much meat, and fat and all oily fishes. Coffee is best for breakfast if well made and clear—chicory or not, according to taste. The very best of butter and plenty of it. Good milk and oatmeal porridge are excellent. Just one warning about the porridge; do not boil too long, and add salt. Porridge without salt is simply a

poultice, yet I see Englishmen at hotels eating tiny plates of what they imagine is porridge, and with sugar! Porridge should always be made with the best medium oatmeal.

Tea is *not* a cause of indigestion if it be good. I have a pint and a half of strong tea every night at five, but it is the best, and so my appetite is good and my blood as pure and clear as my conscience.

Mind this, you are more apt to catch cold when the body is weak. Never therefore expose yourself when hungry.

Always change the clothing when damp, even from perspiration, but let the fresh underclothing you put on be warmed.

Avoid an excess of clothing outdoors or in. Heavy clothing not only causes fatigue but weakens the perspiratory system.

I used to recommend silk for summer underwear, but I think that light wool serves equally well, and some say better.

Do not remain in a hot room, when visiting, a moment longer than you can help. People who live in such rooms are ruining their health and getting old before their time. I can tell women of this sort, even on a railway platform. They may not have many deep wrinkles, but the skin of the face is kiln-cracked—if you can understand me, just one mass of tiny wrinkles, moreover there is evidence that the layer of fat beneath is soft and boggy.

Avoid wrapping up the neck too much by day, but a light comforter should be worn at night.

Anæmic or bloodless girls may use iron in some weak non-constipating form. A pill of carbonate of iron may do good, or an oxide. Or even quinine and iron, but the effects should be watched, and if it seems to heat the blood too much or cause restlessness it should be avoided.

Finally, if you want to get well and strong, or if you are well and want to keep so, look upon fresh air indoors and out as your very best friend, not even second to food itself.

WHITE LILIES

A MEMORY.

THIS morning I have been reading an article entitled "How to Discourage Your Minister." The author is a well-known writer who understands the subject he deals with, and his recipe, briefly put, is something like this: Indifference; aversion to new or improved methods; unkindly and undue criticism; superior intelligence; cold patronage; lack of sympathy. These ingredients, well mixed with the necessary supply of cold water, and frequently applied, are sure to be efficacious. There is no possible chance of failure. Alas! that many, too many, know by bitter experience how completely successful it is.

I once had the honour to know a man—the memory of whose hand-clasp makes me proud yet after the lapse of many years—a man who "failed." And every time I hear him spoken of in this way, I remember that "some men's failures are eternities beyond the successes of other men."

He was young, and earnest, and bright, with high ideals of life in its joy and sorrow. Life to him was no dream, but a great and glorious thing, solemn in its responsibilities, exceedingly beautiful in its vast resources, a gift from his Father, to be used for the glory of that Father's name. Ay, as I write, I can hear the young voice with that heart-touching quiver in it, which was always there:

"Teach me to live; 'tis easier far to die."

And away back over the years memory goes, and lifts the veil which tenderly cover days that belong to the past.

It was early spring-time, and little green shoots were relieving the sombre brownness of the trees and hedges. On the hillsides here and there a sweet golden-hearted daisy lifted its face to the sun, and crocuses peeped out in the garden borders. The birds sang their spring-time songs; and birds and trees and flowers seemed to give promise of something far more beautiful and melodious yet in store. The glorious summer would follow the spring, and then the golden harvest.

One sun-bright day, when the daisies smiled more sweetly, and the birds sang more gladly, and the clouds were light and fleecy in the sky, a young minister was ordained to his first charge. Of the sacredness of that day to his heart who shall speak? In the evening a large hall was filled to overflowing. The passages were blocked; people were sitting in the window-sills, and never before, nor since, did any minister get such a welcome from that congregation.

I think I see him now, as he stood on the platform, while a lady, in gentle motherly fashion, put the handsome new gown on his shoulders—a slight boyish figure with an earnest, trustful face pale with excitement. Cheer after cheer resounded through the hall; again and again the multitude of people raised their voices in a shout of welcome; and he stood there, his trembling fingers gripping nervously the front of the black gown, trying to find utterance. What! is that a tear in the steadfast blue eyes? Oh, but his heart was full. What would he not do for this people?

Ay, it was a bright beginning. Hope was strong and the prospect was fair. The church, in that village nestling among the hills, was beautiful; the surrounding country picturesquely romantic, with its rivers and glens and heather-clad slopes. The congregation were unanimous in their choice, and the minister was all that a minister ought to be—which is saying much. A bright beginning; and the delicate spring-time would soon merge into the full flush of summer. Was anything wanting to complete the already fascinating picture? Just a trifle; only sympathy with a young, over-sensitive heart. But that little thing, by its presence or absence, is big enough to make or mar a life.

The enthusiasm had been genuine—while it lasted—and then the congregation speedily settled down to their old practical routine. They knew nothing about the lights and shades of a shy, reserved, sensitive nature, and cared as little to try to understand it. They were comfortable and contented themselves, and it never occurred to them that their young minister required or wished for a little encouragement or friendliness. They had appointed him to their church, and it was his duty, and privilege, to shower all his friendship and sympathy on them, together with the outcome of his varied talents. In return for this they paid him a fair salary, attended church regularly, shook hands in a condescendingly-warm manner when they met him—if they troubled to stop at all—and patronised him when he called.

I don't believe they really meant anything by it. It was just their way, and with some of them it was the result of mere thoughtlessness. But my heart aches as I think of many lonely hours when that young life was longing for a touch of real love and sympathy. What need to enter into details? The breach, hardly perceptible at first, gradually widened by careful adherence to the afore-mentioned recipe. None of the elements were a-wanting, and extras were added judiciously.

Of course, there were a few loyal-hearted folks who loved their minister, and tried to encourage him in the work he was so faithfully endeavouring to perform. But even these few, with all their leal sympathy and fellow-feeling, did not see with clear eyes till afterwards, when it was too late. I myself have many regrets. The little action I might have done, the kind word I might have spoken more often than I did—these come back with a sting now. I remember one evening I set out to pay him a visit, taking with me a little gift which I thought he would like. But when a few yards on my way, some strange impulse made me hesitate. "Perhaps he does not wish me to call; he might not care for anything that seemed like intrusion. I had better wait till some other time," and—I am ashamed to say it—I turned back. It's years ago; and yet how sorry I feel when I think of that evening.

In a little note-book of mine he once wrote some verses. I have the page yet, treasured with other things that are very dear to me:—

"Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And bring it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently."

I thought the verses pretty at the time, but I did not then read between the lines. Afterwards, when my eyes were opened, I understood; and now they ring with mournful cadence, as the cry of a lonely human heart.

The days slipped by. Spring passed, and then the rose-crowned summer, and the golden autumn. Winter's snow covered the hills, and by-and-by it too melted away, and again it was early spring-time, with its little green shoots on the trees and hedges. The church among the hills was just as beautiful as ever, the congregation as flourishing. But—oh! that "but." The strain upon one young heart had been too severe; and at last—after months of discouragement and silent suffering, after

numberless struggles, not the less noble because unavailing, to overcome and feel things less keenly—his place was empty.

The congregation had done their work well; and if the grass were waving above one grave to-day, they would not be guiltless. But, in the Father's loving kindness, the heart so sorely bruised was not broken utterly. There was yet, in another sphere, service for the bright young life; a life made perhaps still more useful just because of the experience gained at who can realise the cost!

A failure? When I first knew him I was undecided in the matter of salvation; and, shortly after he left, the remembrance of some words, and an indefinable something about the brave, mysteriously-chequered life were strong instruments used by the Lord to draw me to Himself.

I always remember the last words I heard that wistful voice say—

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally."

What a ring of triumph crept in at the third line, and grew stronger and stronger with each succeeding line. A little while after he held my hand, and we looked into each other's eyes and said "good-night," a good-night which was to last for years, though we did not then know.

A failure? Nay—but in the Father's eyes a bright success. Spring and summer and autumn and winter have followed each other many times over since that good-night was said. The flowers he loved are near me as I write of him—the pure white lilies with their delicate subtle fragrance. As to the memory of the man whose life I regard as nobly beautiful, the man who was, and is my friend, I bring my tribute—the white lilies of remembrance. ROSI MACLEOD.

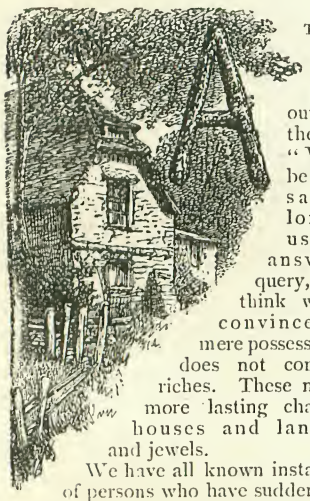
IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART V.

WHAT IT IS TO BE RICH.

"Let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord" (Jer. ix. 23, 24).



At our last meeting, dear girls, we began our talk with the question, "What is it to be rich?" We sat a little longer than usual without answering the query, though I think we were all convinced that the mere possession of money does not constitute true riches. These must be of a more lasting character than houses and land, or gold and jewels.

We have all known instances enough of persons who have suddenly, and from unforeseen causes, lost all their worldly wealth. Have you ever thought that people may retain it and yet, from varying causes, be very poor?

I will repeat a little incident of my girlish days, told long ago, and doubtless forgotten by those who heard it. But the incident suits my purpose and will serve to illustrate my meaning.

As long back as memory will take me, I call to mind the figure of an old man, or at least one who always seemed old to me, for he was more than sixty when I was born, and always slender, pale and frail-looking. He was deemed a very rich man, and he took great pains to sustain his reputation by constantly boasting of his wealth. He might not have been credited with riches—for he gave nothing—and, though just in his dealings, he demanded as well as paid the uttermost farthing. It was his delight to be able to say that each night he went to bed knowing that he was richer than when he rose from it in the morning.

I do not mean to say that he denied himself the necessaries of life. Indeed he had his carriage and a favourite pony for riding, though he seldom drove. These were signs of opulence, and he would not dispense with them as such.

In order that people might be convinced of his riches, he used to carry documents in his pocket which proved this, and he often exhibited them with no little pride, especially to those who were comparatively poor.

How well I remember seeing the old man's face of triumph as he did this once in my own home. He was over four-score and I was but a girl, yet I noted the sarcastic grin on the withered, old face, as he alluded to the folly of a neighbour who had lost largely through his over-trustfulness, combined with a very kind heart.

"I trust nobody and nothing but what is legally secured and as sound as the Bank of England," said the old man, in an exultant tone, as he restored the precious papers to his pocket and buttoned his coat over them. Girl though I was, I was stirred by a feeling of mingled contempt and pity for this man whom everyone knew to be so hard and grasping. He was so old too, and, in a little while, people would be saying how much he had left and by what grasping and hoarding the wealth had been amassed which was no longer his.

I think my mother was a little afraid I should say something to displease her visitor, for she remarked that she had not seen him driving or riding out lately.

"I can do neither," he said. "If I do I get the cramp so horribly that I suffer torture the night through."

"I hope you sleep well after walking, at any rate."

"I wish I could. I feel drowsy, but the moment sleep comes, I am tormented with the most horrid dreams. Visions of things that never could have happened plague me so, that weariness and wakefulness are better than sleep with such company as it brings me."

The old man had risen to go, when I suddenly exclaimed, "How poor you must feel, though you have so much money, and how rich you have made me feel, though I have so little!"

"What do you mean?" he asked in an angry tone.

"I mean that I have youth and health, and bright spirits, and power to enjoy so many things that you may not value perhaps, but which no amount of money could buy. I can walk well, so I do not need a carriage; but if by chance I ride or drive, I have no cramped limbs afterwards. When I am tired I sleep soundly, and I am never disturbed by bad dreams. I am happy without having a lot of money—happier, I think, than some people who have a great deal—though for my mother's sake I might be glad to have more."

I should probably have said more, but the old man turned, and with a profound bow, congratulated me on my possessions; bade my mother good day, and left the house.

My mother felt constrained to lecture me for my outburst, but all the time I am sure she agreed with me.

Not long afterwards people were wondering at the great sum left by this man, who had begun with nothing but a dogged determination to become rich.

That word *left* strikes one sadly, does it not? Surely those, who have set their affections on things on the earth, and have no treasure beyond it, are poorest of all!

Let us think now how rich we are in things which money cannot buy. Have we youth and health, or are we in mature age, with our minds clear and our senses unimpaired? Are not these things better than plenty of money; inasmuch as no money can purchase any one of them, if once lost?

Think what it would be to lose—hopelessly, sight or hearing, speech or the power of motion. To have wealth and to know that by spending every penny you cannot recover the priceless gift. Think what it is to have unclouded reason, and thank God for it, with a full heart. Have you a bright, hopeful temperament which, whilst it notes the clouds overhead, or the mist that hides the face of the sun, yet says, "The clouds will pass away. The sun is there. The mist will disperse. I will possess my soul in patience whilst thankfully remembering past mercies, and looking trustfully for a renewal of them."

Oh, the blessedness of being rich in health, in faith, in hope, in youth, or in a maturity which, looking back, is rich in sweet memories of which none can rob us.

People may retain their wealth and find out how powerless it is to buy what they most need. Let me ask each of you, "Have you loving friends around you, whom you love? Are you one of a bright home circle, each member of which enters into the joys and sorrows of all the rest?" If so, you are rich indeed, however little of this world's goods you may possess.

Doubtless you sometimes wish to be richer for the sake of the others who are so dear to you.

Indeed, money is a good gift, and to be rightly valued for the sake of the comforts it can buy, and its power to purchase ease of mind and alleviation of suffering in many cases. But there are so many in which it is powerless, and if we do not possess it, we do well to look round and to note these, in order that we may thank God more earnestly for the good things He has given us. Would you exchange the wealth of family affection, the bright, hopeful spirits, the power of enjoying

the beauties of God's beautiful world, the strength to work, the ability to gladden others by the exercise of special talents; the sound mind, the health of body, for anything money could give or buy?

I seem to hear a chorus of young voices answer "No. A thousand times, no." And I can imagine an unuttered prayer going up from many a heart, "Lord, let me keep the riches I have, and make me contented with the portion Thy love has allotted to me."

I was once talking to a dear lad about riches. He was but a lad, still, he was thoughtful beyond his years, and he had a way of opening his heart to me. You young listeners may like to hear what was the decision of one younger than most of you, on the subject of riches.

"I suppose," he said, "we should all like to have a bit more money if we could get it by wishing for it; but I've been looking about me a good deal lately, and I can't help feeling that I should not like to change with any one I know, if I had to take all he has along with the money."

Then he began to give instances. One gentleman had great estates, but he had lost his only son and had a sick wife whom no expenditure of money could restore to health.

Another, similarly endowed, had a family—all girls but the eldest, and he, poor lad, heir to great estates, was imbecile. A careless nurse had let him fall when an infant, and had concealed the accident for fear of the consequences to herself. The child's intellect and the parents' hopes were ruined by this deceit, and there was a shade of sorrow always hanging over a luxurious home in consequence of it.

Looking into the busy world of commerce, my boy friend noted how rich men went on toiling as if they were chained to their places of business, and many of them seemed to find time for nothing but money-making, and pleasure in nothing but owning it.

Round and round his circle of acquaintances the young mind roved. Of course, he found good, unselfish, rich people, but still there was always something that hindered him from wishing to change with them.

Could he give youth, even with poverty, for hoar hairs with wealth? Would he change his vigorous health for money with a frail body? Would he barter his generous nature which impelled him to use his little unselfishly, for the sordid spirit of the man who, having much, thought only of self in the spending of it?

"I would not change with anybody that I know," was the conclusion he came to, and I am sure he was right.

The lot which is chosen for us by Him who cannot err is the best. It is our duty and privilege to turn everything we possess to good account, instead of spending our time in vain repinings and envying those whose wealth is of a different kind from ours.

How did you and I feel when our first watch or pretty ornament was given to us? We were constantly consulting the one, or changing the position of the other in order to show it to the greatest advantage. In a little while the sense of wealth in these possessions left us, and we used them almost unconsciously. So it is with those who are richest, in a worldly sense. The high-born lady goes about in a simple serge dress and carries with her no thought of the sparkling treasures resting in her safe at home.

The possessor of many carriages walks from choice and for health's sake. The owner of many country seats has often less enjoyment out of them than those have whom he permits to wander in his wide parks at will. The humbler wayfarer, with health, sight and power to move freely, revels in the beauty around him. He sits under the shade of glorious trees, and listens to the songs of birds, and the hum of bees, feeling that for the time at least all these good things are his, without cost and anxiety about their maintenance.

Such possessions often weigh very heavily on their owners. More than once I have heard friends say, "How I wish I could give up this large place, but I cannot. It is left me on condition that I live in it, and it costs so much that I am poor, though I am called rich, and the worst of it is I have nothing to give."

A man I knew was asked, "Why do you not live in a larger house and keep a carriage? Your children are settled in the world and you can well afford it."

"My wife and I have grown so used to walking that we prefer it, and we thank God that, now we are past middle life, our old Darby and Joan rambles can be continued. If we require a carriage we can hire one. As to our house! It is too large, or would be but for the young people's visits. We can only occupy one room at a time, and if we old folks were inclined to sulk, we could have an apartment each and there would still be a sitting-room to spare. All the dainties in the world would not tempt us to eat another morsel, for our tastes are simple. We have food 'convenient for us,' and it would add nothing to our pleasure to know that wardrobes were overflowing with garments beyond our power to use."

"It is of no use talking to an old philosopher like you," said the first speaker, and went his way.

If the other had told what was in his heart he might have said, "I should be miserable were I to spend so much on my own surroundings, as to be unable to give comfort to the needy out of the abundance God has given to me."

Surely all the vast wealth of the patriarch Job gave him less real happiness even in possession, than did the power to say, in his season of deepest affliction, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor."

How delightful it is to think that you, my dear girl friends, may each in your little way earn the right to say words like those which the patriarch said, though you have not Job's wealth. There are a thousand ways in which you can realise his blessedness. You can think of the old and easily wearied when you are going about your own business, and by carrying a message or making some little purchase, you can be feet to the lame.

Your nimble fingers which ply the needle so swiftly, can be exercised for one whose trembling hands will not allow her to darn a stocking or put on a button, or a patch. Your voices will sound like sweetest music in the ears of one who loves God's word, but whose failing sight will not allow her to read it.

That unlettered old body—in her tiny cottage, who is not able to read the letter from her son in a far-away land, and who wishes she had been young in the days when children were taught, as now—will be very grateful for your help in deciphering and answering the precious epistle. Your eyes will shine more brightly and your heart will be glad when she thanks you and, in her trembling tones, asks that God will bless and reward you, though she cannot. If you have given an hour to a lonely neighbour at a cost of some self-denial, and it may be, listened to querulous complaints patiently and given cheery words back again, you will return to your own bright home and enjoy it the more for knowing that, in a little way, you have helped to bear another's burden.

How we enrich ourselves by every cheery word, kindly act or bit of self-denial exercised for Christ's sake!

Picture again the face of that little child to whom you gave a toy of your own devising, or the garment made out of a mere fragment of material!

Are you not richer for the memory? And do we not all find that we have much real wealth at our disposal, and that we can enrich others by the use of it, if we only have the will?

I could go on and on, but time flies and I have yet to say a word about the best riches of all—the only kind which we do not leave behind when we close our eyes on this world and all its fleeting treasures. Let us cull together a few fair flowers of heavenly wisdom, before we reach the best of all.

"There is that maketh himself rich yet hath nothing, there is that maketh himself poor yet hath great riches." "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold." "By humility and the fear of the Lord, are riches and honour and life." "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

Thus wrote the wise king and the inspired prophet of old, and all through the Old Testament Scriptures we can find the same teaching, which, whilst it points out the littleness of worldly wealth, shows how great and enduring are those riches which are the portion of every true disciple of Christ and child of God.

Christ became poor that we, through His poverty, might be rich. To believe in Jesus, to dwell in Him and He in us, to know something of that "love of Christ which passeth knowledge," is to be rich indeed, however poor we may be in another sense. Is it not by the gift of the Holy Spirit that we are able to realise our riches? By this divine influence we discover our true wealth, for we see something of the riches of God's goodness towards us, the riches of His glory, the riches of His wisdom and mercy, and the riches of His grace. We find out all about the rich inheritance which awaits us, not here, where riches take to themselves wings and flee away, but one that is eternal, in the heavens. One not bought with corruptible silver and gold, but "without money and without price" so far as we are concerned. The same price which redeemed our souls from death, won for us this *incorrup*tible inheritance—and that was the precious blood of Jesus, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.

In Christ we are rich now. Rich in faith, in hope, in that peace which passeth all understanding, and with the power to enrich others by imparting to them of what we have received. As disciples of Christ it is our duty and privilege to become rich in good works done for His sake, and, though poor ourselves, like the disciples of old to make many rich, by telling what great things God has done for us.

Farewell for to-night, dear friends, each and all. Have we not solved the question "What is it to be rich?" I pray that you and I may realise in all its fulness "What it is to be rich."

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."



A NEW SKIRT.

THERE seems a very decided fancy for princess dresses, many of which have already put in an early appearance, both in velvet and fur at the various skating rinks, and, indeed, anywhere where the extremists in fashion congregate. Together with the princess is seen its half-sister, the long and graceful redingote, both of them admirably adapted to suit tall and slight people, and both quite certain to be much seen this year. The very advanced amongst the ladies' tailors say that the coats with waistbands will absolutely vanish—at least, from the fashionable world—but in spite of this prognostication, I have seen some very pretty bodices and coats of this kind, though the Russian pouching effect has disappeared and the basques look longer. There are very large *revers* to all these coats or blouses, which are generally made of some bright velvet; old rose, green, and almond and white, being all of them favourite colours; and they may be edged round with a tiny rucking of black *chiffon*, one of those puffy edgings that were seen so much last season, and which promise to be equally fashionable this year also. The bodice has also very frequently three fancy buttons, and fastens on one side, as I see it often, with a metallic belt, and I think silver ones will be quite as much worn as ever. For now that many people have purchased these very artistic silver belts, they will not be willing to give them up so soon. Besides, the ordinary girl has not a very large dress allowance, and must manage to dress herself well and smartly within it. The sleeves are, of course, either shaped in a square or are pointed at the wrist, and are generally finished with a frilling of lace inside.

There is an immense feeling for the use of white cordings and white silk braids, especially on black materials, serge being specially honoured. In this connection, strappings are much used, and edged with the white cording they are certainly very smart. These serge gowns are generally made with a large-sized round collar, which is rather open at the neck, and this space is filled in with a chemisette of white *chiffon* or of white satin, with white lace over it, and surmounted by a high neck-frill of lace and satin, the satin being put on in a double frill with the lace over it.

Amongst the prophecies for the future, which I have heard during the month, is the coming of flounces. These are declared to be "an undoubted fact," a slight exaggeration when they have not yet arrived! But still I am bound to say, that a great many of the thin materials for evening dress, are already ornamented with small frills, or several deep flounces. I am afraid all the small-sized folk will complain a great deal of this new fashion, for flounces are very detrimental to little people. They decrease their apparent height, and add much to dumpiness of figure. With the present style of dress, the tall women and girls seem always to score, but the smaller ones have a chance too; for the plain, tailor-made gowns suit nearly every one. The modern flounces are not put on all round the skirt, in a straight line, but show a tendency to be shaped into a point in front, from the waist-line at the back. I am not sure that this line is becoming to the figure, nor indeed any line of the sort, which seems to fall forwards, towards the front. In our illustration of a new skirt, we show the more graceful line which drops at the back as well, and it will be seen at once that this conduces to slightness of appearance, and a graceful line.

There has been much talk about the new skirt, and all kinds of things were told of it, *i.e.*, that we were to be "tied back" once more, that we should have the old umbrella back again, that very original umbrella skirt, with next to no fulness at the top, and extending to, at least, six yards of material at the edge. None of these things have really occurred. We have the new skirt, and it is certainly cut very tight at the top; fitting also closely round the hips, but it flutes gracefully enough at the feet, and will be found very pretty, I think, when worn.

Tailor-made gowns are always in, and the change in them is very small. We have the rather long, tight-fitting coat, generally double-breasted in front, but as the season advances, this will not be required for warmth. The fashionable colours appear to be grey, fawn, drab, and a light shade of lavender-blue; white, purple, and dark blues are also much liked; and I see that green still finds many adherents, and is undoubtedly both seasonable



IN THE FIRST DAYS OF SPRING.

and becoming, and looks its best with the white pipings I have mentioned.

Another skirt which I have lately seen is a kind of over-dress, with an under-skirt, which seems to presage a return to the old double skirt, which was worn years ago. The over-dress is darker than the under one. The fashion of using jet embroideries on net for skirts and lining them with a colour, or with black, has spread wonderfully. There were quantities of these embroideries sold at the winter sales, and though they were far from cheap they were eagerly purchased; for most women saw in them the means of reviving an old dress, or of achieving the manufacture of a new one, which would make a great effect at a smaller cost than that at which a good gown is usually obtained. The net is very strong, and the embroidery well done, so that a certain amount of wear may be looked for from them; and those of white, embroidered in black and silver, or green and silver, were quite beautiful for the evening.

Do not imagine that capes have gone out of date, they are too useful. There are many new ones of satin-faced cloth, generally drab or fawn in colour, and frequently ornamented with gold braid. The lining is generally extremely beautiful; so handsome, that one feels inclined to turn the cape up to display it. The collar is very high, and often lined with velvet, and having a frill of lace inside. I think we shall see numbers of such capes this spring.

Our picture, "In the first days of spring," shows a very pretty dress of a purple mauve cashmere, with a velvet jacket to match it in colour. The edging of it is a narrow band of ermine, and it has also a band and clasp of silver at the waist; and was worn with a white felt hat, much covered with violets. We have as many of these costumes of cashmere and velvet, or velveteen, as ever, this spring, and I notice that grebe has returned to favour as a warm trimming for the spring; while its colour makes it look quite fit for the season, and its becoming and softening effect is well known.



BODICE IN WHITE LACE AND BLACK CHIFFON.

The other figure shows the front of the bodice, in lace and black *chiffon*, in the sketch given. This was a very graceful and useful bodice, and could be worn by anyone in the evening, either at home or at concerts—looking quite sufficiently dressy. The bands at the neck and round the waist are of black satin ribbon, and the small basque is of black *chiffon*.

Many of the basques are made separately, and are sewn on the waist-band—an excellent plan, by which you can wear either the basque or a band with the blouse. But, personally, I always consider that the addition of the small basque is more becoming and relieves the sometimes patchy effect of a bodice and skirt which do not match each other.

There seems no fear that the blouse will go out, for I hear of thousands being manufactured, ready for the spring; and I see that a very favourite new material for them is silk serge and also a species of lustre, of which ordinary ones are made. This is in plaid tartans of every imaginable kind and colour, and will answer for all ordinary purposes, as it will wear as clean as an alpaca.

I also hear of the manufacture in England of any number of dress improvers of wire, and, indeed, that they are already to be found in some of our West End shops. I am sorry to hear it, but at the same time, I cannot see how a dress improver can be worn when our skirts are to be so very tight-fitting at the top.

I see, in a daily paper, that in New York they have started an eminently practical thing, *i.e.*, a Rainy-Day Club, composed of women for the purpose of advocating the use of a rainy-day skirt in wet weather. This club has been most successful and is spreading over other parts of the States. The test of membership is, that members pledge themselves to wear skirts four inches from the ground in rainy weather, and some of the enthusiastic members advocate the establishment of a fine for the punishment of those who fail to comply with the rule. This plan seems far more sensible than to wear the divided skirt, which was the platform of the Woman's International Union, and which held a meeting lately. It seems to me, that the nation in general has already expressed an opinion on the divided skirt; as a costume for cycling it is certainly a failure, and every one has quite decided in favour of a short skirt as being in every way more suitable to the tastes of Englishwomen.

I do not know whether Englishwomen will desert their favourite dogs for a calf; but I see in the Italian papers that Signora Crispi has appeared at a recent festival in Sicily, accompanied by a tame calf, very prettily adorned, which followed her as tamely as a dog! The coat worn by the calf was made of a skin of dyed vellum, much begilded of course. The worst of this fashion might be that it may spread to the taming of other animals, and we really do not know where it might stop.

This will not appear so eccentric when we recall the loathsome fancy exhibited here, in our own country, at one time during the last century, when certain fashionable women, obviously courting notoriety, adopted little sucking-pigs in the place of their lap-dogs, and actually carried them about in their arms in the street! Yet such an inane vagary was of a piece with the wearing such preposterous and unclean erections on their heads; and representations of a coach-and-four as a patch upon their cheeks or foreheads. Truly, Society had become effete through an overweening vanity!

It is also reported from Paris that one of the novelties will consist in having landscapes painted on the soles of our boots and shoes! Where they will be visible, save in church at one special service only, is not told us, as certainly we should not see them in any position but kneeling, and they are evidently not intended for pedestrians. There is only one thing that reconciles one to the infinite vagaries of fashion, and that is, that so many earn a comfortable living by ministering to all kinds of odd tastes and eccentricities.

AN OLD CORNWALL ROMANCE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

CHAPTER IV.

DAME THOMASINE PERCYVALL, LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.

"Daughter I am in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own."
Rudyard Kipling.

It was in such a vigorous and useful domestic life, as was described from old writers in our last chapter, that the little peasant-girl developed her remarkable ability and her discrimination of character. It served her well and guided her when her wealth and lonely position again made her an object of pursuit among the courtiers and gentlemen of the period.

In this strange history, which does indeed repeat itself, we see for the second time Thomasine left a widow. An old chronicler says of her:—

"The fame of the virtue, wealth and beauty of the said Thomasine spread itself over the City of London, so that persons of the greatest magnitude of wealth and dignity there courted her. Among the rest, it was the fortune of John Percyvall Esquire, goldsmith and usurer (that is to say banker) to prevail upon her to become his wife."

He was very wealthy and of high repute; alderman of his ward, and besides a man whose noble character and private history had won her regard before he gained her affection.

So he wooed and won the "golden widow," for so, because of her double inheritance of the wealth of two rich husbands, she was merrily named.

Their wedding (about the year 1480) was made a kind of public festival, and the bride, in acknowledgment of her own large possessions, was invested with a stately dower at the church door.

We have given some description from old writers of the sort of household (in large houses) that was, over which Thomasine was called to rule. It must have been a life of incessant responsibility and activity amongst her numerous dependents, amidst all the anxieties and disorders of that restless age.

There is one matter which must strike everyone in thinking over those domestic duties, and that is, to doubt how far time has dealt kindly with the interests and employments of our homes.

There was then an infinite variety in the home life. There were emulations and rivalries in the productions of various households; in the comparative excellence of their embroideries, the fineness of their naperies, the fame of their still-room productions. All those were matters of common talk and of great interest among well-to-do families. Their brewings and their bakings, the perfection of their laundry work, were topics of infinite discussion amongst neighbours. All this has passed away.

There was also, through the necessary intercourse and intimacy of those forming a household, a much greater fellow-feeling between families and dependents. It was natural, when people worked together, dined at the same board together in hall (whether above or below the salt), and when they shared the common meal, that the bond of loyalty and mutual good-will should be strong.

Now, though a few of the mistresses of the great merchants' households and factories recognise the responsibilities of rulers, still that is not (would that it were) the universal feeling. The old order of nobles still takes the lead in this, as in some other things. That beloved lady, the late Marchioness of Waterford, now gone from the people she loved and ruled so well, and others have given the work and energy of their lives to the welfare of their dependents.

Another noble lady, personally known to us, of whom we may write, as she is dead, and has gone to her reward for a life of untiring benevolence, used to dispose her leisure so as to allow her, every Sunday, to see all her domestics (men as well as women) alone, to read with them that blessed book, which, in a life of lonely widowhood, was her own guide and comfort. A singular thing happened after one Sunday, when her remarks were on "How great a fire a little spark kindleth," pleading in her graceful and kindly way against the errors of the tongue. That same week, a spark lodged in the oaken flooring of the kitchen, smouldering unperceived, suddenly set light to the beams and panels of the old house and burnt till the beautiful place was levelled to the ground. But not in vain had the busy population of that home become loyal and attached to its mistress. They rushed into the flaming passages, and triumphantly brought out every family relic of value, so that nothing was destroyed but what could be replaced.

Starting up, in a remembrance of the above train of thought, comes a curious incident of a few days since, of a dame who was disturbed in her luxurious boudoir by an announcement that a lady wished to see her. An elderly lady, very plainly dressed appeared, who, when asked what she wanted, answered—

"A young woman has applied for a situation as kitchen-maid in my house, and referred me to you as her late mistress, and I wish to know all you can tell me about her."

"Oh," said the dame haughtily, "I know nothing whatever about my servants; you had better ask my housekeeper!"

"Perhaps you will allow me to see her; for I take great interest in my servants, and like to know about their families." The dame rung the bell, and told the servant to show "this person" to the housekeeper's room.

A little while after, while reflecting on the odd notions of some people, her housekeeper, with a grave face, begged to speak to her.

"Pray, ma'am, did you know who that lady was whom you sent down to my room?"

"Oh, that elderly person?"

"Yes, ma'am; it was the Duchess of X——"

The uneasy feelings which followed may be left to the imagination.

To return to our Lady Mayoress.

As her wedding gift of remembrance to her dear old home, she directed that "a firm and stedfast road should be laid down with stones, at her sole cost, along the midst of Green-a-Moor, and fit for man and beast to travel on with their lawful occasions, from Lanstaphadon to the sea (it may be that which runs from Wike St. Marie over Wike Ford, and through Poundstock and little Winsum to Melhac Mouth).

"At another time, and for a New Year's gift, she gave the sum of forty marks towards the building of a tower for St. Stephen's church, above the causeway of Dunkevel, and it was her wish that they should carry their pinnacles so high that they might be seen from Iwannacote Cross, by the moor, to the intent that they who do behold it from the Burgage Mound may remember the poor mayde who is now a wedded dame of London Citie."

One cannot but remember that it was by this Cross, at eventide many years before, that the London merchant first saw, at this trysting-place, the beautiful girl who was to play such an important part in his home. With increase of wealth came many a renewed token of loving remembrance to her old home and the parents who lived in it; nor did her pure and lofty nature swerve with her elevation or decrease the reverence she paid them. Not content with gifts for their comfort and well-being, she gave that honour to which a special commandment is devoted, and her long and honoured old age was an answer to the fulfilled duty and devotion of her life.

That life went on, still happily and prosperously. In 1486 John Percyvall became Sheriff of London, and in 1498 Lord Mayor, and was knighted by the King. Like his wife, he too was loyal to his birthplace, and amidst the many interests and duties of his position, remembered to endow Macclesfield (near which city he was born) with a free grammar school "because there were few school masters in that country, and the children, for lack of teaching, fell to idleness and consequently live dissolutely all their days."

The poor and the ignorant, the young and the old, seem to have been the unceasing care of Thomasine and her husband. They say a happy life has no history, that of Dame Thomasine Percyvall and her husband may be read in the records of their benefactions.

Thus, by a strange succession of events, the barefooted shepherdess of a Cornish moor had risen to be the Lady Mayoress of Metropolitan fame, and the legend of Thomasine Bonaventura (for it was now well known) became the popular theme of royal and noble interest among the lords and ladies of the Court.

With increase of wealth and power came also many a renewed token of affectionate regard and sterling bounty to her old beloved dwelling-place of Wike St. Marie.

Bacon says, "Great riches are like a heap of manure; on it, if the sun shines, it breeds corruption, but, spread over a wide field, it breeds fertility."

She wisely and beneficently dealt with the riches Heaven had trusted to her, and one of the MS. letters which remain is interesting enough to be quoted here at some length, as it shows so much of the sweet and generous nature power could not debase, nor wealth corrupt, and the honour and reverence the first lady in the greatest city in the world paid to her parents, the poor uneducated peasants of a Cornish village; besides that it is in itself an interesting picture of the manners and Court of Henry VII.

Some years after their marriage Sir John Percyvall and his lady were, as Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, bidden to attend the Court of the King, and writing to her mother, as her custom always was, she says in a letter which remains in MS.:

"Sweet mother, thy daughter hath seen the face of the King. We were bydden to a banket at the royal palace, and Sir John and I could not choose but go. There was such a blaze of lords and ladies in silks and samite and jewels of gold, that it was like the citie of New Jerusalem in the Scriptures, and thy maid Thomasine was arrayed so fine that they brought up the saying that I was dressed like an altar. When we were led into the chamber of dais, where his Highness stood, the King did kiss me on the cheek as the manner is, and he seemed gentle and kind. But then did he turn to my good lord and husband, and say, with a look stark and stern enow, 'Ha, Sir John! See to it that thy fair

dame be liege and true, for she comes of the burly Cornish kind, and they be ever rebels in blood and bone. Even now they be one and all for that knave Warbeck, who is among them in the West.' You will guesse, dear mother, how my heart did beat. But withal, the King did drinke to me at the banket, and did merrily call, 'Health to our Lady Mayoress, Dame Thomasine Percyvall, which now feedeth her flock in the rich pastures of our Citie of London!' And thereat they did laugh, and fleer, and shout, and there was flashing of tankards and jingling of cups all down the Hall."

CHAPTER V.

THOMASINE BONAVENTURA, THE LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON.

"All worldly joys go lesse
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."
Herbert.

HER history went on in serene prosperity, during twenty-five years of happy married life, in the love of her husband and the well-ordering of her home.

She had no children, but the poor, and the distant old home, became her care, and she ceaselessly provided for their needs and education.

In 1504 Sir John Percyvall died, leaving her—with the same love and trust she had elicited before, all his possessions. He seems to have been heart and soul in all her charities, and the parish records and those of the Merchant Tailors have many entries of the benefactions of both husband and wife. In the churchwardens' accounts for the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth in the City of London, the first entry which makes mention of Sir John Percyvall notes his having a chantry in that parish.

Another entry "Item receyved of the Master and Wardens of the Merchant Taillors, for the beme light of this churche according to the devise of Dame Thomasine Percyvall widow, late wyf of Sir John Percyvall, Knight, deceased xxvjs. viiid."

And there are many others of the like kind, but we may not give space for them. Herbert in his histories of the Livery Companies of London, gives many particulars of the estates out of the proceeds of which the above funds (referring "to a number of other entries of charitable donations) were paid, the premises being situate in the parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth, St. Michael Cornhill, St. Martin Vintry, and St. Dionysius (or Denis) Backchurch in Fenchurch Street."

The charities left by this benevolent couple are also set forth at p. 502 of the same work.

And lastly the Stratton churchwardens' accounts for 1543 (the old text is 1513, but as Dame Thomasine Percyvall died in 1539 her death could not have been had "in mind" in that year.) The above accounts show that on the day on which my lady Percyvall's memory came round (i.e. the day on which her death was to be had in mind) prayer was to be made for the repose of her soul, and two shillings and two pence paid to two priests and for bread and ale.

There are however still to be seen in the remote and quiet village of Wike St. Marie, some five or six miles south of Bude, in the northern corner of Cornwall, the substantial remains of the good Thomasine's College and Chantry, which she founded for the instruction of the youth of her native place, and a school for the children of the poor.

The buildings are about a hundred yards east of the church (from the summit of whose grotesquely ornamented tower six and twenty parish churches may be discerned), and built into the modern wall of a cottage which stands inside of the battlemented enclosure is a large carved granite stone (evidently one of two which formed the tympanum of a doorway) on which the letter T stands out in bold relief.

Probably it is the initial of the Christian name of our Thomasine, at any rate it is pleasant to think it may be such.

But alas! afterwards in the Parliament of the 4th of November, first of King Edward VI., 1550, all colleges, free chapels, chantries, fraternities and guilds throughout the kingdom, being dissolved and given to the King, this chantry and free school underwent with others the common downfall, and the revenues vested in the crown, from whence it passed to ——— now in possession thereof.

The traditions, however, concerning her are not only still numerous in the neighbourhood, but are as implicitly believed as if they were recorded in the history of England, and we have taken pains, due to our respect and reverence for her, to verify through old chronicles and parish registers the various facts of her life. In them we found the dates of events which read more like an improvised romance than a real history, and we have exactly transcribed them for the sake of those who care to know the simple facts of a beautiful legend of old times, and the real life of a very noble woman.

There are still many MS. letters of hers remaining, very interesting in the reverence and affection they express for her parents. They are so humbly worded that they seemed to us well worthy of record and remembrance in an age when deference and obedience to parents and elders is not a remarkable quality.

Like all noble natures, her spirit rose with her personal elevation—nor did her true and simple woman's nature change during the long years of her prosperity. It breathes and survives in every sentence of her family letters, and in her last will. It is touching to observe the dutiful loyalty with which she writes to her "Honoured Father," the old uneducated shepherd, and the "Sweet Mother," poor peasants sacred in her eyes, and addressed with the humility of a daughter though she was first of the proud city dames.

During her three marriages she had no children, and it was her singular lot to survive Sir John Percyvall, who died in 1504, for thirty-five years in a long, lonely widowhood.

But the promise of the commandment did not fail, and all that should accompany old age—

"As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,"

was hers to the end.

Carew says, "She employed the whole residue of her life and last widowhood to works no less bountiful than charitable; namely, repairing of highways, building of bridges, endowing of maidens, relieving of prisoners, feeding and apparelling the poor.

"Among the rest, at this St. Mary Wike, she founded a chantry and free school, with fair lodgings for the school-masters, scholars and officers, and added £20 of yearly income for supporting the incident charges, wherein, as the heart of her desire was holy, so God blessed the same, with the wished success, for divers of the best gentlemen's sons of Devon and Cornwall were there virtuously trained up."

It is said that after the death of Sir John Percyvall she retired from court and city to her old parish of St. Mary Wike, and carried on her life of unwearied well-doing there to the last. She died in the year 1539 in the eighty-ninth year of her age. Her will, dated the vigil of the feast of Christmas 1510, is a singular document, for therein the feelings and impulses of her early life are recalled and condensed.

"She bequeaths large sums of money to be laid out and invested in land for the welfare of the village borough, whereto amid all the strange vicissitudes of her life, her heart had always clung with fond and lingering regret."

She directs that a chantry with cloisters shall be built near the church of Wike St. Marie, at the discretion and under the control of her executor and cousin John Dincham the unforgotten priest. She endows it ". . and provides that there shall be established therein a schole for young children born in the paroche of Wike St. Marie, and such to be always preferred as are friendless and poore. They are to be taught to read with their fescue from a boke of horn, and also to write, and both as the manner was in that country when I was young."

The well-remembered days of her girlhood appear to tinge every line of her last will dated 1510. Her very codicil is softened with a touch of her first and fondest love, for therein she gives to the priest of the church, where she well knew her cousin John would serve and sing, "The silver chalice gilt, which good Master Maskelyne had devised for her behoof with a little blue flower which they do call a forget-me-not wrought in turkiss (turquoise) at the bottom of the bowl, to the intent that whensoever it is used, the minister may remember her, who was once a simple shepherd-maid by the wayside of Wike St. Marie, and who was so wonderfully brought by many great changes to be Lady Mayoress of London citie before she died."

Changes? Yes, but there was no change in that heavenly spirit of humbleness and love which shone with such a glow through the veils of her earthly life, "The fierce light which beats upon" all earthly eminences only discovered the beauty of her spirit and the purity of her life. What a funeral that must have been in Wike St. Marie of the aged lady who had abandoned the great city where she had reigned as first lady once upon a time, with its grandeur, its security and its circle of friends for the poor hamlet on the moors!

We may remember that she left her native place a child of 13 years, and was more than 60 years old when she returned. Her parents must long since have been dead. The old associates of her girlhood (in all probability the Cousin John, for whose remembrance in the holiest hours of his life she had provided the little flower of loving thought so many years before) had passed away, only the descendants of her people can have remained, but they will have been fired with the zeal, which even now, after four centuries, still glows in the legends of her native place.

One can imagine the chanting procession of priests and acolytes, the waving censers and banners, and the high cross which passed along the bridge and the roads they owed to her care and love; but it is more difficult to realise the weeping train of mourning people who followed the dead hands which had only lived to bless; the dead feet which had never wearied in well-doing, and the stilled heart which had realised its greatness in sympathy with her Lord's love for the poor and wretched, and which, in its fervour of humility and charity may have found expression in the words of the old hymn: *

"The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are at most,
But dying sparkles of Thy living fire;
The proudest flames that earth can kindle be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared with Thee."

[THE END.]

* Francis Quarles.

"MY ROOM" COMPETITION—PRIZE WINNERS AND REPORT.

One Guinea Each.

Eileen, Langholme, Dumfriesshire. (*Please send full name and address.*)
Mary Law, West Street, Hertford.
Mary Fowell, Wellington Road, Oxton, Cheshire.
"Sidney Keith," Wootton Court, Warwick.
Lina Francati, St. Oswald's Road, West Brompton.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Country Maiden. (*Please send full name and address.*)
Emily Bennett Bewsey, Old Hall, Warrington.
Bogmyrtle, Dumbartonshire.
Bet, The Manse, Portcharlotte, Islay.
Edith M. Watts, Buckland, Portsmouth.

Honourable Mention.

Irish Nan, Birmingham.
Letitia E. May, Tremayne, Hants.
Ella M. Tennant, Catford.
Fair Flower, Bodlondet, Newtown, Montgomery.
Lizzie Donald, Straith Cottage, Cluny, Aberdeen.
Bess Evans, Park House, Newquay, Cardiganshire.

REPORT.

THE cheerful promptness with which the girl readers of the "G. O. P." have responded to the editor's invitation to describe their own special rooms has pleased him greatly.

It has, as he anticipated, given him an insight into their characters, capabilities and resources beyond that afforded by any former competition.

So attractive have been the majority of the descriptions that he earnestly wishes it were possible for him to accept some of the invitations so pressingly given to come and see for himself the dainty sanctums, the bright kitchens, the studios and the living rooms of the many competitors, and to note all their clever contrivances to press beauty and comfort into rooms which otherwise would have been bare, empty and characterless.

Before presenting some of their cosy nests to his readers, the editor cannot resist expressing his great pleasure at the thoroughness of the appreciation of his editorial work expressed in almost every paper sent in; he is greatly encouraged by it to persevere in his endeavour to render the "G. O. P." a faithful friend, a comfort and teacher to every reader.

One of the competitors, speaking of the "G. O. P." says 'tis—

"Enjoyed in mansion, in cabin and cot,
And read in every available spot."

The editor has reason to hope that this may be true, for the competitors are of every class and send in their papers from the remotest corners of the British Isles.

Out of the large numbers of papers sent in, only a few have been discarded without a second thought as being simple catalogues or inventories; the majority of the competitors understood that the editor wanted to judge of their characters by their surroundings and again to note the effect of their surroundings on their dispositions. They have done their work so well that it has enabled him to picture them in their quiet hours and has made the friendship between him and his readers still closer.

Some of the writers have invested every article in their rooms with interest; either it has been the gift of a friend or obtained by self-denial and economy, or made from instructions found at various times in the "G. O. P."—they have painted the rooms, stained the floors, made the rugs, upholstered couch and chairs, filled the windows with plants, till as you look you see as in a looking-glass the reflex of the girl herself; her hand has been like that of a fairy, changing dirty old boxes into delicate book-cases, pretty ottomans and all sorts of dainty articles.

The editor has been interested to note that in a very large percentage of rooms described, whether in castle, mansion, farm or ordinary home, they have a few things in common; first, horseshoes over the doors for luck and to keep the witches out; second, a copy of the "Soul's Awakening" on the walls; third, Ruskin's works on the book-shelves, and lastly, a Persian cat before the fire.

In a few cases the tastes of certain girls are strongly marked; for example, one gives a minute description of every plant in her room in a most interesting manner, and having done this she concludes, "and the rest is merely furniture and photographs."

Another describes every book in her room and concludes, "I don't think there is anything else but furniture."

Another is a collector of swords, and her description of them is enthusiastic; all else in the room is as nothing compared to these.

In most of the papers, however, one recognises the effect of the daily surroundings upon the dispositions, how they rest the tired mind and body, how they quell the angry temper and encourage self-control, how they develop talent and foster industry.

The papers are all so really good that it has been difficult to make a selection. Three foreign papers have been sent in with this first set of papers, and will be considered with those yet to come in from abroad; one is from a Portuguese, a second from a German, and a third from a French lady.

The editor thanks the competitors for their good wishes and reciprocates them most heartily. He hopes to print the first five of the prize essays.

"MY ROOM" COMPETITION.

(ONE GUINEA.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR,*

I am afraid you will feel inclined to debar me from taking part in the competition when you discover I have no other room to write about than my mother's kitchen. Let me, however, say a word in my own defence. Our house certainly possesses "a but and a ben," and in the latter apartment are stored all our household gods as is customary with the working classes, leaving the kitchen somewhat bare and uninteresting by comparison; but then I seldom enter "the room," as we call it, except to do the usual dusting and sweeping, whereas my days are spent almost wholly in the kitchen doing housework and sewing. Clearly then, the kitchen must be my theme if I am to adhere to the rules of the competition.

There is in it such a curious medley of things ancient and modern, valuable and utterly devoid of value, that I hardly know where to begin. Then again, taken as a whole, it looks so homelike to me, for I have been surrounded by its old-fashioned furniture all my life, but I feel that the analysing of its contents is bound to do away, wholly or in part, with that impression, and so I shall have failed to do it justice. I shall try to do my best however.

Our kitchen is one of the real old-fashioned sort with stone floor, recess for a bed and large open fireplace minus an oven. It has, however, got two important modern improvements, a high ceiling and a big window, so it is both light and airy. The floor is a sore point with me—it needs so much washing to keep it clean. After being thoroughly scrubbed, too, the hard flagstones of which it is composed are rubbed all over with a piece of rather soft sandstone and the borders are decorated with marvellous devices in the form of whorls and lines executed in white chalk. The hearth is treated in a slightly different manner for mother applies whiting and makes it all white. Both look very nice and have a clean wholesome appearance certainly, but in my inmost heart I have a leaning towards the waxcloth so many of our neighbours have adopted to lesson labour, and to deaden the musical clank of their wooden clogs. Mother and I made two big rugs of woollen remnants of all kinds cut in small oblongs and thrust through holes bored in coarse sacking and these are always laid down in the afternoons when the fireside is "redd up" and the kettle put on for tea.

Our walls until recently were destitute of paper—we used to whitewash (!) them annually with a wash of a pale pink tint instead—but the paper certainly gives a cosier appearance to the kitchen and even mother's conservatism is broken through on that score. From the walls the next step is to the pictures, but how shall I describe them? for they are simply a collection of co-operative-store calendars. A new one makes its appearance at the beginning of each year and the oldest and most fly-marked one disappears for ever, and for a while one misses an old friend. Odd, isn't it? that a mere trifle like that should have rather a saddening effect on one, and should somehow have the power to set one a-thinking strange thoughts on the mysteries of life and death.

"What a motley collection!" you would feel tempted to exclaim if you could take a survey. There in one corner is a girl looking from her casement over the sea and singing, "Abide with me," while in close proximity is a representation of Lord Rosebery and Ladas. Here a crowd of grandees are hanging on Burns' words as he stands in their midst reciting, while right opposite Lord Nelson lies mortally wounded in the midst of his brave sailors. Another one seems very comical to those who know the joke. It represents seven geese slowly waddling past before the admiring eyes of a little child in its mother's arms, and its title among store-goers is "The Store Committee," the reason not being far to seek for the members of the unfortunate committee are seven in number as well as the geese. One or two neatly framed texts hang over the

* This essay is printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—ED.

mantelpiece, and my favourite, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," is placed right above my sewing-machine.

Our kitchen is very full of furniture—in fact *too full—but our* house is so small that we have no other place for the superfluous articles. There is, of course, a bed in the recess covered summer and winter with the invariable patch-work quilt, and a vallance of cretonne stretched along the top of the recess next the ceiling takes away its otherwise bare appearance. Father's armchair always stands in front of it, and likewise our little round table, folded perpendicular when not in use. The big kitchen table stands where all such tables usually stand, in front of the window, and is kept spotlessly white with soap and water. Like the table, the chairs are all of plain deal, but unlike it they are old and rickety and of antique shape, for they were my grandmother's and it may be, her mother's before her. Our clock is an heirloom too, of considerable value I understand, for it is one of those so much sought after for halls nowadays. It has a very handsome brass face, and notwithstanding its great antiquity it never thinks of playing pranks with old Father Time but can be thoroughly relied on, year in, year out.

The next piece of furniture I am about to describe, a chest of drawers, is not usually considered part of a kitchen's furniture, but, believe me, it is by no means uncommon to find either drawers or a clothes press in the kitchens of homes such as I am describing. Ours stands low and contains many curious little drawers (wh) and recesses whose contents speak of a bygone day, but alas! it has seen its best days and the veneer is chipping off bit by bit. Piled up on the top is quite a miscellaneous assortment of literature, the religious section represented by mother's favourites, Boston's *Fourfold State*, James' *Anxious Enquirer*, Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, Spurgeon's Sermons and the like, and the secular by one or two of Scott's Novels, *The Pickwick Papers*, *Lorna Doone*, Longfellow's and Burns's Poems, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, a few bound volumes of *The Sunday at Home* and some pamphlets and treatises of a nondescript character. In front of the books stands a looking-glass with the usual elaborate arrangement of white netting round it, just as one would see it in dozens of similar homes, and alongside of it what one does not often see in such homes as ours, a number of priceless old china bowls and plates which are the admiration and envy of every visitor who is anything of a connoisseur in such matters.

Our little corner-cupboard fitted high up in the angle of the wall contains some more exquisite "bits" of old china, which mother treasures solely for the old associations that cling to them. The same corner lower down is occupied by my sewing-machine, the most modern thing in the room, and a "kist" or wooden trunk cushioned on the top to form a comfortable settee and decked round with red hangings.

The description will be complete, I think, when I add one or two characteristic details which I have omitted. First as regards the mantelpiece. At each end there is a quaint old tea-caddy and a handsome old brass candlestick. Two Italian irons ("tallies" we call them) which mother uses for "setting up" match borders, is the next item. A box of matches, one or two cocoa tins, a pair of big foreign shells, and father's spectacle case, placed so as to be reached from his arm-chair, make up the sum total. Next I must speak of the ceiling which is furnished with half-a-dozen stout hooks, from which hang various articles, a basket, the brass jam-pan wrapped up in brown paper, and, most important of all, also wrapped in paper, a huge piece of ham or bacon which gradually wanes until it disappears and its place is taken by another piece of similar size. The window and its contents I have left to the last, though in its direction a stranger would first turn his eyes on entering our kitchen. My mother is always very successful with her flowers and has a pretty show at all seasons. Even in winter she has often a monthly rose out. Not only is the window-sill filled but one or two hang down from above and twine along a cord stretched across the window. To tell the truth the whole street is enthusiastic on the subject of flowers and there is quite an extensive exchange of slips and cuttings when the proper season comes round, and much friendly jealousy as to whose window looks bonniest. Such then is our kitchen, a very ordinary room with nothing very attractive about it except to its inmates, but to them "Be it ever so humble there's no place like home," and I must say I think with the poetess that

"There's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside."

"EILEEN."
Langholm
Dumfriesshire.

This has been written entirely without help or assistance of any kind.

"EILEEN."

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.



MIST had gathered over Elsie's eyes as she sat silently listening, while Madge told of all that was in her heart, and when she finished, she clasped her hands in silent prayer for strength to help this young struggling heart.

Getting up from her low chair, she knelt down beside Madge, and taking her hands in hers, kissed her white face.

"I am so sorry for you, dear," she murmured, "I can't tell you how sorry, nor how much I long to help you. I know so well what you have gone through and how sometimes it has seemed to crush the very life out of you."

"I think you have helped me already," said Madge, in a low voice. "You are so good not to be horrified at me. I felt sure that you would not judge me harshly."

"God forbid that I should judge you at all," she answered fervently. "What are we, the very best of us, that we can judge a fellow-creature. No one can judge except God, because no one else knows the strength of the temptation. And oh, Mrs Fawcett! He is so good and so loving, a God of Infinite compassion. Men's hearts are so hemmed in and weighed down, with ceremonies and vain reasoning, that they cannot grasp the meaning of Infinite Love, and yet it is so simple. They confuse their minds with endless controversies, and get all mixed up because they have not first grasped the meaning of Father and child. They think this thing and that thing is necessary to salvation, but often the poor uneducated man, who has learnt to look up and say 'Father' is nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than they. I wish I were clever and eloquent that I could help you. I know so well what I believe, but it is hard to explain and convince. I don't think either that anyone can be convinced by mere words, they must feel things for themselves."

She paused, gently stroking Madge's hand and looking away from her into the night.

Her eyes shone with a steady light of love and worship, one could almost fancy a halo round her sweet pale face.

Madge gazed at her with hungry yearning to know of the content and rest that evidently filled her heart as she said, "Please go on talking to me, I don't want you to reason, I will not interrupt you; only go on talking and let me listen."

Elsie fixed her eyes on the now star-lit heavens and continued in a low soft voice. "Mrs. Fawcett, if you had a little child that you loved very dearly, and it climbed on to your knee and asked you certain questions that you knew it was better for your child not to know, what would you say to it? Suppose your little one wanted to know why you did various things that it could not understand? Suppose it asked reasons and explanations for your treatment towards it and its brothers and sisters?

"Don't you think you would gently tell the child that it must not ask those questions; that if you answered them its little mind would only be bewildered; that it was not old enough to understand these things yet? You would say

that when the right time came you would explain everything, but that now it must trust you to know best?

"And, Mrs. Fawcett, are not we children in understanding, compared with God's infinite wisdom and knowledge? Surely He who made and knows all things knows how much it is good for us to know, and how much we are best capable of understanding.

"Believe me, He has told us all that is necessary, bidding us trust Him a little while; for the rest, He tells us that when it is good for us to know more, He will tell us more. That one day all things shall be proclaimed upon the house-top, all doubts dispersed, all dark enigmas solved, and all His dealings with us justified. We shall know why everything was right then."

She paused awhile, then continued gently.

"I am not going to reason with you, dear, for I can see it is overmuch reasoning that has already engulfed you.

"I want you to come away, for a time, from all questionings whatever, and try to stand alone with God. Just you and your Maker uninfluenced by anything else whatever. Try to believe that He made you and therefore loves you—that He is perfect and would have you perfect—that He, Himself, planted that yearning in your heart that you might not be so satisfied here as to have no desire beyond—that He too caused you to doubt and question that you might give Him a reasonable thoughtful service, instead of a blind, indifferent one. Lastly, that He taught you to love, and that that same love is the most God-like attribute you possess; the very best part of you; and yet but a shadow of His Infinite Love.

"The Bible itself says, 'Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man,' and again that the chief of these commandments, is to love God, and the next which is like unto it is to love your neighbour as yourself. Try to grasp this absolutely before you venture any further, it will teach you the greatest lesson of all—annihilation of self. When you have learnt that you will easily find room for your Heavenly Father in your heart, and all the rest will follow in the most natural way."

"How shall I begin?" she asked, in low tones.

"Give up reasoning and thinking so much, relying on the Godhead, believing by the grace of the Holy Spirit that Christ our Saviour made you the Father's own well-beloved child; and then you will love others more and live more in their life. You will look about for someone to make happy and weary yourself in their service; believe me your work will be its own reward."

"But what of the next life?" she urged. "I can't forget it, for it touches me so nearly because of Jack, and mother. Tell me, is it well with them?"

"It is well," was the firm, quiet answer. "You need have no misgivings whatever, and when you have learnt to call God, Father, you will never have, for you will trust Him all in all."

"Thou wast the source of all that love,
Which makes me glad no more;
And Thou hast taken to Thyself,
What was Thine own before;
Thine, and mine too, O Good to give,
O Faithful to restore!"

Just then the clock struck six and Elsie started.

"I have been here three hours," she said; "I had quite forgotten the time. Mother will be wanting me, I must go at once."

"I am afraid I have detained you," said Madge anxiously.

"Indeed no, I have greatly enjoyed our long talk. I hope your husband will be in soon; you will be dull alone. Will you come down with me until he returns?"

At the mention of her husband a strange expression flitted across Madge's face, but she only said, "Thank you, I don't think he will be late, and I don't mind being alone."

"Shall I see you to-morrow?" asked Elsie.

"I am afraid you will get tired of me if you see me too often," replied Madge, with a soft little smile, that made her face strangely beautiful.

"Indeed I shall not," was the warm reply. "I shall come at ten o'clock to take you for a walk; mind you are ready," and with a bright smile she hurried away.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—The sentiment of your verses is good, but they are not worthy of publication. Occasionally the metre halts; for instance:—

"Turn my steps from the path so wide."

We also do not quite understand the expression, "I was far off but thou wert near." Of course your meaning is plain, but you will see that the metaphor is an impossible one. You may certainly send us your short story for criticism. We should prefer it written on one side of the paper, but whether in an exercise book or on foolscap matters little. Always write your name at the foot of each production. We suppose "Our Teacher" is yours, but cannot be sure among our multitude of MSS. Many thanks for your pleasant letter.

MARGARET.—1. We must not criticise your story too severely as you are only twelve years old, and it is your first attempt. Such wonderful prophetic dreams as you describe, with their fulfilment, do not occur in ordinary life. Genius, dear child, is very rare, and you need not be disappointed to hear that you do not possess it.—2. We think your abilities must be good enough to repay a sound education, and we advise you to give your time to study, as far as you can, only writing stories for amusement. You need, as yet, to learn to write and to spell correctly, but you will quickly improve if you persevere.

PHILLIS (*sic*).—Your verses on "Christmas" vary too much in metre. You begin in lines of eight and seven syllables alternately, but soon the "7s" line becomes "8s." There is no such adjective as "choicely," and miles cannot be said to "roll" unless they are measured on the ocean. Your description of Christmas, although pleasant, has nothing fresh about it. You need not feel ashamed when we say you could not hope to earn by your verses, as it is by no means an easy thing to turn poems into money.

IUX.—The thoughts of your verses are good, and you appear to understand and to obey for the most part, the rules of metre, the chief exceptions being here and there in "Beautiful Night." We do not, however, think that you could make any use of the poems, as religious compositions expressing the same familiar thoughts are very plentiful.

ALPHA BETA.—We have received your kind note and thank you for sending it. We also wish to express our sympathy with you in your suffering, and our hope that your invalid life may yet be brightened by the knowledge of good and successful literary work.

TRINIDAD HELIOTROPE.—We are glad to have your letter from a distant port, and to know that you are able at length to gratify your wish in taking our magazine. May it bring you as much help and pleasure as we should like to send you! We do not think that you were wasting time when you wrote the poems you enclose, so long, of course, as you were not neglecting any duty in doing so. We were much interested in "The Months," with the new and strange description of what characterises each in Trinidad. "Ariel's Farewell to Naxos" is the best poem of the three, but occasionally your metre halts. This verse is correct:—

"Softly the whisp'ring wind of eve did woo
The fields of golden grain,
And gently stirred the vines that, ripening fast,
Purpled the smiling plain."

But your ear will tell you that your first line—

"Two were standing 'neath fair Syrian skies"

is not of the same cadence as the first line of the verse we quote. Dr. Angus' *Handbook of the English Tongue* will give you the rules of punctuation as well as of prosody. You can obtain it by writing to the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Careful observation will also teach you a great deal.

ONE BY ONE.—1. Your handwriting is very good, well formed, readable, and we should think, characteristic. Your letter would look better if you kept a uniform space between the lines.—2. "A Sketch by Moonlight" is not rubbish at all. You evidently have some power of description. You should try to write with a little more self-restraint, not "letting yourself go" all the time, but only occasionally; then the effect would be enhanced.

FLOWERINE.—We are afraid you have not much ear for correct versification, as both the poems you send us are very defective in form. Every poem should have some metre in which it is written; that is to say, the lines should be of certain lengths and cadences. We refer you to our last answer.

MERMAID.—There are a great many ways of publishing, which vary according to the reputation and capacity of the author. Sometimes an author sells his work outright to a publisher, receiving a certain sum for the "copyright," as it is called. Then the publisher can issue the work as he chooses, and if he first issues it in a magazine, can republish it in book-form. Sometimes the author sells his MS. to the publisher of a magazine "for use only," retaining the right to publish on his own account in book-form later on. Sometimes again the publisher pays a sum down for a MS., and agrees to also pay a "royalty" on copies sold after a certain total has been reached. These three ways are, we must add, chiefly for the successful in literature. It is sometimes the case that an author pays all the cost of the publication of his book, hoping to be recouped by the sale; or he may divide such cost with the publisher. All depends on the (presumed) worth of the book. We cannot give you any idea of the probable cost in your case, as we do not know details, but for a work of any size, £40 or £50 would not go far. Your best plan will be to communicate with the publishers of similar works to your own, setting forth your aim, and asking whether they would be disposed to enter into negotiation with you, but if you are quite unknown, we fear you could hardly hope to make money by the venture.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Two little French boys of thirteen, André Bossy and André Paillé, pupils of the Lycée at Rochefort, Charente-Inférieure, France, would like to correspond with English boys of the same age. They would write in English, their correspondents would write in French, and they would correct each other's mistakes. Will any English brothers of "our girls" volunteer?

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

Miss S. Hill, Abberwick, Alnwick, Northumberland, kindly sends us the information for E. A. T., and offers to post her a copy of the words of the hymn,

"Onward through life thy children stray
Groping at noon their silent way."

on receipt of name and address.

OUR NEW ESSAY COMPETITION.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject :—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR MARCH."

With a view to training the mind in observation and literary expression, we offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT for the month is all about.

One page of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in an unsealed envelope, with the words "Stories in Miniature" written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is March 20th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

Examiners :—

The Author of the Story (Mrs. Jerome Mercier), and the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

NOW READY.

No. 5. **PRICE THREEPENCE.**

MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT

TO

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



AMY'S DELIVERANCE

A Tale for Girls.

BY

MRS. JEROME MERCIER,

AUTHOR OF

"ARUM FIELD," "ONLY A GIRL'S LIFE," etc.

* * *

LONDON:

"GIRL'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE,

56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Will any one kindly direct "Jasmine" to the recitations, "The Obstructive Hat in the Pit," and "Mr. Brown's Trials"?

Mr. William Wardrop (Linlithgow) says that the music of the song,

"Bonnie Charlie's noo awa'"

(see Part 216) is not by Finlay Dunn, but (probably) by Neil Gow, junior, a son of a famous violinist of that name. "Southern musical people," he says, "should be interested to note the absence of the fourth of the scale from the air."

MEDICAL.

MISERABLE.—Two kinds of hairs grow upon moles; one is a fine silky down, the other consisting of a few very long coarse hairs. The fine silky hairs are not very common, and as they are inconspicuous rarely require any treatment. If they are black or dark brown they may be bleached with peroxide of hydrogen, but no other treatment is possible. The larger hairs are usually very few in number and are very noticeable. Personally, we think the best thing to do for them is to keep them cut short. Removal with tweezers may be practised, but this is not advisable as it irritates the mole. Electrolysis is occasionally practised, but it is very expensive, and notwithstanding that one hears that "it never fails," in our experience it does fail, decidedly. If you have a really disfiguring mole on your face, removal is much the best treatment. They are easily removed by operation, leaving a minute linear scar at the place of the incision.

GOGGLES.—Do incorrect spectacles do any harm? We can scarcely understand any sensible person asking such a question. We know that many people, when their sight begins to fail, go to an optician—these men usually style themselves "oculists" (which they very seldom are)—ask for a pair of spectacles, choose a pair with the prettiest frame, wear them once or twice, find them useless (because in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are not of the right kind), then give up wearing them, and abuse the medical profession because it can do nothing to relieve the long-sightedness of advancing years. Never wear spectacles that are not of the right kind. Go to an oculist (we have to call him an ophthalmologist now that men who sell lenses have usurped his rightful title), or if you cannot afford his fees, go to a first rate optician who can test your eyes and give you suitable glasses.

AMELIA.—Most decidedly, decayed teeth can cause neuralgia; in fact, they are the commonest cause of neuralgia. You tell us that you are "tortured" with facial neuralgia, and that no treatment has been of any avail; but when you say that you have "four decayed tooth-stumps in my upper jaw" it seems to us that the first sentence, "no treatment is of any avail," is rather hasty. The first measure in facial neuralgia is to remove any decayed teeth from he jaws. Usually this alone, with a brief course of medical treatment is sufficient to cure the neuralgia. If it is not, one must seek for other causes and other measures to cure or to relieve.

A CONSTANT READER.—Habitually wearing a false fringe does, in time, affect the natural hair beneath. This is the rule, but there are frequent exceptions. As a false fringe is usually worn because the natural fringe is either insignificant or has partly combed out, it is not at all unlikely the condition which necessitated the use of the artificial hair in the beginning will continue to get worse until the forehead is quite bald. In this case it is not the fringe which causes the baldness. When wigs were in fashion baldness was exceedingly common.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEORGIE.—The origin of the descriptive name given to the Duke of Wellington, i.e., "the Iron Duke," although very suitable in consideration of his inflexible will, owes its origin to quite a different source. A passenger steamship placed on the line between Liverpool and Dublin, many years ago, was called the *Duke of Wellington*, and being one of the new iron boats, it was popularly known as "the Iron Duke." From this circumstance the great general was himself distinguished by this sobriquet. In reply to your second query, as to the so-called "Hermit of Grub Street," he was a man of fortune, but secluded himself from all society, and lived in three rooms, communicating one with the other—study, bed-room, and kitchen and eating-room. When the service of the apartment had to be performed in one room he retreated to another, never, with a very rare exception or two, seeing anyone. There he occupied himself in religious devotions, and works of charity, during a period of forty-four years; and when he died his hair was of a great length. An attempt to shoot him by a younger brother was the cause of his retirement from all society.

E. M. A.—When one visiting card is intended to serve the purpose of two a portion of the end may be turned down or folded, to indicate that it is meant for two persons; for example, a mother and daughter, or two sisters. On the Continent it signifies that the owner called in person, and that no relative or friend had left it with her own.

SCOTIA.—1. It is impossible to pronounce definitely on the very smallest amount on which a girl could dress. We have known girls who spent only £8, and others who made £10 answer. Of course, they made their own dresses and underlinen.—2. It would depend on the style of evening dress you needed; and there are so many cheap and pretty materials that we think you should manage for about £12 per annum.—3. "Will You No Come Back Again," is an old Jacobite song which is found in several collections of Scottish songs. It is in one called *Lyric Gems of Scotland*, published by Cameron, Glasgow. To be a pleasant companion and talker you need what the poet calls—

"A heart at leisure from itself."

You must be free from self-consciousness and able to think of others.

B. C.—The duties of an under-lady's-maid are to do what her senior orders, and learn as much as she can from her; but to begin with, she must be a good needle-woman, and able to brush hair, quick and clever at messages and errands, and able to fold and pack. Ladies'-maids do not wear caps and aprons. A good deal of careful training is needed to make a lady's-maid; and a pleasant but respectful manner, and kind heart, are very necessary.

OSWALD.—It is quite true that trees and plants do us service in absorbing injurious elements in the atmosphere; especially from marshy ground, or refuse heaps and drainage, etc. When there are no leaves on such trees and plants we cannot tell you "what becomes of these injurious elements," excepting that we inhale more of them than otherwise. However, hard frosts are likely to destroy many noxious microbes. "God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions." One thing we do know, that all can obtain His help and protection in time of temptation, "a very ready help," and that for all sin He accepted an infinite Atonement, free to all who will accept it. You must not forget that man is not an automaton. He has the gift of free will. He is not a slave. Thus he is responsible. But his purification and his salvation are assured to him if he ask for them, with an earnest effort to serve his Creator. For how long a period is he to be tried, and to "fight the fight of faith," with the powers of evil, none but the All-wise and All-merciful can know. You try to assume the place of the judge instead of the delinquent; and of the supreme Creator instead of the creature. Man owes Him all he possesses of good here and can hope for in the future. Write again if you like.

SEA-BREEZE.—We never heard of any sinister attribute attached to pearls; and according to the ancient theories respecting the properties attached to precious stones, bringing, as was imagined, good or bad luck to the wearers, opals were not regarded with disfavour, but quite the contrary. The superstition is a modern one. Amongst the semi-precious stones the onyx is of evil repute, excepting when worn with a sard-onyx; and malachite is also credited with being of evil influence; but no other stone.

NEVA.—Never send up your card by the servant when making a call. Pronounce your name distinctly that it may be correctly announced on your entering the reception room. The degree of intimacy must decide the question of leaving cards after a reception. It is always better bred to go in, rather than leave a card. On going out, lay a card of your husband's on the hall table. If you went in and paid your visit you need not have left a card on the hall table.

AMANDA.—Blonde net lace is produced at Caen, Bayeux and Chantilly, as well as at Barcelona and Catalonia. Those made at the latter place (Chantilly) are unsurpassed in beauty and delicacy. It was first made there in 1740. The old white and black, made of floss silk, and with flowers of large size, cost 20 guineas a yard. Whether the old Spanish would fetch such a price at present, or even that of Chantilly, seems doubtful. Take it to Hayward's, Oxford Street, for an opinion and possible sale.

F. SMITH.—It is unfortunate that you have not the means to pay for a training in a foreign missionary field, as you would throw all the burden of the expense entailed on the society. But you might apply to the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, 9, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.; or to the Deaconess's Training Institution, 41, Fernlower Road, Mildmay Park, N. Your age, health, and temper, and intelligence must be taken into consideration. Foreign languages and dialects have to be learnt, and you should be strong and active, and able to endure hardships and trying climates.

WINTON.—Income Tax is deducted from all securities, but can be reclaimed from the Inland Revenue Department, at Somerset House, on sending guarantees to prove that the tax has been paid. A printed paper is supplied which must be filled up, stating the sources from which your income is derived, and the several amounts and rates of interest obtained. An income of only £130 per annum is not liable to any tax.

MARY HILL.—There is no such society. In a parish unconnected with any other place, such might be found; but only to benefit their own fellow parishioners.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 949.] MARCH 5, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SISTERS THREE.

By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was a gloomy afternoon. The rain was falling in a persistent drizzle; the clouds were low and grey. It seemed as if nature itself shared in the depression which settled on the little party gathered together in the drawing-room at Cloudsdale. What merry times they had spent in this room! What cosy chats round the fireside in winter; what refreshing hours of rest in summer, when the sun blinds were lowered, and the windows stood open to the green lawn! And now they were all over. A melancholy feeling of "last time" settled on each of the beholders as they looked at Lettice with the betrothal ring sparkling on her finger; at Rex, so tall and man-like in his travelling suit of rough grey tweed. To make matters worse, the curate had taken this opportunity to pay a call, so that they were not even alone, and the rain prevented an adjournment to the garden. Norah sat at the extreme end of the room from Rex, trifling with her teacup and spoon,



"IT WAS ALWAYS A TREAT TO HEAR HER PLAY."

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with a feeling of such helpless misery as she had never known before in the course of her short life. The Mouse cried openly, Miss Briggs whisked her handkerchief out of her pocket at intervals of every few minutes, and Hilary's forced cheerfulness was hardly less depressing. As for Rex himself, he was perfectly quiet and composed, but his voice had a hard, metallic ring, and his face looked drawn and old. Lettice could not bear to look at him, for it seemed to her that there was more evidence of suffering in his set composure than in all the demonstrative grief of his companions.

Conversation languished over tea, and at last Hilary suggested music as a last resort. If there were music there would be a chance of moving about, and putting an end to these death-like pauses. Rex could speak to Norah, which no doubt he was longing to do, but so soon as music was suggested, the curate begged eagerly to hear Miss Norah play, and she rose to get her violin with the usual ready acquiescence. Norah had made immense strides during the three last years, and was now a performer of no mean attainments. It was always a treat to hear her play, and this afternoon the wailing notes seemed to have an added tenderness and longing. Lettice bit her lips to keep back the tears, while she watched Rex's face with fascinated attention. He had pushed his chair into the corner when Norah began to play, shaded his eyes with his hand, and beneath this shelter he gazed at her with the unblinking, concentrated gaze of one who is storing a memory which must last through long years of separation. How often in the bungalow home in India the scene in this English drawing-room would rise before him, and he would see again the tall, girlish figure in the blue serge dress, the pale face leant lovingly against the violin—the face which was generally so gay and full of life, but which was now all sad and downcast! Lettice followed Rex's example and turned to look at her sister. Dear Nonie! there was no one in the world like her! How sweet and gentle she looked. No wonder Rex hated to say good-bye—he would never find another girl like Norah Bertrand.

The curate was loud in his expression of delight when Norah laid down her bow, but Rex neither spoke nor moved, and Hilary in despair called upon the other visitor to sing a song. The curate had a pleasant little tenor pipe of his own, and could play accompaniments from memory, so that he was ready enough to accede to the request. His selection, however, was not very large, and chiefly of the ballad order, and the opening bars brought a flush of nervousness to Hilary's cheeks—"The Emigrant's Farewell!" What in the world had induced the man to make such a choice? An utter want of tact, or a mistaken idea of singing something appropriate to the occasion? It was too late to stop him now, however, and she sat playing with the fringe of the tea-cloth, hardly daring to lift her eyes, as the words rang through the room—

"I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll ne'er forget old Ireland,
Be it fifty times as fair!"

Could anything be more painful—more disconcerting? As the last notes rang out she darted a quick glance at Rex, and to her horror saw the glimmer of tears in those "masterful" eyes, which had hitherto been so scornfully free from signs of weakness.

The next moment, and before the choruses of "thank you's" had died away, Rex was on his feet, holding out his hand with an air of defiant indifference.

"I must go; it is getting late. Good-bye, Hilary. Good luck!"

"Oh, good-bye, Rex! I am so sorry——"

"Good-bye, Lettice. You will be an old married woman when I see you again."

"Good-bye, dear, dear Rex. Take care of yourself. C—come back soon!"

"Miss Briggs! Mr. Barton! Thank you very much. Oh, yes, I shall get on all right! Good-bye, little Mouse—give me a kiss!"

"Good-bye, darling, darling Rex—and I've worked a book-marker for you with 'Forget-me-not' in red worsted. It's gone in the post to-day, and you will get it in the morning."

"Thank you, Mouse, I'll use it every day of my life. Good-bye, Norah!"

"Good-bye, Rex."

That was all. A short grasp of the hand, and he was gone. The glass door banged behind him, footsteps went crunching down the gravel, and Norah stood like a frozen statue of despair in the dim, flagged hall. For one moment only, then Lettice seized her by the arm, and dragged her hurriedly along the passage. Such a flushed, determined Lettice, with sparkling eyes, and quick, decisive tones!

"Norah! You can't let him go away like that. You can't!—It's inhuman! The poor boy was crying when Mr. Barton was singing. I saw the tears in his eyes. He went away because he could not bear to stay any longer. And you never said a word! Oh, run, run—go out of the side door, and cut across the shrubbery to meet him at the gate. Oh, Norah, quick. It is your last chance! Think! You may never see him again!"

The last words put an end to any hesitation which Norah may have felt. Lettice held the door open, and she rushed out into the drizzling rain, hatless, cloakless, as she was, forgetting everything but that awful suggestion that she might never see Rex again. Down the narrow path, where a few weeks before she and Rex had first discussed the journey to India: across the plot of grass where Geraldine had her garden, and there, at the opening into the carriage drive, stood Rex himself, staring before him with a strained, expectant glance, which gave way to a flash of joy as Norah's tall figure came in sight.

"I thought you would come! I thought you would not let me go away without a word!" he said, and Norah gave a little sob of emotion.

"What can I say? You know all I feel. I shall think of you all the time. and wish you good luck; and every night when I say my prayers——"

"I know! I thank you, Norah." Rex turned his head aside quickly, but Norah saw that he was trembling with emotion, and waited in awed suspense for his next words.

"Norah—it is a long time—three years—five years—I can't tell which it may be. I shall think of you all the time. There never will be anyone else for me; but it will be different with you. You will meet new friends up in London. There will be other fellows—better than I am—who will care for you too. Perhaps when I come back you will be married."

"No, Rex, don't be afraid. I am not like that. I never forget."

He gripped her hand, but made no answer, and they stood together in a silence which was sweet to both, despite the rain, the gloom, the coming separation. Norah was the first to find her voice.

"You will write home often; and we will send you all the news. The time will soon pass, and you will enjoy the life and the strange new country." She looked into his face with a flickering smile. "They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there."

"But I'll not forget you, darling, be it fifty times as fair!" came the answer in a strained, hoarse whisper. Poor, shy Rex! Even at the moment of parting it was agony to him to speak that word of endearment, and having said it, he was consumed with embarrassment. Norah was still tingling with delight, when her hand was seized in a painful grip, a gruff "Good-bye, Norah!" sounded in her ears, and she was left alone in the garden path.

She put up her hands to her face and sobbed in helpless misery—

"Oh, Rex, Rex! Five long, long years! Oh, God, be good to my boy—take care of him!—Bring him back safe and well!"

(To be continued.)

MEDICINAL HERBS.

By the LADY GEORGINA VERNON.



Do not let this prosaic title frighten you, for the work connected with herbs is altogether interesting and delightful, whether you cultivate the herbs in your garden, or go and seek for them, basket and knife in hand, up and down the green lanes, on the breezy uplands and down by the river's bank, and bringing them home concoct healing ointment and salves, strengthening decoctions and all the army of "soveraine remedies" spoken of by the ancient herbalists.

I do not wish to dwell upon the medicines of the chemist's shop, even if made of herbs, nor to describe senna tea, nor rhubarb root in all their nauseousness! But I will merely give a slight sketch first of the herbs which we may easily grow in our gardens—where, I hope, there is already a herbary for pot-herbs—and then we will roam out into the country and pick some of the many plants which flower and prosper best when left in their own self-chosen habitat.

In our medicinal herbary we will plant the following:—Tree mallow, camomile, horehound, hyssop, marigold, horse-radish, rue, all the various "mentha" tribe, peppermint, spearmint, pennyroyal (*Mentha pulegio*), balm and poppies, and in them we shall find the principal garden herbs for daily requirements.

Mallow is most useful. You pick the large leaves and simmer slowly to make poultices or fomentations for swellings or inflamed surfaces. It is singularly healing, and each garden should possess a goodly plantation of this plant. It is easily killed by frost, but when once established young plants spring up year by year.

Camomile, so well known for soothing poultices in toothache, is also an excellent tonic when taken as a cold infusion, fasting in the morning. For feverish colds or chills, it should be taken as a hot decoction at bedtime, and produces abundant perspiration and lessens fever. Two or three flowers infused in water make a strengthening eye lotion.

The two next plants, horehound and hyssop, are used by our country people for colds and hoarseness; and in this way, take a handful of the leaves of each, with a few leaves of rue, make a strong infusion by pouring on boiling water, sweeten with honey, and drink at bedtime. Hyssop can be used with advantage as a gargle or as a green ointment for wounds, as it possesses very healing qualities.

Marigolds with their bright blossoms are well-known, and they are much valued to form a drink to be taken as a remedy in measles. The flowers should be dried in the shade, and can be kept for use at any time.

Horse-radish, which is generally only looked upon as an accompaniment to roast beef, is valuable as a cure for hoarseness. Scrape two drams of the root, cover with boiling water and infuse with an equal weight of brown sugar. Let it stand for a few hours, and then take an occasional teaspoonful, which will cure the most obstinate hoarseness. The root scraped and applied on linen to a rheumatic joint eases the pain.

Rue (*Ruta graveolens*) was a very favourite remedy with old herbalists for a host of diseases. It is a stimulant and anti-spasmodic, but the taste is strong and disagreeable. It is a most useful medicine for fowls, particularly for the roup, and can be given to them chopped small and mixed with butter.

Next on my list come the various plants of the "mentha" tribe—peppermint, spearmint, balm, and pennyroyal. All these are of an aromatic and carminative nature. They are most useful when distilled, but if we have not the means of preparing them thus they can be used as a decoction, in the way I have described before, namely, pouring boiling water on a handful of the leaves. These plants can all be picked green, carefully dried, and hung up in muslin bags for winter use. The various species of mint should all be cultivated; they prefer rather a moist soil, and can be propagated by dividing the roots in February or March. The old plants should be cut down at the approach of winter.

Poppies should be grown for the sake of their anodyne properties, as the heads of seeds—which should be picked when ripe—are useful for soothing pain, particularly used in hot fomentations.

I have mentioned some of the best herbs to cultivate in our gardens, and so we will go out into the fields and lanes to search for those wild plants which love best to grow in their natural homes.

The first plant which claims our notice is the common daisy, from which a most useful remedy for bruises and sprains can be made. Pick the blossoms in the early summer, some dry morning, pound them thoroughly in a clean mortar, then turn the mass into a coarse muslin or sieve, strain out the juice, and add to the quantity one-third of pure spirits of wine. Let it stand a few hours, and then if it appears thick, and the sediment has not all fallen to the bottom, add a little more spirits of wine. This preparation is called "bellis." It should be allowed to stand till winter, then strained and is fit for use. The lotion should now be of a clear, brown colour, and should be applied to the part affected by a linen rag steeped in the lotion. It is an excellent and a safe substitute for arnica.

We shall probably not go far without finding a bunch of nettles growing. Nettle tea is a specific for skin diseases or any impurities of the blood. And here let me remark, that young nettles picked in early May make the most delicious substitute for spinach, prepared in the same way, or can be made into a paysanne soup, such as would surprise a *chef de cuisine* by its velvety consistency and piquant flavour. A plant of which a decoction is esteemed serviceable in skin complaints and used much in the same way as nettles, is the common cleavers or *Gallium aparine*, which you will see clinging up the hedges with its long weak stems and many whorls of leaves; this plant is considered of great use by poultry fanciers, and is given chopped small to young turkeys with much advantage.

Now if we go on further along these tangled hedgerows we shall find much food for our collecting basket. First pick some bunches of the sweet wild violet leaves and flowers; from them you can make a delightful green salve for applying to inflamed surfaces, although I have sometimes found it more efficacious to simply simmer a handful in milk and then apply as a poultice. A little further on, by this deep ditch, growing in the moist ground, you may notice some plants of comfrey, *Symphitum officinal*, with its rough leaves and purple hanging flowers. The virtues of this plant are manifold, but the root is the part which is usually gathered; this is good for wounds or cuts, when bruised and laid on them, and it is said to relieve the pain of gout either by making a plaster of the bruised leaves, or of the roots crushed, spread upon linen and bound on the affected part.

Another plant you may very likely find growing here on the shady moist side of a hedgerow is Solomon's seal or polygonaton; the roots of this are used very much in the same way as the roots of the comfrey, and are especially good in relieving bruises.

Amongst the tall grass and brambles of the hedge side you will see there are several sorts of St. John's wort or hypericum growing; but the one we now require is the sort named perforatum, and you can tell it by picking a leaf and holding it against the light, when it will appear as if full of pinholes; from the flowers of this plant a most useful red oil can be made. Pick a good handful of the golden flowers and put in a wide-mouthed bottle, cover with sweet olive oil and tie the top down with a bladder, then place the bottle where the sun will shine on it, and gradually you will see that the oil will change to a deep red colour, and then it is fit for use. The oil should be strained off and be used as a preventive of bed sores or for healing wounds. It should be applied with a feather. This same red oil also makes a healing ointment thus: Melt in a pipkin two drams of spermaceti, four drams of white wax, and three ounces and a half of the red oil. This will be found an invaluable ointment.

As we wander on along the lane in our search for plants, we pass a patch of once cultivated ground, and there we shall find an abundant supply of chickweed and groundsel, from which one of the best of the cooling green ointments can be made by simmering the whole plants (equal parts of each) in pure lard till the juice is extracted, then squeeze well through muslin into a basin and stir gently till it becomes cool.

All round in the tall hedges are growing wild roses in all their summer beauty, and in a short time, when the flowers are succeeded by scarlet hips, one of the most valuable cures for tightness on the chest or lungs can be made. The hips should be picked when dry, and the tiresome work of taking out all the little hairy seeds thoroughly done. Then place the hips in a saucepan with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of hips and a very little water. Let it boil gently for about an hour till the fruit is tender, and then pass it as a syrup through a hair sieve. The sweet fragrant jelly that results is of the greatest use in all cases of cold or hoarseness.

Now we must search on some old shed or wall for the common houseleek or *Sempervivum tectorum*. The thick fleshy leaves should be crushed with cream, and gives immediate relief in burns or scalds.

I fear I must now end this short paper, and I feel that I have only given a very slight glimpse into the world of herbs; but it may lead some of my readers to search for themselves amongst the treasures of our fields and lanes, and to decide with some of my country friends that such simple remedies as I have described are "better nor physic."

SPRING MEMORIES.



As I look back and think of the spring of last year it seemed to have begun the moment that the late snow had melted, which did not come till mid-January. It came suddenly one morning with a feathery wreath of whiteness, so soft and plenteous and unlike the tinselly conventions of the Christmas cards. The darkest rooms in the house shone as with a second sunlight, and the trees looked thick and bushy as though with a polar summer of foliage. The air was very keen indeed that morning, and perhaps the tiny squirrel, with its reckless display of tail framing its long narrow body in a handsome bush, knew what was coming as it flashed restlessly across the path to disappear swiftly up a high tree where it rested safely out of reach of a too admiring crowd of small boys. Its pretty tail erect, high above its tiny head was a sight to delight in, as was the way it sprang from end to end of the copse in a mid-air progression, never missing aim as it threaded its way among the tree-tops.

In London February always seemed quite a winter month, but here, in the depths of the country, after the ice-bound days before it we have felt in it the stirrings of the sap and counted it with the spring. It is not that February is a month of colour or of wide-spread scents. It has none of the melting richness that goes with waning and decay, but the rare and pure hues of crocus and hepatica, snow-drop and aconite have the clear tone that tells of life and growth to come. The reds and purples of the berry-harvest have fed the hungry birds and been stored in the hoards of the squirrels such as that one who is nibbling a hasty breakfast under the walnut-tree on the lawn. The hedges are still bare and bleak, but look lower down, and you will agree with me that February is the month for ditches. The cleaver or goose-grass clothes it in a fairy dress of freshest green, and the delicate baby-fingers go climbing up the moist bank until the black twigs above look as if the message of spring had sounded into their hearts. We can forgive the way it chokes our red anemones in the garden in May for its witchery now. Peep into that catch-water under the sallows by the marsh road as we jog slowly past in the donkey-cart. How beautiful that great blue-green drooping clump of leafage is. I think it is the chervil, but it is hard to distinguish the umbelliferæ until you can look either at the flowers, the seeds, or the stalks. The hemlock tribe are a bewildering cousinship, but the seasons would be poor without them.

Another early hedge-row friend is the ground-ivy with its sturdy little dark-green woolly leaves that push their way everywhere, "amongst which come forth the floures, gaping like little hoods, not unlike those of germander, of a purplish blew colour," says Gerrard. "Mixed with a little ale and honey and strained it takes away the pinne and webbe, and any griefe in the eyes of horse and cow," he continues, with other minuter directions; "but I list not to be over eloquent among gentlewomen, to whom especially my works are most necessarie," and so we must not depart from his method towards "our girls" of to-day. Perhaps it was this use that gave the ground-ivy its other name of ale-hoofe. But a gayer sign in the hedge-bank to tell us that "sumer is a comen-in" is the shining celandine that flashes out suddenly and keeps a brave show among moist twigs and all the tokens of winter's departing train. The dark glossy leaves are as handsome as some of spring's gayest plants. Well may Wordsworth say—

"Ere a leaf is on the bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun
When we've little warmth or none."

Partly its sudden arrival "about the kalends of March," as Gerrard says, and partly its own starry profusion makes a warm glow of gratitude come in our hearts as we talk of it to each other going "home along" from the daily walk which brings a fresh excitement every day in this early time.

Those spring weeks were a true revelation of English by-ways to the writer who sped swiftly past field and copse and hedge-row on the silent tyres, and drank in more beauty of English lanes than many years might have brought with slow feet as the only kind of pony. Look at that great pool with the thickly growing white water-flowers. That is scattered star-wort, and what a whiteness "such as no fuller on earth can whiten it," it spreads under the dark hedge. The marsh-marigolds and the cool primroses look so happy in these by-ways, where the children from the old thatched cottages and farms seem to have learned too much "behaviour" in the village school to tear them roughly up and strew them to wither as they do near the towns. That early winter cress has such a milky blossom that you can see its tiny flowers as you skim along, and wonder at the long green needles that shoot far above its head and guard it like a stalwart body-guard. The upper hedges are still leafless, but the blackthorn is hanging bridal wreaths for some half-mortal marriage among the black branches. No wonder that Tennyson's "May Queen" grieved to think that she would

"Never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf
upon the tree."

When green is only breathed like a breath here and there the blackthorn breaks forth and has a timid look about its transparent whiteness. It recalls bridals as does the later thick sweet may with its goodly scent, but the may tells of settled comfort as in Frith's "Village Wedding," and the blackthorn of some daring marriage between mortal and immortal, some "Margaret" who had to depart anon to "the little grey church by the windy shore," and leave behind "the red-gold throne in the heart of the sea." In the north they tell you of "the blackthorn winter," and truly it brings the cold with it and speaks of love among the thorns.

There is a strong fascination about the hardy flowers that venture out with no leaves to mother them. Hardy as they are, they are an ethereal tribe and have all the confidence of fine natures. While the garden is still bare enough but for crocus and aconite, the mezereon with its flower of downy pink bursts into blossom. You cannot tire of looking at it, but come nearer and smell its unearthly fragrance. I wonder what the materialists make of it. "There is no sense more akin to the soul than the sense of smell," Macdonald said, and indeed as I drink in the scent of the mezereon, I feel that what we know is the least part of what there is to know, that

"Ages past the soul existed,
Here an age is resting merely
And hence fleets again for ages."

In spite of the sweetness you feel that the little rosy cups are stubborn growths that cannot be easily quelled. A few weeks later while the flowers are still fresh, the tiniest spikes of green leaves break at the tips of the branches, and the whole has the effect of delicate Battersea enamel that Watteau or Boucher would surely have loved to paint. No wonder that Christina Rossetti sings—

"If I might see another spring
I'd not plant summer flowers and wait:
I'd have my crocuses at once
My leafless pink mezereons,
My chill-veined snow-drops, choicer yet
My white or azure violet,
Leaf-nested primrose; anything
To blow at once, not late.



SPRING.

From the Painting by DORA HITZ.

If I might see another spring
I'd listen to the daylight birds
That build their nests and pair and sing,
Nor wait for mateless nightingale;
I'd listen to the lusty herds,
The ewes with lambs as white as snow,
I'd find out music in the hail
And all the winds that blow."

Indeed this spring the winds blew up into a regular "whirly-wind" as the local eye-witnesses expressed it. We had been rejoicing in the giant elm in the park and leading the children under it, gathering the soft rosy blossoms that came before the leaves, and fancying dames in ruffs in Elizabeth's time talking of the Armada, and in the next century gentlemen in long ringlets whispering hair-breadth escapes from Sedgemoor fight that raged the other side of those far hills. But March had hardly shown her face when a hurricane arose and wind and water chased all but the boldest within doors. At 9 one morning anxious faces pressed against the panes watched a moment of unheard of fury in the blast and the giant elm thundered to the ground. Awe came over us as we watched the great root that stood thirteen or fourteen feet in the air and made a sheer wall above the pond which it had created as it was wrenched from the soil. It was pitiful to see the majestic boughs being lopt by degrees and carted away, and the little children climbing in and out of its patient branches, gathering wealth of fire-wood to last for many a long day. How well that it was too early for many little birds to be made homeless; I could find none but perhaps some shared the fate of the ravens in the tree in Losel's wood that White tells of in his *History of Selborne*, that would not be dislodged from their nest: "The tree nodded to its fall," he says, "but still the dam sat on. At last when it gave way the bird was flung from her nest, and, though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground."

Indeed, this hamlet, remote from railway trains, is a spot dear to shy birds and beasts as it is to the gipsies. How sure is the swoop of that great white owl that fans the air as it sails away down the field to the old canal and its rushes. It is soothing to a lover of odd and wild creatures to reflect that that bird with eyes like a lake has a young family in an unknown high part of our rambling home. There is no need for you to start with nightly terrors; that is not a poor deserted baby wailing in the night wind; it is the little owlets hooting weirdly to one another, and all unconscious that the baby's mother in the house below has never heard such curious talk before. We are not too instructed here for deep-set superstitions. The next village owns a witch, and I have heard talk in ours of the evil eye, and there is one gentle-hearted dame to whom, not so long ago either, the maids used to go for love philtres. If you looked into her mysterious, deep-set, kindly old eyes you would not wonder at her power. But spite of the spirit of the hamlet the boy there sleeps too soundly in rosy health for any boding owl or "black evvet" to disturb his mother's peace.

The country-folk themselves are shy of strange life. It does not win their confidence to protect that green snake which was sunning itself among the pea-stalks. It is a harmless one that could not hurt a child, and it only wriggles sinuously away, raising its pretty head and twitching its forked tongue in wrath when you try to capture it, yet the villagers count it part of the devil's brood and meet only to be killed. The hedgehogs come sometimes in the lane below and are a choice meal for the gipsies, who tell me of them as they sit and rest in the kitchen before they take their babies down to be christened by a parson near here who has a knack of not frightening them away. Look at that gipsy with her bonny brown baby tied in a neat bundle at her waist: she is as like as a portrait to Fred Walker's vagrant, with her glorious eyes and waves of untamable, black, glossy hair, and all the unconscious freedom of one who has "never slept under a roof."

But before March is over, spite of late biting winds that have robbed us of our fruit harvest, spring herself is with us. The great elms and the little hedge-rows soon have their film of faintest green that clings so tenderly to the grave old branches. In the garden copse where the beeches were golden in late autumn, we can find the ground underfoot alive with loveliness that passes spontaneously from glory to glory. The great splashes of gold and white and purple crocuses are followed by blue and pink-white violets that lie on the turfy copse soil like a baby's hand on a ploughman's. Side by side with the primroses that cover the font on Easter Day and comfort the mothers who are reminded of their babies that died and are safe, grow great tufts of purple-red tulips that are cut to be the glory of the festival altar. In between the rock-work are the dark green leaves that soon have sweet-scented narcissus nesting in the middle or the earlier clumps that nod with daffodils

"That come before the swallow dares
And take the winds of March with beauty."

This happy family in the copse that comes up in such a hardy way and yet in such reckless profusion, letting the wild hyacinth of the woods with its blue bells and delicate fretted edges mix with the aristocratic purple columbine, folly's child, and the proud tulip be threaded in and out by the white flowers of the wild garlic, is a natural entrance to a garden meant to be the meeting-ground of the parish. But the primroses under the beeches are not quite as thick and tufted as these under the Scotch fir. What would the garden be without that tree? Every season seems to heighten its beauty. The grey green young spring shoots and the dark resinous cones make fresh notes in the green harmony of branches which droop and spray and cast flickering pencilled shadows on the rough red stem at noon: yet in all its grace the fir is never languid, and its scent has the same stimulating force to the mind as the scent of the chrysanthemum, and a puritan touch which steadies the intoxicating odours of the spring.

All beneath the fir and the ilex and the bay was a barren wilderness a year ago, but now it is a sheet of blue forget-me-not, among which the primroses are nested and the periwinkle trails her wreath. One day we harnessed the donkey and went with baskets to that far dingle on the side of the slope and dug carefully among the lovely moss and roots of the wood and carried home the "spikes of purple orchises" and the blue-bells and the violets and set them under the acacia and the leafy medlar just breaking into large crumpled innocent-faced blossoms; how full the branches are of great green leaves, and how they seem to stoop and stretch a morning shade for us on the sunny lawn; they are very tough and strong and do not break when the little girl with yellow hair swings and dances upon them. In a few weeks tall foxgloves, white and pink and purple, peer out from this flowery nook at the carts and wagons and gipsy-vans that pass by to the great world. The dark stains on the pure colour inside the "glue of bells," give a cast of thought to these delicate flowers and a refinement of beauty that is all the more queenly for the simple setting. As Gerrard says, "foxglove groweth in barren sandy grounds and almost everywhere," and if you have despaired of any bed under the trees, see what can be done with some good foxglove seed.

But we need not look to gardens for beauty in this witching time when every blade of road-side grass is touched with magic, and the rain when it comes makes "even the cart-ruts beautiful."

How the sunlight revels in that great may-skirted meadow this warm afternoon, and gilds the buttercups and daisies and the clover-flower and every bit of canary and couch-grass, of hare's tail and meadow-fescue that bend together under the waves of shadow as only those wonderful grasses with their fairy bodies and merry tossing heads can. The butterflies are come, and down below

". . . above the daisy tree,
Through the grasses
High o'erhead the bumble bee
Hums and passes."

while up in the air the birds

"Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.
They shall go flying
With musical speeches
High overhead in the
Tops of the beeches.
In spite of our wisdom
And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
Plodding and walking."

London folk think of grass in a lump, but you have only to watch the may meadows not to wonder at the thirty-seven heads under which Miss Plues describes them in her sweet, old-fashioned book on *Rambles in Search of Wild Flowers*.

Before we say good-bye to spring let us peep at that cluster of blue wind-flowers so very cool and fresh under the tall rose-bushes, all spotted with starry-white stamens and buried in dark green leaves. It grows wild in Wales, but it flourishes and comes up hardily in a shady garden-bed. It is a near cousin of the rare purple pasque anemone which Fitzgerald says grows wild on the Fleam-dyke, near Cambridge, and of which the old English folk believed that it grew only where Danish blood had been spilt.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head."

Is it because of Danish blood that our blue anemone has such a pure luxuriance? After you have toiled the five miles to our nearest station, the first place to which the train carries you is Athelney where Alfred burnt the cakes. Perhaps some long-forgotten battle raged in these quiet fields and the bones of Guthrun's fierce soldiers and their fair northern brides wait the eternal term deep down under our tender blue anemones.

CLOTILDA MARSON.



"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER CONFLICT.

As Madge and Elsie sat talking through that long afternoon, Guy was very differently engaged.

During their two weeks in Monte Carlo, he had been passing his time in his usual careless, reckless manner, and the anxious look on his face the previous evening was not without due cause. The downhill road had been smooth and easy enough so far, but he had come to a barrier now, and a chasm yawned before him, which, if he had not the courage to turn back, would engulf him.

And on that bright sunny afternoon, while Madge laid bare her heart to Elsie Merton, Guy was put to the test and—failed.

For the first week fortune had favoured him at the gaming tables, but since, he had lost steadily and heavily. In the early hours of that afternoon he staked nearly everything he had left, in a wild venture to win all back; and lost all.

He left the Casino, as countless others have done before and will do again, while the terrible curse of gambling stains the earth—a ruined man.

He did not see the people that passed him; he did not see the pitying looks that followed him; he did not see the spring flowers or the sunshine; he saw only a vision of utter ruin.

With toilsome steps and bent head he climbed a narrow cliff path, and at the top he sat down and buried his face in his hands.

At first he was too much dazed to think. One overwhelming fact alone filled all his mind and wrung his inmost heart, and that was that he must leave Madge.

About this there seemed no question whatever to him.

He had gambled away his substance but he had not lost his sense of honour, and the idea of living on his wife under such circumstances was impossible to him.

No, no, it was all his own fault, all his own blind foolishness, and now he must go away where his disgrace would not touch her.

He raised his head and looked away across the blue waters, and a mighty conflict waged within him.

"I can't go," he said with clenched hands and teeth. "I can't bear not to be with her."

"You must," said a voice within him. "You can't live on her, and what else can you do here? Besides, when she knows she will turn from you; she will despise you; how can you face that?"

"How can I go and leave her all alone?" he urged fiercely. "I am her husband, it is my right to remain with her and take care of her."

"You have forfeited your right," replied the voice. "She is better without you now, and you know she would wish it. She is not afraid of being alone; she is self-reliant and independent and will not miss your protection. She only liked you before; she did not love you; she will despise you now—do you hear?—she will despise you."

He groaned aloud and rose hastily, as if it were more than he could bear. He looked down the face of the cliff and for one wild, delirious moment he meditated suicide. "But I must see her again," he muttered between his teeth, and turned away. As he did so his attention was drawn to a small church not far away. The door stood open and he heard voices singing. The impulse to go nearer moved him, and with dragging steps he entered, and sat down in a dusky corner alone, leaning forward with his face buried in his hands. He remained thus some time, for the service seemed to soothe him.

But as he sat there, in that little foreign church in his hour of bitter need and heard the quiet praying, for the first time in his life he had a gleam of what was contained in the true heart of religion.

Without a word passing his lips or being addressed to him, a quiet strength seemed to enter his soul and the conflict grew less fierce.

"Yes, he must go," he said to himself. "It was the only course open to him, and the only one which gave him a chance of retrieving his wrong steps and regaining his right, once more to watch over her. How could he expect to win her love now, and what right had he to seek it?" he asked, "since by his own act he had made himself unworthy."

Then once more a great wave of anguish and weakness passed over him, and he ground his teeth fiercely together and clutched his hands tighter to his head.

The thought of leaving her wrung him past endurance. "I can't go," he muttered. "It isn't as if she didn't care for me at all; she must care a little."

"But does she care enough to forgive you?" asked the voice, and his only answer was a stifled groan.

And meanwhile the people thronged past him, out of church, unheeded. When at last he looked up, he found it had grown dusk, and that but for one or two others he was alone.

Then came that moment of all others in a man's life—the moment when he first desires to pray.

For the first time in his life, Guy Fawcett went down on his knees and buried his face in his hands in silent, wordless prayer.

And as he knelt thus, such a sense of his own littleness and unworthiness swept over him, that he hardly dared to breathe, but the cry of the publican was in his heart, "Oh, God! be merciful to me a sinner!"

And who shall say that wordless prayer did not find its way straight to God's Mercy-seat, for are not the secrets of every heart known to the Great Creator?

How long he remained thus, with the stillness all about him he never knew, but he was aroused at last by the gentle touch of a hand on his shoulder and a voice saying, "My son, I have a message for you."

He looked up and his eyes met the tender, sympathetic gaze of an aged man, who said softly, "The Master said, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" Then he passed on his way, and Guy, after bowing his head once more for a few minutes, rose and left the church with a heart that was strong to do and dare.

But there was one thing for which he lacked courage, and that was to say farewell to Madge.

He simply dare not trust himself and decided not to run the risk of it; fearing to undermine his determination and undo all that it had cost him so much to bring his mind to. Accordingly he wrote to her instead, and gave the note to a trusty messenger, to deliver in a few hours. Then he wrote one or two business letters, and afterwards went to the station and took the first train to Marseilles with intent to sail in the next vessel leaving for a foreign country.

He had just sufficient money to get all he required and pay his passage; afterwards he must do the best he could.

Thus it happened that rather later than Guy's usual hour of returning, while Madge was sitting lost in thought over her afternoon's conversation, she received the following note—

"DEAR MADGE,

"I have to leave Monte Carlo hurriedly on important business and have not time to come up and see you. I will write in a day or two. Don't be anxious. "Yours,

"GUY FAWCETT."

"Has the messenger gone?" she asked looking up quickly.

"Yes," was the reply, "he said there was no answer."

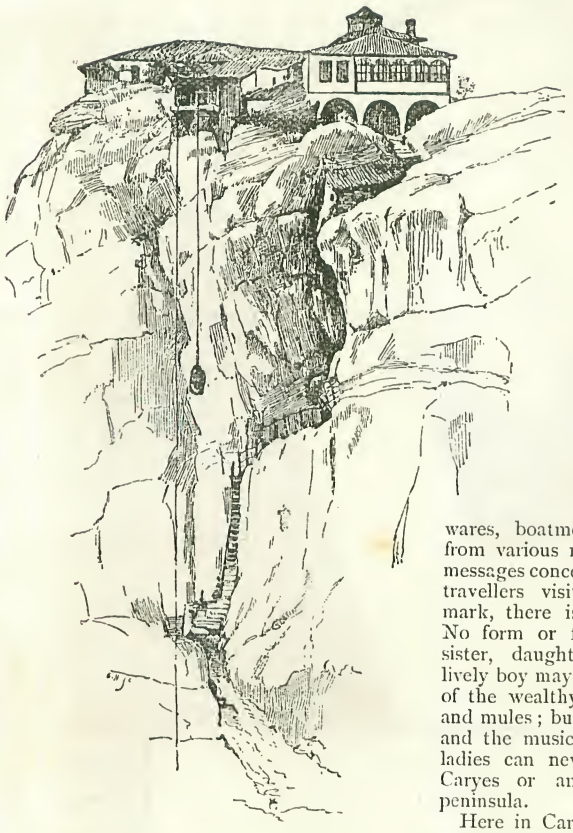
"Very well, I will have dinner at once; Mr. Fawcett will not be returning to-night," and a few minutes later, without showing the slightest perturbation, she sat down to her solitary meal.

When it was ended she went to bed, as her head ached badly after her rather trying afternoon, and it must be confessed her thoughts were far more occupied with what had passed then, than with her husband's unexpected absence. The latter did not surprise her very much, for he had been a little erratic in his movements once or twice, and she supposed he would be back in a few days.

(*To be continued.*)

A TOWN WITHOUT A WOMAN.

By Rev. W. DURBAN, B.A.



The only town in the world without a woman is the curious little capital of Athos, that beautiful peninsula of white marble which runs out into the sea for a distance of forty miles on the coast of Macedonia.

This lovely promontory has two companion peninsulas which form the three picturesque feet of Chalcidice, that section of Macedonia so famous in classic ages. It was across the base of the Athonite peninsula that Xerxes cut his canal.

There is not in all Europe a more wonderful spot than Athos. This "Mountain of the Monks" has for centuries been the Holy Land of the great Greek Church. Only a few English travellers have from time to time visited the peninsula, which must be reached by sea either from Contessa or Salonica. Not a woman ever sees any part of this locality except as it can be viewed from the ocean in passing along the Ægean; for the presence of the weaker sex is absolutely prohibited in Athos. The rocky range of hills forming the grand promontory runs right along the forty miles from the low ridge connecting Athos with the mainland of Chalcidice, and the height increases steadily all the way until Mount Athos properly so-called soars up in a magnificent cone and reaches an altitude of very nearly seven thousand feet. At the base the width of the promontory is only half a mile, and here are still plainly visible the traces of the famous old canal. But the peninsula widens out until in some places it is quite four miles across.

No less than twenty splendid monasteries are perched and scattered in the recesses of this sublime headland or on the craggy and sometimes apparently inaccessible cliffs of the coast. And here dwell under the conditions of separation from a far-off world the devotees of an extraordinary system of asceticism, quietism, and superstition which is in itself one of the most interesting studies in the development of the monastic life of the East.

On this shore, and on the rocky sides of these hills no woman has for ages been allowed to set foot. The metropolis of the district is the little town called Caryes. Here are all the essential features of civilised life. The streets contain bustling little shops, and there is a bazaar thronged with eager customers. Muleteers drive in and out the town, coppersmiths ply their tools, fruiterers pile up their wares, boatmen lounge about, the monks from various monasteries pass to and fro on messages concerning the Holy Synod. But, as travellers visiting Athos never fail to remark, there is one charm entirely lacking. No form or face is seen of mother, wife, sister, daughter, lover or infant. Many a lively boy may be seen helping the merchants of the wealthy monks, or driving the goats and mules; but the merry laughter of maidens and the musical songs of Greek or Turkish ladies can never be heard in the streets of Caryes or anywhere in all the Athonite peninsula.

Here in Caryes is a little Turkish garrison, with officers, soldiers, and secular functionaries. But not one of these Ottomans can locate his harem anywhere in this celibate land. All must live a bachelor life.

There are in the twenty romantic convents of the "Mountain of the Monks" about six thousand devotees. Some of these establishments are exceedingly wealthy, having great estates in Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Russia. The largest monasteries have hundreds of servants. Many of the convents are seats of skilled industry, and some of the monks are splendid musicians, others are excellent artists, and hundreds of the hermits are profound students.

It is extraordinary that the exclusion of the female sex should be so rigorously enforced in connection with a system which at the same time inculcates the most profound reverence for the Virgin Mary. Strange to say, it is by the Virgin herself that the perpetual banishment of her own sex from Athos is believed by the superstitious monks to have been decreed. In the beautiful monastery of Vatopedi, one of the richest of the Athonite establishments, is one of those "miraculous icons" so precious in the eyes of priests and worshippers of the Russo-Greek Church. The story implicitly credited is that this picture of the Virgin one day called to the Empress Pulcheria as she was going to her devotions in the great church, saying, "What do you, a woman, here? Depart from this church, for women's feet shall no more tread this floor!"

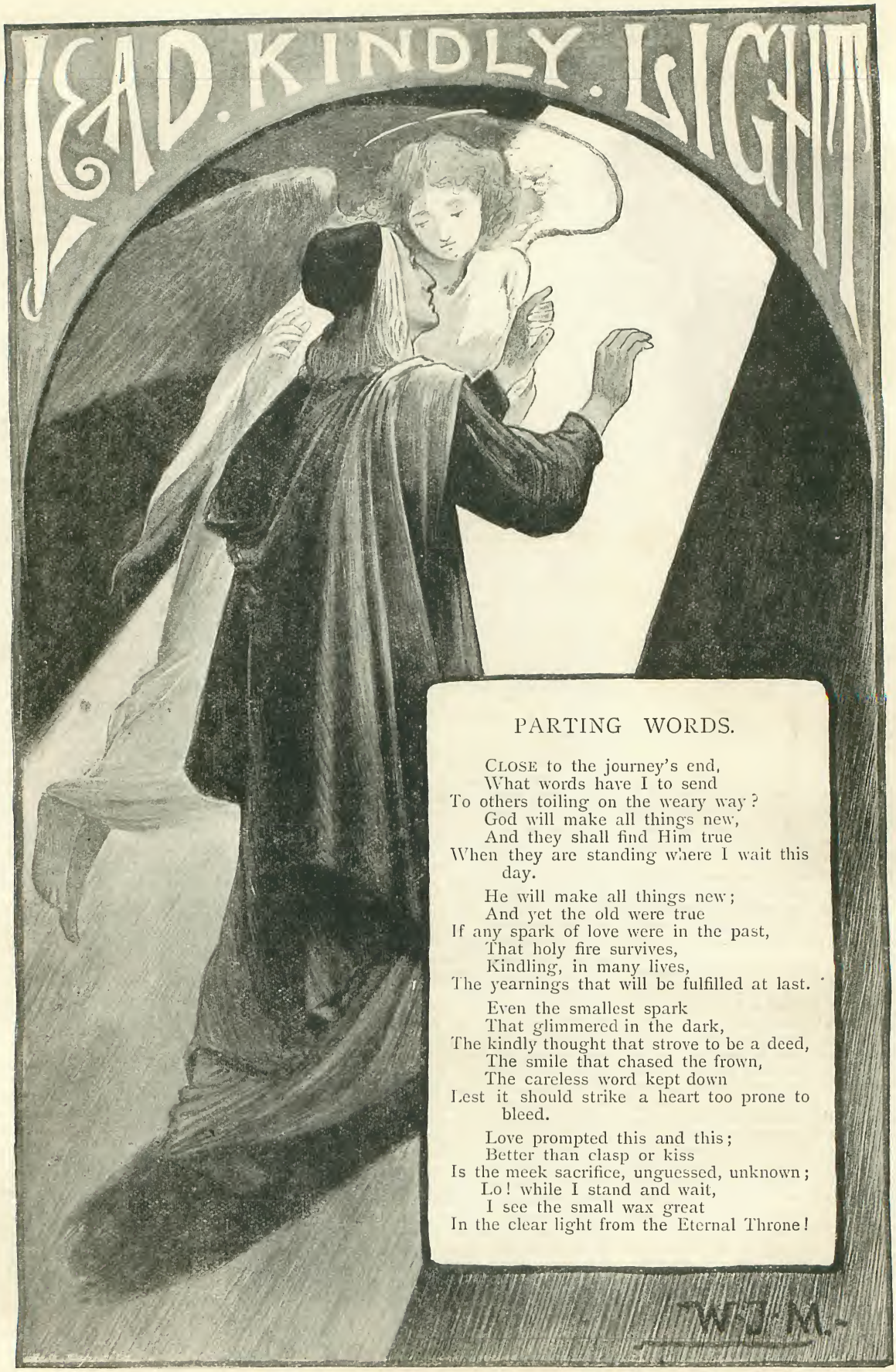
Now, it was this pious Empress Pulcheria who had so richly beautified the church which she loved so well in the monastery at Vatopedi. And yet she was constrained to obey this hard injunction. Never more did she pray on that sacred floor, and never again did she see those lovely columns with which her munificence had adorned the church. And from that hour no woman or female animal has been permitted to set foot on the shores of the Holy Mountain. If the rigid rule against sex could be so applied, not a bird otherwise than of the masculine gender would be allowed to alight on twig or rock of the fair promontory which is so glorious a mountain-garden in the Eastern sea, that birds, angels, and women might seem to be its most fitting tenants.

Visitors, so long as they are of the male sex, are treated at all the Athonite monasteries with the most generous hospitality. But if a fowl appears on the table of the *hegoumenos*, or abbot of one of these great monasteries when entertaining his guests, it is sure to be a rooster, for a hen must not enter this sacred land, either alive or dead.

The fact is that throughout the Greek Church the position allotted to woman is one of great inferiority. When looking at pictures and relics in various cathedrals in Russia I have noticed that ladies were not allowed to approach the altar and to ascend the steps of the Iconastasis and to examine the sacred relics. They must remain outside the *bema*, but sometimes the gentlemen of the party might as a great favour take some relic to show to the poor ladies.

These monks from the Holy Mountain will astonish any visitor from the West by many a singular custom, especially in relation to diet. In the shops and bazaars of Caryes may be seen one of the commonest articles of diet at Athos, the devil-fish, hanging up for sale. But the traveller who has been accustomed to such a commodity as stewed octopus, finds it difficult to reconcile himself to the prospect of devil-fish for breakfast or supper. This tough reptile, caught in abundance on the coast of Athos, requires severe handling to deal with his peculiar qualities before putting him into the cooking-pot. To make him in any wise tender he must be lifted up on high and dashed down with all possible force on a paving stone, and this flagellating process must be repeated at least forty times. The monks, however, are perversely fond of cooking everything they eat in rancid oil, and therefore it may be imagined what is the nature of some of the viands put before the guest. Large black snails are particularly esteemed. Glyko, a delicate Turkish sweetmeat, served with coffee, is much more acceptable.

Beautiful Athos! Lifting up its glorious summit into the cloudless azure above the sapphire sea in which it bathes its granite feet, it is often visible from the Asiatic coast eighty miles distant. Many a tourist, steaming along the Ægean, looks with wondering eyes at the far-off crest, and little thinks of the world of marvels hidden in that rocky fastness, shut out as it is from the turmoil and ambition of the modern world. Pilgrims from many regions come and go, but for many a year Athos will be spared the fate which has overtaken many another lovely and secluded spot. The promontory hallowed for more than a thousand years to the hearts of the millions who worship according to the teachings of the Orthodox Eastern Church is not as yet in danger of being overrun as a playground of miscellaneous holiday-seekers; but the few who can diverge from the beaten tracks of travel will be richly repaid by a visit to this enchanting realm.



PARTING WORDS.

CLOSE to the journey's end,
What words have I to send
To others toiling on the weary way?
God will make all things new,
And they shall find Him true
When they are standing where I wait this day.

He will make all things new;
And yet the old were true
If any spark of love were in the past,
That holy fire survives,
Kindling, in many lives,
The yearnings that will be fulfilled at last.

Even the smallest spark
That glimmered in the dark,
The kindly thought that strove to be a deed,
The smile that chased the frown,
The careless word kept down
Lest it should strike a heart too prone to bleed.

Love prompted this and this;
Better than clasp or kiss
Is the meek sacrifice, unguessed, unknown;
Lo! while I stand and wait,
I see the small wax great
In the clear light from the Eternal Throne!

DICK HARTWELL'S FORTUNE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER I.

One Saturday evening in summer Dick Hartwell sauntered down to the quay when the tide was high, and a faint breeze was blowing seaward. A big schooner, painted white, had finished unloading her cargo of red pine from the forests of Norway and Sweden, and was to set sail that very evening for Copenhagen. The quay was quiet just then; a calm light enfolded the low green hills and even glorified the shabby buildings on the edge of the water. Dick enjoyed the briny coolness here and liked the stillness.

A young woman was sitting on a piece of timber, holding the hand of a restless little boy of four or five. Dick noted, with the natural interest that he felt in all young women, a certain air of distinction about her face and figure. She was very plainly dressed, and her simple gown looked as if it had been made at home. Her eyes were dark; the hair coiled up under her hat was nearly black; he thought she did not seem quite English. Glancing at her again, he came to the conclusion that she had been crying.

At that moment she put her hand into her pocket and drew out a handkerchief. The movement left the boy free. He gave a gurgle of fun, snatched up a little satchel which had been lying in her lap, and made off with it to the edge of the quay.

"Come here, John," she called distractedly; but the child only laughed and ran faster. She rose to follow, and Dick, seeing that there was real danger, sprang forward and overtook the boy before he reached the brink. He seized the young rascal by the shoulder, and then there was a vigorous tussle. John evidently resented the interference of a stranger. He kicked out like a Shetland pony and roared with the full force of healthy lungs, but this was not all. In a frenzy of rage he flung the satchel away as far as he could, and it dropped with a small splash into the sea.

The young woman gave a cry which went to the very depths of Dick's heart.

"I'd better have let him alone," he said ruefully.

"I think you had," sighed the girl. "Ever since his father died he has been like this! Do you know what you have done, John?" she added. "All aunty's money was in that bag. She was taking it home to poor mother."

The boy had left off screaming. He looked up at her with a pair of wide blue eyes, and his round face lengthened visibly.

"Didn't mean to do it," he quavered with trembling lips. "Bad man made me."

"Why, if it hadn't been for me you'd have gone over along with the bag!" said Dick with very natural indignation. "It's to be hoped you'll take a turn for the better when you grow up. There's a great deal in store for those you belong to, I'm afraid."

"Please don't say that," entreated the girl, with a faint touch of resentment in her manner. "We have had trouble enough. Besides, a naughty child often makes a good man, and John was only four last birthday."

"Only four last buffday," said John in eager corroboration. "Very solly, aunty. Is all the money gone?"

"All gone," she answered, trying to hide her tears. "I don't know what I shall say to your poor mother, John. It seems too bad to be true."

"How much was it?" Dick suddenly asked.

"Five sovereigns and about ten shillings in silver." The girl seemed to answer involuntarily. "We have been to see my brother; he is gone to the East to join an uncle of ours, and he gave me all that he could spare—just five pounds. My sister has been very ill, and she owes a little money. It will be paid by-and-by when I have had time to save, but I don't like to keep people waiting."

"Have you any work to do?" inquired Dick.

"Yes; I teach English in Copenhagen. My sister's husband was clerk in a merchant's office there, and after his death we stayed on. She has two children, this boy, and a little girl. It was her illness which made us get into debt; for two months she could not do anything, and when she recovered, my health began to fail."

Dick was looking at her attentively. She had an oval face, and a brown-tinted skin which seemed to soften the dark eyes and marked brows. Not a common face, he thought, and strangely sweet.

"We shall set sail presently," she went on. "The doctor said a voyage would be good for John and me, and Peter Jensen, the skipper, gave us a free passage. His wife came with us; she is our landlady's cousin, and she has been to this town before. While the schooner was unloading we stayed with my brother in his lodgings. Last night he went away."

Her voice faltered a little. She had been standing while she talked; then she seemed suddenly to feel that she had said enough, and she went back to her seat, holding the child's hand fast in her own. John made no attempt to get free; he was quiet and quite subdued.

Dick stood still and reflected. He knew perfectly well what he wanted to do, but he did not know how to do it. Perhaps she would take offence. Yet he believed that it was the right thing, and he must run the risk of a snubbing. He looked across the quay at the slim creature, sitting patiently on the timber, with the little scamp leaning his arms upon her lap. The boy's features were not like hers, but now that he was grave he had caught something of her expression. And he was a bonnie lad, a bairn that any man might have been proud to own.

Still hesitating, he glanced around at the craft lying at anchor, the ugly buildings on the shore, and the wide space of water rippling quietly under the calm sky. Suddenly a face looked over the side of the big schooner—a broad, honest face, with yellow hair and beard. It was the Danish skipper. Dick recognised him by instinct, and made up his mind at once.

"Here goes," he muttered to himself.

"Fine evening," he said aloud. "The lady says you will soon set sail."

"Yes, yes," answered the skipper, easy and frank. "It is good weather, and we shall have a fine passage home. I am glad for Miss Bendon and the little boy."

He spoke English well. It seemed as if he accepted Dick as one of the lady's friends.

So the way was made plain. Dick told what had just happened in a few straight words. The skipper listened attentively, and shook his head over the tale.

"The boy wants his father," he said. "Miss Bendon is too kind and tender. And now I wonder what is to be done? She told me that her brother would be sure to help her; but that wild youngster has thrown the help away! Five good British sovereigns gone to the fishes!"

"Look here, Captain Jensen," Dick began. "I've a five-pound note in my pocket at this moment, and I'll hand it over to you for her. Don't let her have it till you're well out at sea. Tell her she can pay me back when she likes. I'll write my name and address on a leaf of my pocket-book."

The skipper pushed back his cap and rubbed his head thoughtfully.

"She is proud," he said. "My wife knows her very well. But she has had a hard life of late, and I don't see why she should refuse a kindness. Yes, I will take the money for her, and do all that you say."

Dick wrote on the leaf of his note-book, and handed it with the money to the skipper. Then he nodded good-bye to the Dane and crossed over to the girl, who sat listlessly waiting for the summons to go on board.

"Time's nearly up," he said cheerfully. "She's a fine craft; I'd like a voyage to the Baltic in her myself. But I'm clerk at a shipbuilder's here, and don't get many holidays. Does this little man mean to be a sailor?"

"Yes," replied the little man promptly; "as soon as ever I'm big enough. Grandfather comed from the sea."

"Our father was captain of an English merchantman," his aunt explained. "We all love the sea; it gives us back health and strength."

"Perhaps you will sail again with Captain Jensen," Dick suggested.

She shook her head.

"No, I must work hard when I get back. And he will not come here again for a year."

"Well, I hope you'll have a pleasant voyage and good luck at the end of it," said Dick. "I wish I could think of something better to say," he added abruptly.

"There is nothing better to be said," she answered, lifting her dark eyes to his; and until that moment he had never known how very sweet dark eyes could be. "No one can want more than a pleasant voyage and good luck at the end. It is what we all ask for, isn't it?"

He smiled.

"An old gipsy told me years ago that my good fortune would come from the sea," he said. "But I don't believe in fortune-telling. There's the skipper calling you, madam."

He watched her on board, and then waited till the schooner had got under way. The breeze freshened, and she was soon scudding along, a gallant craft sailing into the sunset like a ship in a dream. She had left the quay a good way astern when Dick woke from a reverie and remembered the life that he had to live ashore, and certain claims that it made upon him. He put his hands in his pockets and whistled softly as he walked away. An anxious look clouded his face as he went quickly up the street.

The five-pound note belonged, strictly speaking, to the piano fund. And the piano fund only concerned two persons—Minnie Brace and himself.

About six months ago he had proposed to Minnie, and she had accepted him. The piano fund had been started soon after the engagement. Minnie was musical, and had told Dick that he must begin to save up for a first-rate instrument. She must have something better to play upon, she said, than the poor little tin-kettle at home. He was ready to gratify any wish of hers, and would have done his best to get her a church organ if she had asked for it. For he was honestly in love.

(*To be continued.*)

SOCIAL EVENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

By LA PETITE.

PART VI.

LITERARY DINNERS.



Of course, I have been to a good many by now, for they are much more common than they used to be; but I looked on my first invitation with mingled awe and delight, and felt it was a step up the ladder of fame.

None but "women" writers were invited, which seemed to be another feather in my cap, for it betokened that I was recognised as one, and gave me a pleasant sense of importance. The dinner took place at one of the large public rooms set aside for the purpose, and as we ascended the public staircase we heard a girl whisper to her companion in an awe-struck tone, "Those are women-writers!"

My head was held quite an inch higher after this, though there may be a doubt as to whether the remark were complimentary or the reverse.

A good deal of this awe has melted away by now, for everybody writes in these days, though they forget that every idea that comes into their heads may not be worth writing down.

The waiter stationed at the head of the stairs evidently thought that it would not be polite to call us "women," the grand old title that one hears too seldom nowadays, so he kept repeating, "This way for the lady-writers' dinner!" which made us laugh and everyone else stare, till we felt more like a travelling circus than ever.

First we were shown to a room where we laid aside our wraps and then to a reception-room, where we were received by the chair-woman and committee, who welcomed us and pointed to a table where lay various sprays of flowers. These were made up ready to attach to our dresses, and we were each expected to take one, a delicate, womanly touch, which at once robbed the assembly of its official and formal character.

Creeping into a corner I sat and watched the company assemble, and thrilled with pleasure as I saw the faces of many who had made me laugh or cry.

We each had given us a plan of the tables, so that we knew exactly where we were to sit and the names of all present, but I greatly wished the guests wore labels, so that one might know exactly who each lady was.

At length we were all assembled and a general move was made to the dining-room next door, the chair-woman and committee leading the way, but otherwise no precedence being observed.

The table, in the shape of a horse-shoe, looked charming, and, as name-cards were put on each plate, we had no difficulty in finding our places, and soon settled down.

It soon struck me as incongruous that we were waited on by men. It was hardly consistent considering we rigidly excluded them from the table, but this was almost the only mistake (if mistake it could be called), and was simply a matter of opinion. Besides, in a public institution, you must avail yourself of the services provided, and cannot alter it to suit your own tastes and fancies.

The menus had been designed by one of the guests, and bore on the front a Greek girl reclining gracefully on a couch, with a book and a lamp before her, holding out a champagne glass to be filled. It was charmingly pretty; but, as one of those present observed, it was hardly a fair representation of the life of a woman-writer, for though indeed she may "burn the midnight oil," she has but little leisure to lie on sofas, and none at all to drink champagne!

As I looked round I realised more than ever what a mistake it was to suppose that cleverness must needs be allied to dowdiness of dress, or that busy women had no time to take a proper interest in their clothes. Each one of us was dressed as befitted the occasion with a due regard to fashion, though not a slavish surrender to it, and we all seemed to have laid to heart Shakespeare's injunction—

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,"

and woman!

The dinner passed off like most dinners, and it was only towards its close that it differed at all from others. When the dessert was reached the waiters were banished, and we felt that the real business of the evening was about to commence. Lighted candles were placed at intervals down the table, coffee was served and cigarette-boxes produced.

Not many of us smoked though, but I took a cigarette as a souvenir, and was assured, on masculine authority next day, that it was a very bad one.

Then the chair-woman rose and gave the toast of the first woman in the land, "The Queen," and, after that, we listened to several speeches upholding the importance of our profession and pointing out that, as our prospects improved and our influence increased so also should our sense of responsibility, and that we should aim high, so that others might be the better for what we wrote.

I noticed with amusement that the waiters peeped cautiously from behind the screens during the speech-making, as it was then rather a novelty to hear a woman speak; but they were visibly impressed by the good sense and capability of what they heard, and the spirit of scornful curiosity with which they entered soon changed to one of attentive approval.

This ended the formal part of the proceedings.

We listened to a charming song or two from a pretty girl, and then, acting on the suggestion of the chair-woman, moved freely about, chatting with those we knew, and being introduced to those we did not know, so that what with the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," the evening was gone before we realised it.

The husbands, fathers and brothers were waiting meekly in the ante-room to escort their respective belongings home, which I thought inconsistent, for if we were independent enough to come alone and eat alone, we might surely have gone home alone.

We parted with regret, promising to meet again next year. This we did, and from these dinners I trace many pleasant and helpful friendships.

As time went on too the small eccentricities, which our best friends might deplore as giving our enemies opportunities of scoffing, were softened down and we became less aggressive, so to speak. Of course people said unkind things, as they always do if they get the chance. For instance, our menus one year had etched on them (by the same hand as before) the Greek girl again holding out a handful of food towards an exceptionally solemn-looking owl, Minerva's bird, as everyone knows, who looked rather disdainfully over her head. This was quoted as a sign that we tried in vain to lure wisdom to our side, but we paid no heed, and are now, I think, firmly established.

Last year, being our beloved Queen's Jubilee, our banquet was of course very specially brilliant and loyal. The committee wore white bows with pens, and their chairs were draped with broad red, white and blue sashes, and our name-cards had attached to them red, white and blue narrow baby-ribbon with a wee silver safety-pin run through it. This led to one of my secret ambitions being realised, for our chair-woman (a novelist whose books are widely read and highly thought of) suggested our each pinning our name-card to our dress so that everyone would be labelled. This was done amid much laughter, but I turned the blank side of mine outwards, feeling that no one would be burning to know my name, and if they were they would not be much enlightened when they saw it.

Our numbers had increased from the sixty who had assembled on the first occasion I spoke of, so that we had to have a larger room; but we no longer banished the waiters when we began speechifying, for we had got over our self-consciousness and took it all more as a matter of course.

Altogether it was the most successful gathering we had ever had, and was thoroughly enjoyable.

I felt very uplifted the first time I went as a guest to a mixed literary dinner, by which I mean a male literary club which has ladies' guest nights.

The dinner took place the evening of the day when we went to the Jubilee drawing-room, and those of you who have read that paper can imagine how tired we were; but all the same how we enjoyed it, and what a fitting conclusion it made to a memorable day. Of course it was more ceremonious than the others, and a regular *soirée* was held afterwards.

It was wonderfully interesting to note the faces of men whose books we had read and enjoyed, and, although obliged to admit that sometimes my ideal pictures of them were rather ruthlessly destroyed, still, on the whole, they were not so disappointing as one might expect.

It was pleasant too to notice that my sex held their own very creditably in the matter of speech-making, and were listened to with marked attention.

The hall in which we dined was very stately and handsome, and we all sat at separate tables, large or small, according to the size of our party.

The proceedings were agreeably diversified by songs, but for the rest there was so much to see and hear that any other amusement seemed superfluous.

Ladies and gentlemen left the table together, of course, when the time arrived for the *soirée* (which was held in an adjoining room), but many lingered as if loth to break up a happy party, and those in the balcony, as they looked down on the gay crowd, must have had an impression of a moving tableau, so bright and animated was the scene. But all must come to an end in time, and so did my last literary dinner, taking its place at length with the other social events of the past.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEKEEPING IN LONDON.

By "A GIRL PROFESSIONAL."

PART VI.

MONEY-CHANGING.



THERE are few enterprises of which their success or non-success is judged otherwise than by financial results; indeed, it seems as though finance were the foot-rule by which we measure everything, great or small, in these latter days.

Even in such a business as housekeeping when undertaken with a view to profit-making, the first judgment pronounced upon it would be one relative to its profitable or unprofitable returns. And yet, when these returns are the most discouraging, it does not follow of necessity that all is unsuccessful, or that failure must be written over the door. With many newly-established businesses profit is not expected to be shown for the first two or three years; if such pay their way while gaining a foothold they are thought to do well. Might we not claim the same leniency here?

The fact that at the end of the first three years there are no household debts behind us, that current expenses are met as they become due, and that we have a thoroughly well-furnished and well-repaired house which speaks in its own favour, and that our tenants are content and comfortable should surely stand for some measure of success as issue. My hope had been to have reported the complete repayment of the loan which started us and the opening of a household banking account, but this was not yet, and perfect truth demands perfect honesty. A fifth part of the loan was paid nevertheless, and more would certainly have followed had it not been for the constant drain kept up on one's resources by the monthly payments for furniture, etc., and the frequent deductions to be made for absences of one or another.

I omitted to say that when Mrs. Norris left we were under the immediate necessity of buying some more furniture in place of that we had had the use of while she was with us. Of these a dining-table was the chief, a side-board next chief, some more chairs and a few smaller articles as coal-scuttles, dish-covers, trays, etc., all much needed. As we were unable to lay down the amount required for these in ready money, we had recourse to a furnishing agency, and after giving satisfactory references secured their assistance. The sum required was about £23, and the interest was five per cent.; this we repaid by monthly instalments, and though it was sometimes very difficult to raise the money by the necessary date, still we did complete all the payments in the twelve months, and greatly rejoiced when that burden rolled away.

The most trying hindrance to progress, however, was the frequent absences of one and another of our tenants for two or three weeks at a time on visits to friends and relatives. It was delightful for them doubtless to have these breaks in the monotony of their lives, and they came back cheery and full of talk, but to me each absence meant a dip into my own pocket to supply the deficit caused in the exchequer, lessened my chances of laying by, or even of using my money for myself, and effectually prevented all hope of making a margin of profit. Had they all been absent together the deficiency would have been less noticed, as we could have reduced our expenses accordingly, but this never happened, save once or twice in the holiday month; usually there were two left behind, and invariably one, necessitating the same observance of routine, and therefore but little reduction was possible. It became plain too that the house, though a fairly large one, was too small to admit of making more by than its actual expenses. Another floor would have made all the difference, as another mouth to feed would have made no perceptible increase in the amount of food and the payment for board or rent would have been actual gain.

It is generally understood in all such cases, that a number pays where a few prove costly, and experience only confirmed this axiom. Still it was not in our power to add to the number of rooms and to take in more guests, therefore a more careful looking round the corners became necessary, and a continual watchfulness against waste or imprudent spending. Saving could only be effected in small items, and must be done without giving rise to comment. If we could bring our expenses strictly down to the level of our actual receipts we thought ourselves fortunate, as, of course, in the said expenses were included the board and lodging of our own selves. This, we had not yet been able to do owing, as I have said before, to the frequent deductions that had to be made in the income, and to the heavy loss caused by the rooms remaining empty so long. On my own side alone accounts showed that I had actually paid for my board at the same ratio as the strangers; as during three years over £150 of my literary earnings had been swallowed up; until this drain was stopped it was impossible to feel any profit from the results of work. To set against this there is, however, an excellent home, an abundance of good food and home comforts; perhaps, as the trial term is scarcely yet expired, more than this ought not to be looked for.

I have been thus faithful to truth in order that the difficulties of such an enterprise—should any of my fellow girl-housekeepers care to take up the same—might not be glossed over; now lest it should be thought that we have lived at too expensive a rate, I must conclude by giving a few practical details of the actual "keep" of the house, more especially with regard to its table furnishing.

To secure variety and yet keep expenses within bounds is ever the problem; often it seemed that far too much is expended on the food, yet where to curtail it is impossible to say. Game and poultry are too costly for more than occasional use, pork is disapproved of, veal not much liked, therefore we are reduced to chief dependence on beef and mutton, with rabbits by way of change when in season. I found the most economical things to be soups made entirely from vegetables, and they were always much liked. Of these we have a good choice—chestnut, tomato, potato, artichoke, haricot bean, peas, vegetable marrow, etc. Next to the soups, dishes of vegetables with appropriate sauces take rank in point of economy, and salads of different kinds. Jams are all home made, marmalade also; we have no wines or spirits, but in summer we drink fresh lemonade and in winter water,

The butcher's bill, the bugbear of every housekeeper, is mine no less; the only way I find it possible to reduce this is by going myself and choosing every joint, and when possible by paying cash for it. Its price is apt to grow when left on the books, and sometimes another customer's joint is added on to my account. The same with fish. Bread is delivered at the door in the morning, I can take exactly what I know will be needed, and have never yet been wrongly charged here. Butter is another difficult item, and where to get it most reasonably and of good quality (as only the best fresh is thought fit to eat) has necessitated many trials. On the whole I have found small pats bought at the dairy ready for the table to be as economical as any other; a cheaper kind served ourselves and for kitchen use. When possible I have endeavoured to buy in larger quantities bacon, butter, etc., from a city firm or the British Produce Company. At the latter place the gain has been in quality, prices being fully as high per pound as at local dealers. Potatoes and vegetables I have tried to obtain from a market gardener, but here again as with eggs, the cost of carriage outweighed the value of the goods. When possible to obtain fish from the Farringdon market it was both excellent in quality and very cheap. When a large number have to be catered for it pays to send for the advertised hampers both of fish and farm produce, but our small party precludes us from taking advantage of such.

Firewood by the hundred bundles we obtain from the workhouse; the order is a benefit to the labour department, and the supply is certainly a benefit to us, as the bundles are large and go further than most.

On the whole my experience goes to prove that housekeeping (professionally considered) is more difficult in London than in the country, and it is still more difficult for a small party than a large one. And yet I would not leave my readers with the impression that it is all difficulty, or that it has been all unprofitable. Looking around us I see the evidences of solid home and house building; looking forward to the future there is experience as a guide in preventing the recurrence of the same mistakes, and also as counselling for better terms when changes are made, and looking backward, there has been the training of character, the acquisition of a certain amount of skill in work, good friendships formed that may prove of great value later, and lastly I trust a fair reputation has been gained.

As the neighbourhood is one that is rapidly growing in popularity, and property is increasing in value, it is quite possible that we may receive an offer for the remainder of our lease that shall make it worth while to give it up. We are in a position to demand a substantial premium and thereby make of it a sound business transaction; in such a case a few years' trial of Housekeeping in London will have proved anything but a failure, even when judged by its financial results.

OUR BEAUTIFUL FURS, AND WHERE THEY COME FROM.

PART III.

Opossum.—The tree opossum is a native of the American continent, and is a large animal, its length from head to root of tail



COMMON OPOSSUM.

is twenty-two inches, and the tail fifteen inches.

The largest and most valued for its skin is the Virginian opossum (*Didelphis Virginiana*); it is not altogether a pleasing looking animal, about the size of a large cat. The colour of the animal varies a good bit from dirty board colour to a darker tinge; the ears are bare, so is the snout and end of tail which is white. It is also a pouched animal like the kangaroo. The young, directly they are born, are placed by the mother in the pouch, where they remain until old enough to run about for themselves. The teats are in the pouch of the mother. The fur is much valued for muffs, carriage wrappers and ladies' travelling hoods, etc.

Musquash.—I suppose all our readers have heard of the beautiful fur of the musquash, but, as far as I have seen, few know what the animal is like or how it lives, so a few words on this useful fur animal may be interesting.

The musquash is really a large water-rat amphibian, measuring about two feet, of which measurement the tail occupies about ten inches; its food mostly is of a vegetable nature, but will eat mussels and oysters when it can get at them; they are also dreadfully destructive in a garden, eating carrots, turnips, parsnips, maize and other vegetables. The animal lives in burrows, the entrance of which is mostly under water. The fur is much used for gentlemen's fur-lined coats. For trimmings of all kinds, and ladies' fur-lined circulars, the fur is much valued. The animal is also called musk-rat on account of the musky odour emanating from a gland in the body.



MUSQUASH OR MUSK-RAT.

Grey Squirrel.—One of the largest of its kind, and I think the most valued of squirrel kind on account of its skin, comes from the south of Canada and Mexico; its length is about eighteen inches head and body. They vary in colour, some being much darker in colour than others. The destruction of these little animals is also very great, the demand being great, but fortunately they are pretty prolific. Ladies are very fond of the fur for their driving coats, and ordinary fur-lined coats, and for luxurious opera and travelling hoods.

Every one is familiar with the lively little English squirrel, which we have all watched in the woods. I myself have often watched them in the quiet spots of Richmond Park, feeding upon the nuts and acorns to be found in such quantities there, and when winter comes how they lay up a store for themselves.

The grey squirrel is one of the same species, description is unnecessary. They are all hibernating little animals, and lay up a store every winter, and hide their nuts and acorns away in all sorts of odd corners, and even when the snow comes down and covers the ground with a white mantle, his memory is so good that he does not forget where he has hidden his store away, but scratches away the snow until he comes upon it. A pity some of us human beings can't take a lesson, and lay up a store for a rainy day. I think few then would suffer so much as they do in our hard winter months.



GREY SQUIRREL.

The last but not the least valued fur is the beautiful little silver fox. The much valued skin comes from the upper reaches of the



GREY FOX.

Mississippi. The general colour is rich brown on head and delicate yellow brown face, the body a beautiful silvery grey, legs brown yellow. Of course, this little fox has all the characteristics of its kind, which are too well known to describe.

Silver fox is much patronised for ladies' round boas and muffs. Before concluding this interesting subject, I may mention there are still some valuable furs we have not now space to deal with, viz., black and brown bear, otter beaver; this skin used to be largely used if we recollect in gentlemen's hats. Black goat is much used now for coachmens' capes and cuffs, and Persian lamb for ladies' fur ties. All these beautiful things made up are always on view at our large fur stores in the West End. A. T. Elwes.



"MY ROOM": OUR RECENT ESSAY COMPETITION.*

(One Guinea.)

Dear Mr. Editor,

What a ray of Sunshine "The Girl's Own Paper" seems each Month to bring to me. How eagerly too, do I look forward to receiving it, shut away as I am in one Room, and having so few pleasures from the outside world, that perhaps I love the Paper more than many of your Readers.

I am, and have been for some years, an Invalid. Shut away at the very beginning of womanhood, and when life looked very sweet to me. It seemed so hard to have to lie still day after day, and suffer pain indescribable. Since, many times, how thankful I have been that my eyes were veiled from the future, and that I knew nothing of the long years which were to pass upon my bed. Truly God doeth all things well.

The Room in which I have spent so many years, is a very tiny Room, but yet made as bright and pretty as possible by a Mother's loving hands. Such a bare ugly room it was at first, and seemed impossible to make it look at all comfortable.

My Mother was unable to spend money upon it, but her clever fingers soon made an alteration. My bed is placed down one side of the room, which was necessary owing to want of space. Close to the head of the bed, is a recess, and a shelf covered with oil-cloth, and edged with fringe, was fixed to the wall, upon which I keep my books, and Photographs. Above this is a Text, which is very often so hard for God's Children when in trouble to say, from their hearts; "Thy Will be done." May God help us all to be able truly to say it, whenever He sees fit to give us the trouble which must come to each of us, sooner or later.

Underneath the shelf is a table, (really only a Grocer's empty box,) and although only rough unpainted deal, is not seen from the outer side of the bed, but when covered with a cloth looks quite smart, and is very useful to place my writing desk, and letter rack upon, and being close to the bed, are easily reached.

A little further on, and where my eyes can rest upon it, is a Text Roll. It is such a help to me, especially when unable to read my daily portion.

I can always find something suitable for each day. Sometimes I see written there, chiding words, at other times, words of warning, cheer, or comfort.

Sometimes, friends tell me I escape so much, and am shielded from so many temptations, in the solitude of my Room. They do not know, and only those can know, who like myself, are not able to be out and about in the thick of the fight. We have quite as much to bear, and quite as many temptations to fight against, as those who are in the very front of the battle. They perhaps, are not the same kind of temptations, but yet, they are just as strong. Then, we are not so able to overcome them, and we cannot run away from them. We are so apt to make so much of any trouble, and to make mountains of mole-hills. Then there is the temptation to ill-temper, to irritability, especially when the pain is so severe, that a heavy footstep seems too much to bear, and irritable words rise to the lips so quickly, and if allowed to be spoken cannot be recalled. How this must grieve the loving heart of Jesus, who is all love, and who when mocked, and insulted, when upon earth, was never heard to speak an unkind word. But those of us who know Jesus as our very own Personal Saviour, can go to Him at all times, and feel sure of His sympathy and forgiveness.

I think that verse in Deuteronomy 33–27, so suitable, especially for the weak ones. "The Eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms, and He shall thrust out the Enemy from before thee; and shall say, destroy them."

It is such a comfort to feel we can fly to Jesus, and know we are safe, for time, and for Eternity.

To go on with my description—The Text-roll partly overhangs the fire-place, and my bed too is in front of these, for the room being so small we cannot have a fire.

Above the fire-place is the mantel-piece, but which is so very narrow, and of no use at all, but my Mother placed a long piece of rather wide wood upon it, and covered it with some cheap mantel bordering, so that it is quite an ornament to the room, and will hold anything, almost, now.

Above the mantel piece, is a Group of "Bible Class Girls," with their Teacher, and at one time, mine also. Well do I remember her kind, loving Teaching, and ready sympathy and help. Occasionally, I have the pleasure of a visit from her, and sweet words of Counsel, and before she leaves, she talks to Jesus, and tells Him all about me, and asks for help in bearing the pain and weakness. I need not say, how she helps me.

There are two texts in white frames at the end of the room, which were given me one Birthday, by a girl friend. During the long wakeful nights, my eyes often rest upon them, and they whisper down into my heart, "Let not your heart be troubled." Again, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." They are such a help too, to my poor tired, weary, often heart-sick Mother. Truly she does need strength for the hard battle of weary days, and often nights too. But God is the Strength of her life, and is with her to help her in her daily work. Jesus knows what it is to work, for was He not a Carpenter? There is nothing we have to do, or bear, but that He can enter into it and understand.

The other side of the room has another Text, bearing these words, "Seed time and harvest shall not cease." Appropriately entwined amongst the words, are poppies, corn, and corn-flowers. Last year, or year before, farmers said, "We shall have no harvest this year." That was afterwards proved utterly wrong. If the Corn had been very bad, all was not bad, and if the farmers had studied the subject in God's Word, they would have seen written the words that the Harvest should never cease. God's Word must be true, for He can never lie. On the same side of the room, is a Card bearing these words.

"Lo, I am with thee alway,
Over valley plain and hill,
Through storm, or shade, and sunshine,
O doubting heart be still.
What matter earthly darkness, if I thy
Lord am near,
What matter earthly tempests, if thou
My Voice can'st hear?"

The other, and last end of my room, bears another text, which is just over my head. It is also a picture of the Good Shepherd, bearing in His Arms a little lamb, pressed so closely to His bosom, and looks so safe and happy, as if it loves to be there, and never wants to stray again. The good Shepherd has a crook in His free hand, and is looking down upon the little lamb, which no doubt has given Him a lot of pain and trouble, seeking for it. Does the little lamb not remind us of the trouble we often give, and how often we grieve the tender heart of Jesus? How often do we stray from His side, and yet He will seek us, until He finds us, and places our feet again in the Narrow path.

Close by the picture is the window, and I am more fortunate in that respect, than many of your readers in large Towns, who see nothing from their windows, perhaps for weeks and months, (when their work is there), but the roofs, and chimneys, of houses. My window is large, and though we have only a small yard, and a tiny flower border, yet there are gardens and trees to be seen, as far as the eye can reach.

I do thank God for this, and that He has placed me where the pure fresh air can blow upon me, and fill my room too. I often feel so grieved when I think of other Invalids, shut away in stuffy garrets, or damp dirty cellars, where no pure fresh air can possibly enter, and the very air they are *breathing is* poison. I was thinking of the Contrast to-day whilst reading a tiny poem, about two rooms, one richly furnished, and the owner

* These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—Ed.

not happy in it, the other a poor, though clean room, and the owner filled with Peace.

A beautiful room with tinted walls,
A bust where the coloured sunlight falls,
A lace-hung bed with a satin fold—
A lovely room all blue and gold—
And weariness.

A quaint old room with rafters bare,
A low white bed, a rocking chair,
A book, a stalk where a flower had been,
An open door—and all within
Peace and content,

I must not forget to tell you of another occupant in the room, as well as myself. It is my sweet little canary. He sings beautifully, but we do not notice that so much as his dainty little tricks. He pretends to be angry sometimes, and pecks our fingers. He often comforts me when I feel more downcast than usual, and seems to say, "Cheer up," "Cheer up." He is very fond of my cat, who is often up here from early morning, until quite late at night, when my Mother calls him to go out. Sometimes, he will run at once, and it is so amusing to hear him run up and down stairs. His little feet go, patter, patter. Sometimes he will not go at Mother's call, and she has to come and fetch him. Directly he hears her footstep, he takes hold of me very tight, and often when she pulls with all her might, she cannot get him away. He often comes up here in the morning, and no one sees him, and if he cannot get in my room, he tries to reach the latch, and shakes the door until someone comes to open it. Then he is in my arms with a spring. I had him almost at the beginning of this long illness, when he was six weeks old. Some children gave me him, who lived about a minutes walk from our house. The kitten's mother used to come every night for him, and wait until he came, when they would run off together to bed, which was made up for them in a shed. Many people laugh about being fond of a cat, but this one has been with me in some of my extra bad attacks, and could not be kept from me. I could not bear the thought of parting from him, if he is, "only a Cat."

I think I have told about everything—except two chairs, and a table under the window, upon which stands a lovely berried plant, given by a school friend, on my Birthday, a few days ago. It seems to quite brighten up the room, and reminds me of the love which still remains in my friend's heart. I appreciate it more, knowing how very frail is human friendship, and how soon ended. But what matters. To the Child of God, One friend is ever near, and remaineth true, that is—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

I, like so many of your Readers, have no work to tell you of. At one time, I was able to make little things to send out to Missionaries, and it was such a pleasure, but lately, my strength has so declined, that it seems as if, very soon Jesus will call me to that beautiful Home, where none can say "I am sick."

Perhaps, it is a work given me, to strive each day to bear with patience and submission, the pain and weakness God has in His infinite wisdom and love, seen fit to give me to bear. Each one's work is not the same. Some are striving to win their daily bread, and others are striving to win souls, and to give to them, "The Bread of Life."

God only can understand the longing we imprisoned ones often have, to be up and doing, and working for those, who in spite of age and increasing infirmities, are obliged to work for us. Well may we say—

"Help us Lord, to bear in patience, what Thy love sees good for me."

Let my fellow-sufferers bear in mind, that, we are not alone in our hours of pain, and weariness. Jesus stoops from His Throne Above, (where His eye is ever upon us,) to soothe and quiet us, and tell us how He loves us, and that in a little while He will take us to dwell with Him in that beautiful Home. Until then, God be with you, and bless you all, is the Prayer of—

MARY R. LAW.
7, West Street,
Hertford,
December 14th, 1897. Herts.

"MY ROOM."

(ONE GUINEA.)

My room!—the cosiest, warmest corner of a snug ivy-covered house. How can I describe it? A friend, on first entering it exclaimed "Why, your bedroom is a drawing room!" While a young married sister, proud of her own well-upholstered abode says of my room contemptuously "Quite a *girl's* room!" Well, I can understand both remarks. My room has softly tinted cream and blue walls, on which hang over 40 pictures, the most prized being two lovely opals of my Parents and a quaint old-world painting on ivory, of my Mother when only 5 years old; rows of stiff curls on her head, a white dress with no waist, blue satin shoes and one arm thrown round her favorite dog. Six brackets of various styles, a quaint folding mirror and two pretty bookcases, also hang on the walls. Two inviting easy chairs with down cushions, and an inlaid Davenport—a table covered with a many-hued Indian cloth, together with numberless vases and ornaments that stand on every available ledge. All these things make "My Room" a very pleasant and desirable "Withdrawing" room (as the word originally stood) while, on the other hand, the absence of design, the curious mixture of what is valuable and what is worthless, both in my pictures, books and ornaments, together with a spice of "comfortable untidyness," sufficiently explains the young matron's criticism "Quite a girl's room!" I only laughed at her, and rejoined "Well, you wouldn't like it to be 'quite a *boy's* room' would you?" But, to continue this "voyage autour de ma chambre"—of course I have a bed in it, covered at this season, with a cosy Duvet—and all my valances, chair-cushions, mantel border and carpet, have a prevailing hue of gold and brown, which harmonises well with the walls. The daintiest of carved and tiled wash stands—wardrobe, and dressing table with 8 delightful little drawers, complete the fittings. A pleasant, restful "Chamber of Peace" I often think, as I come in tired and draw my easy chair into the window, and watch the sunset across the belt of trees beyond the garden, or, turning a little to the South, catch the blue outlines of the Welsh hills some 30 miles away. A Room that basks in almost perpetual sunshine, and I *love* the sunshine—though, as I now glance round and see my pretty, corner, medicine cupboard, I am reminded that sometimes the venetians are drawn down, the cupboard is open, and pain and darkness hold sway. Other sunshine, however, is admitted the sunshine of loving, tender deeds—a mother's soothing touch, a sister's kind thoughtfulness, and a friend's loving devotion, make pain a less dreaded visitor. Oh, how much I could tell you about "My room" in the past. Here, on my bed, once lay my snowy confirmation dress and cap, on that "Happy day that fixed my choice" for eternity. Here I retired with flushed face and beating heart, to read my first love-letter. Here, after a time of patient waiting, lay piles of dainty linen, provided by a loving mother for her eldest daughter's departure to a new home—and here were passed long hours of agony, when the happy dream had vanished—the idol fell from its niche, and a lonely, unattached life, stretched out before one in all its dreary unattractiveness—

"Ah well! I would not overstate that woe
"For I have had great blessings—little care—
"But since the falling of that heavy blow
"Gods' earth has never seemed to me so fair."

But the doctrine of Divine Compensation is a very real one. "The Lord *is* able to give thee much more" as a dear friend whispered to me. I have had many joys in "my room," indeed there is mostly sunshine here. Sometimes it rests on the half finished picture on my easel, and sometimes on the equivalent that reaches me after the Exhibition! Sometimes, as I sit reading, a tiny hand fumbles at my door and a little voice asks "May I tum in" followed by the pathetic enquiry "Auntie, hab oo anyting to amoose me wif?" And then dear little fingers rummage in my drawers for any desirable object. Sometimes the request is "A story, please Auntie," so we pull the easy-chairs close and the sunshine rests on us while I tell once more the old Bible stories so dear to every childish heart; I say sometimes "Hadn't we better go into the Dining room dears?" but the reply is—"Oh no, *do* let us stay here, we like your room far the best."

At intervals, my room is shared by the friend whose love (passing the love of women) has so amply filled the blank caused by man's unfaithfulness, and then indeed the sunshine is complete. "A friend, you know, should be a second self" and so she is to me. She too, infinitely prefers "my room" to the rest of the house, so it is the scene of our sacred talks and readings and musings.

Indeed everyone seems to like "my room"—the little ones creep in to prepare some wonderful present, which "Mother mustn't know about, but Auntie can help in." If dressmaking is on the tapis, the request is, "Will you fit me in your room, its so light and warm," or when dressing for a concert, "May I do my hair at yr glass?" or again "May I go and write my letter at your Davenport, its so quiet there"—and so you see I often have visitors, and they are all welcome—but most welcome of all is the Heavenly Guest, who, when the door is shut upon all outside worries and distractions, stands in the midst and says, "Peace be unto you!"

I hope He will send me the "Home Call" in my dearly loved room—for it looks "Towards the Sunset" and I know, (for I have His promise) that "At Eventide it shall be Light."

MARY FOWELL
2, Wellington Road
Oxton
Cheshire.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

GARDENING.—*What book can I get that deals with vegetable-growing? I have only a small garden and wish to grow common vegetables chiefly.*—OXIDE OF CALCIUM.

Flowers and Vegetables all the Year Round, published by Messrs. Sutton of Reading, is a book which you would find exceedingly useful. As the name betokens, it does not deal only with vegetables; but this fact would probably be no disadvantage, as you would doubtless like to have some flowers in your garden as well as vegetables. From your question, it is not plain whether you wish to grow vegetables for profit, or only for home consumption. If the former, "common" vegetables would be unremunerative, as prices are very low for all ordinary vegetables which can be grown with little skill or expense. Prime, spherical tomatoes, seakale, and early asparagus are the things that pay; but even these, of course, must be grown in large quantities and be furnished to some market where prices are good. If, however, you are growing for home consumption, it would be best to aim at variety. It would be worth while for you to turn your attention especially to saladings, such as endive, cos lettuce, radishes, mustard and cress, and to herbs such as sweet marjoram, thyme, tarragon, savory, chervil, and shalots.

INQUISITIVE writes—"*Will you kindly reply in your Answers to Correspondents whether you can give information as to the origin of the expression 'Jessamy Bride'*"?

The "Jessamy Bride" was Mary Horneck, one of the delightful family whose other members were styled "Captain" and "Little Comedy," and in which Oliver Goldsmith was a familiar guest. After his death the young lady received a lock of his hair, and it is supposed that he was in love with her. We cannot give the exact reason for the name bestowed upon Mary Horneck. Possibly some of our readers can make a suggestion. There is a story on this episode entitled "The Jessamy Bride," by Frankfort Moore, which might help INQUISITIVE.

IRIS says: "*I have often read in books of the 'Gordian Knot;' may I ask you to explain what it is?*"

The legend runs that the people of Phrygia were informed by an oracle that a waggon should bring them a king who would put an end to many internal disturbances in the country. While they were consulting on these points in the popular assembly, a poor peasant, Gordius, suddenly appeared, riding in his waggon, and was accordingly hailed as king by his fellow-countrymen. Out of gratitude, Gordius dedicated his waggon to Zeus, and had it placed in the Acropolis. The pole was attached to the yoke by a knot of bark, so ingeniously tied that no one could unfasten it. The oracle declared that "Whoever undid the knot should reign over the whole East." Alexander, on arriving at Gordium, heard this saying. "Well then," said he, "it is thus I perform the task," and cut the knot asunder with his sword. To cut the Gordian knot is, therefore, to get out of a difficulty in a clever or summary manner. Shakespeare says, in *Henry V.*, of the king—

> "Turn him to any cause of policy,
> The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
> Familiar as his garter."

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

Will any of our readers help AN INQUIRER to find a humorous piece for recitation entitled "Choosing Christmas Cards," also an American sketch which describes the telling to an inquisitive child the story of George Washington and his little hatchet? We heard the latter piece ourselves a day or two ago, but the reciter could only inform us that it was anonymous and in an American collection.

HASEL B—— wishes to know the author of a poem entitled "Lady Maud's Oath."

CLARICE asks—"By whom and where is to be found the following quotation: 'The veil which hides the future is woven by the hand of Mercy.'"

LUCIE inquires the authorship and title of the poem in which occur the lines:

> "Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
> We build the ladder by which we climb,"

and wishes for the tract or sermon by Canon Wilberforce on the text "The twelfth an amethyst." The subject was temperance.

VEE asks us to find her a serio-comic parody on "Old Mother Hubbard," which she thinks she has "read in some magazine."

Can anyone direct "A New Reader" to the humorous recitation, "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo"?

STUDY AND STUDIO.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE seems a little vagueness in the minds of our correspondents as to the method of procedure. We do not undertake to write, nor to send addresses, privately. We simply offer to publish requests for international correspondence in this column. If A.B., for instance, being French, wishes to exchange letters with an English girl, she can do one of two things—either send us her request with name *and address* for insertion here, or write direct to some English girl, C.D., whose address appears under this heading. The only drawback to the latter plan is, that C.D. may already have found a correspondent, but we rely on the courtesy of our subscribers to, in such a case, write and explain. Matters will soon arrange themselves.

We hesitate to publish addresses when a pseudonym is given, but it would expedite affairs always to send name and address for insertion here.

MISS C. A. LAMPITT, 32, Tooting Bec Road, Upper Tooting, London, S.W., wishes for a French girl correspondent.

"SPERO" (Ireland) would like to correspond with a French or German girl, or both.

A. M. would be happy to exchange letters with a French lady.

MISS FLORENCE E. SMITH, Winfrith, The Crescent, Bedford, thinks "it would be delightful to have letters from, and write to, a French girl."

MISS JANE M. M. CUNNINGHAM, aged eighteen, exceedingly fond of music, French, literature, etc., would be very glad if Mademoiselle Jeanne Bossy of Avallon par Anvers would open a correspondence with her. Her address is, 6, Fettes Row, Edinburgh, Scotland.

MADEMOISELLE PAULA DAHLHOFF, Engelstrasse 22, Münster, Westphalia, having seen our answer to PHŒNIX of DEAD MOUNTAIN (November), would like to correspond with her. Miss Dahlhoff is a merchant's daughter, fifteen years old, still at school, acquainted with German, English, French, and Italian, and much interested in the study of literature and music. She writes an excellent letter, and, if PHŒNIX would like a girl correspondent, they might suit one another.

MISS G. E. BATCHELOR, The Rectory, Letcomb Bassett, Wantage, Berks., would like to correspond with a French girl.

LAURETTE H. (France) would be very glad to write to an English girl, and thinks that each correspondent should correct the other's mistakes. We commend to her notice one of the addresses given above.

MADEMOISELLE YVONNE BRUNET, 22, Rue Joyeuse, Bourges, Cher, France, has long wished for an English correspondent, and impatiently awaits one.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

IRISH MOLLY.—The medical part of your question resolves itself into—"Ought I to marry under the following conditions? I am twenty-two years old. Four years ago I had tubercular disease of the hip, but I am better now. My father died fourteen years ago. I have three brothers and sisters alive. My mother is still with us." If your hip is no longer diseased, and if you do not suffer from tuberculosis elsewhere, and if your father did not have tubercular disease, and your brothers and sisters are healthy, there is no reason why you should not marry. But if your family history points to tubercular tendency, or your hip is still affected, or you are ill in other ways, it is better for you to remain single, but this is a point which requires further investigation. The other part of your question depends entirely upon yourself. We cannot advise you whether to marry or not. You and your relatives must decide that.

"INSOMNIA."—Of all the symptoms that a medical man is called upon to relieve, none is more distressing, more complex in its causation, more difficult to treat or more likely to lead to serious results than sleeplessness. This condition may ruin the health, prostrate the energy, or even destroy the life of the most robust individual. You ask us for a remedy for this symptom. Read the above, and see what a task you have set us! In your case insomnia is probably due to taking a heavy supper before going to bed. Discontinue your supper and take a glass of hot milk instead, and see how you get on. Under no circumstances should you take any drugs to make you sleep; if you do, you will repent when it is too late.

M. E. H.—It is absolutely impossible for us to give you any advice on your most distressing complaint without a most complete personal inquiry into your symptoms and a thorough examination of nearly every organ in your body. Therefore consult your own medical man.

ANGELA.—Did it never strike you that "a swollen-up feeling in your throat, stuffiness in the nose and loss of taste" might be due to a local cause, and not to "something or other" in the blood? We feel certain that your nose is the organ at fault. You do not breathe through your nose, but through your mouth; therefore your mouth gets dry. The loss of taste and swollen feeling in your throat are secondary to some nasal condition, but it is difficult to say what that condition is without further details. Make a powder consisting of one tablespoonful each of borax, bicarbonate of soda, and chlorate of potash, and two teaspoonfuls of finely-powdered white sugar. Dissolve a teaspoonful of this powder in a tumblerful of tepid water, and use it as a wash for your nose and as a gargle for your throat. Do the best in your power to breathe through your nose and not through your mouth. "Does the taste ever go from any other cause excepting cold?" Most decidedly it does. Any disease of the nose may produce loss of taste.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

A WOULD-BE CHRISTIAN.—We feel very deep sympathy with you in your difficulties and trials. By all means persevere, and fight against the feelings of depression that are so natural in your circumstances. Your very troubles may, and doubtless will, be made the means of purifying and strengthening your character. We are glad that the "Talks in the Twilight" have proved so helpful to you. Without knowing a little more about you we could scarcely answer your question as to confirmation. Could you not consult your clergyman? Certainly you may write to us again, and if you like to put your troubles into definite words we will do our best to advise and comfort you.

G. H.—You should remember the advice which Matthew Arnold gave to a lady, never—to pass a day without reading *something*. Even half an hour, well spent, will suffice to keep the flame of intellectual interest alive. From your excellent handwriting and clear way of expressing yourself we are sure that you would quickly improve. We should advise you to procure French and German reading books and go through them by the help of a dictionary. The text-books for the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations are the best, as they are usually published with notes, etc., and you could ascertain what these are for the current year by inquiry of J. N. Keynes, D.Sc., Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge; or, H. I. Gerrans, Esq., Clarendon Buildings, Oxford; at any shop where educational books are sold, or at a good school. We are glad you are fond of reading the ancient Greek legends, and should advise you to read Kingsley's *Heroes*, or Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*, also Butcher and Lang's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*. Would you like to join the National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment? A book we have occasionally recommended here, *What Shall I Read*, by Lily Watson, would help you. We wish you all success.

GERTRUDE.—1. Charles Dickens had ten children, seven sons and three daughters. None, so far as we know, have attained literary distinction except the eldest daughter, Mary Angela Dickens. —2. The specimen of writing you enclose is very good indeed. You do not mention the little boy's age.

PANSY.—Send a note to the publishers of "The King's Daughter," enclosing a post card for reply, asking which book is the sequel to it, and you will probably get an answer by return of post.

A NEW READER.—1. We have written to B. M.'s publishers for her actual name, but have received no reply, which, from the terms of our letter, is equivalent to a statement that the name is not for publication. Even in Frances Ridley Havergal's *Life*, this authoress (her friend) is addressed and spoken of only as "B. M." The book *Ezekiel and other Poems* by B. M. can still be procured, net price, 2s. 7½d.—2. We have inquired for your recitation elsewhere.

GURTH.—1. Whether you could ever attain any degree of proficiency in playing the pianoforte after the age of twenty-one depends entirely on the amount of previous teaching and practice you have had. As you began at the age of nine and are anxious to resume the study, we should strongly advise you to take some lessons; you would soon see what progress you were likely to make, and whether it were worth while to go on working. Of course many people much older than yourself take pianoforte lessons, and profit by them, though we should consider twenty as a rule too late an age for any one who had never touched the piano, to begin.—2. Your writing is rather cramped, both letters and words being too close together; it is also too pointed. You would improve if you selected some good copies of "running-hand" and practised writing for a short time daily.

M. P. (Runcorn).—We never undertake to answer letters by post, so are afraid our reply will be of little use. Consult this column for amateur reading societies; *e.g.*, apply to the "Queen" Reading Club, Miss Isabella E. Kent, Lay Rectory, Little Abington, Cambridge, or to Miss E. L. Tangye, the Elms, Redruth, Cornwall. We frequently recommend The National Home Reading Union, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London.

RETSIE.—Capital! It is very pleasant and unusual for us to be able to give warm praise twice consecutively. Your story is fresh and touching, and well constructed. You need, as you say, to study your technique. There are occasional errors in composition, but these would be rectified by study. You should get Dr. Abbott's little book *How to Write Clearly*. By all means persevere.

MARIANNE (France).—Your story in its substance is far above the average of those we receive for criticism. It is very charming and graphically narrated. There are a few errors in expression which greater familiarity with the English language would prevent, *e.g.*, "in midst" instead of "in the midst," etc. But these are trivial blemishes, and we can honestly congratulate you on your work. We doubt whether there are many of our English readers who could write so good a French story.

CHARLOTTE DE STANCY.—You choose rather melancholy subjects for your verses. At the age of sixteen your thoughts should not be occupied with autumn and bereavement. "On the Death of my first Love" is irregular in metre, and incorrect in rhyme so far as the last verse is concerned. Your letter is modest, but we can never answer a question as quickly as you suggest, because we go to press long before you receive your magazine.



MISCELLANEOUS.

ADA.—Of course you will marry him, but he must use the name by which he was registered, not only because it is right but because legal difficulties might arise in the future as to his identity. For instance, if money were left him it would be difficult for him to claim it. Of course he can change his surname by advertising in the papers, which we understand would be sufficient proof of identity.

READER SINCE '82.—We are sorry to say that you are still legally bound.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P."—Gardening is capital work for the health. Different plants need different soil, but you should read Robinson's *English Flower Garden*, a most useful and delightful book.

POPPY SEED.—The specimen of lace enclosed has no special value.

MAIDENHAIR.—Persian cats are more delicate than others and need care in the winter. A little meat, cut up very small, once a day would do them no harm. When washed, roll yours in an old shawl or piece of flannel, and let her get thoroughly dry by the fire. The long hair will need occasional cleaning, especially if you reside in London or any manufacturing locality.

IVY-LEAF.—1. We do not know of any home for exactly the kind of invalid you describe. But you might get her into St. Luke's Hospital, Old Street, London, E.C., at from 14s. to 30s. a week. In any case, we recommend you to inquire there, stating the nature of the case. Should the invalid prove eligible you had better visit the hospital and see what sort of accommodation she would get for either of these payments. Otherwise, you might make a private arrangement to have her boarded and attended in some respectable house where you could visit her and see that she is properly fed and cared for.—2. You should state the quality and compass of your voice at one of the large Music Publishing Companies in London, and they will supply you with the studies for its training suitable for it. What would be desirable for a strong voice and large compass would overstrain and destroy a feeble one, and what would suit a soprano would be quite the reverse for a contralto.

RAFFLING.—Whatever may be considered to be of the nature of gambling is to be avoided. This is what was inculcated by the writer of the story to which you refer.

EXCELSIOR.—The fanciful meanings attached to flowers and shrubs date back to very long before travelling in the high Alps became common, and their flora familiar. Thus it is not surprising that any flowers native to those, at one time inaccessible, altitudes should not have been included in the list supplied in the little books dealing with the "Language of Flowers." The giving of a language to flowers originated in the East, and La Mottraie (the companion of Charles XII.) introduced the pretty idea into Europe. Eastern women used to send a letter expressed by means of a bouquet, according to Lady Mary W. Montague. But it was almost formed as we have it by Aimé Martin; and English writers have much altered the original definitions, and enlarged the list.

SIPPY-SILLY.—At all libraries you will find a copy of Burke's Peerage. Back vols. may be found at second-hand book-shops and stalls. A note written direct to the Publishing Office, 59, Pall Mall, Messrs. Harrison, would obtain an answer as to the date of the first edition issued; and perhaps you could obtain an old copy there at a reasonable price.

HUMBER K. C.—A "60 gear," or even less, would be advisable. Should she learn to mount by standing on the off pedal before seating herself, she will then be able to have her saddle raised high enough to suit her when riding. The Dunlop road-racing tyres are very good; a little narrower than roadster tyres; and they are rather more apt to catch in tram-lines.



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CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: AN APPRECIATION.

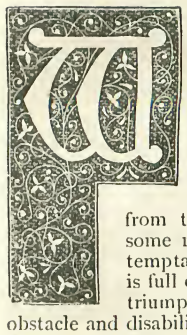
BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.



CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI, WITH HER MOTHER, FRANCES M. L. ROSSETTI.

After the Chalk Drawing by D. G. Rossetti, made in 1877, and now in the National Portrait Gallery. From a Photograph by F. Hollyer.

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E women are sometimes sorely tempted to fancy that we have gifts and graces which have been smothered and stultified by adverse circumstances. We bewail that we have never got our chance. It is possible that men are not exempt from this failing, but there are some reasons why they have less temptation to it. All biography is full of stories of men who have triumphed over every sort of obstacle and disability, and a man can scarcely realise any disadvantages of his own lot, whatever they may be, without recalling some other man who was strong and brave enough to master similar drawbacks. Then, again, the difficulties or hindrances to a man's career are generally of an active nature, so that if there be any "go" at all in him, he understands at once that they serve only to test his strength and energy.

But with women there is a difference, less indeed than it used to be, but still persisting and likely to persist. First, they have comparatively little biographical guidance. And such biography of women as there is, deals chiefly with women of high place and fortune, of rare, adventurous career, or of tragic eminence of some sort. The peculiar difficulties and discouragements which beset most of their sex, seldom come much into such women's lives. Those women's lives whose history, experience and result would most benefit the majority of their sisters, remain yet for the most part unwritten.

This is why we wish to have a little talk over Christina Rossetti, the poet who not very long ago passed from us, and whom the verdict of critics ventures to place in comparison not only with Jean Ingelow but with Mrs. Barrett-Browning. For we think the story of her life is one which may come with peculiar strengthening and comfort to many a disheartened girl and woman. Yet had she happened to fall even just below the very high level of poetic power to which she rose, or had she chanced to lack the one advantage which her life possessed, it is very likely the world would never have heard a word of her life's history.

She was born in a prosy, dingy district of London, one of the long uniform streets lying to the south-east of Regent's Park, and then as now, the haunt of foreign refugees of every shade of political opinion. She herself was the daughter of an Italian refugee, and her mother was the daughter of another Italian, so it was by right only of her mother's English mother that Christina Rossetti could claim to be English.

Her father, who gained his livelihood as a teacher of Italian and who eventually became professor of that language at King's College, was somewhat of a poet, a great student of Dante, and altogether a clever and interesting man. Her two brothers, a little older than herself, have both reached celebrity, the elder of the two, the poet-painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti, attaining great fame, though he was a man of an unfortunate temperament leading to an unhappy history.

But from the first, it is evident that the paramount influence in Christina's life was that of her mother, a woman of sweet character, but one who, in modern parlance, "did nothing," save the housekeeping and mothering of a little household whose means were at once narrow and precarious.

The little girl throve somewhat feebly in her London home. She did not go to school, gaining all substantial instruction from her mother. Though we hear that she enjoyed *Hone's Every Day Book* when she was nine, she does not seem to have been a specially bookish child, not so bookish as the elder sister and the two brothers, who were her only youthful companions. For visitors, there were only bearded Italian "patriots," in whose tragic histories, however, the well-trained little ones had sense and sympathy enough to take interest—Christina, with characteristic faithfulness, cherishing a relic of one all her life long, so that it stood in the chamber of her death-bed.

For pleasures, she had games with her brothers and sister, walks in Regent's Park, every corner of which she knew, investing the more picturesque points with romantic characteristics which would have escaped less poetic eyes. Above all, she had occasional visits to her maternal grandfather at Holmer's End—about thirty miles from London, a distance which in those days involved six hours driving in a stage coach! There she got her first revelation of the beauty of genuine nature and the first inspiration of her love and sympathy for the undomesticated animal creation. For animals nearer us, she had already learned a tender affection, for some of her earliest verses, written when she was about sixteen, were "On the Death of a Cat, a friend of mine, aged ten years and a half." Her happy visits to Holmer End ceased when she was about nine, at which time her grandfather removed to London and became a near neighbour. The old gentleman was very fond of little Christina, and prophesied great things of her. To the very end of her life she cherished the memory of these country visits, and spoke of the way in which they had awakened her imagination. A book, *Time Flies*, which she wrote fully forty years afterwards, abounds with allusions to those early days, whose slight incidents, indelibly impressed on her sensitive mind, she often wove into exquisite parables.

Another youthful joy lay in visits to the Zoological Gardens, though there her feeling was that the imprisoned birds should sing "plaintive verses." It is said that, as a child, she told of a strange dream she had. "She thought she was in Regent's Park at dawn, while, just as the sun rose, she seemed to see a wave of yellow light sweep from the trees. It was a multitude of canaries, thousands of them, all the canaries in London. They had met and were now going back to captivity."

A most interesting reminiscence of her childhood we find, when, veiling her own identity, she told—

"I know of a little girl who, not far from half a century ago, having heard that oil calmed troubled waters, suggested to her mother its adoption for such a purpose in case of a sea-storm.

"Her suggestion fell flat, as from her it deserved to fall. Yet nowadays here is science working out the babyish hint of ignorance."

She called herself "the ill-tempered one of the family," there having been, in her earlier life, a decidedly irritable strain in her disposition, partly caused by the infirmity of her health. "In later life," says her last biographer, Mackenzie Bell, "this was entirely conquered, and this conquest strengthened her character, as moral conquests ever do strengthen the character."

As Christina advanced into young womanhood the family means grew narrower. The brothers had not yet had time to make any mark in their respective careers, the father was growing old and feeble, and not only so, but his subject, Italian, was giving place to German as a favourite study. One of those critical times came when a household is brought to realise that "something must be done." It was decided that Mrs. Rossetti and Christina should start a little school. The experiment was first made in the house where the family had lived for some time, near Mornington Crescent. Fifty years ago this school-keeping was the favourite resource of gentle poverty. It would be as wrong as it is idle to wish that such avenue of profit was still open, for too often it admitted women who had little to impart beyond their own prejudices and ineptitude. It must, however, be owned that it had some advantages, since it could offer an opportunity to such women as Christina and her mother. Neither of them might have been found able to pass modern examinations or to fulfil present-day "requirements," and yet surely their sweet, conscientious natures would be a priceless influence on any young girl with whom they came in contact.

The London school-keeping, however, did not succeed. Accordingly Christina and her mother, the invalid father accompanying them, resolved to renew the experiment at Frome, Somersetshire, the brothers and the elder daughter struggling on in London.

In Frome they stayed for about a year. It is significant that this was the longest period that Christina ever lived out of London. She was not very happy while she was there; it was scarcely likely that she could be. Her father's health was failing day by day, so that he died almost immediately their sojourn at Frome came to an end. The school venture succeeded no better than the first one had done. Also Christina had not long before had her first love-affair, receiving an offer of marriage which, as happened with another offer later on, she resolutely put aside in the belief that both were accompanied by circumstances which would not have conduced to her highest spiritual life.

But all these shadows, outer and inner, did not prevent her from keeping her mind and heart open to impressions and influences. Among those dull, grey days she laid up beautiful thoughts, albeit they may be sometimes tremulous with the misgivings of a self-mistrustful heart. She tells us that on one of her country walks she found a four-leaved trefoil. She did not then know of its rarity. She says—

"Perhaps I plucked and so destroyed it: I certainly left it, for most certainly I have it not . . . Now I would give something to recover that wonder: then, when I might have it for the carrying, I left it.

"Once missed, one may peer about in vain all the rest of one's days for a second four-leaved trefoil.

"No one expects to find whole fields of such: even one for once is an extra allowance.

"Life has, so to say, its four-leaved trefoils for a favoured few: and how many of us overlook once and finally our rare chance!"

It is pretty to know that one who read this parable sent her a gift of a four-leaved trefoil, and doubtless Christina saw a still sweeter parable in the substitution.

After the return to London, and the father's death, the little family struggled on again, its path, however steep, being at least upward. Christina did some literary work in the way of compilation and translating: she also began to publish her poems. But she was not a voluminous writer, nor was any of her work, prose or poetry, from first to last, of the class which readily commands "a large market." Consequently, though her name was more or less before the public from 1855 to her death in 1894, and though some of her best poems were produced comparatively early, yet her income from literature never exceeded—and seldom reached—£45 per annum, until 1890!

Nevertheless, through the success of the brothers and other circumstances, the family affairs grew easier. In 1861 and 1865, the younger son took his mother and Christina for visits to the continent. Neither trip exceeded six weeks in duration, nor did either go beyond tracks tolerably beaten even then: the first was to Paris and Normandy, returning by the Channel Islands; in the second, Basle, Como, Milan, Freiburg and the Black Forest were

visited. Christina wrote of those holidays that they were "enjoyable beyond words; a pleasure in one's life never to be forgotten," adding that all she had seen made her "proud of her Italian blood." It appears that the little party walked into Italy by the Pass of Mount St. Gothard, for she says: "We did not tunnel our way like worms through its dense substance. We surmounted its crest like eagles. Or, if you please, not at all like eagles, yet assuredly as like those born monarchs as it consisted with our possibilities."

If we did not know that "Uphill" (which, short as it is, remains to many minds as her masterpiece) had been written in 1858, we might imagine it to be the outcome of such a pilgrimage. Mr. Mackenzie Bell aptly says that this "brief sixteen line poem reveals quaintly, with one flash of genius, a whole philosophy of life." It is not yet so widely known as to make quotation superfluous.

UPHILL.

"Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
A bed for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yes, beds for all who come."

Much that had made the interests and pleasures of Christina's life till this time, now began to fade out of her daily living. The brothers got married. The very success of the circle of brilliant young people who had frequented the Rossetti household during its struggling time, now drew them apart into spheres of their own. So just as Christina's own genius had obtained some sort of worthy recognition (pecuniarily unprofitable as it remained till long afterwards) her personal life settled down upon the narrowest lines. She was not very much over thirty when she found herself the youngest member of a household consisting of her ageing mother and two old maiden aunts. Even her elder sister, Maria Francesca, for whom Christina had a most reverent love, was much withdrawn by duties connected with an Anglican sisterhood to which she had attached herself, her younger sister Christina's self-devotion enabling her to do thus without dereliction of home duty.

Henceforth, Christina devoted herself to the old ladies, not in any self-conscious spirit of sacrifice, but with joyful loving service. From that time, with the exception of one or two brief visits to a friend in Scotland, her "holidays" were taken in little commonplace seaside or spa resorts not far from London, and always selected solely with a view to the comfort and pleasure of the seniors. She had no "study" to herself nor made her work of any importance in the household life. All her daily comings and goings were regulated in the interests of mother and aunts, so that as their age and infirmities increased, she was little seen in society, and could receive nothing in the way of formal visits in her own house—that house in Torrington Square where she lived on till her death. Indeed in time its public rooms were converted into bedrooms for the bed-ridden sufferers.

Despite her tender love for her brother, the poet-painter Dante Gabriel, and her interest and pride in his genius, there was much in his history which must have touched her tender spirit to the quick. She was very true about it, too. She would not put a gloss on his infirmities.

There is no doubt that Christina Rossetti's love for her mother was the "grand passion" of her life. All her books, save two, were dedicated to her. After the mother's death, which occurred at a great age, and only eight years before Christina's own, they were dedicated to her memory. Through the revelations of her made by her gifted daughter, we gain a glimpse of a singularly sweet and strong character, not without some of the mental limitations common to her period, but a woman with whom tender caressing speeches were a daily habit, one delicately scrupulous in money matters and always careful how to spare trouble to everybody.

Such was the life and the surroundings which sufficed Christina Rossetti for well-nigh thirty years. From everything about her she drew good and satisfaction and delight. As a young girl she had been of pensive nature, but it was the avowed creed of her later years that "Cheerfulness is a fundamental and essential Christian virtue—the blithe cheerfulness which one can put over one's sadness like a veil—a bright-shining veil."

She was always ready to learn lessons from the quiet, patient lives about her, those, as she herself expresses it—

"Learned in life's sufficient school."

telling us how "a good, unobtrusive soul," whom we now know to have been her aunt Eliza, found comfort in the recollection "that no day lasted longer than twenty-four hours," and setting before herself and others the example of "an exemplary Christian" (her aunt Charlotte) who said "that she was never blamed without perceiving some justice in the charge." Sometimes such little autobiographic touches (their secret kept till after her death) take very beautiful form, as when she tells us—

"Once in conversation I happened to lay stress on the virtue of resignation, when the friend I spoke to depreciated resignation in comparison with conformity to the Divine will.

"My spiritual height was my friend's spiritual hillock."

Her quiet matter-of-fact "changes" sufficed to help her to vivid or beautiful imagery. The sight of a spider running down the bare wall of seaside bedroom, apparently frightened of its own huge shadow cast by the gas-jet, was to her a symbol of "an impenitent sinner who, having outlived enjoyment, remains isolated irretrievably with his own horrible, loathsome self."

The sight of swallows perched on a telegraph wire at Walton-on-Naze could give rise to a parable of subtle beauty, thus—

"There they sat steadily. After a while, when someone looked again, they were gone.

"This happened so late in the year as to suggest that the birds had mustered for migration and then had started.

"The sight was quaint, comfortable-looking, pretty. The small creatures seemed so fit and so ready to launch out on their pathless journey: contented to wait, contented to start, at peace and fearless.

"Altogether they formed an apt emblem of souls, willing to stay, willing to depart.

* * * *

"That combination of swallows with telegraph wire sets in vivid contrast before our mental eye the sort of evidence we put confidence in, and the sort of evidence we mistrust.

"The telegraph conveys messages from man to man.

"The swallows, by dint of analogy, of suggestion, of parallel experience, if I may call it so, convey messages from the Creator to the human creature.

"We act instantly, eagerly, on telegrams. Who would dream of stopping to question their genuineness?

"Who, watching us, could suppose that the senders of the telegrams were fallible, and that the only Sender of providential messages is infallible?"

She had, as we have said before, that love of all created life which did not only care for those which touched her own personality, as "Muff," the pet cat, but was also aware of links between her soul and those creatures which seem remotest from humanity. She did not think all is waste which does not serve man. She sang—

"And other eyes not ours
Were made to look on flowers,
Eyes of small birds and insects small:
The deep sun-blushing rose
Round which the prickles close
Opens her bosom to them all.
The tiniest living thing
That soars on feathered wing,
Or crawls among the long grass out of sight,
Has just as good a right
To its appointed portion of delight
As any king."

Of course, such a temperament is open to soothing and consolation which could not touch the coarser natures which have not cultivated sympathy. She tells us how in her earlier, troubled times—

"One day long ago, I sat in a certain garden by a certain ornamental water.

"I sat so long and so quietly that a wild garden creature or two made its appearance: a water-rat, perhaps, or a water-haunting bird. Few have been my personal experiences of this sort, and this one gratified me. I was absorbed that afternoon in anxious thought, yet the slight incident pleased me.

* * * *

"Many (I hope) whom we pity as even wretched, may in reality, as I was at that moment, be conscious of some small secret fount of pleasure: a bubble, perhaps, yet lit by a dancing rainbow.

"I hope so and I think so: for we and all creatures alike are in God's hands, and God loves us."

With such thoughts and feelings, vivisection was, of course, abhorrent to her, as much from the thought of those who inflict agony as of the dumb innocent who endure it. In her quiet way she worked in the cause of mercy and justice in this matter, as also in the effort to secure better legal protection for young people under the age of responsibility. She was much interested in endeavours to help the poorest girl-workers of London, such as the match-makers, jam-makers, and rope-makers. She had a friend actively engaged in this work and used to look for her accounts with great interest, saying—

"London makes mirth, but I know God hears
The sobs in the dark and the dropping of tears."

She would have liked herself to join in these labours, but felt that her duties kept her at home, for though by that time her dear mother had been taken from her—doubtless leaving a void which nothing could have filled so well as active good works—the two aged invalid aunts remained.

But in neighbourly services she abounded: she was ready to seek work for the workless:

and a most touching little relic is an accidentally preserved list of seaside lodgings, with a detailed description of accommodations and charges, drawn up by her to spare trouble to a suffering lady, the wife of a valued friend. Such books as she had in her little library—which after all was not hers in a way, for she had few books save those which had been bought by her mother—were always eagerly pressed into the service of any friend likely to find them useful. Mr. Mackenzie Bell says, "Whenever Christina Rossetti wished to confer a favour, her manner of doing so was as if she were about to ask one." That is the hall-mark of God's ladyhood.

It is said she was a great judge of character and had strong likes and dislikes. But she held all this in charity. None of her parables are more telling than that which narrates how a traveller was received at a certain house with great hospitality and courtesy, so that he felt "he lacked nothing but a welcome," and so went away with a most gloomy impression, only to learn afterwards that the hosts he had thought so chill, had been bearing an irretrievable grief, which they could hide from him, though they could not rejoice with him. So they had given him all they could. Her comment is—

"The fret of temper we despise may have its rise in the agony of some great, unflinching, unsuspected self-sacrifice, or in the sustained strain of self-conquest, or in the endurance of unavowed, almost intolerable pain."

Elsewhere, remarking that even our most cherished opinions are almost inevitably modified by time, she adds, with subtle wisdom—

"If even time lasts long enough to reverse a verdict of time, how much more eternity?

"Let us take courage, secondary as we may for the present appear. Of ourselves likewise, the comparative aspect will fade away, the positive will remain."

She drained all the little pleasures of life to their last drop, loving to tend her ferns, to watch the sunlight effects in the trees of the London square, to walk in the London square itself. But let nobody think that this noble contentment is reached without effort. She was not one to talk of her struggles, but we can trace the marks of them, as it were, in her poems. She had cried—

"If I might only love my God and die!
But now He bids me love Him and live on."

She had felt—

"These thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them;
This cup is loathsome, yet Christ makes it sweet,
My face is steadfast towards Jerusalem—
My heart remembers it.
Although to-day, I walk in tedious ways,
To-day His staff is turned into a rod,
Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days
And stay upon my God."

And thus she reached the calm heights where she could sing—

"Chimes that keep time are neither slow nor fast,
Not many are the numbered sands nor few;
A time to suffer, and a time to do,
And then the time is past."

The end came to her just when her selfless nature would have chosen, for as she had thanked God that she was left to mourn her mother and not her mother to mourn her, so she survived till both the aged aunts were also removed. Indeed, all the family circle, save her youngest brother, had gone before her—Dante Gabriel, the unhappy genius, her sister, and both her brothers' wives.

Christina Rossetti had suffered much from physical ill-health all her life, and her end was full of bodily pain of a peculiar nature which tended to gather clouds of depression about her. But one of those who best knew and appreciated her, declares that Christina herself would accept even this with joy, could she but have realised how the thought of her passage through these deep waters must strengthen and cheer others called to follow her by the same dark way. Her beautiful spirit never failed. To the offertory of the church, in whose services she had found so much comfort, she sent the regular contribution she could no longer give with her own hand. She liked to be told when visitors called, though she could no longer see them, and she liked them to be detained till she could send down some special, kind little message. She even instructed her nurse that if a certain valued friend should call soon after her departure, that friend should be at once admitted to look on her dead face.

In person, Christina Rossetti was very attractive, though an illness from which she suffered twenty years before her death, slightly marred the beauty of her face. She had a placid, gentle manner. "In going into her house," says her biographer, "one seemed to have passed into an atmosphere of rest and of peace."

Speaking, as she spoke, in symbols, we would say that the sweetest fruits often ripen in walled gardens.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XXIV

MORE REASONING.



THE following day Madge rose and went down to breakfast as usual, and there was no shadow of regret on her face as she sat down to the table alone.

At ten o'clock Elsie entered the room ready dressed for walking, and greeted her affectionately.

"It is a grand day for a walk," she said brightly. "I am quite looking forward to it."

Madge did not say much, but she looked pleased.

Elsie had hoped in coming early to make Guy's acquaintance, and it was with disappointment she found him absent.

"Your husband is always out," she said frankly. "I had hoped to make his acquaintance this morning."

"He has gone away for a few days," replied Madge. "Come, shall we start? I am quite ready."

Leaving the gay shops and promenades behind them, the two friends quickly made their way out into the open country, both drinking in the fresh morning air with delight, and glorying in the invigorating atmosphere.

For some time they talked of many ordinary subjects, both feeling shy of introducing the topic uppermost in their minds.

At last Madge said quietly—

"I want to thank you for all you said yesterday. You helped me a great deal; I wish I were good like you."

"But I am not good," said Elsie, half-sadly. "Sometimes I am very far from good. I have envious rebellious thoughts still."

"Have you?" said Madge. "I shouldn't have thought it; but I am rather glad, I shall not feel so shy with you."

"Indeed, you need never feel shy with me," said Elsie warmly. "I am at best a very faulty person, but I feel very much for anyone who is unhappy and long to help them. I hope you are going to take my advice and try not to worry and think so much. Do you think you will?"

"I don't know," replied Madge doubtfully. "I feel sure it would be a wise thing to do, but I am afraid it is an impossible one for me. Leaving things alone will not tell me where Jack is, or if I shall ever see him again." Her voice trembled a little, but she continued, "To me the present goes for very little; it is the future I care about; I want to know what comes after! I used to try and persuade myself that it was nothingness, but the very fact that I cannot rest satisfied in that belief, goes to show me that I am wrong."

"You can take it in a broader light still," said Elsie, thoughtfully. "The fact that ever since man was created, the possibility of a future life and a strong belief in it and craving for it has existed; and that, after centuries of thinking, puzzling and doubting, it still exists, goes to prove strongly that there is truth in the idea.

"It is hardly possible that anything without truth in it could have lived on in spite of the perpetual questioning and doubting to which it has always been subjected.

"Then again, we can't help seeing that there is no such thing as 'nothingness' for any created object. Even a dead leaf is utilised in the great scheme of creation, and everything dies into new life. On the face of such facts as those shown in nature, it seems opposed to all reason to think that 'man,' the highest creation of all, should perish and be no more. The idea of becoming 'nothingness' is dreadful to me; it makes everything such mockery, especially the all-consuming and undying love one human being can feel for another.

"If Death, with his cold hand, quenches the truest love we are capable of, then we are dupes and fools to waste our strength and our substance, and to sacrifice 'self' at any cost for the sake of a fellow-creature. We should be worse off than the beasts, for they cannot feel, and, God knows, we can."

She hurried a little and a warmer glow spread over her cheeks.

"But it is not so," she continued firmly. "In my eyes, the very fact that we are capable of such love, points emphatically to the fact that we are capable too of a fuller and grander existence towards which we are journeying.

"It is not merely the enshrouding mystery that makes it impossible for us to rest and be satisfied here. It is an inborn sense of incompleteness; the struggling and striving of our better nature, to break away from all that so fetters it here, to a state of being in which it can breathe more freely and make quicker progress towards perfection.

"Your nature tells you that in every human creature, some more and some less, there is an implanted desire to worship, and, taking mankind in the aggregate, there is also a yearning after perfection. If you believe God created us, you must believe also that He gave us these characteristics. Does it not therefore, follow very naturally that a perfect state of being is possible to us, and that it is indeed the end and aim of every created soul, whether he thinks it and knows it or not."

She paused and they walked on in silence.

Presently they reached a stile and Madge leaned her arms on it and gazed across to the horizon with a tired look in her eyes, though she heaved a sigh as of relief.

"I like to hear you talk," she said after awhile. "I can't take it all in at once, but I have a presentiment that I shall by-and-by. There is a sense of restfulness in the mere idea."

"Yes," answered Elsie gently, "it may not come all at once, but I feel convinced it will presently, because you are too reasonable in spite of your scepticism to regret what, if there is not actual proof, there is a tremendous array of probabilities for. Believe me, Mrs. Fawcett, there is no rest on earth but the rest of patience and trust. When one has learnt to wait, one has attained a priceless boon."

Madge leaned her chin on her hands.

"It is very hard, isn't it?" she said slowly.

"Yes, very," and Elsie's lips trembled a little. "It is a lesson seldom learnt, except through a furnace of pain."

"And you think it is worth it?"

"I am absolutely certain," was the quiet answer.

"Yes—yes, I am sure it is," and Madge spoke a little quickly with straining eyes. "Perpetual unrest is—is—a hell on earth."

They were silent a long while after that, and indeed spoke very little again until they were nearing home, then Madge said rather suddenly, "If I can once make up my mind that I shall see Jack again and my mother, I don't care about anything touching myself."

Elsie looked at her a little doubtfully; a question trembled on her lips and she appeared uncertain about asking it, but finally said hesitatingly, "I should think Mr. Fawcett must sometimes be quite jealous of your brother."

Madge glanced at her quickly and a touch of her old imperious self returned as she said, "My husband is very little to me compared with what my brother was."

"Surely he feels it a good deal," remarked Elsie quietly.

"A little perhaps at times, but not much. It is not his nature to take anything greatly to heart. We are fond of each other in a way, and we are happy together, but he knew when he married me my heart was in Jack's grave and I should never feel deeply for anyone again. He was quite content, for he likes to take things easily and calmly."

"Do you know, I think he has a very sad face," continued Elsie growing braver. "I have met him several times and I always think he looks unhappy."

Madge winced a little and changed colour, but she only said, "Oh, probably it is about his private affairs; he does get rather worried sometimes, but I never interfere, he goes his own way."

"A little sympathy often does great things," was the calm answer, "and it doesn't cost much."

"It might in some cases. We say 'pity is akin to love,' and in that respect it might lead to mistaken ideas and subsequent disappointment. Still, I don't want to be unkind, so I'll ask him when he comes back if anything is wrong."

"Do you expect him soon?"

"I hardly know, but he will probably come in a day or two, and then I will introduce you to him. I expect a letter to-morrow morning."

By this time they had reached their hotel, and after promising to meet again the following day, each went to her own room.

When, a short time afterwards, Madge again sat down to a solitary meal, a change had passed over her. Without scarcely acknowledging it to herself, she was conscious of a wish that Guy was in his usual place opposite to her. Probably there would have been only a little desultory conversation between them, but for all that she missed him. Far more than she realised indeed, for she thought she was only tired and sad and that his presence would have been better than being alone.

When at last the dismal meal was over, she made up a good fire and settled herself comfortably before it, prepared to have a long think. The afternoon wore away and the dusk came on, but still she sat there silent and motionless.

As the fire-light lit up the room, it shone on a pale sad face and dark eyes dim with tears, strangely unlike the Madge of only yesterday.

The clock struck six and she started in surprise to find how quickly the afternoon had flown.

She had gone through much mentally during those silent hours, for all the old doubts and miseries had been bravely faced again and were quickly losing their hold on her. She began to feel at last that the chief fault probably lay in herself.

And presently in that hour of softness her thoughts turned to her husband, and they were more kindly than was their wont.

She remembered what Elsie said about him and she was sorry about it. She remembered the first evening on the verandah, when his sudden demonstration of affection had surprised her and she wished she had been a little kinder. She was afraid her manner had wounded him, and the thought hurt her, for he had always been so kind and thoughtful.

The regret grew on her, and she made up her mind that when he returned she would try and make up to him for her coldness.

"Even if I am not desperately in love with him," she said, "I needn't behave like an ungrateful wretch and hurt his feelings."

By-and-by she got up.

"I wish he were here now," she continued, looking drearily round the room. "It would be pleasant just to see him, and it seems strange not even to know where he is."

One of his pipes lay on the chimney-piece. She picked it up and handled it almost caressingly.

"It is the one he nearly always smokes," she said to herself. "I wonder why he didn't take it. I will put it away safely for him," and she placed it in her work-basket.

Then she opened a book and tried to read, but found it impossible to fix her thoughts for many minutes together. Her mind kept wandering back to Guy.

"I wonder he didn't come and say good-bye," she mused. "It wasn't like him to go so suddenly without a word. Perhaps I have offended him somehow; I hope not. I hope he will come back to-morrow. Supposing he stays away several days, whatever shall I do with myself?" and she sighed wearily.

She turned to a cabinet in the room and took up a little book called *Hymns and Meditations*, left probably by a visitor to the hotel who had previously occupied the room. Opening it aimlessly she read—

"Source of my life's refreshing springs,
Whose presence in my heart sustains me,
Thy love appoints me precious things,
Thy mercy orders all that pains me.

If loving hearts were never lonely,
If all they wish might always be,
Accepting what they look for only,
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

Well may Thy own beloved, who see
In all their lot their Father's pleasure,
Bear loss of all they love, save Thee,
Their living, everlasting treasure.

Well may Thy happy children cease
From restless wishes prone to sin,
And in Thy own exceeding peace
Yield to Thy daily discipline.

We need as much the cross we bear
As air we breathe—as light we see;
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,
It binds us to our strength in Thee."

These lines came to her as a revelation. She marvelled at the freshness of the thought and appropriateness to her own condition.

"If loving hearts were never lonely
They might be glad, but not in Thee."

And in her heart a new light came and she remembered the words that even her stepmother made her commit to memory: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you." Who could say that the Comforter was not about to enfold her in His Almighty wings?

(To be continued.)

VILLAGE HOMES FOR LADIES.

By H. B. M. BUCHANAN.

PART III.



In this article I shall make a few suggestions as to how I think ladies, while living in their village homes, can obtain healthful and interesting outdoor occupations, and at the same time add a little to their incomes. Remember I only throw out suggestions; as to whether my suggestions are suitable and workable will depend upon experience, and each individual's own inclination and aptitude.

There must be a radical alteration in the method of farming in this country very shortly, of that I am quite sure.

In the face of foreign competition, not very much longer can the farmer act independently of the farmers around him; that was all very well when wheat was certain of producing 40s. per quarter and over, and all other agricultural produce was at like paying prices. To-day farmers must combine in order to supply the markets with the best quality of produce, but principally that the produce may be uniform in quality.

With a view to get the cheeses of my tenants direct into the hands of the large London provision merchants, without the intervention of the factor or middle man, I interviewed a few of the heads of the largest provision merchants. In every case the complaint against the English farmer was the want of uniformity of quality, and in course of conversation in effect, they all said the same, namely, "that they felt sure that the English farmer had nothing to fear from foreign competition, if they produced the best quality and took steps amongst themselves to secure the quality being fairly uniform."

The Danish farmers, from being in a most deplorable condition, are now in a state of comparative prosperity, because they combined amongst themselves to form cooperative societies, in order to secure a uniform quality of bacon; the Danish bacon consequently by being of a uniform quality commands the confidence of buyers, and therefore fetches a paying price. It is the same with the Danish butter; as one large buyer said to me: "Danish butter, I grant you, is not equal to the best English, but from January to December it is alike, and our experience has taught us that if a consumer gets used to a certain quality of butter, if you introduce a better quality, it will not be liked so well." Normandy and Brittany butter is established in the English markets for the same reason, namely, that it is always of a nearly uniform quality.

The movement amongst farmers towards cooperation in some few districts has already begun, and I am very sure that in the near future it must become universal.

This combination, cooperation or whatever you like to call it, means the formation of large cooperative factories and societies, whose formation and working will require a large body of paid workers. The produce from the farms of a district will have to be collected daily or so many times per week, and this will entail a careful and frugal organisation, it will also entail a heap of correspondence, the keeping of many books and accounts.

Could not a lady-tenant take part in all this, and by doing so add a little to her income.

Workers will have to be paid, and ladies make good clerks and book-keepers, and I have a shrewd suspicion when they had mastered their facts, that they would be very efficient in buying and selling.

But it is in fruit-growing (especially apples), early flower-growing, and in poultry-rearing, that I think a lady-tenant could employ her spare time most pleasantly and profitably.

To my mind there is nothing more deplorable than the present state of the English orchards. It is a sight that makes me sad and savage. Sad at the mournful sight of the poor, deformed, weedy, moss-eaten trees and neglected soil, and savage at the carelessness of the farmer and landlord that has allowed such wicked neglect.

What fruit is more in demand than an apple? What fruit is more wholesome and more varied in flavour than an apple? For years I have eaten an apple or so every day, and so I can speak with authority as to their merits.

At one time I was under the impression that an apple was indigestible to eat before going to bed, but when I was persuaded to try it for myself, I found that it was not only not indigestible, but a good digestive, and of great benefit to the general health.

The public are beginning to find out these virtues of the apple for themselves, and as a consequence the demand for the fruit has been on the increase, and this increasing demand has been met from abroad, to the benefit of foreign growers, and to the lasting disgrace of English agriculturists.

There is no shred of truth in the statement that the best quality of apples cannot be grown in the English climate. The climate and soil are exactly suited to them, but to grow the best qualities (it is only the best qualities that can pay) it requires painstaking care and up-to-date knowledge.

Frosts occur in every climate that grows an apple; most foreign growers think themselves fortunate if they get one good year out of four, which is a smaller proportion of good years than what usually falls to the apple-grower in England. Why should not a lady-tenant begin apple cultivation on a small scale, of course, at first, gradually increasing it as she gathered experience and success.

I have before me an admirable book on fruit-growing by B. Wells, price one shilling. Mr. Wells, for many years at Crawley in Sussex, has been successful as an apple-grower, and in addition to his valuable personal experience, he is evidently enthusiastic in his belief in apples, and that as good, if not a better fruit, can be grown in England, than in any other country of the world. Mr. Wells is also, and rightly so, full of indignation at the stupid neglected condition of the English orchards.

An apple orchard takes twenty years before it reaches its full bearing powers; but the young trees from the first produce a certain quantity of fruit, and if the trees are planted far enough from each other so as to allow strawberries and fruit bushes, black currant for preference, to be planted between each tree, the produce of the whole orchard (provided the best quality is grown) will show a profit almost from the first.

Mr. Wells shows by figures that there is no comparison between the profits of an acre of fruit garden and an ordinary acre of hops, potatoes and other root crops. The cereals are of course quite out of it.

Mr. Wells says, "As to the cost of production of apples, compared with that of other crops, which has been estimated as most profitable, as hops, potatoes, or other root crops, if the comparison is made over a series of twenty years, the profits will be very much in favour of the apples. For six tons of potatoes at 50s. per ton, £15 per acre; while heavy costs are incurred in the production for culture, manure and labour, and that every year for twenty years, without accidents, the amount would be £300; while the value of the crop of apples at Glewstone Court, for the year 1895 amounted to £85 per acre, which was within nine years of planting; there are eleven more years to come in the series of twenty, during which time the vigour of the trees will increase, which gives a prospect of greater crops; this shows there is no comparison, the prospects of the returns being so immensely in favour of the apples and at a much less cost."

The best method of planting an apple orchard is to obtain the qualities suitable to the soil. This information must be gained from some practical gardener in the neighbourhood; and this opinion ought to be checked by an outside expert, who combines practical experience with scientific knowledge.

Above all things, the great essential is good flavour and the power of keeping. A great big apple that looks very beautiful, but is of a texture that will not keep, or whose skin rapidly wrinkles, is, for market purposes, valueless.

Mr. Wells' method is to plant suitable young trees six feet apart, and to plant between them strawberries and black-currant bushes; then, as the apple trees grow older and take up all the spare room between each tree, he gradually removes the strawberries and currant bushes, and he finds that the crop of the united orchard, almost from the beginning, pays all his expenses and rendered a profit. One year he sold from twelve acres of ground £400 worth of strawberries.

The great complaint of buyers against the English apples is not only because of their inferior quality, but of the careless manner in which they are packed. And this utter want of care and neatness in packing is true of the vast bulk of English fruit sent to market.

"Look here, sir," one day said a large greengrocer to me; "can you be surprised that we cannot buy English fruit when they come to us like that?" And he pointed with a finger of scorn at some baskets of English plums. "And can you be surprised we buy foreign fruit in preference when they come in packed like that?" And I was not surprised. "But," he went on to say, "here is an exception. The plums of this English grower are carefully selected and packed; and so sure are we of his fruit, that his brand on the box is sufficient. We do not ask to look inside, and, as a consequence, his plums always fetch a very good price, probably higher than any other plums in the market."

And so it is with apples. If they are to be profitably grown, they must be carefully packed without the slightest bruise, and picked just in the very nick of time, and carefully stowed away in properly-constructed houses; and when sent to the market, only the very best must be selected, and these must be packed in small and convenient packages. I would also suggest that a taking registered brand be placed on each package.

I do not for one moment say that a lady-tenant without any income whatever could make a living out of fruit-growing—she might if she had sufficient capital to make a start and had a good knowledge of the business, but even then I think it doubtful—but what I do say is, that a lady-tenant or, better still, two lady-tenants, taking between them a small village house, could by fruit-growing on the best and most scientific lines add to their income and, at the same time, be engaged in a most healthful and interesting occupation.

Mr. C. Lee Campbell of Glewstone Court, Ross, planted an orchard of apple trees of between eight and nine acres at distances of six, eight and nine feet apart in November 1883. In 1896 he sold eighty-five tons of apples at prices from 8s. to 28s. per cwt. Say the eight-five tons sold at the low average of 9s. per cwt., this amounts to £765, which is equal to £90 per acre for the whole orchard.

The present system of land tenure in England is against the apple-grower, because, as I said before, it takes some twenty years before an apple orchard reaches its highest development. Unless a tenant can be made secure in a holding, or reap the benefit of the labour and capital expended, no one would undertake the expense and trouble of planting an apple orchard. No tenant would plant an orchard for the sake of a landlord; but I think an equitable arrangement between landlord and tenant might, even in the present state of the law, be reached.

The same difficulty, however, does not arise in rearing poultry, and it does seem a crying shame that we import such a prodigious quantity of poultry and eggs that could so easily be produced in this country. With poultry-rearing, as with all other agricultural produce, it is the best quality only that pays. Badly bred strains that run to skin and bone and carry very little flesh, costs as much to keep as the well-bred plump stock, and fetches a deal less money.

I rarely see in my part of the country a well-bred, carefully-selected strain of cocks and hens. In Surrey and Sussex they do these things better, although the way they artificially cram their poultry is not pleasant to contemplate. I would sooner give 4s. or 4s. 6d. for one large Surrey fowl than pay 5s. for a pair of the ordinary skinny things that mostly hang in poulterers' shops.

The Heathfield district of Sussex is well wooded and hilly, with deep valleys between the hills, and the land is naturally light and sandy. Most of the cottagers in this district keep a few fowls, and the dead poultry despatched from Heathfield to-day represents an annual value of £140,000.

A case is given of a labourer having a wage of 15s. per week, out of which he paid 2s. per week for his cottage and garden. His landlord lent him twenty-four hens, two cocks, and a movable house, and allowed him the free run of his fields. At the end of the year he made a profit of £20, returned the twenty-four hens, and had six pullets left to go on with.

There is no doubt that small glass houses, filled when required with warm moist air, devoted to the rearing of tomatoes and mushrooms, and arranged and worked so as to produce quantity without sacrificing quality, with every inch of room utilised and one crop succeeding another crop without intermission, pays very handsomely.

I have before me authentic figures showing the proceeds of one glass house. It is one hundred feet long and proportionately broad; it is filled with warm moist air; during the summer it is devoted to raising cucumbers and mushrooms.

The cucumber plants are set alongside, and at equal distances from each other in richly manured beds, and, when they begin to fruit, other plants are set between them, so that they may begin to yield when the older plants are ceasing to bear. Mushroom spawn is sown in the beds. Down the middle of the house runs a long narrow table, on which are reared ferns, foliage plants, orchids and other exotics.

The cucumber plants have yielded about three hundred dozen of high quality cucumbers that fetched in the Newcastle market 3s. to 3s. 6d. per dozen. Cucumbers could be grown all the year round; but in October the house is filled with flowers, especially chrysanthemums and tulips that will be ready at Christmas, and then the finest quality blooms will sometimes fetch 6s. per dozen.

The plants are reared *in pots in the open* air till they are removed in October to the forcing house. The house is reckoned to produce one thousand plants. If each plant should yield 3s. worth of blooms, it would amount to £150.

The rearing of rabbits, if conducted on the best principle, can be made to pay.

To sum up, a lady-tenant, on a small income, can live in a cheaper and more refined manner in the country than if herded in London and the large towns. In the country villages she can be of some use, of some importance, and, if she be to the manner born, a veritable messenger of light, culture, and refinement; and also, if she be fitted and has inclinations that way, she may add to her small income by taking up one or other of the industries I have lightly touched upon.

At times, by exchanging residences with a London friend, if she has the mind, she may add vigour to her brain and breadth to her soul by taking her part in the great surging on-pouring movement of the great capital. Her life then will be filled and rounded with high interests, and the deadly weight of having no definite, interesting useful work will be removed from her shoulders, her heart then will grow full of joy and her step become brighter and quicker, and all things, from the smallest weed growing by the roadside, will become filled with wonder, meaning, and hope.

Conclusion.

Since writing these articles I have read an article in the last Christmas Number of the *Land Magazine*, entitled "Women and The Future of Agriculture," by the Countess of Warwick.

In this article the Countess proposes the establishment of an Agricultural College for women, and in connection therewith the establishment, in suitable parts of the country, of Women Agricultural Settlements.

I can only say that I wish all success to her proposals. To make my scheme a success, what is required are women who have a practical knowledge of the industries I have touched upon in these articles, and a college or colleges on the lines the Countess proposes will give the much needed and essential knowledge. And if, in addition, a body of influential ladies were to form a society to find suitable tenants for the landlord when he had erected his Village Homes, and would advance to competent applicants small sums of money as a start, with interest and repayments at easy rates, then I think that in a short time not only would the country feel the benefit of a more even distribution of her population with all that that implies, but the importation of much foreign produce would rapidly diminish, because it would be produced, and produced better, by ladies and others in village homes and small holdings.





[*From photographische, Gesellschaft, Berlin.*

A SONG.



A SONG.

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

HIE! bird, hie! fly ever so high!
My lover's awake, and the sun's in the sky:
Sing me your sweetest,
For she whom thou greetest
Is queen of the earth, and star of the sea.
Sing at her bars for me,
Sing me a melodie,
Bird of the wild wing, so happy and free!

Ho! bird, ho! fly ever so low!
My love is asleep in her chamber, I know.
Trill me a roundelay,
As soft as the winds at play,
Weave me a love song to spin through her dreams,
Sing at her bars for me,
Sing me a lullabie,
Bird of the wild wing, so happy and free!

Hush! bird, hush! my beautiful thrush,
Cease your mad song, your notes are all wrong—
My loved one is dead, and her bridal bed
Is the silent grave, where the willows wave—
Your passionate singing
Sets my heart ringing
With a hope that is broken, and empty, and dead.

LYDIA'S CHANCES.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," etc.

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas." ("The cat loves fish, but will not wet her paws.")—*Latin proverb.*

I HAVE often felt sorry for Lydia Longthorne. She is a middle-aged woman now and begins, I think, to look a little bit discontented. She says sharp things occasionally and shows prickles that appear to justify her name. One wonders that she is not a person of more importance, for she has qualities that ought to lift her out of the commonplace. She has been very handsome, her water-colour drawings which adorn her drawing-room are surprisingly good for an amateur, and such work as she undertakes in the parish is carried out nearly to perfection. She is a lady, and perhaps it is due to her consciousness of this fact that she has never taken a more definite line. The gentility of the Longthornes has been held up, both to themselves and others, to a degree that might well be detrimental to originality. And then Lydia has so little chin, barely enough for beauty, certainly not enough for firmness, and beyond question not enough for power.

The want of chin ought to be compensated for by the upper part of her face. Her brow is good and her eyes are striking. But she is not as clever-looking as she used to be. I saw a portrait of her when she was twenty, half her present age, and one felt the face was that of a brilliant woman who might make her mark. It was when I was looking at the photograph that Lydia gave me the clue to the fact that she knew she had not fulfilled the promise of her youth. She had read my thoughts perhaps, for she said, with a laugh and a sigh: "That looks as if I ought to have done something, doesn't it?"

"It does," I answered frankly.

And then she said suddenly: "Did you ever hear the proverb 'Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas?' Well, I have kept my paws dry, but I have never caught any fish."

"There is a commoner proverb," I said, "'Nothing venture, nothing have.' You, I suppose, have ventured nothing, for fear of losing what you had."

"And yet," she said, "looking back, I am not sure there was much to lose."

Her expression momentarily was so wistful that I felt very sympathetic towards her. I, too, have known what it is to regret not having risked a little to gain much; things look so different from a distance, but the child's toys are dear to it, and we cannot be wise until we are grown up.

Since then I have heard all about Lydia's life and know why it is painted in such quiet colours and why it looks to her even duller than it does to others.

She was one of a family of seven, and her father was the squire of this place. It is a very quiet place, and he and his wife were old-fashioned people, little in touch with the wider life of the outside world, and not at all with the ideas of their time. The children were educated carefully, especially as to their accomplishments; they were, however, all treated in exactly the same way because they were not expected to have any individuality. The three boys had the wholesome training of a public school. The daughters were taught at home. Lydia was the third and was always regarded as the troublesome one. She had more originality and more spirit than the others, and she would have liked to use her mind. She loved books, but the family trembled at the idea of her being too learned, and when she sought her volume of poetry, was set down to employ her leisure in crewel work. Her talent for painting, as more harmless, was encouraged, and her master was so pleased with her that he was desirous of her becoming an artist by profession.

"Why should she?" said her father. "None of his daughters need earn their living. He would leave them enough to live on. And besides, Lydia would be sure to marry. Was not Mary to make an excellent match within a month? And then there would only be Sophia older; Lydia would go into society with her sister, and beyond a diversion what need had she of painting?"

The master, who had the soul of a true artist, saw that it was no use talking to Lydia's father. But he did not cease to talk to Lydia herself.

"You must study hard," he said, "and perhaps by-and-by further opportunities will come to you. Many a would-be artist has had to conquer greater difficulties than you, and keep himself from starving meanwhile."

Lydia listened. He spoke to her of the glory of hard work, of how all sacrifices of time and pleasure and ease were forgotten when the task was completed, and approached to the thought that had been in the mind at its beginning. He spoke of fame and the power it gives. He did all to inspire a lawful ambition in the mind of the clever young girl. And for a time he kindled it. But it was not proof against the obstacles which choked the flame and that fault of temperament which, no one having striven to cure in Lydia, was likely to damp all enterprise. She was too prone to drift. She did not seem able to see what was the thing she really desired, and for its sake to put aside the minor things which interfered with it. She frittered away her time in pursuits which she despised and which gave her no genuine satisfaction, because her sisters expected her to join in them and called her peculiar when she refused. She did not seem to realise that what might be harmless for them was waste of energy for her. And so she played croquet, and did fancy work and paid visits, and painted now and then, and she did not realise till it was too late the value of what she had thrown away. When I once

visited the Grosvenor Gallery with her she became gloomy and dejected.

"If I had risked a little," she said, "I might have been a better painter than any of these. I might have had a position in the world and money and interests."

"Is it too late?" I asked.

She only looked at me.

Yes, it was too late. The very power of application had gone from her.

When she was about twenty (Sophia having that year made a better match than her eldest sister) there came to reside in the neighbourhood a family of the name of Gallett. The father had been a shopkeeper, but he had made a great deal of money; he had married a woman of refined mind and a better social position than himself, and their two children, a son and a daughter, had had every advantage of education. The father had now retired from business and bought an estate; the son was at Cambridge, and the daughter Violet had just returned from Dresden, where she was studying music. She was pretty, well-dressed, and had nice manners, and people were disposed to be kind to her; but there were some who were doubtful whether they would visit the parents, some quite determined not to do so. Among these were the Longthornes. To have made money in trade was in their estimation more reprehensible than to have been idle and lived on money someone else had made in trade; and Mrs. Longthorne, after seeing Violet at the clergyman's house, felt that as she could not possibly allow herself to be connected with such people, and as her eldest son was at an impressionable age, the less she had to do with them the better. So she did not call on Mrs. Gallett, and she would not allow her daughter to meet Violet if she could avoid it. The Longthornes being rather important people in their own little world, their example was followed by others, and though eventually they made their way, the Galletts were in danger of being cut by the county.

Lydia had taken a fancy to Violet and was sorry that they might not be friends, but she trusted to time, and, on the few occasions when they did meet, the girls usually talked to one another.

One day at the house of Mrs. Trefusis, the wife of the clergyman of Lydia's parish, she was introduced by Violet to her brother.

The attraction was mutual. Gallett thought he had never met any one so good-looking, so clever, or so charming. For the first time his heart was touched. She, having had a larger experience of men than he of women, was less superlative in her admiration, but she was in a fair way to falling in love. During the long vacation they met again and again. He began to talk of Lydia to his sister.

"Lydia is very nice," said Violet, "but the parents are narrow-minded and old-fashioned. They will not visit us because father kept a shop. You shall not be patronised by them. Don't get too fond of Lydia, there's a good boy."

Nevertheless, whenever he and Lydia met they talked to each other more than to anyone else present. And before long people noticed them and began to make remarks. One of Lydia's married sisters heard of it. She took upon herself to speak to Lydia.

"How can you let your name be coupled with that man's?" she said, "and his father a shopkeeper! You know you would never be allowed to marry him. Of course he would like the connection, but it would be hateful for us who have never had anything to do with trade. You could not expect us to visit you."

Then this sister told the other, and she also spoke to Lydia.

"What can you be thinking of? You are letting yourself be talked about. And you who were always so particular, so proud of being a lady, associating with shopkeepers! Mr. Gallett happens to have made money, but what do you think the relations are like? Dreadfully vulgar people, I expect. You could have nothing in common with them. And, as Mary says, you could never expect our husbands to know yours if you married him. But of course you won't be so silly."

And then the sisters told the mother and the mother told the father, and Lydia was forbidden to speak to the Galletts.

Lydia answered them all with spirit, but their arguments had weight with her; the vulgar relations (who did not exist, for both Mr. Gallett and his wife were orphans and only children), the being cut off from her own family (which, when I knew her, would have been rather a relief to her than otherwise), and her own pride in half a dozen generations of country gentlemen, all this took sides against her growing love for Mr. Gallett.

The next time she saw him she was with her mother. He smiled brightly when his eyes met hers and took a step towards her. Lydia knew she was being watched. She hesitated, then bowed coldly.

The remembrance of that minute in her life was anguish in time to come.

Even yet hope was not at an end. A meeting, an explanation, a little encouragement might have changed all. But he was sensitive and proud, and his sister was indignant, and they avoided the Longthornes. Then he went back to Cambridge. And when he came home at Christmas, Lydia was in London with her aunt. And before the next long vacation Mr. Gallett, senior, died suddenly, and the place was sold again, and Mrs. and Miss Gallett went abroad, and the son began to read for the Bar.

And now, as everybody knows, Sir Conrad Gallett is a Q.C. and M.P., and his sister married a clergyman who is in a fair way to be made a bishop. Sir Conrad's wife is a far grander lady than poor Lydia Longthorne, and would probably not think her worth including in her visiting list, because she rather prides herself on only knowing people who are in some way remarkable.

And often when Lydia is reading the *Morning Post* to her deaf old mother, she comes across the name of the man she might have married. But she never mentions it if she can avoid it. And all the sympathy her family ever gave her was to say, when he was knighted, that, after all, it was a pity Lydia had looked down upon him.

And Lydia has never loved since she learnt her own heart—too late.

When she was about four-and-thirty she had another chance in her life.

She was staying at the time with some friends in London, and she went with them to a large missionary meeting. I have heard Dr. Somerton myself and know how he can speak to people's hearts. He told of his experiences in a far-off land, and he begged any who had money or leisure or influence, to do what they could for the cause of Christ. And he asked, were there no women who would go out to their heathen sisters? If there were none young and strong and happy, were there none lonely and weary and disappointed who knew the emptiness of world-service? Were there none who had failed and would be glad to begin anew? Were there none whose powers had not scope? None who yearned to give more than was asked of them in their present life? God would accept even these.

And Lydia walked back silent, with glowing cheeks and bright eyes, looking younger and prettier than she had done for years. That night she told her friend she had a call.

But before she spoke to Dr. Somerton she went home. She broached the matter to her family. It was met with horror. What new craze was this? Lydia turn missionary! Some laughed, some argued. Lydia's commonsense was appealed to. It began to speak to her. No longer had she before her the earnest, spiritual face of the colonial bishop, nor the rapt looks of other listeners, nor the atmosphere of prayer. And she began to look at this and at that, and to argue, and to wonder if it was a call after all.

And Dr. Somerton went back with his devoted little band of workers, but Lydia Longthorne was not one of them.

But I happened to see Lydia the day after the news of his martyrdom reached England. I knew her well by that time, and I believed her when she told me with a white face that she felt when she read the account of his death and that of two ladies, as if she saw the gate of heaven closed behind them and she was shut out of glory.

And so I tell you I feel sorry for Lydia Longthorne. She has private means, she is good-looking, she is respected, but she begins, I think, to look a little bit discontented.

DICK HARTWELL'S FORTUNE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER II.

THE Braces lived in a little modern red brick house which was the prettiest in the whole terrace. When Dick opened the gate he entered at once into a small bower of greenery. The evening primrose had unfolded its yellow blossoms in the cool light, and a bright star kept watch in the heavens. The sill of the bay-window was decorated with a row of richly-coloured geraniums; a Virginia creeper draped the entire front with masses of graceful foliage, and a low hedge of laurel shielded the house from the foot-path. Tom Brace answered Dick's knock, and told him that Minnie was in the back garden.

"You're late, aren't you?" the young fellow said.

"Well, perhaps I am," admitted Dick. "Time seems to melt away somehow in this hot weather."

Minnie was sitting in the back garden with some light work in her lap, and no one could have denied that she looked really lovely. She knew just how to pose herself. That fluffy golden head of hers came out admirably against a background of purple clematis. Her big blue eyes were raised languidly to give her lover a greeting.

"I've been sitting here for ages, Dick, wondering what had become of you!" she said in a plaintive voice.

"Well, I meant to come earlier, dear," he

returned penitently. "Would you like to go for a walk on the shore? It's quite fresh by the sea."

"No," she said, sticking the needle into her work. "I've walked far enough to-day. The fact is, Dick, I'm pretty nearly tired of a life of business. The ladies' whims and fancies are really sickening. I tried on seven tea-gowns this morning for the benefit of one fat woman. At last she chose the cheapest of the lot, and looked perfectly hideous in it."

"Poor thing," said Dick. "Seems to me it's a sad thing for a woman not to know when she's plain. If she only knew, she'd save a lot of money."

"And our firm would lose thousands!" cried Minnie, with a little scornful laugh. "The ugly women are the best customers as a rule. Oh, I'm sick of it all! Why shouldn't I wear gorgeous gowns instead of trying them on for other people to see? Why shouldn't I go pic-nicing and yachting in this lovely weather? It's too bad that I can't enjoy myself."

Dick stroked his chin with a rueful air, and looked at her in silence. She was exquisitely pretty; too pretty to stand in a show-room, and wait upon those who secretly envied her beauty, he thought. He wished with all his might that he could marry her at once, and take her off to a ready-made home, full of all the luxuries that her heart desired. But, even at his best, it was only a humble lot that he could offer her. Just a little house, in a quiet neighbourhood, with a bit of garden full of cheap flowers—just a man's heart, warm with true love—just a man's life, kept clean and bright for her sweet sake. What was it, after all, for a girl who had such wonderful hair and eyes, and looked like a princess from fairyland? Anything that he might have said at that moment would have sounded futile, and so he held his tongue. It was the worst thing that he could have done.

"You don't seem to care," she said in her plaintive voice.

"I care too much," he answered. "It makes me wretched to feel that I haven't got a mansion and a yacht."

"Well, I must do without them, I suppose," she sighed. "I always knew you were not ambitious. There's to be a concert on the pier next Monday night; you are going to take me, of course?"

"Of course," said Dick, heartily. "And I wish you'd give me a tune this evening, Minnie. Have you learnt the new song?"

"Yes; but I don't care much for it. It's a sea song, you know. What makes you so fond of sea songs, Dick?"

"I can't say, I'm sure. Perhaps it is because the gipsy told me that my fortune would come from the sea," laughed Dick.

"It's a long time in coming," Minnie sighed again. "I think we make our fortune for ourselves," she added in a business-like tone. "We ought to go out to search for it."

"And miss it," Dick remarked.

"Nonsense. You are always inventing excuses for your laziness."

"I'm not a lazy man, Minnie; but I don't choose to throw up a decent berth till I see a better place. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, you know."

She did know. And because she was sensible of the wisdom of that old saying, she gave him a very sweet smile. He followed her into the little house, and they entered the front sitting-room. Then she sat down to the piano, and Dick seated himself at the open bay-window. It was pleasant to feel the cool air blowing across the mignonette, and stirring the foliage of the creeper; and all at once he found that his thoughts were carried away on the wings of the wind. They went flying out seaward till they settled on the Danish schooner, sailing merrily along into the twilight. Minnie had begun to sing, in a weak, sweet little voice, and her singing seemed to blend with the wild song of the breeze through the shrouds.

"That was charming, dear," he said at the finish.

"Oh, I can't do myself justice," she returned impatiently. "This miserable tinkettle has no tone at all. By the way, Dick, how does the piano fund get on? At the end of July you said you would bring me something worth having. Well, this is very nearly the end of July!"

The awful moment had come. But until it was right upon him Dick had not realised its horror. Quite suddenly he felt himself a mean perjured villain. The money had not been his own to do as he liked with; it had been saved out of his salary, it is true, but it was dedicated to a sacred purpose. Another kind of man would have invented a neat little story; but Dick was an inveterate truth-teller, and it did not even occur to him to varnish the plain tale.

So he sat bolt upright in his chair by the open window, and made a full confession of his adventures on the quay. The breeze was whispering in his ear all the time, and the breath of the mignonette floated into the little room.

"I wonder that you dared to come here this evening," said Minnie, when he came to an end. "I wonder that you could look me in the face. It's the most disgraceful thing I ever heard of."

"I'm very sorry that you take it in that way," he began feebly.

"In what way did you expect me to take it? Am I to pretend to sympathise with that disreputable person who fooled you out of five pounds? It's a very common trick. I daresay she has played it a hundred times before."

"She was not disreputable," said Dick firmly. "And I am quite sure that the money will be returned."

"I congratulate you on your faith in human nature!" cried Minnie, feeling that she was saying something that sounded withering. "Only it might have been better to wait until money was more plentiful. And it might have been kinder—yes, and more honourable—to remember that I had a slight claim on your consideration!"

"I acted on an impulse," admitted the wretched Dick. "Indeed, Minnie, I'm awfully sorry that you are hurt. Let me do something to please you, darling. Say you'll look over it, won't you?"

"I shall never forget it," she replied with calm sadness. "It will always be there."

"But in time perhaps you'll feel differently." He was becoming desperate. "And if the money does come back, it will be all right, won't it?"

At this she blazed up again.

"It will never come back. Of course the girl was a regular cheat. If you had respected yourself you wouldn't have noticed her at all. And if you had remembered what was due to me you would not have been seen in a low neighbourhood!"

"Now that's going too far," protested Dick. "No one has ever called the quay a low place. I often go there to get a breath of fresh air after the day's work; and it is interesting to see the cargoes unshipped. This is the first adventure I've ever had there, Minnie; I'm not a man of adventures, and upon my word I think you ought to forgive me."

Her instinct told her that his stock of patience was used up. He had risen, evidently prepared to say good-bye if she wished it.

"You don't understand a woman's feelings, Dick," she said plaintively. "I forgive you, of course; but—but the wound remains."

She drew a step nearer, and he caught her in his arms with words of passionate regret. It was the very last time, he declared, that she should suffer any pain through him. The reconciliation was complete; but she did not press him to stay to supper. She had been terribly upset, she said, and must go early to bed.

Dick went out of the bowery little house into the summer night with the consciousness of being profoundly miserable. Minnie had put him entirely in the wrong; and yet, when he had stood talking to the skipper, he had not doubted that he was perfectly right. At the present moment he felt incapable of ever finding a clear path again. He could not even have given a distinct reason for his own wretchedness.

"You've put your foot into it, haven't you?" said Tom's voice by his side. "Cheer up, old fellow. She'll come round all right."

He was a small, skinny boy of fourteen, but he kept pace, in a manful style, with Dick's stride.

"You're such a romantic chap, Dick," he went on. "Things aren't as you see 'em, you know. If you chose to go and chuck your money into the sea you had a right to do it. Don't take on about Minnie. She won't make a worse supper for this little row. And she means to stick to you unless she gets a better chance."

"Tom," said Dick, stopping short. "It seems to me that you know a good deal too much for your age."

"And it seems to me," returned Tom promptly, "that you know a good deal too little for yours."

He ran back to the house chuckling; and Dick walked on with the last words ringing in his ears. At six-and-twenty he was a boy still, curiously blind to the common falsities of his fellows, strangely ready to believe the best of everybody. He did not want his faith to be disturbed and yet he had an uncomfortable conviction that Tom knew more about Minnie than he did.

(To be continued.)



RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

St. Mark's Fly (*Bibio Marci*).

St. Mark's fly, so-called because it generally appears about the time of the Saint's day, has come late this year, but I see it now resting on various flowers, or else flying in its own very peculiar way with its long hairy legs hanging down like a bunch of black threads.

The male fly has clear wings, those of the female are dusky; the former has eyes double the size of those of the latter; both the insects are jet black and very sluggish in their movements, so by these characteristics they may be easily identified.

The female lays about one hundred and fifty eggs at a time in grass roots or decayed vegetable matter, upon which the grubs feed. These remain in the ground throughout the winter, and when full-grown the larvæ become chrysalides, and in a few weeks' time the perfect flies emerge.

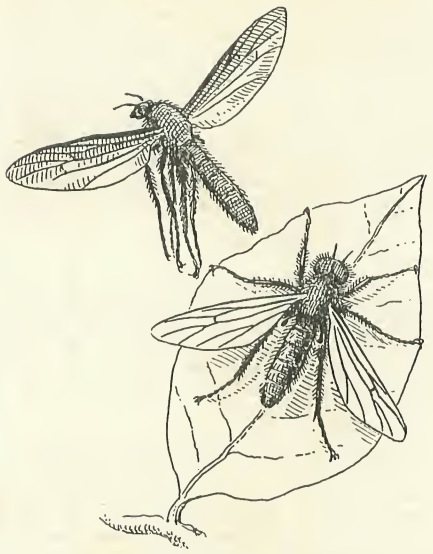
Another fly belonging to the same genus (*Bibio Iohannis*) is called St. John's fly, as it is to be seen about the latter end of June when St. John the Baptist's day is observed.

I am not familiar with its appearance, but I imagine from its scientific description it must be very similar to the St Mark's fly.

These two insects are, I believe, quite harmless, but some of their near relations are grievous torments to horses and cattle in the various countries where they are found.

In Servia a minute fly so irritates the flocks and herds by its intolerable stings, that hundreds of sheep and oxen are driven mad and perish in consequence of its attacks.

In India there are flies that can even pierce the elephant's hide, and in Florida, cows, horses, and mules are almost eaten alive by voracious fat-bodied flies, which give them no peace during the summer months. It is rather



ST. MARK'S FLY.

a consolation to know that an insect called the "coachman fly" preys in its turn upon these tormentors,* and "will sit through a long drive on the collar or some other part of the harness, or even on the steed itself, in order to pounce upon the insects as they settle. The curious thing is that the horses seem to know the difference, for directly a horse-fly comes, even if it does not sting, they become restless, tossing their heads and lashing with their tails; but the 'coachman' may rest on any part of them for any length of time and never be interfered with or driven off."

The tsetse fly of Africa is perhaps the most formidable of these insect plagues; its bite is fatal to horses, oxen and dogs. Dr. Livingstone was constantly hindered in his missionary journeys by this apparently insignificant enemy, for in one short journey, although he scarcely saw more than twenty of the flies, yet forty-three of his valuable draught oxen died from their attacks.

The tsetse fly is scarcely so large as a blue-bottle, of a brown colour, with yellow markings and a long proboscis; fortunately its bite is harmless to man, but travellers may well dread its peculiar buzz, as it may portend the death of their horses and cattle, by means of which alone they can journey across the African deserts.

* *Royal Nat. History*, vol. vi., p. 59.

The Death's Head Moth (*Acherontia Atropos*).

I had a surprise this morning (last April)! A splendid specimen of the death's head moth (*Acherontia atropos*) has come out of its chrysalis, and is reposing upon a small branch I had placed for its convenience.

For seven months I have tended this said chrysalis, keeping the moss on which it rested sufficiently damp and yet not too wet, as either extreme would have been fatal to the insect.

Never having seen a living specimen of this, one of the largest of our native sphinxes, I gazed with delight at the varied markings on the body and wings, a rich intermingling of brown, blue, fawn and velvety black.

The antennae are black and end in a white hooked bristle.

The legs are barred with black and white and thickly clothed with fawn-coloured masses of furry down. With bright orange under wings and a portly body of pale blue and orange, my readers can believe my new acquisition is indeed a rich piece of colouring.

The singular mark upon the thorax from which the moth derives its name, indistinctly resembles a human skull; an unfortunate fact for the insect itself, as in olden days it was looked upon as a weird forerunner of all kinds of evil, and its also possessing the power of emitting a low squeaking sound was sufficient to raise up a host of superstitious fears in the minds of ignorant people who persecuted and killed it without mercy. The Rev. J. G. Wood* relates an amusing incident where "A whole circle of village people were standing around a death's head moth that had by some mischance got into the churchyard. Not one of them dared touch it, and at last it was killed by the village blacksmith, who courageously took a long jump and came down on the unfortunate moth with his iron-shod boots."

I hoped to feed and tame this curious sphinx, but it would not partake of any kind of food, not even honey, which is said to be so attractive to this species of moth as to lead it to force its way into



DEATH'S HEAD MOTH AND LARVÆ.

* *Insects at Home*, Rev. J. G. Wood.

bee-hives, much to the annoyance of the bees; they are sometimes compelled to raise waxen walls at the entrance of the hive to keep out these intruding moths.

The caterpillar of this sphinx varies much in colour, but is usually of a lemon yellow and green with violet stripes on its sides; it is often four or even five inches in length.

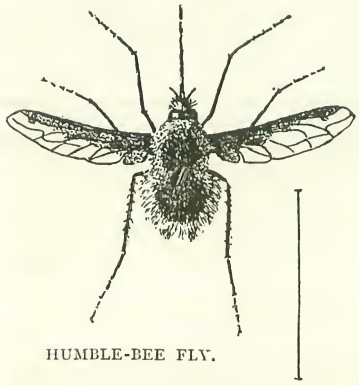
It feeds on the potato, jessamine and deadly-nightshade, but is not often found, because it hides itself in the earth during the day, and creeps out for its food at night.

When labourers are digging up potatoes they frequently find the great chrysalides of this moth, which they invariably call "locusts," "ground-grubs," or "maggots."

I obtained my specimen from a poor woman who was begging her way to some potato-fields where she hoped to obtain work. I learned that she often came across these "locusts" as she called them, when engaged in digging up potatoes, and having received an order for some she duly brought them to me, but unfortunately only one chrysalid survived the winter and reached the perfect stage.

The Humble-Bee Fly (*Bombylius Major*).

The appearance of the graceful humble-bee fly hovering over the early spring flowers is to me one of the welcome signs of spring.



HUMBLE-BEE FLY.

It flutters over my beds of forget-me-not and pulmonaria, and poising on the wing like a humming-bird, it inserts its long and very slender proboscis into each blossom in succession, extracting the honey upon which its delicate life is sustained.

The slightest movement on my part sends it off so swiftly that the eye cannot follow it, and yet it will return after a time and allow me to watch its graceful flights just as long as I remain perfectly still.

It is a fly with a good deal of character, and it differs in many respects from any other with which I am acquainted.

I have sometimes caught a specimen in a soft gauze net and carefully placed it under a glass shade containing a small vase of sweet flowers for its refreshment. At first the fly gives up all for lost and lies on its back with its slender legs in the air as if in a dead faint; but it soon revives, and, softly humming to itself, it hovers gently round the flowers, and when at last assured that there is no outlet for escape, it becomes quite resigned and begins to draw honey from the blossoms until it is satisfied, when it will rest upon a leaf in a contented fashion not in the least minding its loss of liberty.

If my readers will contrast with this the conduct of a newly-caught blue-bottle fly placed under a glass, and think of the wild way in which it will strike itself against its prison walls, buzzing and dashing about in a blind unreasoning fright, I think they will understand what I mean by difference of character in insects.

This might afford a very interesting subject for study.

I believe very little is known about the life-history of this charming insect.

Its larvæ are said to be parasites, feeding upon caterpillars and other insects.

The perfect fly is seen from March to May, but I have not observed it in the summer or autumn months.



FLOWERS OF ASH.

The Ash.

The ash is now becoming conspicuous by the size of its dark flower and leaf-buds.

This feature has often been noticed by the poets; Bishop Mant speaks of

"Its buds on either side opposed
In couples each to each, enclosed
In caskets black and hard as jet,
The ash-tree's graceful branch beset."

I scarcely ever pass by an ash tree in spring but I recall Lord Tennyson's well-known lines—

"Those eyes
Darker than darkest pansies, and that hair
More black than ashbuds in the front of March."

As a rule the buds are placed exactly opposite to each other on the branch, but in the illustration they are alternate, as I find is often the case towards the end of the spray.

The flowers of the ash are varied enough to puzzle a young botanist.

Some of the flowers contain stamens, others bear only pistils, and some may be found with both stamens and pistils; these varied blossoms are described in botany as polygamous.

The ash is largely grown in Kent to supply poles for the hop-grounds.

The trees are planted in narrow strips of ground adjoining the fields, and when the young saplings are sufficiently tall they are cut down, and after a few years the stems that have sprouted from the root-stocks are just the straight poles that are required to support the hop-plants.

This process is repeated from time to time so as to maintain the needed supply.

A little wood of this kind is called a "shave," possibly a corruption of the word shaw with which we are familiar.

In olden times the ash was called "The Husbandman's Tree," as it supplies tough flexible handles for all kinds of tools and agricultural implements.

We may easily distinguish the two kinds of catkins on the birch; the pistil bearing flower is small and upright, whilst the male catkin hangs down and bears the pollen in its bracts. Towards the autumn we shall find the small catkin, which is now erect, will have become



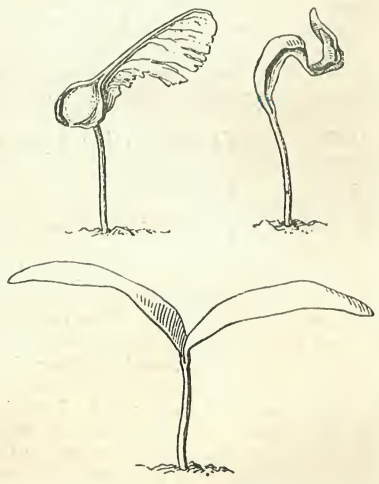
BIRCH CATKIN.

pendant and composed entirely of minute seeds which autumnal gales will carry far and wide.

Seedling Trees.

The lawns and flower-beds are now covered with sycamore, beech, and other seedling trees in various stages of growth. As the two seed-leaves or cotyledons, as they ought to be called, differ very much from the mature leaves, it is rather interesting to try and find out each species and thus learn to identify trees in their babyhood.

The sycamores seem to find it difficult to get out of their seed-coats, for here and there we may find one with a stem an inch long with the winged part (*samara*) perched at the top



SYCAMORE SEEDLINGS.

like some quaint kind of head-gear. Even if they get out of the husk they are for the first day or two crumpled into odd shapes, just as they were packed and curled up in the seed-coat; but before long they spread out their two cotyledons and seem to rejoice in the light and air.

These seedlings are of a dark green colour with a crimson stem, a combination we may also find in the bud of the tree itself, which in some specimens has outer bud-scales of the richest crimson, whilst the delicately folded young leaves within are of a vivid tint of green.

This year, 1898, I find a remarkable number of these seedlings with three and even four cotyledon leaves, showing that the seeds must have contained three or four embryos. A month or two later we shall find these young trees showing two leaves of the mature form, which is quite different from the strap-shaped cotyledon.

It may interest my readers to be reminded that the sycamore of which I have been speaking is not the sycamore of Scripture, that being a species of fig, an entirely different tree in every respect.

It has an oval undivided leaf like the bay-tree and having wide-spreading branches affording abundant shade; it is often to be met with by the roadside in Palestine, where it is planted for the benefit of wayfarers, who welcome the cool shelter it affords from the hot sun and also the sustaining fruit it bears.

Beech seed-leaves consist of two broad deep green cotyledons of palest green beneath; they are very distinctive, and once identified we can never mistake them.

The lime-tree has seedlings with deeply incised leaves, very unlike the perfect form.

If we have no companion who can name these baby-trees for us, the only way to learn about them is to look under the various trees in April and May, when we shall probably light upon the growing seeds of each kind. When pressed and dried, they form an interesting collection either by themselves or to add to any dried specimens of the English forest-trees we may happen to be forming.



SHEPHERD'S PURSE.

Shepherd's Purse.

One of the commonest weeds to be found throughout spring and summer is the shepherd's purse (*Capsella-bursa pastoris*). It often bears as many as fifty pods on its stem, and by counting the number of seeds in each pod and adding the whole number together, we shall find the total to amount to about one thousand five hundred seeds. No wonder gardeners find it a troublesome weed when one plant can produce so many seeds and sow itself all over the garden. We may note its very varied leaves, those on the stem are oblong and arrow-shaped at the base, the root leaves being pinnatifid, that is cleft into divisions half way down.

In China and North America the plant is used as a vegetable, and it used to be credited with medicinal virtues.

My chief interest in this hardy little weed arises from its remarkable power of adaptation; if it happens to be growing in rich soil, it will attain to a height of one or two feet, but if starved in some wall crevice or growing between the stones on a hard gravel path even there it does its best; its stem is covered with immature purses and is crowned by a tiny head of flowers; it is thus a true emblem of patience and fruitfulness under adverse circumstances.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"And so you are engaged too, Norah!"

Half-an-hour had passed since Rex had left Cloudsdale, and Lettice and Norah were seated in the bed-room which they shared together, Norah still trembling and tearful, Lettice full of serious, wide-eyed interest.

"And so you are engaged too!"

"No, not engaged. There is nothing definite, but I know that he cares for me, and I have promised to wait——"

"It's the same thing, but—five years! It is a terribly long time! So much may happen before then. You may change your mind!"

"No! I can't explain, but I simply could not think of anyone else while Rex was alive. It would be all the same if it were fifteen years. You need not pity me, Lettice. I shall keep house for father after you and Hilary are married, and I shall be quite happy. I don't think anything could make me unhappy again, now that I know Rex cares for me, and that when he comes back——" Norah stopped short, and Lettice drew her breath with a painful respiration.

"Oh, Nonie, I envy you! I wish I felt like that. I could never, never marry Arthur if I had to go out to India, and leave you all behind. Even now—Norah! if I speak out to you, will you keep it to yourself? Will you promise faithfully not to repeat a word to father or Hilary, or anyone else? Will you? Answer, Norah, yes or no!"

"I—I—yes, I promise, Lettice, if you wish it, but wouldn't it be better——"

"No! No! I can speak to no one else, and not even to you unless you promise not to repeat a single word. Sometimes I am so miserable! I never intended to marry Arthur—never for a moment; but he was very nice to me—and (I know you will be shocked, Norah, you are so honest and brave) I wanted him to go on being attentive, and sometimes I did pretend I liked him a little bit, when he seemed discouraged, or as if he were beginning to care less than he used. Then that day on the river he asked me to marry him, and I said No! I was horrified at the idea, and I tried to refuse him, I really did, but he looked so miserable—I couldn't bear to see him. I was quite happy for a little time after that, and when he was away I longed for him to come back, but since then father and Miss Carr have been so cross; there have been such worries with the house, and workmen, and dressmakers, that I have felt sometimes as if I would give the world to run away and hide, and never see any of them again!"

Norah sat motionless, gazing at her sister in horrified silence. Her heart beat in quick, painful throbs—even Rex himself was forgotten in the shock of hearing her worst fears confirmed in Lettice's own words. Unhappy! within three weeks of her marriage, with presents arriving by every post, the wedding breakfast ordered, the guests bidden to the church! It was some time before she could command her voice sufficiently to speak.

"But—Lettice! If you were happy at first, perhaps you are only miserable now because you are tired and overdone. I think even if I were going to marry Rex, I should feel sad the last few weeks when I thought of leaving father and the old home, and all the rest of you. It seems only natural. It would be rather heartless if one felt differently."

"Do you think so, Norah, do you?" queried Lettice eagerly. "Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that. I have said so to myself over and over again, but I thought I ought to be happy. I have been so wretched. That night when you thought I had toothache——"

"I know. I was afraid it was that. But, Lettice, if you are not satisfied it is not too late even now. You could tell Mr. Newcome."

But Lettice gave a shriek of dismay. "Oh, never, never! I daren't think of it, Norah. The house is ready, all the furniture—my dresses—the wedding

presents! I could never break it off. Poor Arthur would be broken-hearted, and his mother would be so angry; she would never let Madge speak to me again. Oh, no! I feel better already for talking to you. I get nervous and imagine things that are not true. I shall be very happy—of course I shall be happy. Arthur is so kind—and the house is so pretty. Don't look so miserable, Norah dear; indeed, indeed, I shall be all right."

"I hope so; but, Lettice, do think over it well while there is time. It would be terrible to have to break off your engagement now, but, at the worst, all the gossip and upset would be over in two or three months, and if you married it would be for your whole life. Father would be angry, but I would help you. I would stay with you, Lettice, and help you every minute of the time."

"I know you would, I know you would." Lettice spoke in a quick, breathless whisper, and her eyes were fixed as if she were a prisoner looking through the barred window and trying to summon up courage to escape—then a shudder shook the slight shoulders, and she jumped up, holding out her hands with a gesture of dismay.

"Oh no, no! Don't talk of anything so dreadful. Arthur is coming on Saturday and I shall be quite happy. I am dull because I have not seen him for so long, but you will see how bright I am when he is here. I was very weak and foolish to speak as I did, but I can trust you, Norah. You have promised not to tell."

"Yes, I have promised." Poor Norah was only too willing to be convinced, and surely what Lettice said was reasonable enough. She would wait at any rate until Saturday before making any further attempt to persuade her sister to a step which must bring so much suffering and humiliation in its train.

Two days later the bridegroom arrived. Lettice went to the station to meet him, and a very handsome couple they looked as they drove up to the door. Mr. Newcome immaculate as ever despite the long dusty journey, and so large and impressive, that Norah was quite embarrassed by the suggestion that she should address him as "Arthur." Lettice was all smiles and radiance, much delighted with a necklace of turquoise and diamonds which her lover had brought as his wedding present, and which she exhibited proudly to every member of the household.

Father, brothers and sisters were alike so relieved to see her happiness that they were prepared to welcome Arthur Newcome with open arms, and to acknowledge that their prejudices were unfounded. They listened with smiling faces to his tedious description of his journey north, of previous journeys, or journeys still to come; they tried to show an interest in the items of stale information which he offered in words of studied length and elegance, and with the air of imparting a startling novelty, but alas, it was all in vain. After three days' experience the unanimous verdict proclaimed that such a well-behaved and withal tiresome, and prosy young gentleman had never before worn frock coats, or walked about country lanes in a tall hat and immaculate kid gloves.

"He must be different with Lettice. She could never endure it if he bored her as much as he does us," reiterated Hilary firmly, upon which Raymond's eyes twinkled with mischievous intentions.

"Well—do you know, I should like to feel certain about that!" he said, and forthwith strolled out into the garden through the open doorway.

Lettice and Arthur Newcome were pacing their favourite walk, the narrow shrubbery path which encircled the lawn, and at intervals of every three or four minutes the two figures came into sight as the path opened to drive and tennis ground. Master Raymond strolled across to the first of these openings, leant nonchalantly against a tree, and waited the approach of footsteps. They came—a strong, steady crunching of the gravel, a pattering of quick, uneven little steps, and the sound of a deep bass voice struck on the ear.

—"And further on in the transept aisle, I came upon a particularly heavy and unattractive cenotaph to the memory of——"

Raymond gasped, and rolled his eyes; then as the footsteps died away sped lightly across the lawn, and ensconced himself at the next point of vantage. The boom of Mr. Newcome's big voice came again to his ear. Poor little Lettice was evidently a good listener!

—"The epitaph is in the inflated style of the period—bombastic in character, and supposed to be written by——"

"Bombastic!" echoed Raymond in despair, "I know someone else to whom that epithet would apply uncommonly well. This is worse than I expected. I'll give him one more chance, and then——" But at the third hearing Mr. Newcome was discoursing on "Allegorical figures and pseudo-classic statues," whereupon Raymond dashed off into the house and horrified his sisters by an account of his experiences.

"What a shame to listen like that. Lettice would be very angry if she knew."

"It was for her own good. Poor little soul, I'm sorry for her. What on earth made him choose tombstones as a topic of conversation?"

"I know. He has been staying in Canterbury. Lettice told me that he had written to her about the Cathedral," said Norah dolefully. "I wonder if I ought to go and join them! She asked me, and pinched my arm to make me say yes, but I thought Arthur looked as if he didn't want me. Can't we make an excuse and call her in? She looks so tired."

"Well, they are the funniest pair of lovers I have ever seen!" said Raymond, nodding his head with a knowing look, as if he had had an extensive knowledge of engaged couples, whereas he had never been in the house with one before. And just at that moment in marched Lettice, her fair face disfigured by a weary, irritable expression.

"I think you are all very unkind! I asked you to come into the garden. It's very mean to leave me all alone, when I have only a f—f—fortnight more at home!" The last word ended in a burst of tears, and she ran hurriedly upstairs to her own room.

What was to be the end of it all! Her sisters stared at each other with wide, frightened eyes, too miserable and uneasy to speak.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

IT is highly dangerous to leave a gas-burner turned low unless surrounded by a globe, and even then a draught of wind may blow out the flame and leave the gas escaping.

GAS-BURNERS should now and then be cleaned out with a piece of wire or a long pin to clear out any impurities or dust accumulation.

CUPBOARDS and storerooms should periodically have the doors set open for air and light to penetrate, and the shelves should be cleaned or at least brushed out once a week.

SPONGES should never be used for applying a lotion to an open wound.

TO keep a quill pen soft, have it always in the ink and do not let it get dry.

AN old rusty pen left in the ink-bottle will be of service in attracting the corroding matter from other pens in use.

MATTRESSES, pillows, and bolsters should be periodically sent to the cleaners to be taken to pieces and cleaned. It is not good for health to use them for years uncleaned, as most people have them.

DO not let your neighbours have to complain of your gate squeaking for want of a few drops of oil applied to the joint. It is a most aggravating noise.

TEACH your children how to mend window-blinds, door-latches, and all the little things of the sort about the house; you will materially lessen your workmen's bills and give useful occupation to handy fingers.

A PIECE of black sticking-plaster, notched all round the edges, and applied outside a crack in the leather of a shoe, is a neat way of mending it, and shows very little.

BLACK alpaca is one of the nicest materials for an under-petticoat; it wears well, is light, and does not harbour dust.

TOAST to be crisp and well made should not be done all on one side and then the other, but the sides frequently changed to and from the fire; this evaporates the moisture more effectually. Much also depends on the kind of bread that is used and the condition of the fire.

NEITHER hot water nor hot ovens can be had if cleaning of the kitchen flues is neglected.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



MEDICAL.

LAURA.—Cod-liver oil is more a food than a drug. It is given in preference to other oils chiefly because it is easily digested. When it disagrees, "emulsion of cod-liver oil" can sometimes be taken without unpleasant symptoms. A tablespoonful of thick rich cream taken three times a day is an excellent substitute—and by no means an unpleasant one.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—When a child of one or two years gets very fat, it is not a sign that he is healthy, but rather the reverse. Rickety children are often exceedingly fat—the so-called "fat rickets." Children who have been fed on "infants' foods" are usually very fat—"fine fat fellows" and—rickety. In the article on "Indigestion" that appeared in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER last December, details on infant feeding were given which we advise you to peruse. Do not trust too much to "infant food" as an article of diet under any circumstances, unless you are advised to do so by a physician.

FOOLISH.—Probably you have got wax in both ears at present. The offensive yellow discharge from the left ear is probably secondary to wax. It is not uncommon for wax to set up severe irritation, especially after unsuccessful attempts have been made to remove it. Drop into your ear a little warm solution of bicarbonate of soda (Gr. xx to ℥j of water) every evening for a week, and then gently syringe your ears. Before doing so, read the instructions and precautions given in the article "All about the Ear" which appeared in the November Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

R. M.—1. To ask for a cure for "back-ache" is rather a large order. We could enumerate hundreds of diseases which produce this symptom. We really cannot answer questions without any information, and we know of no measure that is a panacea for all human ills.—2. The lines—

> "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
> Tears from the depths of some divine despair
> Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes"—

are by Tennyson.—3. There have been articles on the precious stones in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MARJORIE.—Wash your head with borax (one teaspoonful to a quart of water), and occasionally, about once a month, with the yolk of an egg. The root of a hair usually does come out with the hair itself, but it is soon replaced by another. Hairs only live for a certain time, then they die and are replaced by young hairs.

A MOTHERLESS GIRL.—We were very pleased to receive your letter, for the information you have given embodies all that is necessary to enable us to completely answer your question. It would indeed be a relief to us if every correspondent would state her questions plainly and fully, and not leave us to guess at the question as well as to supply the answer; such correspondents can only receive answers of the same nature as their questions—brief and vague. You suffer from anæmia. This will be a good opportunity to give a brief description of that complaint, and so spare ourselves the trouble of answering every correspondent who possesses the same symptoms as yourself. The symptoms of anæmia (chlorosis), as it occurs in young girls, are—shortness of breath, palpitation, flushing and blushing, indigestion, constipation, pallor of the face and lips, transparent, glistening bluish-white colour of the "whites" of the eyes, headache, dimness of vision, especially on rapidly turning round or ascending stairs, fainting, inability for mental work, but not wasting, very frequently the reverse. The cause of anæmia is, according to a very great authority, constipation. It occurs mainly in young women between the ages of fifteen and thirty, and, as far as our personal experience goes, is invariably cured by suitable treatment. The treatment is divided into three sections:—(1) general measures, (2) diet, (3) drugs. General measures first:—

Apparel.—Warm clothing and flannel next to the skin; no garters, especially not worn below the knee; loose-fitting corsets.

Exercise.—A walk in the fresh air every day, rain or shine. Do not walk to the point of fatigue.

Washing, etc.—Do not wash in cold water. In this complaint a cold bath may produce the most serious possible symptoms.

Now for the *Diet.*—A good nourishing light diet. At least four meals a day, but all must be small. No eating between meals. If indigestion is present, special dieting may be necessary. Avoid tea and coffee. A little wine is often of great value in this condition.

Drugs.—Constipation must be cured. To accomplish this, the following pill may be taken every night or every other night:

℞ Aloin Gr. j
Ext. Nucis Vomicæ Gr. ¼.
Ext. Belladonnæ Vir. Gr. ⅓.

In the slighter grades of anæmia this is all that is sufficient. If indigestion is present, this must be attended to. If the anæmia is severe, iron must be taken. Any digestible form of iron may be taken. Blaud's pill is a convenient form and is very efficacious. One pill (5 grs.) should be taken after each meal. Iron cannot be taken if indigestion is present. We have answered this question fully, and will not repeat this information.

LILY.—1. It is rather difficult to tell you exactly what is wrong with your nose, for there are many possible causes of bleeding and soreness in the nostrils. The details that you give us incline us to believe that you suffer from a form of chronic nasal trouble that is very common in young women. You had better use this wash for your nose: Dissolve two teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda and ten grains of pure carbolic acid in a pint of water. Cold cream is an excellent preparation to apply. We will treat this question on the nose more fully at another time.—2. Read the advice given to "A Motherless Girl."

GLADYS.—Are you quite sure that your friend does not suffer from indigestion? You are very emphatic about her not drinking tea, but does she drink anything else that is likely to disturb her digestion? However, we do not think that your friend's "red nose" is due to indigestion, but that it is due to a poor circulation. Let her read the answer to "A Motherless Girl."

STUDY AND STUDIO.

JIM and "LAWSON."—1. We find it difficult to answer such questions as "Who is the greatest living artist?" and "Who is the greatest living composer?" There are different schools in painting as in music, and each has its illustrious exponents, among whom it would be presumptuous and invidious for us to single out one as excelling all others of his own and of any other school.—2. As to your writing, we may say that in each case the down-strokes are too black and the letters too rounded, giving it a childish appearance, but possibly with time and care the hand may develop into a good one. We say "hand" advisedly, for the writing of the two letters is almost if not quite identical.

ESTELLE.—1. You will obtain the information you require by writing to Dr. J. N. Keynes, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge.—2. Your writing is too small, round and faint. There is no freedom in it, and it is childish and unformed. We should advise you to practise daily a thoroughly good running hand on which you might model your own.

IRIS.—1. We refer you also to Dr. Keynes for full details of the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, held in December and June, fees £1 and £2.—2. A good Italian book for a beginner is *Le Mie Prigioni*, by Silvio Pellico, and you would find some of Metastasio's plays easy, e.g., "La Clemenza di Tito."

NAN.—1. There is a wide field before you. Have you read (in fiction) *Lorna Doone;* Mrs. Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters;* Kingsley's books, especially his *Heroes;* J. M. Barrie's works, and so on? You should not only read stories. We advise our readers who wish to be systematically guided in their reading to join the National Home Reading Union; secretary, Miss Mondy, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C. A useful little book is *What Shall I Read?* by Lily Watson (56, Old Bailey).

MARGARET.—Read our answer to "Nan." The lists of suitable books would be too long to give here, in the six subjects you name, but we are very glad to see that you intend to read when you have left school. Especially do not neglect the reading of poetry. Such poets as Longfellow and Tennyson will help you.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

ANXIOUS (*Teaching Dressmaking*).—If you wish to prepare by yourself for the examinations for teachers of dress-cutting you had better write to the Secretary of the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework, 16, Stafford Street, Marylebone Road, N.W., asking for advice on the subject. You will probably find that emphasis is laid on obtaining a practical knowledge of the Grenfell system of dress-cutting. Examinations are held in March, July, and December. It seems a pity that you are unable to attend the classes in Leeds, as the teaching given is considered to be particularly good.

H. W. (*Civil Service*).—We cannot recommend you a teacher by correspondence. Possibly the Secretary of the Birkbeck Institute, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C., could advise you on this subject, as many students are prepared at the Birkbeck for the Civil Service. Whether the hours you mention are strictly adhered to we do not know, but it is certain that long hours are not among the grievances of Civil Service Clerks.

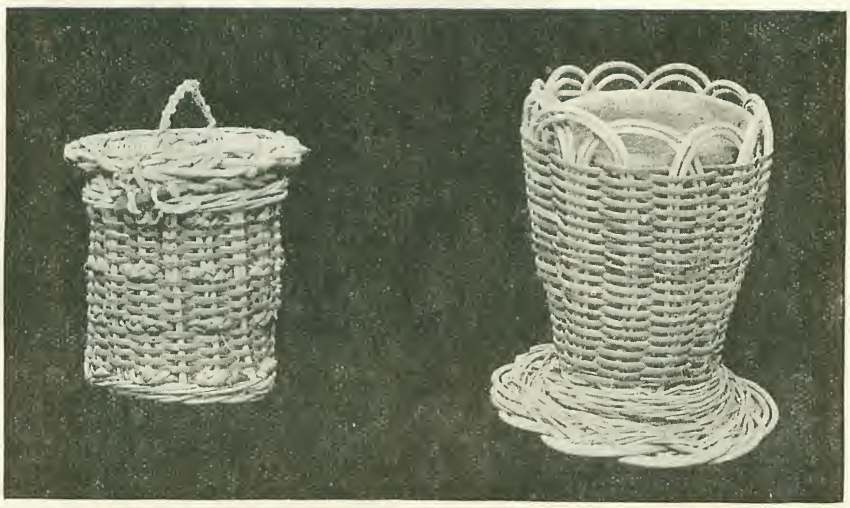
MARCELLA (*Learning French and German*).—The Secretary of the Teachers' Guild, 74, Gower Street, W.C., would forward you information concerning the excellent opportunities given by the French Education Department to English girls who wish to acquire a knowledge both of French and of teaching abroad. If you could avail yourself of this privilege you would find yourself much better equipped for the teaching profession than by going to some foreign school and learning French there on what are called "mutual terms." Later you could learn German in Germany by obtaining some post as teacher in a good family. Miss Nash, of the English and American Governesses' Home, 22, Kleinbeerenstrasse, Berlin, might help you in this quest, but you ought to be able to afford to spend a few weeks in the Home till a suitable vacancy could be found.

A. C. (*Infirmary Nursing*).—We learn that at the newly established Brentford Infirmary, Isleworth, W., a few suitable probationers could be received. You may be glad to know of this opportunity, as at the older hospitals competition for entry is now so keen as to make it difficult for girls without means to be trained. The limits of age are from 22 to 32. Probationers are received on trial for two months; then, if accepted, they serve for one year at a salary of £5, the second year they receive £10, and the third £20. They are provided with full rations, washing, separate bedroom, and material for indoor uniform. The Infirmary is conducted under auspices which are favourable to a good hospital training. You should write to the matron if you desire the form of application.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 951.] MARCH 19, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HOW TO WEAVE CANE BASKETS.



MARMALADE BASKET. FLOWERPOT HOLDER.



OVAL BASKET.



UPRIGHT BASKET WITH HANDLES.

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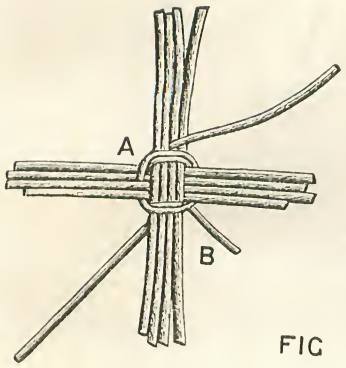


FIG 1

THERE is hardly any limit to the number and variety of baskets that can be made of cane when once the easy art of weaving them is understood. Almost everyone appreciates baskets useful or ornamental, and they can be made at home with far more ease and economy than the uninitiated would suppose.

Of course the worker's first requisite is a due supply of materials. The cane itself is sold in large skeins and at prices varying from 1s. to 3s. the pound. The sizes of it range from the coarse, which is about equal in size to an ordinary lead pencil, to the finest, which may be compared to a No. 17 knitting-needle. Some of the makes of cane are round, and, if coarse, principally used for the spokes or uprights of the baskets; others are split; others again flat on both surfaces and useful for weaving only.

In fancy baskets coloured straw-plait is sometimes used. This is procurable in different tints and in lengths of six dozen yards. By the dozen yards also are sold rush, a soft green plait very effective for mixing in with the canes; and raffia, similar in weaving, but cream-coloured and much finer.

So much for materials. Tools are few in number and need not be obtained by those desirous of beginning on a small scale only. There are nippers to be had to cut the cane, but a strong knife and scissors do their work quite well. For the piercer, whose uses are to force the weaving apart temporarily and to bore holes in coarse canes or soft wood, a stout stiletto or similar homely tool can be substituted.

Baskets having no bottom are sometimes made on a wooden frame or base, which is really a round piece of oak pierced with several rings of holes through which the canes are pushed, while the sides of the basket are formed by inter-weaving. The frame is afterwards drawn off, and so can be used an indefinite number of times and for large or small baskets according as the outer or inner circles of holes is made use of.

Where a basket is to have a permanent wooden base, this can be bought or cut to any shape ordered. Only the sides have then to be woven, but the finished article cannot be ranked so highly as one in which the bottom is woven as well as the upper portion.

The question as to the sizes of cane with which a beginner should practise is a difficult one, some authorities recommending the use of the finest. As better work can be done with medium sizes, the little extra difficulty felt at first in managing these is soon compensated.

It is a good plan for a novice when applying for cane to mention the purposes for which it is required. This because sizes vary in number with different makers, and to ensure that the spokes are not too fine for the working strands and *vice versâ*.

For spokes, No. 10 (round) is, for baskets of average size strong and amply coarse; for weaving over it, 4, 5 or 6 in round, and 6, 8 or 10 in flat cane will be found good average sizes.

On receiving the hanks of cane, cut the strings only enough to enable the strands to be drawn out singly. Wind each loosely round and round the hand and put to soak from ten to forty minutes according to texture.

Every worker will desire to begin with a mat or basket which can afterwards be made useful. The easiest way of weaving a centre for either of these articles is seen in the earliest stage at Fig. 1. The coarse cane, when well soaked, should be laid on a cloth or tray and cut to the lengths required for the spokes. For a mat, cut each the length of the diameter, with an added eight to sixteen inches for the edges. For a basket, measure the depth of both sides, and the width of the bottom, and add to this the extra allowance for the edge or border. For this round weaving always cut one extra spoke half the length of the others.

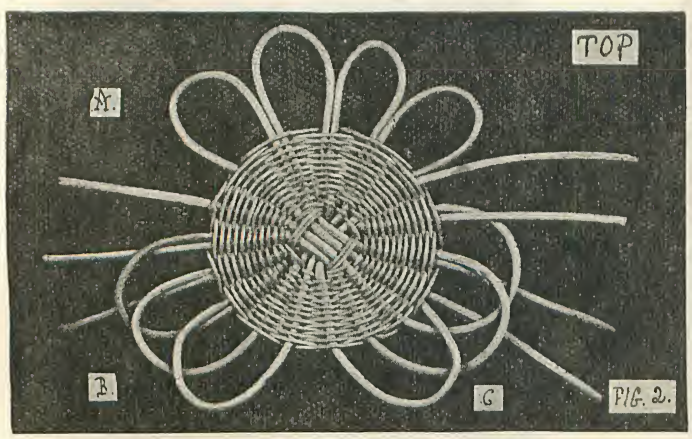


FIG. 2.

In Fig. 1 eight long spokes are used, four crossed over the centre of the other four. One end of the weaving thread is pushed down behind from A to B, and the whole held in the left hand while the fingers of the right direct the weaver in front of the four uprights at the top, under the four right-hand spokes, over the four bottom ones, and under the left-hand ones. This should be repeated, but at the last, with the weaver under two only of the side strands, then over and under two alternately for two rows. Push the odd spoke in at the back of the weaving at C and work alternately over and under one spoke only until the base or circle is large enough.

Fig. 2 shows a small woven circle and some open borders. For border A, each spoke is sharpened and pushed down close to the one next to it; at B, the end of each spoke is beside the next but one; at C, two spokes are missed, and the end of the first is inserted beside the third spoke.

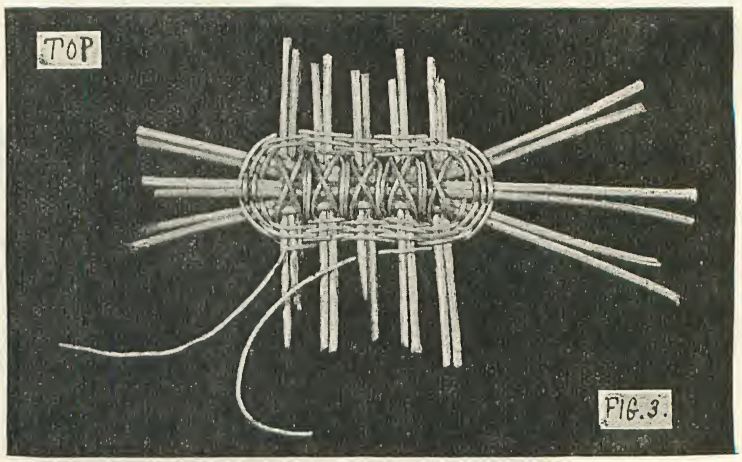


FIG. 3.

An oval base for mat or basket is illustrated at Fig. 3. The six long strands here are crossed first over a pair of shorter upright ones. The weaver, inserted as before, is so bound over to secure these in place as to form a cross on the right side of the work; then two upright stitches are made on the long strands only; another pair of side strands is affixed with a cross bind, and so on until five pairs in all are in position. A second weaver is now needed and the two are taken together alternately one over and the other under the pairs of spokes until the oval is large enough.

On even spokes it is not possible to use one weaver alternately under and over one spoke as in simple or plain weaving.

As the work proceeds it must be damped and pulled into place to keep it a good shape.

Another way of working over an even number of spokes is illustrated at Fig. 4. Here also the weavers are used in pairs and together. The first is placed behind, the second in front of each spoke, and between each pair of spokes the weavers cross, that which was formerly below being raised before placing it behind a spoke.

In Fig. 5, A is shown yet another way of working with two weavers together. This plan can only be pursued on an unequal number of spokes or the repeat would not come true.

B (also Fig. 5) shows four weavers used together much as the two were in Fig. 4. Begin with one; place it in front of four, and behind one spoke, afterwards before three and behind one. Starting the other three weavers in the same place, put the next always in front of three and behind one; the third before two, behind one; the fourth before one and behind one. After starting thus, bring each in turn before three and behind one,

crossing the others on its way. Thus each weaver should be, as it were, one spoke in advance of the one behind it.

For C, work in the same way but omitting the first row, as three weavers only are employed.

All the parts of a basket are now dealt with save the handles. Two forms of these are given at Fig. 6. A is simply three spoke canes twisted together; at B three spokes are interplaited.

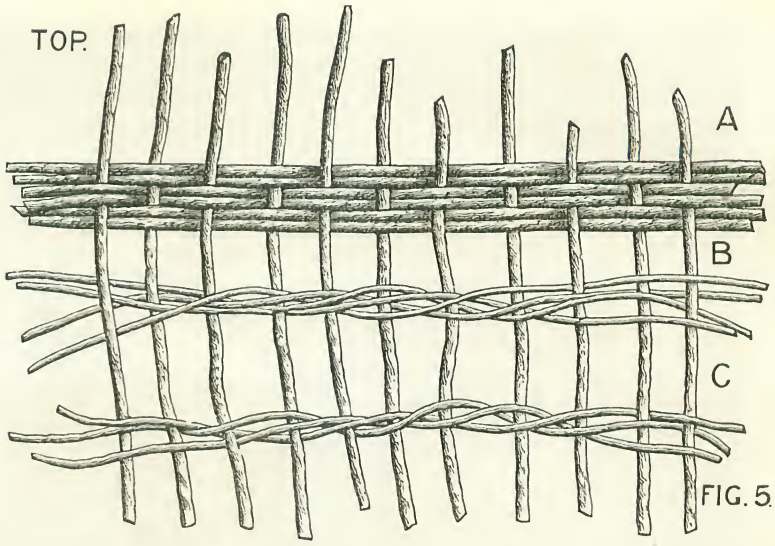
Now to put the pieces of our baskets together. A group of finished specimens appear on page 385.

For the upright cover for a marmalade- or soup-jar, weave a circle three and a half inches across, work two rows triple twist, soak well, bend up the spokes to the shape for the sides, work: one row single twist *, one row rush, seven rows single weaving (with flat cane); repeat from * twice; one row rush, two of triple twist, open border C (Fig. 2) with the spokes pushed far down to form a close border.

Make the top like the bottom, finishing with the same border left more open. Make hinges, handle and fastening of weaving cane well soaked.

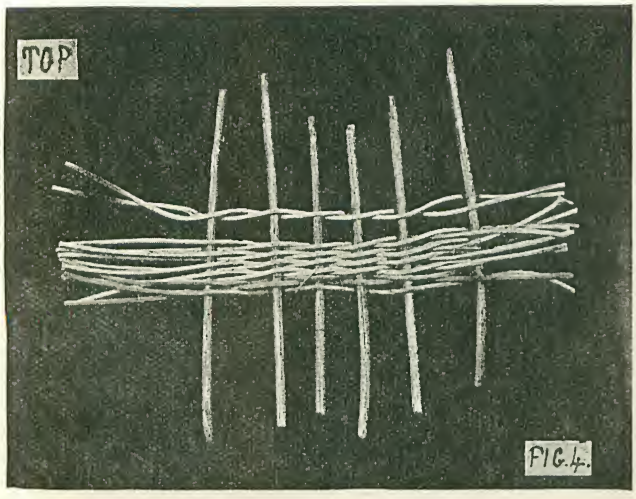
For the open oval basket weave a bottom four by five inches and one row four ply twist. Turn up the sides and work another row of twist. One inch of plain weaving with fine round cane; five rows double weaving with flat cane (see Fig. 5, A); three rows rush, five of double weaving, half an inch of plain weaving, finish with any open border. The handle is three spokes, twisted bound over with rush, the ends being pushed down (with the aid of the piercer) nearly to the bottom of the basket.

For the flower-pot holder, work on the wooden frame. Choose the circle of holes measuring two and a half inches across and through each space insert a spoke for eight



inches. Two rows triple twist, then five inches of plain weaving with flat cane. Bend the tops down for an open border (either) and make each loop double by inserting extra spokes pushed down to the bottom of the basket. It is well to work round a flower-pot to ensure shapeliness. The top finished, slip off the frame and soak the ends of the spokes. Bend them outwards into saucer shape, work two rows triple twist and finish with a double open border as above.

For the upright basket with handles, make a round base five inches across. Work one row treble twist. Soak and turn up the spokes. Work one row triple twist, three inches of plain weaving *, one row raffia, one row with any bright-coloured cane, repeat four times from *, work three inches of single weaving; push the ends firmly down each beyond the third spoke to make a close border. Work the handles of twisted fine cane round two extra spokes each twenty-four inches long, inserted two inches from the rim of the basket and pushed well down.



Space forbids the enumeration of any more articles here, but readers should now be able to invent others for themselves. All the principal plaits have been mentioned, and the worker has only to combine these according to her desires.

All work needs moistening now and then to keep it pliable, and should be gradually moulded into shape when in process. It will then dry and harden firmly.

Basket-work can be singed, varnished, or

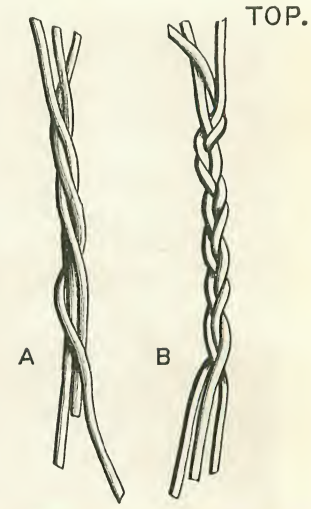


FIG. 6.

enamelled when finished, but this is not necessary.

If these hints prove insufficient or obscure to any reader, additional information can be forwarded to her if she will mention her difficulties.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

VARIETIES.

THE RULING PASSION.

They had been drifting about in an open boat for seven days, and had almost given up hope, when the look-out cried wildly—

"A sail! a sail!"

The only woman passenger looked up anxiously, "Oh, is it a bargain sale?"

ON THE WAY TO PROSPERITY.—No gain is so certain as that which proceeds from the economical use of what you have.

NO LIMITATION TO GENIUS.

"How do you paint sunrises? you never saw one in your life."

"That's no drawback. I paint sunsets and turn them upside down."

TRUTH.

"Seize upon Truth, where'er 'tis found,
Among your friends, among your foes,
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower's divine, where'er it grows."

THE HEROINE'S REPLY.

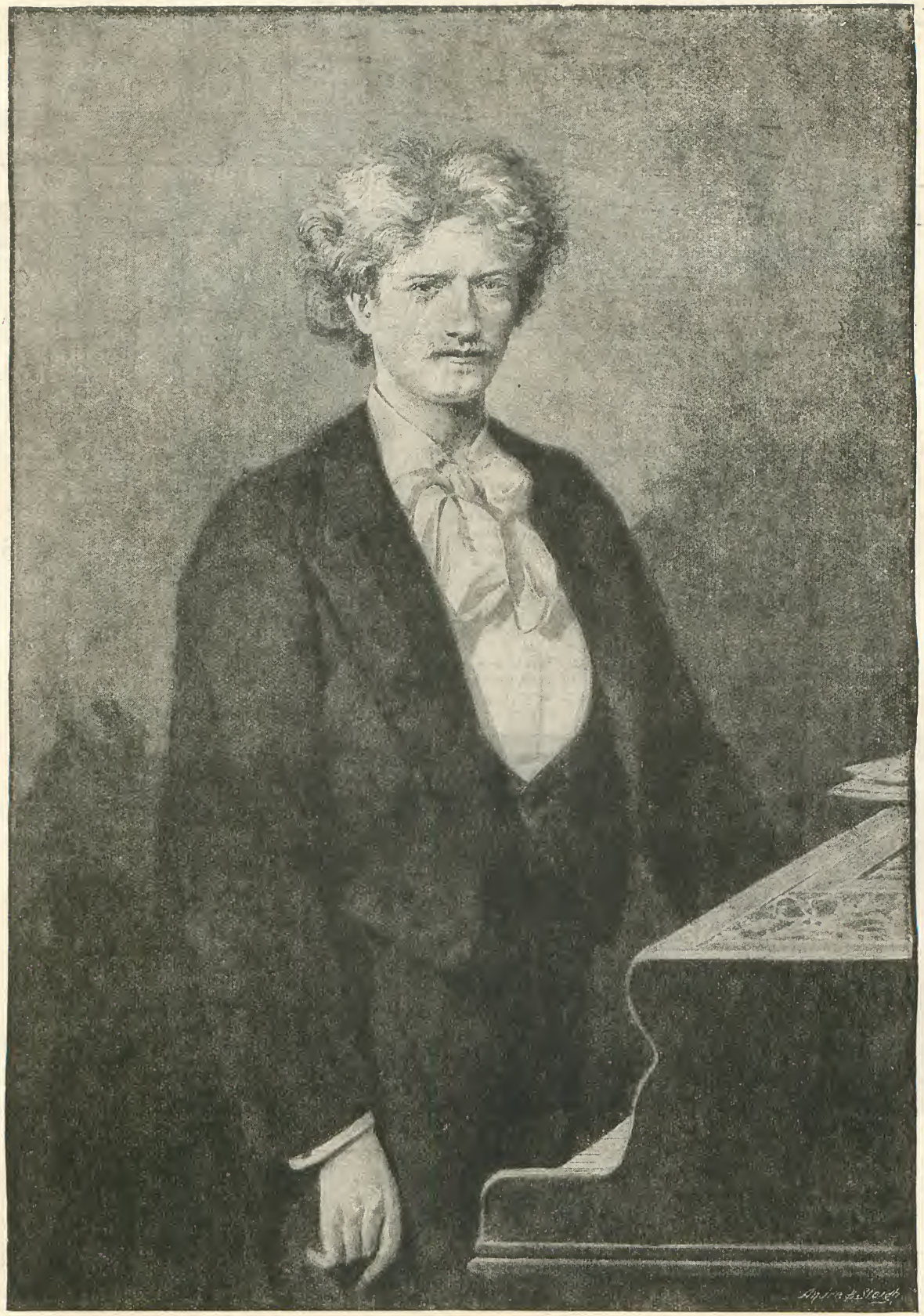
"I will follow you to the uttermost ends of the earth!" hissed the villain.

"No, you won't," said the heroine calmly.

"Why won't I?" queried the villain, aghast at her coolness.

"Because I am not going there," she replied.

WITHOUT RELIGION.—People without religion are like horses without bridles.



M. PADEREWSKI.

PADEREWSKI* AS A COMPOSER.

THE "happy medium" people (with whom perhaps the world is chiefly populated) are spared the deepest phases of sorrow certainly, but they are also debarred from feeling pleasure so exquisite as to be almost akin to pain, for humanity is so constituted that the power of experiencing the keenest joy is always found side by side with the greatest capacity for suffering; by the latter is meant of course something entirely different from the self-centred pessimism which finds exponents in the literature, painting or music of every age. It is a capacity born of qualities widely opposed to egoism, a power indeed of "caring deeply," to be summed up in the one word—sympathy, and surely it is one of the highest attributes which either man or woman can possess. No one devoid of this dual gift of sorrow and joy, can ever adequately gauge the beauties of any branch of art, and no truly great artist, who is able to touch the very hearts of his fellow-beings is without it, the deeper its roots, the higher the inspiration. Job, the Hebraic poet, possessed it in a marvellous degree; it drew him down almost to the depths of hell, but it raised him again to the very gates of heaven; it belonged to Shakspeare, else how could he have created a Hamlet and a Puck? It pervades the writings of Goethe—we feel it in the music of Beethoven and Chopin, whose moments of happiness though fleeting, were yet intensely real, and it strikes us in the works of the greatest masters of painting. As examples in the modern school, the pictures of George Watts may be aptly cited, where tears and laughter so often meet, and in the realms of contemporary music it is wonderfully expressed by the compositions of Paderewski. Such pieces as his "Elegie" or his "Nocturne" reveal a depth of sorrow and regret before which the listener shrinks; his "Dans le Désert," if considered as something more than a mere virtuosity study, contains the elements of a tragedy; underlying the tenderness of his "Chant d'Amour" is a vein of deep sadness, and more than one number of his "Chants du voyageur" suggests that their composer has had a heavy price to pay for his impressions of the journey of life.

But in contrast to all these, he has written other pieces instinct with happiness, such as the "Humoreskes de Concert," amongst which the well-known minuet in G cannot quite lose its charm of gladness even when caricatured by aspiring amateurs and enthusiastic school girls; the "Scherzino," Op. 10, is like a little ode to a sunbeam, and a "Valse caprice" has caught all the gaiety of youthful dancers. Nor is there anything sad about the brilliant "Polish Fantasia;" through all its hurrying clash and tumult of piano and orchestra run themes of irresistible triumph, it seems as if Poland had nothing less than her own again.

In all Paderewski's music, whether grave or gay, there are very marked characteristics; it is first and foremost thoroughly national, its impetuosity and flashing changes of accent and rhythm, its waywardness and pride (beneath which there is nevertheless always a certain gentleness), all reveal Poland. It has moreover features peculiar to its composer individually.

Tonkünstler is a well-known German word applicable to no one more justly than to Paderewski. One of his greatest beauties as a player lies in his gift of graduating his tone; he is veritably an artist in tone, and it is particularly noticeable that all his compositions are primarily tone studies; for this reason they are not easy of artistic interpretation, and many of them present technical difficulties only within the grasp of an accomplished performer. But here again, just as he often touches us most at the piano by the simplicity of a Mendelssohn "Lied ohne Worte" rendered with exquisite charm, so some of his simplest music pleases best; as instances of this, may be taken the beautiful "Mélodie" (Op. 16, No. 2), or "Au soir," a sketch worthy to have found favour with that lover of the night, Schumann. Paderewski is one of the few who can either play or write a little piece, and herein perhaps lies his chief claim to the title of a consummate artist.

Nor is there any drawing-room atmosphere about this music; that it may be seriously studied without weariness is as good a test as any of its worth: it is pervaded with a certain manly earnestness, and it always bears evidence of careful writing, for never, either as performer or composer, does Paderewski offer his public anything slovenly or unfinished.

Amongst the national dances and Volklieder of his native country, the Polonaise, the Mazourka, or the Crakoviak, he is thoroughly in his element, much more so than when he deals with fugues and variations. Like Chopin, he has written a number of these presumably *peasant* dances, yet singularly aristocratic and graceful, now melancholy, now gay, and withal passionate and fiery; all those who are interested in Poland and things Polish should know them, particularly the Polonaise, Op. 9, the Cracovienne Fantastique, Op. 14, and the Tatra Album, Books I. and II., which latter, as well as his Mazourkas, lend themselves extremely well to various arrangements for stringed instruments, and form delightful pianoforte duets.

As may be readily imagined, such compositions as his two "Légendes" also illustrate him quite at his best; they are steeped in all the weird romance that enshrines the early history of every country, and as he presents them to our ears, seated at his Erard, their charm is enhanced by the fascination of a 19th century *raconteur*, who fully perceives the poetry of his native folklore, and enters thoroughly into all its mystery; it strikes the listener, moreover, that Paderewski must have a warm corner in his heart for the children; were he to interpret his legends in words instead of music, it is easy to picture the young people, as well as their elders clustering round to hear these tales of some ancient superstition, in the telling of which, human emotions and mystic imagery are quaintly combined, with here a sigh, or anon a laugh, or a wild outburst of warring elements—symbolic doubtless of that conflict between good and evil, at the root of all legendary lore—followed again by calmer phrases, till the story waxes soft and faint, gradually dying away, as if hushed into silence by some enchanter's spell.

Several books of songs are full of an originality altogether out of the common run, and display a knowledge of the powers of the human voice, though English and German translations of various poems by Mickiewicz and others by no means do justice to the beautiful Polish language, so strong yet supple, still spoken and written by some ten millions of people. A more recent composition, "Dans la forêt," magnificently sung by Maurel, has the advantage of the untranslated words of Théophile Gautier, whose mood of autumnal sadness has been fitly wedded to music.

With the exception of his concerto for piano and orchestra, the "Polish fantasia," his songs, and a sonata for violin and piano dedicated to Sarasate, Paderewski has so far only composed for his own instrument, and the superlative greatness which he has attained as a performer has greatly tended to overshadow his worth as a composer; but it must be remembered that he did not suddenly jump to his present unrivalled eminence amongst pianists. He was never, in his earliest days, weak or commonplace, but evinced intensely interesting possibilities of something greater in the future; his would appear to be a never stationary ideal, always leading him to something higher, though the time is not so very remote when he only just hinted at his actual grandeur. How immeasurably nobler are his conceptions of all the great masters, but of Beethoven in particular, now, than they were only five years ago, and how much he has gained in control of himself and his audience, those alone can fully realise who have carefully followed Paderewski's triumphant yet gradual progress; and much the same may be said about his compositions, for beautiful as they are they constantly impress one with the idea that he has by no means reached the complete measure of what he can achieve in this direction; of his two most important works, the concerto in A minor and the Polish Fantasia, the latter *opus* is in every respect the most *bedeutend* (to borrow an expressive German word), and judging from what he has already accomplished, it is quite evident that should his ambitions lead him still further—rumour suggests an opera—the results will always merit respect and interest, and never prove unworthy of the art to which Paderewski devotes his life.

A. E. KEETON.

* Pronounced Paderefffski.

DICK HARTWELL'S FORTUNE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER III.



AFTER Tom had left him Dick did not go straight home to his lodgings. His feet seemed to be drawn by some mysterious fascination to the quay. Great piles of red pine had been left by the Danish schooner, and as he touched the wood, he thought of the far-off Northern forests where it grew. A sudden longing seized him as he looked out across the quiet sea; he wished that he could escape from his present life, with all its perplexities, and sail with Peter Jensen to the shores of the Baltic. At this very hour, perhaps, that dark-eyed girl was sitting on the deck, and looking up at the stars. Yes; he was absurdly romantic; he had always had dreams and fancies which Minnie had never been able to understand.

Nearly a month went by; and Dick, bent on saving for the piano-fund, lived as frugally as a hermit, while Minnie spent all her salary on the adornment of her pretty person. Her moods changed very frequently in these days, she was scornful and kind by turns, and her lover felt that she was restless and dissatisfied. It was a great relief to find a letter in a strange handwriting on his table one morning. His letters were so few that he was sure Miss Bendon had written to him. Besides, there was the Danish post-mark.

As soon as he had opened the envelope, he found an English bank-note for five pounds—the very note he had given the skipper.

"DEAR SIR," (the writer began), "I thank you heartily for your kindness, but of course I cannot use the money. Yet it has cheered me, and helped me to struggle on. No kind act is ever wasted; it is the expression of a good heart, a sign that human fellowship is not a mere fable, and so it always lightens some one's burden. May the gipsy's words prove true, and your good fortune come to you from the sea! The bread cast upon the waters shall be found again after many days. "Yours gratefully,

"FORTUNE BENDON."

In all the six-and-twenty years of his life, Dick had never had such a letter as this. His mother, a quiet, hardworking widow, had died when he was a lad of sixteen, and brothers and sisters he had none. He had always led a clean life, loving right for right's sake, and gathering thankfully the few flowers that grew in the dusty path of duty. And then he had met Minnie Brace, and her smile had glorified the whole world.

But the light of that smile had soon begun to wane, and Dick, as an engaged man, was lonelier than ever. Minnie never cared to talk about any of the things that interested him; the progress of the age did not matter to her in the least. She was deeply absorbed in her charming self, and saw in Dick a way of escape from the drudgery of her life. And in his simplicity he often wondered why he did not get more joy out of her love. He was always seeking honey in the cup of his pretty flower, and coming empty away.

When evening came he carried the five-pound note to Myrtle Terrace, leaving the little letter locked up in his desk. He did not want to show that letter to Minnie, just because she would not understand that it had done him good. It is not always wise to pass our blessings on; the handling of certain people takes off their bloom.

Miss Brace was sitting at the piano when he went in, and he had never seen the little room looking so gay. There were flowers in all the vases; Minnie herself wore a bunch of heliotrope tucked into the belt of a delicate lilac dress. She was quite a bewildering vision of beauty.

"I didn't think you would come this evening, Dick," she said. "You told me that you were going to Mr. Hedley's."

"So I am," he answered. "I just dropped in for a minute to bring you this. The five-pound note was never used at all; it came back in a letter this morning. And here are four sovereigns more to add to the fund."

Minnie flushed as she took the money. She shot a furtive glance towards the window.

"You look as if you were dressed for a wedding," he said. "That's a wonderful frock, isn't it?"

"Oh, no; it's only a cheap thing. You are such a duffer about dress, you see."

He stood still and surveyed her; and the charm of her presence, so flowery and sweet, made him feel as if he could not tear himself away.

"Well, I may be a duffer," he said slowly. "But I never saw you in anything so lovely. It's a pity that I have to go. I should like to sit here, dear, and just look at you for hours."

She laughed, and called him a silly old boy. But when she added that Mr. Hedley must be considered, he knew she was right. Mr. Hedley was the junior partner in the firm for which he worked, and the interview might be important. So he kissed her and departed.

After he had gone a few paces he looked back at the house, and saw Tom grinning in the front garden. A minute later he turned the corner of the road, and nearly ran into the arms of a good-looking fellow in a light overcoat. The man regarded him unfavourably with a pair of bold black eyes.

He had a satisfactory talk with Mr. Hedley, and then went straight home to his lodgings. To get to his rooms he climbed a flight of stairs, and the window of his little sitting-room commanded a view of the sea—a wide, grey sea this evening, save where a glittering pathway seemed to lead to the west. Dick sat down in his usual seat, and let the soft breeze blow upon his face. Its freshness always revived him, body and soul; it was like a greeting from an old friend, strong and true. Now that he was away from the spell of Minnie's presence he was almost glad to be here alone, and let his thoughts roam freely. Her beauty filled his eyes, but his spirit always asked for something which she did not give. The sea was more satisfying; it was full of deep, rich meanings; it shadowed forth that vast To be which held all the knowledge that he sought—yes, and all the love.

He sat there until the western glory grew dim, and the evening star came out over the vanishing light. And before he went to bed he opened his desk, and read Miss Bendon's note again. He had helped her to struggle on; it was good of her to write those words, they meant so much to him. The sense of having helped some one was like a trusty staff to lean upon. He was one of those who are born helpers, silently lightening a burden wherever he could; but it was not often that he had a "thank you" for his aid.

All through the next day's business he was haunted with restless thoughts about Minnie. Something, he knew not what, seemed to be coming between them; when he called up a vision of the lovely sylph, with her pale lilac robe, he always felt that she was drifting farther and farther away, At six o'clock he came home, and found a little mauve letter lying beside the tea-tray. He knew the handwriting at once. Minnie's colour was heliotrope; and the perfume of that flower filled the room when he opened the envelope.

"DEAR DICK" (she wrote), "I do not feel strong enough to see you this evening. But if you will call at ten on Sunday morning, we can have a talk before service. I have something very painful to say to you.

"Yours sincerely,

"MINNIE BRACE."

Of course, he knew that this was the beginning of the end. To-day was Friday; Saturday would give him time to prepare his mind for the parting scene. There was nothing for it but to take his dismissal quietly; but at this moment he was feeling anything but quiet. His heart was brimming over with passionate anger and pain. Minnie was his first love, the only woman he had ever asked to be his wife; and memory told him that she had given him plenty of encouragement. If there had been a mother or sister at hand, his trouble might have been easier to bear. But there was no one—no one to whom he could turn in the hour of bitter need.

As usual, he was drawn to the sea by some strange influence which could never be explained. Still in a fury of grief and rage, he took up his hat, and walked down to the quay at sunset. And while he stood there, leaning against a pile of timber, staring out seaward with miserable eyes, someone touched him lightly on the arm.

"It's me, Dick," said Tom Brace. His voice was curiously gentle, and his small, sharp face wore quite a new expression. "I thought I should find you here. You've had a note from Minnie, I know; she told father to leave it at your diggings."

"Yes," Dick answered sullenly. He wished the boy would take himself off.

"You don't much like me, Dick. You think I'm an interfering kid, and you want to tell me to mind my own business. But I don't exactly know what my business is, and I must speak my mind to-night. Just listen for once, and I'll shut up for ever after."

Dick still stared at the sea, and was silent.

"She's going to throw you over for another man. Dobb, the new shopwalker at Faymond's, has taken a fancy to her, and she's wild with delight. He'll marry her out of hand, and they'll live in London, because this place isn't good enough for him. They settled it all yesterday evening. You must have met him when you turned the corner."

Dick remembered the man in the light overcoat, and thrilled with fury.

"I should like to smash him!" he muttered under his breath.

There was a faint return of Tom's grin.

"And you could do it, too!" he said. "But just let him alone. He's done you a good turn. If I say much more I s'pose you'll

be wanting to smash me; only I know the truth, and you don't. Minnie would have made you the most miserable beggar that walks, if you'd married her. She couldn't have helped it—she's built that way."

"Shut up," growled Dick.

"I will, in a minute. Many a time I've wished I could give you an eye-opener, old fellow. Why she's kept us all under her feet at home; the gov'nor's afraid of her temper, and mother trembles at her look. As for me, it doesn't matter; but it was too bad that you should be taken in. It's the good fellows, like you, who——"

"Shut up!" Dick's growl was ominously deep.

"Very well. I know you don't like me. Minnie always said I was the sort of chap to be hated." There was a sound like a sob as the boy turned away.

(To be concluded.)

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XXV.

MADGE GETS HER LETTER.

It was with a strange, unnatural feeling, that Madge awoke next day. She felt that a great change had passed over her; that something unusual either had happened, or was going to happen in her life.

What it was, and whether she felt happy or sad she could hardly say, being conscious as yet of nothing but a vague sense of change.

On going downstairs she felt relieved at finding a letter addressed to her in Guy's handwriting. She did not open it at once however; she thought she would wait until after breakfast. It was the first letter she had ever received from him as his wife, and somehow she did not feel inclined to treat it as an ordinary letter. Left alone, she settled herself in an easy chair and broke the seal. She was surprised to find quite a long epistle and wondered what he could have to say, after only one day's absence. This is what she read.

"Marseilles.

"My darling Madge,—Although I know you will not have missed me much, I can't help thinking you will have wondered a little why I went away so suddenly without saying good-bye. I hope you didn't think it was because I didn't want to; I don't think you would, for you must know by now, that in spite of my boasted carelessness, I worship the very ground you walk on. It was because of this, dear, I couldn't trust myself.

"I have now to make a confession to you and it will be better for me not to beat about the bush. I have behaved like a scoundrel, and have gambled away all my capital in a blind, foolish, and disgraceful way, leaving myself a beggar and disgraced. But I have still enough honour left to see the meanness and despicableness of living with you on your money after what I have done, so I am leaving you and going away for a long time, though hoping still to earn the right to come back again at some future day.

"Thank God, I have never been such a cur as to touch a penny of yours, everything is just as it was when you inherited it, and you will be able to live very comfortably and happily. If I had thought you would miss me much, I don't think I could ever have had the strength to leave you, but because I feel sure you will not want me, but will despise my weakness and look upon me as a disgraced man, I have forced myself to give up my right to stay beside you always. I dared not come and say good-bye, because I was afraid I couldn't go if I looked into your dear eyes once again. You are capable and self-reliant and will not be afraid, and if I stayed I might only be a source of annoyance to you.

"I'm no hand at letters, as you know, and I can no more tell you all that is in my heart than I can fly, but I want you to remember me, and not be harder on me than you can help. I should like to tell you how I love you, but I couldn't express it in words, and perhaps if I could, it wouldn't interest you.

"Only don't hate me Madge; I couldn't bear that. When you get this, I shall be on the sea, sailing to a far-off land, and I shall think of you all day and all night, and it would break my heart if I thought you didn't care the least little bit, but only despised me.

"I can't give you any address, because I don't know where I'm going, but I will come back some day, when I feel I may, and then, if you will let me, I will try and make up to you for everything.

"You may be quite sure I shall come back, unless I find out that you don't want me, because I love you better than all the world. If I didn't love you so much, I couldn't go away now, and of my own accord endure the agony of separation, just because it seems the only right thing to do. Good-bye, dear, I hope you will keep well and happy; if I could be sure God cared to hear prayers from such as I, I would ask this continually. I must close now or I shall weary you. I feel as if I should like to go on writing for ever, just to keep the link between us from being finally broken.

"Good-bye again. For Jack's sake, if for no other, don't be hard on your loving husband, "Guy Fawcett."

As Madge read the letter through, a strange pallor spread over her face, and when she had finished, her nerveless hands let it fall to the floor. For some minutes she sat quite still, not a muscle moving, gazing vacantly at the fallen letter. The suddenness of the blow seemed to have stunned her.

Presently she picked it up and read it through again, with a bewildered sense of some great calamity having befallen her, but what, she hardly knew.

Suddenly she looked up with incredulous wonder in her eyes. "He has gone away from me," she told herself, "my husband, Guy, has left me, He thinks I shall be happier without him, and I do not even know where he has gone. I was going to be kinder to him, but now it is too late—too late,"

She got up and paced the room with agitated steps, murmuring, "too late—too late."

Suddenly she paused.

"Why should I care?" she asked; "a week ago I should not have felt like this. After all, he is better away from a heartless wretch like I am. I could not have made him really happy if he had come back. He is better away—better away. I used to be hard enough, I will be hard again. I could not have made him happy as I did not love him; he is better away."

For half-an-hour she paced the room with clenched hands and set face, repeating to herself—"He is better away; I did not love him."

Again she paused in her aimless walk and her eyes fell on her work-basket. Half-unconsciously she opened it and then the unspoken truth began to dawn upon her. She picked it up, the favourite pipe, that she had put away so carefully. She handled it tenderly, almost reverently.

"I was going to give it to him," she murmured. "He would have been so pleased, and now—and now?"

Ah! what now? She tried to think, but her brain seemed dazed. Slowly the words of his letter passed through her mind; she remembered whole sentences; they seemed branded on her heart.

Then silently and pitilessly it all became gradually clear to her; how that he had gone away and perhaps she would never see him again.

She looked at the pipe. "It was his favourite," she murmured, with great tears gathering in her eyes; "I was going to give it to him myself, and now——"

A sudden rush of feeling overwhelmed her; the dread truth stood revealed; she understood it at last. Falling on her knees, and burying her face in the sofa-cushion in a passion of pain, she moaned, "Oh, God, I loved him! I loved him, and I have ruined him! Now I am alone indeed."

We must perforce draw the veil over what followed. At first she seemed to be struck with blindness even as St. Paul. But straightway there fell from her eyes "as it were scales."

And as she rose she recalled the lines—

"If loving hearts were never lonely,
They might be glad, but not in Thee."

(To be continued.)

ODE TO KITTENHOOD.

KITTEN mine! how full thy face is
Of the most perplexing graces.
Wingless butterfly thou art,
Lightest throb on Nature's heart.
When I o'er thy sweetness rave,
Or of thee affection crave,
Thou dost give a toss of scorn,
Followed by a—rosy yawn!
I could censure if I would
Such coy pranks of kittenhood!

Life is a chromatic scale
Of scampers after mouse and tail.
And thy gladness never wavers,
Breaking out in sharps and quavers.
For thy days together flow
One perpetual Allegro!
Oh! that Music's measure could
But describe thy kittenhood!

Then that sidelong pirouette,
Dancer never rivalled yet!
And my poet's tongue must fail
To convey that witching tail.
Now a note of exclamation!
Now a curved interrogation.
Point, to indicate each mood
Of a changeful kittenhood.

What a serpentine emotion
Thrills thee at some novel notion;
Head to tail there runs that shiver
In an undulating quiver.





Then to roll—a ball of fur
With a liquid, crooning purr.
Life to thee is all so good,
Optimist of kittenhood!

Thou art but a Merry Thought,
Luring pleasures out of nought.
Shivering shadows thou dost woo,
And the dancing sunbeam too;
For all shadows are to thee
Potent deep reality!
And all the trees in every wood
Just made for blithest kittenhood!

Was thy little silken gown
Spun from floating thistle-down,
With its rings of light and dark,
Each a tiny water-mark?
Wavelet thou from Fairy ocean,
Ever in a bright commotion.
Thou, for wonder, daily food,
In thy dainty kittenhood.

What a spell of witchery lies
In those wide-orbed saucy eyes!
Magic little mirrors blue
That the sky has looked into.
Art thou fay or prison'd Peri,
Thou that never seemest weary?
Not yet art thou understood
Through each maze of kittenhood.
Shadeless glancing kittenhood!
Blue-eyed dancing kittenhood! V. R.



HOW TO TAKE CARE OF OUR SIGHT.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

THE friendships made at school sometimes last throughout life, but too often they cease to exist when schooldays are passed.

When I was at school I had one great friend, and for the six years during which we were at the same school we were inseparable. The day came when we had to leave and henceforth we followed different paths in this maze of life. My friend moved to Edinburgh and I remained in London, so we did not see each other for many years. Later he went to Sandhurst to study for the army, and about the same time I entered upon the study of medicine.

The other day, whilst walking in Regent Street, I met this man, who had been so dear to me at college. He had altered a good deal—he is past thirty now, and very careworn. When we had spoken on indifferent matters I asked him how he had got on in the army. He was a clever man and I felt sure that he had been successful. He told me that he went up for his examination, passed high up in the list and was highly delighted with his success. But he had to pass the physical examination, and here he failed; his eyesight was not sufficiently good for the service. He failed, the whole of his special education had been wasted, and unfortunately, as so often happens in such cases, his career was hopelessly ruined.

I had noticed, when I first saw him, that he wore glasses, and on looking closer at them I could tell that he had a high degree of error of refraction. He was so short-sighted that without glasses he was unable to read.

Why had he not found out that he could not pass the physical examination, and so saved himself from the expense and trouble of an education that would be useless to him?

I did not tell him how foolish he was not to have had his sight tested before he entered Sandhurst, but I shall say now that no one should enter for the services without being certain, at the time he enters, that he can pass the physical tests.

This is a girl's paper, I know, and girls cannot enter the services, but nearly all of you have brothers, so that this subject will not be without interest for you.

Having given this caution for your brothers and sons I will now give some other warnings which, I hope, will be of use to yourselves.

How terrible it must be to be blind! But it is not so hopeless as it was in the time of our fathers. The science of ophthalmology, that is the study of disease of the eye, has advanced by more rapid strides than any other of the varied departments of the art of healing. The result of this increased and gradually increasing knowledge of the eye is having great results. Blindness itself is very much less common than it was formerly, and now most cases of incipient blindness can be stopped, if timely steps be taken; and complete blindness cured when it has once developed. Let us look forward to a time when blindness will be no more.

We all love our eyes. Let us not abuse them. They are given to us to use, and to use carefully. What is their chief use? Undoubtedly to enable us to educate our minds by reading. So many books and pamphlets are published nowadays that no one can have any difficulty to find matter to read. But the material at hand must be sifted; it is wrong to read everything. But it is not my place to tell you what you should read, but how you should read.

A few points about reading are not out of place here, as it is very necessary to attend to them, which most of you do unconsciously.

Never read in a bad or flickering light. Always have the light at your back so that it may shine upon the book and not into your eyes. Hold the book you are reading at the distance from your head at which you can read best. This distance will depend upon your age and whether or not your sight is perfect. Never read very small or blurred print—there is no necessity to do so now that paper and printing are so cheap. Never under any circumstances read with one eye-glass, and do not read for too long at a time, so as to tire your eyes.



KITTENHOOD.

[*From photo: Photographic Union, Munich.*

Your eyes may not be quite perfect, and therefore you may experience difficulty in reading. Find out what is the matter and have it remedied at once.

The commonest conditions which give rise to difficulty in reading are "errors of refraction." By this term is meant that the optical arrangements of the eyes are not as they should be. Errors of refraction can hardly be called diseases, though if neglected they may cause disastrous results. There are three common errors of refraction which I will now describe in detail.

Long-sight (scientifically called hypermetropia) is one of the commonest errors that are met with in the eye. The name commonly given to this condition, long-sight, is rather misleading. The individuals with this error do not see farther than those whose sight is correct. Our eyes could see to infinity except that the size of objects very far off is too small to be perceptible to our vision.

What is really meant by long-sight is that the near point (that is the nearest point from the eye at which a person can read) recedes from the eye, so that a long-sighted person cannot read a book placed near her eyes, the distance, of course, varying with the amount of error present.

Long sight is met with in two very different conditions. The first is that which is so common in children and young adults; the latter (known as presbyopia) is the normal condition of the eyes of old persons. Nearly everybody becomes long-sighted at fifty; this is the reason why nearly all old people wear glasses.

The first kind of long sight is due to the eye being shorter than it ought to be. It often exists at birth, but usually does not become apparent until the child begins to read, when it is noticed that she holds the book as far away from her as possible.

Other symptoms may be present. The child may complain of headache, difficulty in recognising persons, and sometimes, not by any means rarely, she may develop a squint; the squint usually being "convergent," that is, both eyes looking inwards at the nose.

How common this condition is, can only be appreciated by those who are accustomed to examine eyes daily. A slight degree of this error gives rise to practically no symptoms and is usually not discovered except by accident. It is consequently of little importance.

But the higher degrees of long-sightedness are also very common and imperatively call for glasses. If the higher grades of long-sight are left untreated many serious effects may follow; reading being rendered impossible, education suffers to a great extent; then, as I said before, a squint may develop and often, after a time, the squinting eye may become quite blind.

The second kind of long-sight is that met with in old persons. Here is a typical case:

"Mr. H——, sixty years of age, came to me yesterday afternoon. He gave me the following history. He had always been healthy and until he was forty-nine his eyesight was perfect. Since then he has noticed that he has had to hold his newspaper farther and farther away from him until he found it necessary to hold it at arm's length. Just lately he has found this insufficient and so has had great difficulty in reading his paper.

The treatment for both forms of long-sightedness is the same, it is glasses. The spectacles used for this error are bi-convex, that is the same shape as a magnifying glass.

As individuals with long-sight can see distance plainly, glasses are not needed for distant vision, unless indeed the error be exceedingly great. Persons with long-sight, therefore, only need glasses for near vision—writing, reading and working.

The treatment of squint I will refer to later on.

The other common error of refraction is the reverse of this, it is short-sightedness. In this condition the eye is longer than it should be and the head is often of an elongated shape. This error is perhaps even more common than long-sightedness.

A person with short sight can see things near her eye tolerably distinctly, but the distance is blurred. In a slight case the person could see to work or even to recognise the faces of her friends she meets in the street, but the horizon is always indefinite. We meet with grades of this affection from as slight a case as I have described above up to almost complete blindness. People with this condition are liable to various serious diseases of the eyes.

The treatment here is, as in the former condition, glasses. But for short-sighted persons the glasses must be of a different shape; they must be concave, that is hollowed out. Such lenses as these, instead of magnifying, diminish the size of the object looked at.

In the milder grades of short-sightedness spectacles are only needed for distant vision, near vision not being very much interfered with. If, however, the error is excessive, glasses will be needed both for near and distant vision, but those for the former should be less strong.

Squint is not such a common complication here as it is with long-sight; when it does occur it is usually of the divergent variety, that is, both eyes look away from the nose.

The last error of refraction that occurs is known by the name of "astigmatism." In this condition the surface of the eye, the transparent surface or "cornea" instead of being rounded equally in all directions is spoon-shaped, being curved more in one direction than in another. Everybody has a more or less spoon-shaped cornea, but it is only when this defect is exaggerated that the possessor is aware of its existence. The symptom is that it is impossible to see horizontal and perpendicular lines at the same time. Thus, if a person with a normal eye looks at a slated roof, she will see lines crossing each other at right angles; but, if she has a spoon-shaped cornea she will not be able to see the crossing lines. She could see, either the lines parallel with the street or those going in the opposite direction, but she would be unable to see both these sets of lines at the same time.

The treatment for this is also glasses; but glasses of a peculiar shape; they must be in the form of a cylinder, convex or concave in one direction, and straight or with a different curve in the other direction—something like a rolled-up sheet of paper.

Now let us talk about squints. These are very much more common than is usually supposed. They are due chiefly to two causes—errors of refraction and paralysis of the muscles of the eye. I am not going to talk about those due to paralysis, they do not come within the scope of this paper; but I am going to tell you about those squints due to errors of refraction.

As I have told you above, the imperfections of the optical apparatus of the eye can be remedied by means of glasses. Squint never results from these imperfections if proper and suitable glasses are worn. Consequently, every one with long or short sight of severe grade (the slighter grades rarely produce squint) ought to wear spectacles. More than this every mother should find out whether her children's sight is correct, and if it is not, she should see that any fault is corrected. It is the duty of every mother to do this.

I lay particular stress upon this subject, because a week ago a woman brought her daughter to see me because the child could not read. I examined her eyes and found that she was very long-sighted and had a tendency to squint. I told the woman what the condition was and that her daughter must wear spectacles, she replied, "If it has pleased God to make my daughter with defective eyes they ought to remain so, for no one has the right to interfere with the works of the Almighty."

I almost fell down when I heard this statement, and I must confess that, for a time, I was dumbfounded. I did not need very many minutes, however, to collect myself, and then I replied: Have we not the Divine example to cure the sick? Did not Christ Himself remove disease from the afflicted? and did He not give His apostles power to do so after He had left them? Surely this argument is sufficient to show that we have the right to do what we can to remove or remedy the diseases of our bodies. If you refer to Genesis you will see that man brought death and sorrow into the world by his fall. Hunger and thirst (as actual suffering, not the desire to eat, for this was created in man in the beginning) were also brought into the world by sin. But were our first parents to starve? Certainly not. "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread." Not only were they not left to die of hunger, but they were commanded to appease their hunger at the cost of severe trouble. Is not a man also commanded to take care of his body and to do all in his power to remove another of the curses that resulted from the sin of Adam? Surely it must be so.

A physician is no magician or wizard. His knowledge is not the outcome of occult science or dealings with Satan; it is obtained by "the sweat of his brow," as truly as is the work of the labourer. By his study he fulfils his duty, and in the practice of his profession he follows as far as he is able the example of his Divine Master.

The idea held by this woman is so common, that I have given the above proofs; and surely, there can be no gainsaying that they are proofs that the idea held by her and by many others is contrary to the teaching of religion.

It is as much a duty for parents to see to the physical defects of their childeren as it is for them to educate or feed them.

To return to the case I was talking about; the woman was not convinced and would not let her daughter wear spectacles. Although only under very exceptional circumstances, it is right to do so, I wrote to the girl's father and told him the circumstances of the case, and he at once obtained glasses for his child.

Here is another strange popular delusion. People have an idea that looking at the tip of your nose is squinting. This is absolutely wrong; we have a special centre in the brain to enable us to converge our eyes so as to look straight in front of us. Perhaps you will say: "Oh, you must be wrong, because I knew a girl whose eyes became 'fixed' from looking at her nose." I do not doubt your word, but if you were to examine the girl's eyes you would find that she was very long-sighted, and that she converged her eyes in her violent struggle to see objects near her.

Now let us return to squints. I have said that all squints that occur as the result of errors of refraction are due to neglect to treat the cause. It must, however, be said, that sometimes in a child the squint is the first symptom which attracts notice.

The treatment is to correct the error of refraction that caused the squint. If this is not sufficient (and it is not always in old squints, especially when the squinting eye has become blind) some operation will be necessary.

Let us leave the subject of refraction and talk about an injury which, I think I may

safely say occurs to everyone, often many times in the course of a year.

Foreign bodies on or in the eye are the only injuries to that organ which are at all common. Bits of dirt, especially coal dust, are the usual things that get into the eye, but eyelashes, flies and the points of needles are also frequently met with in this situation and are often very troublesome.

Whenever you get anything in your eye endeavour to get it out again as soon as possible. The popular method of removing bodies from the eye is with the corner of a pocket-handkerchief, and if this is attempted at once with a reasonable amount of gentleness it very rarely fails. If you cannot get the object out of your eye by this method, bathing the eye with warm water may remove it. If this does not succeed, there are two alternatives, one, is to sweep right round the eye under the lids with a camel-hair brush. Be very careful that the brush is absolutely clean and that there are no loose hairs. This is a rather painful but often very effectual proceeding; or, you may evert the eyelids and examine the ocular surface. If this is done, any object, however small, can be discovered and removed. Though a trivial manœuvre in the hands of one accustomed to the work, it is not at all an easy thing to do at the first attempt. To examine the part of the eye hidden by the lower lid is easy; tell the person to look up and then pull down the eyelid. Unfortunately foreign bodies usually ascend and so are not often found here.

To see the upper part of the eyeball tell the person to look down; place a penholder or some such object across the upper lid; take hold of the margin of the lid and turn it over. Anything that may be lurking here will be discovered. It seems easy enough in theory does it not? but—well, wait until you have occasion to try it.

If a body is left on the surface of the eyeball it may cause terrible damage, but usually it gets swept away by the drainage system of the eye.

If you should ever be so unfortunate as to get the tip of a needle or other object imbedded in the eye, do not try to remove it yourself, but go immediately to the nearest surgeon, as this is a very serious accident.

SO EASY.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

Pins and Needles.

The two following experiments seem eminently suitable for girls, as they are performed with articles which are regarded as belonging to their particular province, viz., pins and needles. We will take them in this order. For the first we require two kinds of pins, a hatpin and a hairpin, a ring and a penny, and let the hairpin be one of the straight kind without any crinkles in it. Open out the legs somewhat wider than they are naturally, and form the end of one leg into a hook, and bend the other into the form shown in Fig. 1, then insert the penny in the fold, pressing the pin on to the two flat sides, so that it holds the coin tightly, hang the ring on to the hook, or should you find it necessary for the purpose of balance, two or three rings; place the coin near its edge on the point of the hatpin, as in the Fig. 2, and, if you have arranged matters properly, you will find it will balance there, apparently fixed on the point, and yet

FIG 2

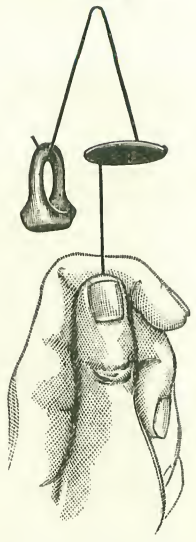


FIG 1



swaying about. You can then give this superstructure a circular motion so that it revolves on the hatpin point, and if you allow this motion to continue long enough, you will find that the pin will bore a hole right through the penny, seeing that the steel of the pin is a much harder metal than the bronze of the penny. The more neatly you bend the hairpin in the first instance the more effective will be the experiment; and mind the two legs when bent for the reception of the penny and ring are still in a line as they were before you commenced operations on them. The figure No. 2 of course represents the left hand of the performer as seen by herself.

The second experiment can, with a little arrangement, be made into a kind of mild conjuring trick, it will afford greater amusement this way, and I believe that it was in this form that it was first exhibited by the great Dr. Comus. All you require is a paper of medium-sized needles, with good points, and a few pieces of different coloured sewing cotton, about three inches in length. Place the person about to try the experiment some two to two and a half yards in front of the closed door of the room you are in, and request her to select a needle from the paper and throw it at the door, making it stick in. She may throw every one of the needles in the paper, but she will not succeed. When she is tired of trying, offer to show her how it is done and in order to convince her that there is no trick about it, ask her to select any needle she likes for your use, and so that you may not change it, and that she may know it again to thread it with one of the pieces of coloured cotton. On its being handed to you thus prepared, you have but to throw it with some force towards the door and it will stick in without any difficulty. The secret of success lies in the fact that the needle is threaded, the cotton acting as the feathers do on an arrow, and keeping the point to the front; so that by the very means you take to apparently avoid deception, you provide the deception itself. On withdrawing the needle from the door be sure to unthread it, otherwise should other experiment with it they would quickly discover your seeming skill was but "a bubble reputation." You must do all in your power to draw attention from the thread when in the needle, merely treating it as a means of identification. Your secret will no doubt be discovered before long, and if so you can still obtain further amusement by marking a target on the door with soft chalk, which will rub off, leaving no mark, and using the needles threaded, as arrows. If you would score largely at this game aim low, for you will find that in throwing sharply, the needles have a tendency to rise, and more darts will be found above the bull'seye than below it. It will be as well if you lay down a sheet of white paper in front of the door for the needles to fall on. You will easily find them again on that.

Lightning Geometry.

To draw a perfect star of five points is a lengthy and a no slight undertaking even for a person armed with rule and compasses and a knowledge of geometry; but without the one or the other it is practically an impossibility, and yet by the means I am about to describe you can manage one that will answer all your purposes very easily:—

If you want a small one take a strip of cap paper or any other paper which is thin, and will let light through it, and yet at the same time is tough, and will not tear easily. Let the strip be about a foot long, and an inch wide, and mind that the two long sides are perfectly parallel. (If you wish for a bigger star you must take a broader strip, but as you increase the width you must increase the length). Tie this strip into an ordinary knot, the commencement of which is shown in Fig. 1, taking care as you pull it tight that the paper does not crumple up, and that the edges shall meet each other exactly at A B C D E, Fig. 2, which shows the knot pulled tight and pressed flat.

FIG 1

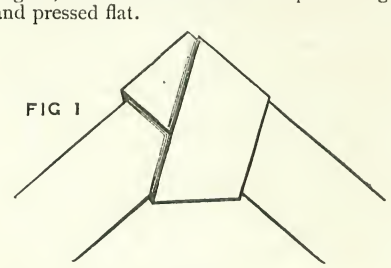
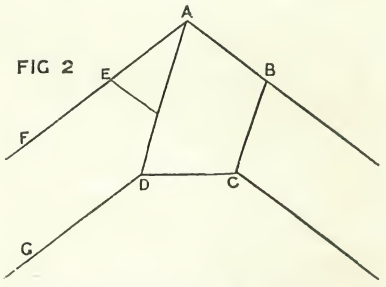


FIG 2



Now double the part of the strip E D G F across the figure so that the edge D G shall exactly coincide with D C, when the edge E F will cut the point B, and your work is done for if you hold this up to a strong light you will see your five-pointed star in shadow with a perfect pentagon in darker shadow in the centre as in Fig. 3.

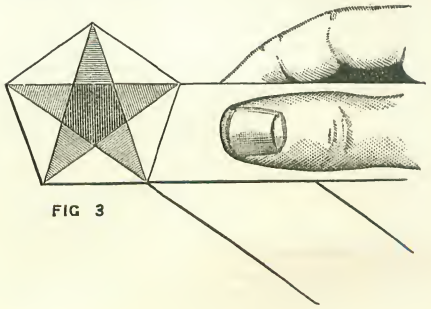


FIG 3

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.



CHAP. XXIV.

A WEEK before the wedding Miss Carr came down from London, and with her came also Mr. Herbert Rayner who had paid frequent visits to Westmoreland during the last few years, and was now regarded as a family friend who could not be spared on such an historical occasion. His lameness was not any better for the lapse of time, but Hilary's exhortations had taken effect, for he was much less sensitive about his inability to do as the other men did, while as for the rest he had every reason to be cheerful nowadays, for his writings were so highly praised that Mr. Bertrand affected jealousy, and declared that his own sun was eclipsed. There was a very warm friendship between the two men; both declared that they gained inspiration from the other, and Raymond dubbed them "The Mutual Admiration Society," because Mr. Bertrand was wont to declare that Rayner was an infinitely finer writer than himself, while Mr. Rayner in his turn despaired of ever accomplishing anything fit to compare with the work of his friend.

With Miss Carr arrived a cart-load of boxes containing bride and bridesmaids' dresses, feathers and furbelows of all descriptions, and a number of presents from acquaintances in London.

The other girls were full of excitement over the opening of these treasures, but Lettice herself was silent and indifferent, and hardly troubled herself to look at the beautiful gifts which were showered upon her. She excused herself on the plea of a chronic headache, and lay half the day on the sofa in the schoolroom, while Miss Briggs fed her with beef-tea, and fussed over her in kindly, motherly fashion. Everyone petted her and treated her with consideration, but no one said a word to suggest that she was unhappy in the thought of the coming marriage. It was too late for that; she had determined to keep to her engagement, and it was only natural to account for her indisposition on the ground of excitement and fatigue. Circumstances combined moreover to keep Lettice a good deal apart from the others during these last busy days. Miss Carr's maid was employed making the alterations which were requisite in the dresses from London, so that Lettice was continually being summoned to the sewing room, and when she was not being "tried on" she had many letters to write acknowledging the gifts which arrived in such numbers.

Hilary was too busy to have any time for confidential talks, and when Norah had a moment's leisure, her thoughts were far away from Westmoreland, journeying over foreign lands with a certain tall young Englishman with grey eyes and a crop of close-cut, curly hair. Even Lettice herself was apt to be forgotten in this all-absorbing occupation!

The Newcome contingent, and those London friends who were to accompany them were to come down on the day before the wedding, and to put up at an hotel in Windermere, and every day brought with it a host of preparations which kept the little mistress of the house busy from morning until night.

Hilary showed to advantage under these circumstances. Always brisk, alert and smiling, never worried or unduly anxious, she shared a good deal of Rex's boasted "gift of management," and contrived to keep the house comfortable for the visitors, despite the general disarrangement, and the everlasting arrival of packing chests and boxes. Hampers of flowers, hampers of fruit, crates of china and glass, rolls of red baize, boxes containing wedding-cake, confectionery, dresses, presents—in they came, one after another, in an unending stream, until to get across from the front door into the dining-room was like running the blockade, and wisps of straw were scattered all over the house. Norah and Hilary swathed themselves in big white aprons and unpacked from morning till night, a more interesting task than it sounds, for the boxes were full of pleasant surprises, and Mr. Rayner, Raymond and their father played the part of "dress circle," and kept everyone laughing with their merry sallies. It was a cheery, bustling time, for everyone was in good spirits and prepared to enjoy the happy-go-lucky picnic life. Lunch and dinner were movable feasts, held either in dining- or morning-room, or in the garden itself as proved most convenient, and when afternoon tea was served three days before the wedding, the cups were scattered about on the top of packing chests in the hall, the cake basket hung on the hat rail, and the tea-pot was thrust out of reach of harm, beneath the oak bench. Lettice was lying down upstairs, but all the rest of the household were gathered together, the visitors provided with chairs in honour of their position, Norah seated on the stairs, Raymond, straddle leg over the banister, Mr. Bertrand and Geraldine lowly on buffets, while Hilary was perched on the top of a huge packing chest, enveloped in a pink "pinafore," and looking all the prettier because her brown hair was ruffled a little bit out of its usual immaculate order.

"I wish we could have tea like this every day!" cried the Mouse drawing a long breath of enjoyment. "May we have it like this every day, father, instead of properly in the drawing-room?"

"Ah, Mouse, I see you are a Bohemian at heart, for all your quiet ways! I agree with you, my dear, that it would be quite delightful, but the difficulty is that we could not persuade people to shower presents and hampers upon us in the ordinary course of events. It takes a wedding, or some celebration of the kind to start such a flood of generosity."

"Well, may we have tea like this when Hilary is married?" insisted Geraldine, with a gravity which caused a hearty laugh.

"Ask Hilary, my dear!" said Mr. Bertrand mischievously, and Hilary tossed her head and said that one wedding was enough at a time—she had no strength to think of two.

"Indeed, my dear, I wonder you are not laid up as it is," said Miss Carr kindly. "You are on your feet from morning till night, and everyone comes to you for directions; I am afraid you will break down when the excitement is over. There is generally a collapse on these occasions. Have you any idea what you are all going to do after the young couple have departed?"

"Get the house in order, and go to bed for a week," said Hilary brightly, flushing with pleasure at Miss Carr's words of praise, and at the murmur of assent which they had evoked from her companion, but it appeared that other people were more energetically inclined than herself, for both Miss Briggs and Raymond seized the opportunity to air secret plans of their own.

"I wanted to speak to you about that, Mr. Bertrand! My sister in Scarborough is most anxious that I should pay her a visit, and take Geraldine with me, and I think the sea air would do us both good."

"And I should like to have some shooting with Ferrars in Scotland. He has asked me so often, and I could just fit it in this year."

Mr. Bertrand looked at his two daughters—at Hilary, bright and natty, but with shadows under her eyes which spoke of the fatigue she would not acknowledge; then, with an anxious tenderness, at Norah, whose unusual quietness for the last few days he understood better than she suspected.

"Really," he said, "if all the world is going off pleasuring, I don't see any reason why we should be left behind! What do you say—shall we all go off for a tour on our own account? I think we deserve a holiday after our hard work. A little run on the Continent would do us all good. Helen, what do you say? Will you come and take care of the girls? Rayner, I can't tackle three ladies unassisted. You will have to come and take care of me!"

"I should certainly not leave the

girls to your tender mercies, you scatter-brained man," said Miss Carr, smiling, as though well-pleased at the suggestion. "You might forget all about them, as you did on another memorable occasion, and the consequences would be disastrous. Yes!—if you take plenty of time, and don't rush about from place to place, I should be glad of a change myself. This wedding——"

"It is too good of you to include me. Wouldn't I like it!" cried Mr. Rayner, with a smile which made him look quite young and boyish. "September is lovely in Switzerland. The rush of tourists is over, and the autumn tints are wonderful. But we ought to get off as soon as possible. You will have to give up your week in bed, Miss Hilary!"

"I may as well give up bed altogether, I think, for I shall not sleep a wink for thinking of it. Oh, father, dear, you are good! I drink to you!" and Hilary held up her teacup, bowing and smiling, and looking so bright and pretty that it was a pleasure to see her.

Well, it was a happy hour, and the memory of it remained all the more vividly, because of the contrast which it afforded to the dark days which followed. At twelve o'clock the same evening, Mr. Bertrand took up his candle and went the usual tour of inspection through the house. He peered into the drawing-room, fragrant with plants and cut blossoms, into the dining-room where the village carpenters were already putting up the horse-shoe table, into the pantry, where the more valuable presents were locked away in the great iron safe. All was quiet and secure. He returned to his study and was just settling down for a quiet read, when the sound of footsteps smote on his ear. He opened the door and started back at the sight of a white figure which came floating towards him, with flowing locks and outstretched hands.

"What is the—who is it? What is the matter?—Lettice!"

The next moment two arms were clasped round his neck; he felt the heaving of breathless sobs, and an agonised voice called on him by name—

"Oh, father, father, save me! save me! I can't go on! I can't marry him! My heart will break——!"

(To be continued.)



A CHARITY GYMKHANA: HOW TO ARRANGE AND MANAGE IT.

Now that cycling has become so universally popular gymkhanas have been added to the list of summer *fêtes*, which, when well-managed, give a large amount of pleasure to both those getting them up and those taking part. At most country houses impromptu events are arranged for the amusement of visitors, and the bazaar (now somewhat tiresomely uniform in idea) can, where a charity is to be benefited, be superseded by the more modern bicycling *fête* often with advantage.

The first thing to do is to arrange for a suitable ground. This should be as large and as level as possible; not certainly less than three or four acres of flat. The committee is also an important item in the programme. A large one is not necessary; but it should be both representative and efficient. The chief people of all classes in the district should be invited to promise their support, and in obtaining such promises young ladies of the committee will find plenty of outlet for their energies in the early stages of the arrangements.

Prizes are another important item; and here a word or two may be said against the practice of canvassing tradespeople (who are under obligations) for them.

The patrons of the proposed gymkhana will generally be found ready to subscribe to the prize fund, or to give prizes in the various competitions which have been decided upon. Do not permit the prizes to be overvalued. It is a practice which leads to nothing save grumbling on the part of the competitors.

The stewards of the course and ground stewards should be selected at least three days before the gymkhana is to take place, and should be prepared to give themselves up entirely to their duties of showing the spectators to their seats, giving information to competitors and inquirers, and seeing that matters go smoothly.

The stewards of the course should see that each competitor has his or her distinguishing number or colour allotted and displayed in a prominent place, so that the spectators may not (as they unfortunately so often are) be left in doubt as to the identity of the various persons taking part.

Some satisfactory arrangement should also be made for the proper announcement of the winners in each event as soon after they are settled as possible. This matter is frequently overlooked, and disappointment and annoyance is caused thereby.

On the day itself all arrangements for marking the course should have been completed, and the various boundary lines, pegs, posts, etc., have been put in. It is a good thing to mark the sides of the course with a broad chalk line, such as is used in the tennis court, and this, for several reasons, is preferable to pegs, stakes, or tape lines.

The judges and timekeeper should be chosen, if possible, from amongst those who have no particular interest in any one of the competitors.

Ample time should be allowed for the competitors in each event to assemble; but when the time appointed has elapsed the event should be proceeded with without the delay which so frequently spoils the interest of onlookers.

Let it be understood that the judges' decision is final, and that their having given impartial consideration to the event makes it impossible for them to reconsider the matter.

A word or two as to the programme of competitions. This should be arranged with a due idea to the probable number and sex of competitors. On more than one occasion, for want of a little thought, at gymkhanas where lady competitors have outnumbered the men by three to one, the events have been those suited to the latter in two cases out of three.

Nowadays, when gymkhanas are so popular, it should not be a difficult matter to arrange a satisfactory programme. The egg-and-spoon race is both a popular and amusing competition; but past experience has pointed to the desirability of substituting potatoes for the eggs. The Jack and Jill race is somewhat novel, and usually leads to a large amount of fun. In this competition couples enter together; their object being to ride to a given spot, where several buckets partly filled with water are placed, the gentleman dismounts and hands the bucket to his lady partner, who remains on her machine; half-way back to the winning post she has to pass the bucket to him, the winners being those who "get home" first, and spill least water. The fan and butterfly race is another comparatively novel competition; the object being to fan a paper butterfly to a given spot at the end of the course. The threading of bottles (without knocking any over) placed in concentric circles is another good event, bottles of the strongest kind, such as champagne ones, being of course chosen. The ribbon-tying race is another favourite, consisting of knotting three or more parti-coloured ribbons to the handles of one's machine whilst riding. The blindfold race should only be started with one competitor at a time; the object being to ride to a point whilst blindfolded, the winner being the competitor who goes farthest towards the goal without crossing over the chalk-line marking the boundaries of the course. These are some of the events which have proved suitable and popular for charity gymkhanas. Others, to make up a good programme, with plenty of variety, will easily suggest themselves or be doubtless brought forward by the various members of the committee.

Odds and Ends.

ALTHOUGH Russia is rapidly advancing in civilisation many barbaric customs still exist, and that of choosing a wife is amongst the most curious. It is chiefly prevalent in country districts, and is really a game played at Christmas-time. A prominent person in a village announces that this annual feast will take place in his house, and all the young men and women of the place flock there at the appointed time. First there are dances and songs and games just as at any other ordinary party, but when these are over the hostess takes all the girls into one room where they sit upon benches round the walls, and are completely muffled up in large white sheets. In the meantime the young men have been drawing lots, and when the girls are all rolled up in their sheets, and looking more like mummies than human beings, they enter the room one by one, their order being decided by the number each draws. It is impossible to distinguish any one girl, and the young man, having finally made his choice, unveils her, it being the unwritten law that he should marry whomsoever he may pick out. If either the girl or the man refuse to marry, they must pay a heavy forfeit. Strange as it may seem, this extraordinary game of marriage is said to lead to many happy unions.



ENGLISH needles are now sold all over the world, but their manufacture, after being kept secret for many years, was taught to us in 1650 by Christopher Greening. At Redditch alone twenty thousand people make more than one hundred million needles in a year, and, as they are made and exported so cheaply, England has no rival in the industry, and to all intents and purposes monopolises the trade. In the old days needle-making killed tens of thousands of operatives owing to their inhalation of fine particles of steel, but an invention, by which an air-blast drives away the filings from the grindstone, has removed this danger, and the occupation has in consequence become absolutely safe. One of the most interesting of the processes in needle-making is the drilling of the eye, and it is the boast in one factory that one of the drillers is so expert that he can perforate a hair and thread it with itself. Another very interesting fact in connection with the industry is that whilst all the ordinary needles used in America are supplied by Great Britain, nearly all the sewing-machine needles used in this country come from America.



BABIES and little children were at no time so much considered as at the present day. The newest addition to the comfort and joys of babies is the shell cradle, which is made of real silver, metal silver plated, or aluminium. This cradle, made in the shape of a shell, all in one piece, is hung upon two rods in such a manner that it swings at a touch or at the least move of the infant inside, or when it is awake it can amuse itself by swinging the cradle from side to side. A lace canopy is supported over the shell by a light wire framework surmounted by two metallic Cupids who hold the lace in their hands. This lace canopy can be drawn all over the cradle when the baby is asleep. Wicker baskets can be swung upon upright poles in the same way, but it is always advisable to employ a carpenter to fix the basket-work firmly, as rapid movement might bring about an accident.

THE reason why rain falls is that whenever warm, vapour-laden air arrives in positions where it gets rapidly chilled, the vapour falls through the cold air to the earth, cold air being unable to support as much floating vapour as warm air. A hundredth part of a grain of aqueous vapour over the amount that the air will support is sufficient to cause rainfall. Any chill will produce rain. It occurs when a moist warm wind blows in from the ocean upon cold stretches of land, where dense vapour-laden winds are pressed up the slopes of abruptly-rising hills, and whenever warm ocean winds are mingled with cold blasts in the various movements of the atmosphere. Even a cold dry wind may bring on rain, if it blows suddenly upon a mass of warm and vapour-saturated air.



ONE would scarcely think that it would be worth anybody's while to tamper with flowers and sell them as other than they really are. But it is an elaborate art. For instance, a matured tulip can be turned into "a young thing just on the point of blowing" by carefully plucking off the bloom, and leaving the bulb with its few leaves beneath. "Only two shillings, sir; it'll bloom in a week, sir," and the uninitiated buy and wait vainly for the promised blossom. Owing to the popularity of the parsley fern, the "flower dodger" has found a most efficacious and cheap method of supplying customers. He plants a carrot in a dark place, with the consequence that its leaves at the top become fine and of a very delicate green; then cutting off the crown of the carrot and putting it in a pot he sells it as a "parsley fern." As for scented flowers all the neglect of nature is supplied by these people with a scent-bottle, and they do not hesitate to produce "new and strange varieties," by subjecting well-known flowers to the action of aniline dyes. With flowers that absorb a large amount of moisture, their work is very easy, as they change their colour with extraordinary rapidity.



SPEAKING of flowers, there are certain species which bloom at every hour, and even at every half-hour of the day, and a botanical instructor of the University of California has carried out a very fanciful idea of making a flower-clock. In order to do this he has planted the necessary flowers in a circle like a dial-plate. The first flower would open at daybreak and the last at nightfall, when all the flowers would be in bloom. This is not the first garden of the kind, Linnæus having originally invented the idea, but California is so favourable to the growth of flowers, that the instructor hopes to make a more perfect clock-garden than any of his predecessors.



"A LITTLE space of pleasure,
A little space of pain;
And then the solemn darkness,
And then—the light again.
A little song and story,
In sunlight and in rain;
A little gleam of glory,
And then—the dark again.
And so it goes—the darkness,
And then the gleam of light;
And so life is good-morning,
With sad thoughts of good-night."

THE washing of clothes varies in every country in the world, but the hardest-worked washerwomen are the Koreans, for the Korean men wear voluminous pantaloons and dresses. The women wash the clothes in cold water, generally in running streams, and pound them with paddles until they shine as if they had been starched. In Egypt the men usually do the washing standing at the edge of a pool or running water and slapping the wet clothes upon round smooth stones. French women wash their clothes in the same way, although, as a rule, they kneel to their work. This beating upon stones makes many holes in the garments, especially as the dirt is frequently literally pounded out with other stones or wooden paddles. The Japanese method of washing clothes appears as singular to us as do the majority of their customs, for they rip their dirty garments apart for every washing, while their ironing consists of spreading the clothes out on a flat board which is leant against the side of the house in order that they may be dried by the sun, which takes all wrinkles out of the thin material. Washing in the land of the chrysanthemum is done out of doors, the Japanese washerwomen using a tub that is about six inches high and is about the size of an English dish-pan. As a rule the clothes are simply rubbed by the hand until they are clean, but when they are particularly dirty soap is used—and Japanese soap is full of grease—and the clothes are stamped upon with the bare feet. Chinese girls wash in the same way, as also do the Scotch washerwomen, although in larger receptacles.



SOLDIERS' beds differ in every European army, and in each kind national characteristics are very clearly shown. In England the soldier's bed is hard, the man lying on thin mattresses that rest on canvas stretched over a wooden frame. In the German and Austrian armies the bed is of straw with only one or two covers and no sheet or mattress. Until quite recently the soldiers of the Czar slept in their clothes upon camp beds, but now ordinary beds are being introduced and the men undress. The Spanish soldier has only a straw bed, but he is allowed a pillow, two sheets, two blankets and a covered quilt, with sometimes a cover for his feet. The French soldier has the best and most comfortable bed, being allowed a wooden or iron bedstead, a straw bed, a good mattress, sheets and a brown woollen coverlet, to which is added an extra quilt in cold weather.



"OVER-WORK and under-exercise result in nervous diseases," said a physician recently. "Preventive measures may be summed up in two words," he continued—"physical development. Worry annually kills more people than work. One should strive, however, to avoid all things that tend to disturb the nerves. Throw away the pen that scratches and a pencil that has a hard spot in it. Discard a needle that squeaks and a basin that leaks. Use sharp tools, wear soft garments that do not rustle. Oil the hinges of the rheumatic door and fasten the creaking blind. These may seem trifles, but such trifles irritate the nerves as much as a piece of woollen does a sore. Charles Lamb once said that a carpenter's hammer on a warm summer morn would fret him more than midsummer madness."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MEDICAL.

PANSY.—You can take "bismuth and soda" either in the form of a mixture or in tabloids. The former is more efficacious, the latter more convenient. The prescription for an ordinary case is as follows:—

℞ Bismuthi Carbonatis ʒij
Sodii Carbonatis ʒij
Mucilag. Iragacanth. q.s.
Aqua ad ℥xij

Two tablespoonfuls three times a day twenty minutes before food. The tabloids are—"Tabloid," Bismuth and soda 5 grs. (Burroughs, Wellcome and Co.). The dose is one to five. They can be obtained at any chemist.

CARY.—Chilblains are very troublesome things to deal with. Prevention is better than cure, but in this case is not any easier. Wear warm socks and warm gloves. Do not stand about much in cold weather. Beware of wet feet. Do not, when your feet and hands are numb with cold, half roast them in front of a fire, but let them recover their normal heat by degrees. When you have got a chilblain, gently rubbing the place with spirit or *eau-de-Cologne* and water is very efficacious. When the chilblains have burst, they should be dressed with an antiseptic ointment. General treatment may be necessary to improve the circulation.

URGENT.—Eyelashes and eyebrows may come out, either as a result of affection of the skin surrounding them or independently of any disease whatever. In the former case one must treat the original condition of which the absence of lashes and eyebrows is only a minor symptom. In either case a wash of borax and water (Gr. xx to ʒj) may be used. Many girls are very nervous about losing one or two eyelashes, but it is quite healthy for the lashes to come out. The function of the eyelashes is to prevent dust, etc., from getting on to the eyeball. To do their duty properly, they must be fairly long, curved and not brittle—which means they must be young. Consequently they have to be renewed very frequently, and so they come out, often at the rate of two or three every day. As the young lashes grow very quickly, the places of the old hairs are rapidly filled up.

AN OLD BRIGHTONIAN.—You like bicycling, but it makes you breathless and tired and gives you pain in the legs. We understand that you are a novice, but that you wish to ride long distances. Well, you cannot ride long distances at present, and you ought not to try to do so. You must stop when you get breathless or the pain in your legs comes on. You ask us what you should do to overcome these unpleasant sensations. Well, the first thing in the treatment of anything is to try and find out the cause, and when you have found it to stop it if that is possible. We do not advise you to stop bicycling altogether, but to indulge in it in moderation. You will get used to it in time if you are cautious, and then you may try "records." It often happens that men companions are impatient with girls who cannot ride at their speed, but each girl must meet such unfair treatment with a distinct refusal to overtax her strength.

"ONE, TWO, THREE."—We are afraid that you will have great difficulty in getting rid of the smell of chloride of lime. Well washing your hands with soap after using the lime, and then sprinkling a little *eau-de-Cologne* over them may remove the smell. We do not advise you to use chloride of lime to bleach your hands with, for in the first place it is very caustic, makes the hands sore and cracked and very itchy; and secondly, it is not an agent likely to be of use to bleach the skin unless the skin be pigmented. It will only make "red hands" much worse. Peroxide of hydrogen does not produce the unpleasant symptoms, and is quite as likely to bleach as the chloride of lime. Habitually wearing gloves will diminish the redness of your hands. Take our advice, and do not use any bleaching preparation at all.

FIREFLY.—1. Camphorated chalk does not whiten the teeth as well as most tooth powders. The carbolic tooth powder is the best of all for general use, but for very yellow teeth a compound, of which we have lately given the prescription several times, is better. You will find the description of this powder in the answer to "Troubled Nell" " in the February number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. 2. Sulphur soap should be used for pimples, but remember that many soaps sold as "sulphur soap" do not contain sulphur. Arsenical soap is useless for anything. Most soaps sold as "arsenical soaps" contain far too little arsenic to have any effect. If they do contain any appreciable quantity of arsenic, they might do harm. It is an absolute myth that arsenic improves the complexion; it does no such thing, but it may ruin the complexion by producing an arsenical eruption.

A DESERVING ONE.—You may suffer from disease of the kidneys, but it is absolutely impossible for us to tell you for certain what is the matter with you without a personal interview. You do wrong to allow your complaint to go on without seeking medical advice. If you cannot pay a private doctor, you can obtain advice at a hospital.

NEMSE.—Decidedly you ought to go to an oculist. The condition of your eyes must be seen to, and we cannot give you any help without examination.

MARJORY.—We can only add a few brief statements to our former advice. Indigestion is not a condition that is cured by drugs, it is more often produced, and nearly always made worse by them. Avoid tea, coffee, beer, wine, spirits, cheese, potatoes, pastry, uncooked food and soups. Take your meals regularly, let them be small meals, take little liquid food except milk, and rest for half-an-hour after every meal. The alkaline stomachic we usually advise is carbonate of soda and gentian. Half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda taken immediately before meals is quite as good, often better and costs very much less.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

EZRA.—1. We cannot admire your friend's "Ode to a Telegraph Wire." Why should "the passer-by look up with a sigh, and wish to be a toad"? It seems to us nonsense.—2. You will find the lines—

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die,"

in "Hallowed Ground," by the poet Thomas Campbell.

ASPIRANT.—We applaud your determination, but no book will quite remove the difficulty, in many cases the impossibility, of solitary study of Euclid and Algebra. In our own case we remember the difficulty of seeing any sense in the first proposition of Euclid, till a word or two from a master made it all perfectly clear. It is not of the slightest use to get propositions and theorems by heart without grasping the chain of reasoning. Cannot you have a few lessons from a friend, if in no other way? We believe Todhunter's *Elements of Euclid* and *Algebra for Beginners* are good, or Hamblin Smith's; but no book will take the place of *viva voce* explanation of difficulties.—2. You will find Smith's *Principia Latina*, part i., a good Latin grammar.

BABY.—We are glad you were so pleased with your well-earned prize, and wish you also a "happy new year." The new year of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER begins from the issue of the first monthly part.

HIGH SEA.—Why not present yourself at one of the Local Examinations held by the accredited Schools of Music? You would then be told whether your voice were being rightly trained. Address, for full particulars, the Secretary, Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, W., or the Hon. Sec. of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

GENTLEMAN READER writes to supplement the information quoted from Sir G. Grove's Dictionary of Music to R. E. C. (Bath) in our December part. He says: "There were six clefs in use formerly, as may be seen in very old madrigal music, four of the C clef, as it is termed, and two of the F clef. The positions of the first mentioned were as follows:—on the first line of the stave for soprano, on the second line for second soprano, or mezzo, on the third line for alto or contralto, and on the fourth line for tenor; while in the case of the F clef it was used on the third line for baritone or first bass, and on the fourth line for the second or 'heavy' bass."

FIORENZA.—1. We should recommend for an Italian book, suitable for a girl of eighteen, *Le Mie Prigioni*, by Silvio Pellico; for a German book, *Undine*, by De la Motte Fouqué; and for a French book, one of Madame de Ségur's tales in the Bibliothèque Rose, such as the *Mémoires d'une Ane*.—2. Catarrh of the lungs is generally caused by a chill, or by the germ of influenza.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIMROSE.—It would be more seemly and self-respecting to refrain from sending cards to a man who has left your neighbourhood without proposing to you. Perhaps he thought better of it, and considered it an act of prudence and good taste to remove elsewhere; and to follow him up would be very ill-advised.

R. H. FLETCHER.—We recommend you to write to one or more of the great shops for musical instruments for information on the subject of aluminium violins. We have never seen any.

E. PERRY.—We think that to obtain a second-hand bicycle you had better refer to the *Exchange and Mart* (70, Strand, W.C.), and the terms as to taking one on the hire system could be arranged without difficulty. A friend we know paid a third of the price in advance, as much again in six months, and the balance in a period of six months later. As to the cost of repair, that must depend on the age and condition of the machine when you get it; and the careful use of it, or otherwise, by yourself.

FRANCESCA.—You could not sign yourself by a nickname on any legal paper. You must inscribe your true name.

M. M. A.—You do not name your age, nor how much you or your family could unitedly give for your residence in a Home. Very few are free, and in these cases admission is by vote, which is a hopeless method. There is an infirmary at Brighton for aged and incurable women. You might write and state your case, age and means, and send letters of recommendation (or copies of them) from your clergyman, doctor, and present employer. There is also the Midland Counties Home for Incurables at Leamington, Matron, Miss N. Armit. Also at St. Leonard's-on-Sea there is a Home for Chronic Invalids, Alexandra House, Bohemia Road; the Hon. Treasurer, Miss Anne Hutchinson. If you fail in one try another, and ask them kindly to return the copies of your certificates.

NERVOUS GIRL.—We advise you to read the "New Doctor" in the Medical column. Do not give way to jumping and starting at noises which must continually take place. It is annoying to others to see a fuss made about what cannot be helped, and which people in general learn to bear without complaining or making themselves an object of notice. Your writing has, at least, the merit of being legible, if not pretty.

DARK CLOUDS.—It is very difficult to advise you; but as we feel quite sure, on reading your letter carefully, that your heart is not really engaged in the matter, and as we think the union will not lead to happiness, you had better be brave enough to put an end to your engagement. But if you hesitate to do that entirely, you might promise a renewal of it when your betrothed makes up his mind to take life seriously, and begin to make proper exertions to provide a comfortable home. At any rate do not drift on, feeling discontented and unhappy.

A FAITHFUL READER IN ITALY.—1. When books are published anonymously, and the secret is kept of the author's name, we should know no more than yourself the real name of the writer.—2. We have not tried the road skate, but have seen it often, and it appears to answer very well.

LAUNDRY MAID.—Inquire at the Birkbeck Institute, Chancery Lane, and see whether they can give you information. That is the nearest place to your address that we know of at present.

JUBILEE.—Your inquiry is rather vague, but we think if you went to any well-known publisher of illustrated books, you might show your manuscript and inquire.

A. L.—The basilisk, employed as a crest in heraldry, is not an existing creature though it may somewhat resemble a prehistoric fossil. It is a mythical monster described amongst the ancients as a species of dragon, whose breath or even look was said to be fatal. The basilisk of the Middle Ages was reputed to have sprung from the yolk of a cock's egg hatched by a toad, and thus obtained the name of cockatrice. It had the body of the bird, and had a serpent's tail ending in three points, and wore a crown. It was also said of this monstrosity that only the sight of its own hideous appearance in a mirror could kill it.

J L. WATTS.—If about to emigrate to Adelaide you could not have greater advantages for the education of your sons than are afforded in that city. The degrees conferred by the University in art, medicine, law, science and music on any person, whether male or female, are recognised as academic distinctions, and entitled to rank and precedence in the United Kingdom, and in all colonies and possessions of the Crown as fully as if these degrees had been granted by any university in the said United Kingdom. Adelaide University holds Letters Patent and the Great Seal to that effect.

PRINCESS.—1. We hope your good resolutions will be permanent, but we think you would be much aided in your studies if you joined the National Home-Reading Union for encouraging and directing home study. The central office is Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C. The secretary is Miss Mondy, from whom you can obtain all information. At your age education should be looked at seriously, and carefully guided.—2. We think that the head of hair you describe would be kept tidy, as well as made becoming, if it were slightly waved and then tied at the back low on the neck with a ribbon or black ribbon velvet.

IGNORAMUS.—1. Nearly all newsvendors keep Weldon's Practical Needlework series, price twopence each. You could obtain the edging and insertion in crochet in one of these. The London address is, Weldon's, 30, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.—2. The Home Education Society, Hon. Sec., Miss Ralfe, 102, Eaton Terrace, London, S.W., would give you the help you need.

PRITHIE.—We have never heard of a law to prevent anyone from calling their place of abode a castle; but as the word means a fortified residence, a fortress, especially of a prince or nobleman, it would be a misnomer to apply it to any ordinary house in modern days.

ROBIN.—A shower bath could be arranged over an ordinary fixed bath, but you would certainly not be able to do it yourselves. You would find out the expense of the work by inquiry at any bath manufacturers in your city.

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART VI.

ESSEX.

ESSEX does not bear a very good name for scenery, and few people would select the county for a walking tour. The "cyclist," however, may do worse than take a run through Essex; because although some districts are flat and ugly, and others devoid of wood, yet there are localities which are pretty, and the number of old manorial estates with fine parks, ancient mansions, castles, abbeys, and more than usually picturesque villages, render it by no means an uninteresting county.

Although ancient churches (some very old indeed) abound, yet it cannot be said that they possess the splendour or dignity which one would expect to find in a county which was a favourite place of residence for the aristocracy. Thus, although a rich field for the study of domestic and secular architecture, it does not offer the same scope for ecclesiastical architectural investigation. The reason for this is not very difficult to discover. The fact is that before the Reformation the county possessed a more than usual number of wealthy monasteries; and no doubt the nobility subscribed generously to the building of their churches, which must have been very sumptuous. At the Reformation Essex suffered perhaps more in the way of destruction than any other English county. From some reason, which it is difficult to account for, the monastic churches were almost entirely demolished. Of those of Colchester, Walden, Stratford and Barking Abbeys, nothing whatever is left; of St. Osyth Priory little if anything; of the church of Colchester Priory a fragment of the west front and an arch or two of the nave; of Coggeshall some ruins of the choir and transepts. The only monastic church of which the remains are extensive is Waltham Abbey, the nave of which is converted into a parish church. The architecture is very fine Norman work. Now of course when these monastic churches existed entire Essex would have passed as a county rich in architecture, but at present it may almost be said that there are only three really fine churches in the county, Waltham Abbey, Thaxted and Saffron Walden. Both of the latter have spires, but that of Thaxted is the only ancient stone one in the county; it is a good example, but with nothing very characteristic about it. In fact, the whole of this noble church is devoid of local peculiarities: parts of it look like the work of the architect of Henry VII.'s Chapel. Some of the Essex churches are remarkably interesting; Castle Headingham, Little Maplestead, Boxtead, Hadleigh, East Ham, Rainham and St. Osyth are especially so.



UPMINSTER, ESSEX.

The towers of the Essex churches are not particularly remarkable. They are generally rather squat, and although there is but one stone spire, the village churches are often crowned by small wooden structures, a kind of cross between a roof and a spire, which are frequently curious and certainly characteristic. One of the most interesting is at Upminster, near Hornchurch. The church has been almost entirely rebuilt, and the tower itself very much restored. Our drawing is copied from a sketch made some years back, when the tower was in its original condition; but at present, though the original form has been preserved, much of the work is new.

Hornchurch has a singular peculiarity; instead of a gable cross at the east end, there is a carved head of a bull in stone with the natural horns of a buffalo affixed to it. This remarkable "ecclesiastical feature" is said to have given the name of "Hornchurch" to the village, but of the origin or history of this strange object I could find nothing.

It may not be out of place here to put in a plea for the preservation of the ancient towers of the Middlesex, Essex and Hertfordshire churches. They are not grand or elaborate architectural structures, and may, in some cases, be inferior to the modern towers which replace them; but these far more pretentious modern works do not teach so much, because they do not speak either of our own time or of past days. How many of these old towers have been rebuilt of late years it is difficult to say, but it is sad to think that this work of destruction is still going on. Would it not be better to follow the excellent example set by the good folks of Stanmore, who, some years back, finding their old church past repair, built a handsome new one close to it, leaving the old church to become an ivy-clad ruin. These two churches in the same churchyard have always struck us as looking most interesting and appropriate; here you see, side by side, an old church and a modern one, both teaching a lesson, and looking well. If they had rebuilt the old church it would have possessed neither the advantages and convenience of a new one nor the historic interest of an old one. These quaint and singular old churches and towers should of course, if possible, be repaired, but if that is not possible, do not attempt to rebuild them; even in their ruined condition they are most valuable historical witnesses. What they tell us is certain to be true; they cannot lie, as written documents often do. They speak to us with a voice from out the past, and to thoughtful minds their grey mouldering walls and decaying stone-work teach lessons that are worthy to be learnt and handed down to future ages; lessons of patient toil and of pious endeavour, of man's weakness and God's strength; veritable "sermons in stones," though, like all man's works, bound to decay; yet, as long as they last, pointing to a hope, for that future peace which "suppasseth all understanding."

(*To be continued.*)



VOL. XIX.—No. 952.] MARCH 26, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BELLS OF SPRING.

LIST! to the music over land and sea,
What melody!
The tinkling of the silver bells of spring,
Faint echoing
Of some sweet, sightless songster far above,
Singing of love;
Flooding the dewy lawn and grassy lea
With ecstasy;
And where old Winter, stripped and bare, is dead,
The fairies tread,
And every footstep is a starry flower,
A perfect shower
Of graceful, maiden, golden daffodils,
'Neath all the hills;
While louder swells the music in the air,
And odours rare
Commingle with the songs from forest glades,
And men and maids
Loiter, with tangled hands, by quiet streams,
To talk of dreams,
And sip the nectar of the highest life
To banish strife—
Strike the great chords of universal love,
Here and above!
For age comes sooner than the dreams fall true
To me or you.

WILLIAM T. SAWARD.



All rights reserved.] LENT LILIES AND IVY.

"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY——";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAP. XXVI.

CUMBERLAND AGAIN?



"Do you think I ought to go?" and Madge looked up questioningly at Elsie, who was arranging some flowers on the table beside her.

They were in London now, in a pretty little flat in Hampstead, where they lived with Elsie's mother.

It is just a year since Guy went abroad, and all that time Madge has heard no word from him.

For the first three months after his departure she had been in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, for the sudden awakening in her heart to hope and love, and the subsequent falling away of all her meditative habits and uneventful existence, resulted in a chaos of conflicting emotions.

At last the moment had come in which her true self stood triumphant, stripped of all its fetters, and she knew herself to be just a clinging, loving woman, instead of the hard unfeeling being of her own fantasy. And in that bitter hour of awakening, with its agonizing consciousness of foolishness and weakness, Elsie had been her unfailing support and stay.

The links that now bound these two together were those that the angels forge, when one human being in his hour of utter need leans on a fellow creature and is comforted.

No single stone had been left unturned that could help them to find the wanderer, but all their efforts had proved futile. They traced him to the West Indies, and then they lost all clue of him. Meanwhile Madge had made her home with Elsie and her mother, and was now waiting quietly until her night of weeping was passed and her morn of joy come on. For she had learnt it at last, that hardest lesson of all, she had learnt "to wait."

There had been no exaggeration in that sudden revelation on the day she received Guy's letter. The weeks as they passed only proved its truth, and deepened, broadened and widened the hitherto latent but real love that bound her to her husband; the man who had been her friend when she lost the idol of her girlhood. She saw it all at last. The chequered, entangled path of life that lay behind looked clearer now that it was removed to a distance, and she understood how she had first been blindly wrapped up in Jack, then her sorrow, and herself in both. She knew that there was something more than a mythical legend in the old story of the voice that thundered on the mount. "Thou shalt have none other gods but Me." She knew, too, that the "Sorrow of life," because it alone ennobles and purifies and strengthens is in reality the "saving of men."

And as she looks up at her friend with an open letter in her hand, the dark eyes have a softer look in them and the curved lips are less compressed. True, her cheeks are hollow and faint lines show on her forehead, but for all that, though the world might not think so, her face is more beautiful than it ever was before.

Elsie thought so as she looked down at her and marked the slightly hesitating, plaintive expression.

"I don't know what to say," she answered, in reply to her question. "It is difficult to help you one way or the other."

A short silence followed, during which Madge rose and stood looking out of the window, with her hands behind her back.

"It isn't going to be with my stepmother I mind so much," she said, "it's the associations and memories. It will be dreadful to face them all without even you."

"Perhaps it won't be so bad as you think. Being in the old home may make things easier; is Mrs. Harcourt seriously ill?"

"I hardly know; father doesn't say much. I fancy she's had a slight stroke."

"Does he ask you to go?"

"He says he wants to see me, and now my stepmother is invalided, they would be very glad if I would go for a time."

"I think I would go if I were you," replied Elsie quietly.

Another pause followed.

"Supposing Guy comes," said Madge at last, in a low voice. "He would be sure to look for me in London first."

"I will do everything in my power, dear, as you know," replied Elsie gently, "and will send him after you as soon as possible, if I find him."

For answer Madge took her friend's hands in hers and kissed her lovingly.

"I know you would," she said, "I will go to-morrow. I have been selfish quite long enough; it is time I tried to be of a little use to someone."

Accordingly, late the following day, after the early spring evening had already closed in, Madge once again crossed the threshold of her home.

A dull sense of pain weighed at her heart, but she bravely withstood it and returned her father's welcome warmly. Soon afterwards she stood beside the couch of the woman who had caused so much bitterness in her life; and as she looked down at the wasted form and hard set face, and noted the restless, unsatisfied expression in the keen eyes, a dawning sense of pity swept over her.

"So you've come back, have you?" was the ungracious greeting. "I suppose you'll find it more to your taste now you can have it all your own way in the house."

For answer, Madge smoothed her pillow and spoke sympathetically of her long and trying illness.

"I hope we shall get on better together now," she said kindly. "I have come to look after you and father, if you will let me."

Mrs. Harcourt turned away without replying, but she refrained from any further hard speeches, and from that day a happier relationship grew up between Madge and her step-mother.

Meanwhile Elsie waited and watched in London for news of the wanderer, and a month after Madge's departure her hopes were rewarded.

She was standing waiting for an omnibus one afternoon when a tall man, with a bronzed, sunburnt face, came and waited beside her. She looked up at him, and instantly recognised Guy Fawcett, in spite of his aged appearance. For a moment she was entirely at a loss how to proceed, but the necessity for immediate action was so strongly impressed upon her that she took what seemed the only course open, and accosted him.

"Excuse me," she said a little nervously, "but I think you are Mr. Guy Fawcett."

Guy looked at her in surprise, and remembered having seen her before. He raised his hat instantly and replied—

"Yes, that is my name, but I am afraid you have the advantage of me; I can't recall yours."

"Probably you have never heard it. I was staying at the same hotel as you and Mrs. Fawcett last spring in Monte Carlo, and that is how I came to know you. My name is Merton, and I am a friend of Mrs. Fawcett's."

Instantly Guy's manner changed from one of polite curiosity to ill-concealed eagerness.

"Yes," he said, rather hurriedly, "I remember you now." A slight and awkward pause followed, then he asked without looking at her, "Have you seen Mrs. Fawcett lately?"

"Yes, until a month ago she was living with my mother and me. She is now at her home in Cumberland."

"Indeed!" he exclaimed involuntarily.

"I am sure you will like to hear about her," continued Elsie, eyeing him keenly. "If you care to come home with me now, I can tell you a great deal."

He assented, and half an hour later they were seated together in the little drawing-room at the flat.

At first he continued ill at ease, but Elsie's manner quickly reassured him, and they were soon talking as if they had known one another all their lives.

With an intensity of interest, which he no longer sought to conceal, he leaned forward and drank in every word she uttered. When she had finished her brief account of Madge's proceedings, he leaned back in his chair with a sigh and drew his hand over his eyes. They were silent a moment, then he looked up and glanced round the room.

"She has been in here?" he asked questioningly.

"She has lived here over six months."

His eyes roved lingeringly round again; he might have been trying to picture her as she had looked at various times during those months.

"You must have been great friends," he remarked presently. "Did she tell you about herself?"

"Yes, everything. I feel to know you as if you were an old friend, we talked of you so often."

A sudden glad light shone in his eyes.

"And you think she has missed me?" he asked.

"Missed is not a strong enough word. She has not known how to endure your absence."

"I wish I could believe it," he said wearily, "but it's impossible. You don't know her as I did; I had no real hold on her whatever."

Elsie leaned forward.

"I know her better than you," she said firmly, "and it is absolutely true that she is longing to be with you again."

But he could not realise it. He had so used himself to thinking the contrary that he could not yet shake off the belief in it.

He looked round the room again, with hungry yearning in his eyes.

"Is there anything of hers here that I can take away?" he asked. "Something she has used often."

"Why take it away?" asked Elsie, "when you are going to her."

"Going to her!" he repeated quickly. "No, that is impossible; you don't understand."

"Surely you have come back to England on purpose?"

"No, nothing of the kind; I tell you it is impossible. I can't believe she really wants me, and besides, I am practically penniless. No, I only came just to see how she is. I wanted to make sure she is well and comfortable, and, if possible, just to see her again. When I am satisfied I mean to go back to America at once; I have a very fair berth there."

For some time Elsie continued to press her point, but he only shook his head sadly and remained unconvinced. He had never seen Madge as she was now. He only remembered her as of old.

Then for a few minutes poor Elsie was utterly at a loss how to proceed for the best, but finally decided to resort to stratagem.

"If you could call to-morrow evening," she said, "I could give you a new photograph of her that has only just been taken. I went for it to-day, but the photographer said it wouldn't be ready until to-morrow."

"Yes, I'll come," he said readily. "I should like to hear more about her, and if there's anything else I could have, you'll let me take it, won't you? I shall probably have to return this week for fear of losing my berth."

Elsie assented, and then he rose to go.

"You will leave me your address?" she asked anxiously.

"I have no particular address, only the hotel," and he gave the address of that.

Then he thanked her for all she had told him, and went away with his now habitual downcast expression and bent shoulders.

And Elsie, as soon as he was out of sight, hurried to the nearest post-office and sent a telegram to Madge.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE REUNION.

IT was after dark when Guy bent his steps to the flat the following day, and slowly mounted the stairs to Mrs. Merton's floor.

Elsie herself opened the door to him, and, in spite of his usual indifference to external circumstances, even he noticed a half-mystical expression on her face.

"I have got what you wanted," she said, after giving him a warm greeting. "I left it in my room; if you will go into the drawing-room, *I will fetch it*," and she indicated the room to him.

He entered at once, and she quietly pulled the door to behind him. For one moment he was a little embarrassed to find the room was not, as he supposed, unoccupied, for in the dim light he saw the tall slender form of a woman, with a beautiful pale face and luminous dark eyes.

Then suddenly he was conscious of a delirious, rushing sensation in his head, while his heart beat almost to suffocation. He took a step forward and exclaimed hoarsely, "Madge!"

"Guy!" she answered, tremblingly, and held out her hands to him with a child-like, beseeching gesture.

That was all. The next moment she was folded in her husband's strong arms, and her night of weeping had passed. In after years, during which time only strengthened their love and knit them yet closer together, Guy would laughingly declare that that evening was his real wedding-day.

[THE END.]

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART VI.

CONFIDENCES.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy" (Proverbs xiv. 10).

SINCE we began our twilight talks, my dear girl-friends, many things have helped to bring us into closer union with each other. Not the least amongst these is the confidence which many of you have voluntarily placed in me. So to-night we will talk about one of the crying needs of our human nature—the longing for a friend in whom we can confide at all times.

Do you not agree with me that a full heart must overflow? A channel must be found through which its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, its longings, anxieties, and forebodings, may find vent in sweet confidences. If we have a tried and faithful friend, whose willing ear is joined to a warm heart and a sympathetic nature, we are rich indeed. In such a case, confidences are not only sweet, but they are wise, and they leave us feeling the happier and richer for what we have imparted. Many high qualities go to forming the character of such a friend as I have mentioned. Unselfishness, patience, sound judgment and freedom from prejudice, play no mean parts in combination with those I have already named.

Think what demands we make on both patience and unselfishness when we expect our friend to listen to long details which have no interest for her, personally. We are not often sparing of words when we speak of what concerns ourselves. Consequently, it can only be unselfish affection and a longing for our happiness which have made the listener equally patient and anxious to lighten our troubles and to rejoice with us in our joys.

But, oh! how much do the patient listening and unselfish sympathy mean to the over-full heart that has found relief in words.

She—for as I am talking to girls—I picture the speaker as a girl, exclaims in a glad tone, "I knew you would feel for me and that I might trust you. What a comfort it has been to me to open my heart to you. I feel ever so much happier and richer too for knowing that I have one true friend, who really cares for me and who would lift the burden from my shoulders if she could. It is specially sweet to think that, when opening my heart to you, I ran no risk of having its secrets laid bare to any other."

The friends part, but the memory of kindly words uttered, of the look of honest sympathy and of the warm hand-clasp which accompanied the farewell, remains with the anxious one to her lasting comfort.

The trouble is still there. Perhaps the prospect of its removal is but a distant one. But the bearer of the unseen load steps more lightly on the daily round of duty; the head is held more erect, the tears are dried, and hope repeats the old saying that "there is a silver lining to every cloud."

In the case of a great happiness, the heart that rejoices overflows with eagerness to claim sympathy.

Have you ever thought, dear girls, that you make a greater claim on the disinterestedness of your friends when you ask them to rejoice with you, than when you seek their sympathy in a time of sorrow? When we are happily placed ourselves, it is easy to say kind words to those who are less fortunate, and voluntarily to lift part of another's load.

There is often a sort of inward and selfish satisfaction, of which we are hardly conscious, in contrasting our own favoured lot with that of the friend who appeals to us for sympathy.

Does not the knowledge of her toilsome

life, her anxiety about making ends meet, the bereavement she has experienced, and even bodily suffering bring into more vivid relief the greater advantages you possess?

Perhaps your life is one of ease and comfort. You may have never known an anxious moment in regard to the supply of your daily wants. Parents are indulgent, friends plentiful and kind, vigorous health makes every movement a pleasure, and the future tempts your gaze by its fair promise.

Is it not natural to think of all these things, as a sorrowing friend tells the story of her trouble, with quivering lips and tears which will break their bounds, though she tries hard to restrain them?

Surely under such circumstances sympathy is easy. If it is of a practical kind and costs you anything, it is only what you will never miss. What is easier than for you to give kind words, to mingle a summer shower of tears with the bitter ones your friend is shedding. You are the happier if you weep with those who weep.

If, however, positions are reversed and your heart is heavy, whilst your friend's is light and full to overflowing with a great joy in which she seeks your sympathy, your task is not so easy. Such a call bids you put self aside and crush out every envious thought as you look on at her feast of happiness, feeling the while that you would be thankful indeed if the crumbs from such a banquet might fall to your lot.

At first sight it seems easier to rejoice with them that do rejoice than to weep with them that weep, but in practice it is otherwise. Our natures need a great deal of schooling before they get rid of the vein of selfishness which hinders us from giving a full and honest sympathy to those who rejoice.

Since we began our twilight meetings an opinion which I formed long ago has been repeatedly strengthened and confirmed. It is this, that people, especially young ones, generally give their confidence to friends outside of home. Many would sooner confide in absolute strangers than in those who are most closely united to them by the ties of kindred. At the first glance it seems as if there might be something wrong, especially between parents and children, when such is the case; but I am by no means sure of this. It is only sometimes that all the members of a family are also confidential friends, and the young find it difficult to overcome a certain shyness and timidity which hinder them from opening their hearts to their parents. The difference in age and pursuits is so great. The heads of the family seem to tower above their children, as the full grown trees do over the pliable saplings round their roots. Sometimes, too, their opinions are so firmly fixed, that no circumstances will induce them to bend a little in order to bridge over the wide gap between mature age, childhood and youth.

All the while those young shoots are so pliable that a child's hand can bend them in any direction, but at the same time they are hard to break. All of us know that, who have tried to tear a young shoot from the parent tree, and surely this fact teaches a lesson to the elders as well as to the young.

The union between parents and children ought to be a strong one, a bond not easily broken. It behoves us elders to guard it carefully, to draw our young shoots more closely to us, by loving care and by cultivating a spirit of trust in those young creatures whose training God has entrusted to us. It is worth our while to take every possible pains to win and to deserve the full confidence of our children.

They will trust some one. They must satisfy the natural craving for sympathy to be found in every human heart. Let us take care that they may not be able to find any human friend so ready to listen, to cheer, to sympathise and to help as ourselves. Let us also trust our children so far as it is possible, in order that they may trust us in turn.

And oh, let us be as faithful in dealing with the young as we should be if trusted by an older friend. Let us never forget that the confidence, even of a child, is a sacred thing and not to be violated.

I know, and I am sorry to write it, that mothers do not always consider this. They regard the child's trust, not as a thing to be lovingly cultivated and prized when won, but as a something they have a right to claim and even to betray if they choose.

Never whilst I live shall I forget the effect produced on my mind when I was little more than a child, by a mother who uttered some half-jesting, half-taunting words to her daughter, in connection with a girlish secret. The daughter had opened her heart to her mother in full expectation of sympathy, and her sweet confidence had been turned into a subject for laughter, in the presence of a still younger girl.

What a look of disappointment, indignation and pain combined came on that daughter's face as she stood for a moment gazing at her mother; then turned from her without a word, but with her heart full of bitterness. We walked rapidly side by side for some little time before she spoke. Then came the words, "I will never trust my mother again; never. To think she could make game of me, and before you. She was a girl once and had her little confidences, I daresay, like mine. I wonder if she was ever treated as she has treated me. No. If she had ever felt as I do, she could not have been so cruel."

I tried to say something to comfort her, but of what use could my words be? She only answered, "Never mind, dear. I shall get over it in time, and I have learned my lesson. Try to forget what you heard; though I am not afraid of your telling it again. Only, I should not like you to learn to doubt your mother, because of what you know of mine."

It is sad to record it, but the incident I have given built up a wall of separation between the mother and daughter which was never removed, though the former, bitterly regretting her breach of faith, tried to efface the impression it had made. In the eyes of their neighbours they were an indulgent mother and a dutiful daughter, but outsiders did not know that the inner self of the one was as a sealed book to the other.

Do any of you, my girl-friends, ask why I have told you this, seeing that the warning it gives is for parents, not for you? I answer for more than one reason. First, because I have touching proofs that our gatherings include many mothers, as well as an ever-widening circle of girls. Only a few days ago I met a lady who has grown-up children. After a little talk on other subjects, she said, "You would not perhaps guess that I always sit with you and the girls 'In the Twilight Side by Side.' I look forward to our talks, and I find them quite as helpful as my daughter does."

Many mothers have said similar words, and letters have come from dear friends of mature age who are dwellers in far-away lands, containing the same testimony. These facts have induced me to say a warning word about the sacredness of a child's confidence. A still stronger inducement came with the thought that on you, the young daughters of to-day, will devolve the sweet and solemn duties of wives and mothers in the future, so a word with regard to such responsibilities cannot be deemed out of place.

Do not let the one sad incident, just related, discourage you from confiding in those who ought to be, and I trust are, nearest and dearest to you.

It often happens that there is a mutual longing on the part of both mother and daughter to speak to each other on the most important of all subjects—of God, the salvation of the soul and the life to come.

The seeking soul on whom the first ray of divine light has dawned, rejoices in the sweet experience and longs that others may share it, especially those of her own household. If, cheered by the sweet messages of invitation, promise and encouragement in God's word, which have become realities to her through the enlightening power of the Holy Spirit, she sets a first trembling footstep on the "narrow way," how she yearns for the companionship of all whom she loves. She wonders how others feel at this solemn starting-point, and yet, with her mind full of her new-born joys and hopes, her lips are sealed towards her mother. Mothers are often as reticent, and though ready to speak confidentially to their children on the things of this present world, they are slow to open their hearts about things eternal.

At the close of a gathering of mothers some years ago, I was spoken to by a dear woman, a widow and the parent of a family of daughters, some of whom were grown up. After speaking of the manner in which her heart had been stirred by the message of God's infinite love in Christ, and of her resolution to become His true disciple she said, "The worst of it is, I feel so lonely. I have no one at home to speak to. It would be such a comfort to have a friend that I could open my heart to."

"Would not your daughters be glad if you spoke to them? Is there not one that would be likely to feel with you in this matter?" I asked.

"I don't know. They are good, steady girls and hard workers. I have had no trouble with them. But somehow I feel shy about speaking to the young ones. It seemed easier to speak to you."

Only a few days later one of the speaker's daughters asked for a few words with me, and from her lips I heard the same story repeated that her mother had told—of the Gospel message brought home, the self-dedication, and the great longing for a companion to whom she might speak of what was in her heart.

"Why not speak to your good mother?" I said.

"I didn't like. She's very good to us, but——"

There was a pause which I well understood, but you will easily guess the result of these two confidences. The mother and daughter were brought into closer union than they had ever known before, and afterwards walked hand in hand, and heart to heart, as followers of Jesus.

There comes to my mind another little incident which took place in a Scotch hydro where I was staying some years ago with my husband and children. A great number of young people were guests at the same time, and added to the brightness of a well-ordered temporary home. Amongst these was a fine young man of about twenty-five, who was always pleasantly conspicuous for little thoughtful kindnesses to the older people. I was passing along a corridor, work in hand, in search of a cosy corner when he spoke to me.

"You are going to sit for awhile, are you not?" he said. "Do come to this window recess. There is not such another cosy corner in the house."

He straightened the cushion, placed a footstool, then asked, "May I have a chat with you whilst you sew?"

"Certainly," I said, wondering a little what had induced this stalwart young fellow, in all the pride of early manhood, to forsake the tennis and the boating in order to talk with me.

He soon enlightened me. "I have none

of my people here," he said, "and I was just longing for a talk about home and my dear old father and mother. You see, we are all very fond of each other, and when I am absent from home, I just get brim full of longing to talk about them, especially the old folks, to someone who understands. I saw you and your husband together, and I said to myself, 'I will have a talk to that lady if I can manage it. She will understand.' I waylaid you this morning on purpose."

I am not going to repeat the talk which followed, but many a time since have I pictured that dear lad's bright, honest face and the loyal affection and reverence with which he spoke of his parents and his home. I was proud that he had chosen me to be his listener, believing that I could enter into his feelings, and I often think of his words, "One can only talk of the old folks and home to those who understand."

Is it not so with you, dear girl-friends, who have learned to say of God, "He is my Father," and of the home above, "I am distant from it, but I have a share in it; not on account of any deservings of my own, but because I believe in Jesus, and He bought for me a place in His Father's house of many mansions, when He hung on the cross for my sake."

Do not you and I want to talk together about our new-born hopes, our fears of failure, our difficulties and the stumbling-blocks which lie thick on the narrow way? Of efforts which have proved vain, of triumphs too, I trust, for I am sure that many are in earnest and seek the strength from God of which they are in hourly need. I have your written words before me, and at our next meeting I hope to touch upon several subjects that will have a common interest for us all. Ask God, my dear ones, that a special blessing may attend the effort to be helpful to each other.

(*To be continued.*)

DICK HARTWELL'S FORTUNE.

CHAPTER IV.

"Of course it's very painful, Dick; the worry of it has made me quite ill," said Minnie, in a weak voice. "But I've never got over something which happened several weeks ago. My trust in you was shaken. If you had really, really loved me, you could not have thrown away five pounds on a strange girl. It is best for us to say good-bye."

She held out her hand, and at that moment the bells began to ring for the eleven o'clock service. It was time to go. Never more would he walk to church with Minnie; there was not another word to be said. She had expected, perhaps, that this parting scene would have a different ending. A look of surprise crossed her face when he held her hand for a second, and then left the room without uttering even a farewell.

He walked away from the house, and on and on, till he came to some wide fields where the corn was gathered into sheaves. Then he followed a narrow path, just under the hedge, where the sweet little pink blossoms of the wild convolvulus grew close to his feet. Overhead was the great pure sky. Beyond the corn-fields lay the broad sheet of blue water, glittering and heaving under the morning sun. The fields changed to waste land and coarse grass, and then to shingle, strewn with seaweed and shells and bits of driftwood. At last he came to an old wherry, drawn up high on the beach, and sat down in its shadow to think and rest.

The waves came rolling in with a quiet rush, but they only told him what he knew already. He had got to go on living; the waves had to come plashing in upon the shore; everything had to keep on at its life-work. This was what the sea said to Dick to-day; and he sat there listening to its voice until he grew strong and calm again.

On Monday Minnie sent a little packet containing the money for the piano fund. In the evening of the same day Dick handed it over to the hospital. It had been saved up to minister to someone's pleasure; it should be used to alleviate some one's pain.

His gift brought him into contact with the hospital workers, and showed him where to find the sorest need. Self-denial was nothing new; Minnie's unsparing demands had first taught him to practice it. So he continued to live frugally, and helped the needy in a quiet way, becoming all the richer for that silent outgiving.

He did not meet his false love again. His heart warned him that he must avoid her if he would win peace.

At the beginning of October she became Mrs. Dobb, and went away with her husband to London. By this time the man who had loved her was growing accustomed to the sense of loss; and yet there were many days when he was lonely and sad.

One gloomy evening in November, when he had just finished tea, a heavy foot came slowly up the stair. The door opened, and there stood Minnie's father, looking very old and careworn. Dick rose at once to greet him.

"I suppose you're surprised to see me," Mr. Brace began. "I don't wonder that you keep away from us, Dick; but we've missed you. And now my poor boy has sent me here!"

"Tom? Is anything the matter with him?" Dick asked.

"Yes—a good deal. He caught cold last month, and keeps on getting worse. Seems to me he's sinking, Dick—sinking fast. He wants you to come and see him."

"Of course I'll come, directly." Dick was getting into his overcoat while poor old Brace looked round the comfortable little room.

"You must be very lonely, Dick," he said. "But there are worse troubles than loneliness."

"A hundred times worse," Dick answered, as they went downstairs together.

They had only half a mile to go, and the faithful heart of one of them beat faster as they approached the well-known house. Tom was in the front room, which had looked so gay when Minnie was at home. It did not look gay now; the presence of an invalid had wrought changes. There were medicine-bottles on the mantelpiece, and a shrunken figure in an easy chair. The tinpot piano was gone—Minnie had sold it before she went away—and Mrs. Brace had put a shabby work-table in its place. And yet, in spite of the medicine-bottles and the shabbiness, the little room was more home-like than it had ever been before. The mother soon slipped out, giving Tom the opportunity of being alone with his visitor.

"You're such a good fellow, Dick," said the sick boy. "I was sure you'd come like a shot. You used to say I knew too much for my age; and Minnie always vowed I was a listener and a spy. But I wasn't. Seems to me I heard things without listening, and saw things without spying. That's how I was built. All the time that you went on loving, I knew what was coming. And you were a rare one to love!"

Dick did not care much to listen to this talk, but he was too kind to stop it now.

"At first I thought you were silly. If I'd been a big, strong fellow, I said, I shouldn't have been so easily taken in. And then I began to see that it wasn't such a fine thing to be cute. If you had been different, you'd have escaped a lot of pain—that was clear enough. But you'd have had a colder sort of life, and—and I shouldn't have asked you to come here."

"I'm very glad to come," Dick said; "and I'd like to do something for you, Tom, if I knew how."

"You are doing something for me all the time. You stopped me when I wanted to say things against Minnie. She had used you very badly, but you forgave her, and just went your way in silence. Well, she hadn't been kind to me; but what were my wrongs when I compared them with yours? You didn't preach; you lived!"

Dick was mute with astonishment. He had never dreamt of being a pattern to anyone. But the lad must not go on over-estimating him, he thought.

"Tom," he said gravely, conquering his natural reserve, "I'm not as good as you fancy. Don't make any mistake, there's a dear chap. I did get into a downright fury when Minnie threw me over. And then I remembered that she had some reason for being angry about the five-pound note."

"Oh, that was only an excuse!" Tom broke in.

"I don't know. She had really something against me. The money had been saved and set aside for her, and she had a right to have it. If a man is engaged to a girl she ought to be the first in his thoughts—always. Mind this when you get older, Tom."

"I shall never get much older," Tom answered; "and if I did, I shouldn't get engaged. Living with Minnie has set me against girls. She was awfully pretty, and I would have got fond of her if she had let me. But I was always 'that horrid boy.' Nothing that I did was right. She never gave me a kind word, and she won't care when I'm dead!"

It was the sadly common story of family discord. The sister, with her power to bless, might have been the angel in the house. But Minnie had never wanted to be an angel.

"We won't talk about dying," Dick said hastily. "We shall soon have the spring here again, and you'll get out into the sunshine. Now cheer up, lad; I'll come in the evenings and help you through the winter."

Dick was not the man to forget a promise. The long winter days, so dreaded by the Braces, turned out to be some of the happiest they had ever known. Minnie was no longer there to monopolise Dick; they had him all to themselves; he was a son to the old couple, and a brother to Tom. All that had been lacking in the home-life they found in him. He too had dreaded the winter, but it proved to be a time of usefulness and peace.

The spring came, but its sunshine only visited Tom in the little garden. He sat out there among the early flowers for a few minutes every day. But before the lilacs were in bloom he had given up the invalid chair and taken to his bed. Dick was with him to the very last.

A great loneliness fell upon him after Tom was gone. He did his best to comfort the father and mother, conscious all the time that his own life was empty and bleak. In the fair, sweet evenings he took to strolling down to the quay again and holding silent communion with the sea. When his thoughts went straying away to Denmark he did not call them back. He felt that he would have

given anything he possessed to know how Miss Bendon fared. Was she struggling still? Had she conquered circumstances? It was such a pity that he knew only a little bit of her life-story; such a pity that he must never try to help her again.

"There's rather a down-hearted look about you, Hartwell," said Hedley, the junior partner in the firm. "Want a holiday, don't you?"

It was sultry weather. Dick's bronzed face was paler than usual, and his steady grey eyes were a little dull. But he was not the man to complain.

"Well, sir, I may want freshening up a trifle," he admitted. "Perhaps I can get away in August for a couple of weeks."

"How would a trip to Denmark suit you?" the other asked.

Dick looked at him curiously. He fancied that he saw a twinkle in his eye; had Hedley been practising thought-reading?

"Very well indeed, sir," he replied as he turned away.

The days went slowly by; there was an early harvest, and reapers began work in the sheltered fields stretching down to the shore. Nothing was changed; the narrow path on the edge of the fields was just the same; the little convolvulus had done its best to comfort him last year, and its sweet pink face smiled up at him again in the old winsome way. Things grew and blossomed and lived their lives, obeying the universal law. Dick looked down tenderly at the small, creeping flowers, but he did not gather them—they were too frail. He left them there to sweeten the wayside.

One evening he had been working rather later than usual, and felt more tired than ever. He did not go straight home to his lodgings, but turned down the narrow street leading to the quay. The first sight which met his weary eyes was the big, white Danish schooner at her old moorings, and the jolly face of Peter Jensen looking over the side of his ship.

There was nothing remarkable in the return of the *Helsa* with another cargo of red pine. But Dick was conscious all at once of being lifted up, and taken completely out of his gloomy self. He was making straight for the skipper, when a soft voice said quietly—"Mr. Hartwell, I am so glad to see you again."

She was standing close to him, looking up at him with the sweet, dark eyes which no longer showed any traces of tears. Not dressed quite as she had been a year ago; but wearing a suit of cream serge, and a red band round her sailor hat. And by her side was master John, grown stout and rosy, posing as a jovial British seaman; but Dick had scarcely a glance for him.

"This is—a great joy!" said the poor fellow, speaking out the inmost thought of his heart at last.

"We wanted another voyage," said Miss Bendon, rather rapidly, "The sea always sets us up, doesn't it, John? You will be glad to hear that we have got over our troubles, Mr. Hartwell. My sister is quite well, and she is married again."

"Really!" said Dick, uttering the first word that occurred to his dizzy brain.

"Yes, really. She has married Mr. Browne, a rich ship-builder in Copenhagen. As for me, I don't work as hard as I did, for my uncle in India is very kind. He is a tea-planter, and my brother is with him. But you are not looking quite well, Mr. Hartwell."

"It's the heat," said Dick vaguely. "I shall soon get all right again."

"I hope so. Do you know that we are likely to meet at the Hedleys' house? Mrs. Hedley is a distant cousin of mine, and we have only lately discovered the connection. The world is full of surprises. Well, John and I must be off to our lodgings; we have engaged some pleasant rooms near the sea."

Dick felt as if he were in the middle of a dream, but he had just sense enough to call a cab and put Miss Bendon, her nephew, and her other belongings into it. She told the driver where to go, and smiled her adieu from the window as they drove away.

The whole world had undergone a startling change; he went home looking five years younger, but did not ask himself why he was so absurdly happy. It was enough to feel glad. He was not the sort of man to take his joy in his hand and turn it over and over to see what it was made of. The next morning he was up early, and set off to his work feeling as strong as a giant. Hedley met him at the office door.

"Hullo, Hartwell!" he cried, "you look as fresh as paint. Will you come and dine with us this evening at half-past seven, just in a homely way? My wife says she wants to know you."

Dick gladly accepted the invitation. He had always got on extremely well with the junior partner, but he wondered why Mrs. Hedley wanted to know him. He knew her by sight as a bright-faced young woman, but he did not dream that she had noticed him. She was, however, the kind of woman who is given to noticing. She had watched him going to church with Minnie Brace, and had thought him far too true a gentleman to be tied up to that over-dressed girl. And she was right. Dick was verily a gentleman by descent, as well as by nature. The last branch of an old tree, he had inherited the best qualities of the ancient family from which he had sprung. Strong, simple, manly and wonderfully tender, he was a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*.

He dined with the Hedleys that evening, and met Miss Bendon again. Mr. Hedley had a quiet talk with him after the ladies had left the table.

"Hartwell," he said, "we don't want to lose you—that goes without saying—but Browne has written to us, asking if you would suit him as manager. If you stayed with us all your life we couldn't afford to pay you such a salary as he can give, and we don't think we ought to stand in your way. What do you mean to say to his proposal?"

It was a splendid proposal; there was only one answer. Dick's heart was almost too full for speech.

"I shall miss you, Hartwell," Hedley went on. "But I know you ought to get out of this pottering place. As long as you stay here you'll be morbid and dull. There is a time to be bound, you know, and a time to be free."

Dick understood the kind hint conveyed in the words. And perhaps he understood it better still when they joined the ladies, and Miss Bendon's dark eyes met his.

"So you have accepted my brother-in-law's offer, Mr. Hartwell," she said, a little later. "Then I think there was some truth in the gipsy's prediction after all. Your good fortune has come to you across the sea."

As soon as she had spoken her face reddened suddenly. The Hedleys tried not to smile. Dick was radiant. And the brightness that came to him at that moment has never faded; it will stay with him to the end.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE light was still dim the next morning when Hilary woke with a start to find her father standing by her bedside. Even in the first sleepy glance she was struck by the pale distress of his face, and sat up hurriedly, pushing back the hair from her face, and murmuring a confused, "What—what—what?"

"My dear, I am sorry to disturb you, but I need your help." Mr. Bertrand seated himself on the edge of the bed, and took the girl's hands in his. "Hilary, a great trouble has come upon us. Lettice wishes to break off her engagement. She cannot bear the idea of marrying Arthur Newcome. There will be no wedding on Thursday as we expected."

Hilary stared at him with dazed eyes. Her awakening from sleep had been so sudden, and the news was so overwhelming, that it was some moments before she could grasp its full meaning.

No wedding! But the preparations were made—everything was ready. It could not be stopped at the very last moment. She drew in her breath with a quick, frightened respiration.

"Oh, father! is it true? Is she sure? Does she really mean it?"

"I am afraid there is no doubt about that, Hilary. Now that she has summoned up courage to speak, she acknowledges that she has been unhappy all along. She is in great distress, as is only natural. Norah is with her. I put off disturbing you as long as I could, for you have had too much fatigue lately, but I need your help, dear. You must get up at once. We have some painful duties before us."

"Oh, father—Arthur! What will he—how will you——?"

Mr. Bertrand drew a sharp sigh. "I have wired to him to stop all preparations, and come down himself by the early train. He will be here this afternoon. Poor fellow, he has been cruelly used. I am bitterly ashamed. I have told Mary to bring you up a breakfast tray at once, and here she comes; so eat as much as you can before you get up, and then come to me in my study. Be brave! Remember I rely on your help!"

"Yes, father," said Hilary tremblingly, and the next moment Mary entered the room; her rosy face awed and frightened, her ready tongue silenced by the seriousness of the situation.

That breakfast seemed like a hideous nightmare to Hilary. Every moment brought a fresh pang of recollection. In every direction in which her eyes glanced, they lighted upon some object which accentuated her misery—the long dress box, in which the bridesmaids' finery lay ready for use; the pile of letters on the table; the hundred and

one etceteras of preparation. Could it be possible that they were all for nothing—that she must now set to work to undo the labour of weeks? And the misery of it all; the humiliation, the dreadful, dreadful publicity! Hilary leapt out of bed in despair, unable to remain idle any longer, dressed with feverish rapidity, and ran downstairs to join her father. As she reached the foot of the staircase, Mr. Rayner came forward to meet her. Their hands met in a close, sympathetic grasp, but neither spoke during the moment that it lasted. Then came the sound of a heavy footstep on the tiled floor, and the village joiner crossed the hall on his way to complete the erection of the tables in the dining-room. He touched his cap to Hilary as he passed, and the girl drew back, growing pale to her lips.

"Oh, he must be stopped! I can't do it. It is too dreadful!"

"Leave it to me. It's so seldom I can do anything—do let me help you now. Go to your father, and leave all this to me." He led her forward unresisting to the study, where her father greeted her with an exclamation of relief.

"Ah, here you are, dear. Sit down. We must get to work at once on this wretched business. I have sent off notes already to the vicar and the curate, who will stop preparations at the church; the domestic arrangements I must leave to you; and there will be notes to write to all invited guests. Rayner will help and Raymond also. I will draw up a form which you can copy, but the letters must go off by the afternoon post, so the sooner they are written the better. Newcome will be with us before many hours are over——"

He broke off with a sigh, which Hilary echoed from the depths of an aching heart.

"I will go at once and speak to the servants. I will set them to work to put the house in order, and hide all the preparations out of sight, and then come back here, and get the writing done first of all."

"That's my good girl!" said her father warmly, and they kissed each other with sympathetic affection.

Poor Hilary! She had need of all her courage to enable her to go through that morning's work. The servants received her orders with tears of distress and disappointment. Norah came stealing out of the room with the news that Lettice had cried all night long, could not be induced to eat, and lay on her bed icy cold, and trembling as if with an ague. Miss Carr was too much upset to be able to leave her bed, and Geraldine's straightforward questions were for once agonizing to the listeners.

"Has Lettice been naughty?" she inquired. "Has Mr. Newcome been naughty? Will she never wear her pretty dress? Shall I never wear my dress? What shall we do with all the presents? Shall we have to send back the cake?"

"Oh, Mouse, be quiet, for pity's sake," cried Hilary in desperation. "If you ask any more questions you must go to bed. It's very naughty and unkind;" at which unexpected reproof Geraldine's eyes filled with tears.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Hilary; I only thought if you didn't want it, perhaps Miss Briggs's sister in Scarborough might like some cake——"

"Come along with me, Mouse, and I'll give you a swing in the garden," said Mr. Rayner, coming to the rescue for the twentieth time. His presence was a comfort to every member of the household, and Hilary could never think of that dreadful morning, without recalling the quiet, unobtrusive way in which he watched over her, and shielded her from every possible aggravation. When afternoon came, he insisted upon taking her to a quiet little coppice near the gates, so that she should not be in the house at the time of Arthur Newcome's visit; but from their seat among the trees they heard the sound of wheels as the fly turned down the drive, and knew that the dreaded interview was at hand.

"Lettice begged and prayed not to see him, father says, but he insisted that she should go down. He said it was only due to Arthur. Fancy what it must be to the poor, poor fellow, to lose her at the last moment, and to have to go back to London and explain everything to his friends—when the house is ready and all preparations made. I feel so angry and humiliated, that I can't be sorry for Lettice. She deserves all she suffers!"

Mr. Rayner did not answer; and they sat in silence for five or ten minutes, at the expiration of which Hilary stole a timid glance at his face, and ventured a question.

"Are you sorry?"

"Sorry for your sister? Yes,—intensely sorry!"

"You think I am hard,—unsympathetic?"

"I think you are hardly in a fit state to understand your own feelings to-day. It has been a great strain, and you have kept up bravely and well."

Hilary's lip trembled, and she covered her face with her hands. "Oh, I don't want to be hard, but it seems so dreadful! She had a whole month to think over it—and then to bring all this misery upon him at the last moment. I feel ashamed. Surely, surely, it is easy to know whether one cares or not. If I were engaged——"—"Yes?"

"Oh, I don't know—I should never, never promise to marry anyone unless I loved him with my whole heart; but when I did, I'd stick to him if the whole world were against us."

"I believe you would." Mr. Rayner hesitated at the end of these words as if he were about to say something further, but the hesitation ended in silence, and presently Hilary leapt to her feet and began to pace up and down.

"Oh, let us walk *about*. I *can't* sit still. I am too nervous. If we go along this path we shall not meet anybody, and it will pass the time. I can't bear to think of what is going on inside the house." So for the next hour they walked up and down, trying in vain to talk upon outside topics, and coming back again and again to the same painful theme. At last the sound of wheels came to their ears again. The fly could be seen wending its way down the country lane, and Hilary lost no time in running home to rejoin her father in his study.

He was standing with his arms resting upon the mantelpiece, his head buried in his hands, and when he turned to meet her, it struck the girl with a stab of pain that for the first time he looked old—an old man, tired and worn with the battle of life.

"Well?" she gasped; and he answered with a long-drawn sigh.

"Well—it is over! The most painful scene I have ever gone through in my life. He wouldn't believe me, poor fellow; then Lettice came in—he looked at her, and—the light died out of his face. It was very painful. He was brave and manly. I admired him more than I could have believed possible, would not blame her, or hear her blamed. He said very little. Stricken to the heart, poor fellow, and I could do nothing for him. He has gone back to town to stop preparations. I would have given my right hand to help him."

"Father, dear! You look so ill! It has been too much strain. What can I do for you now? Let me do something!"

"Send in Rayner to have a smoke with me. How glad I am that he is here. He is a comfort to us all!"

(*To be continued.*)

EASTER MORN.

ALLELUIA!
Empty is the tomb,
Hence, away with gloom;
Body and soul are reunited
That His flock be unbenighted.

Alleluia!
The stone is rolled away
Where the dear Saviour lay,
Sinners and saints look hence for Him whom
God vouchsafed to Mary's womb.

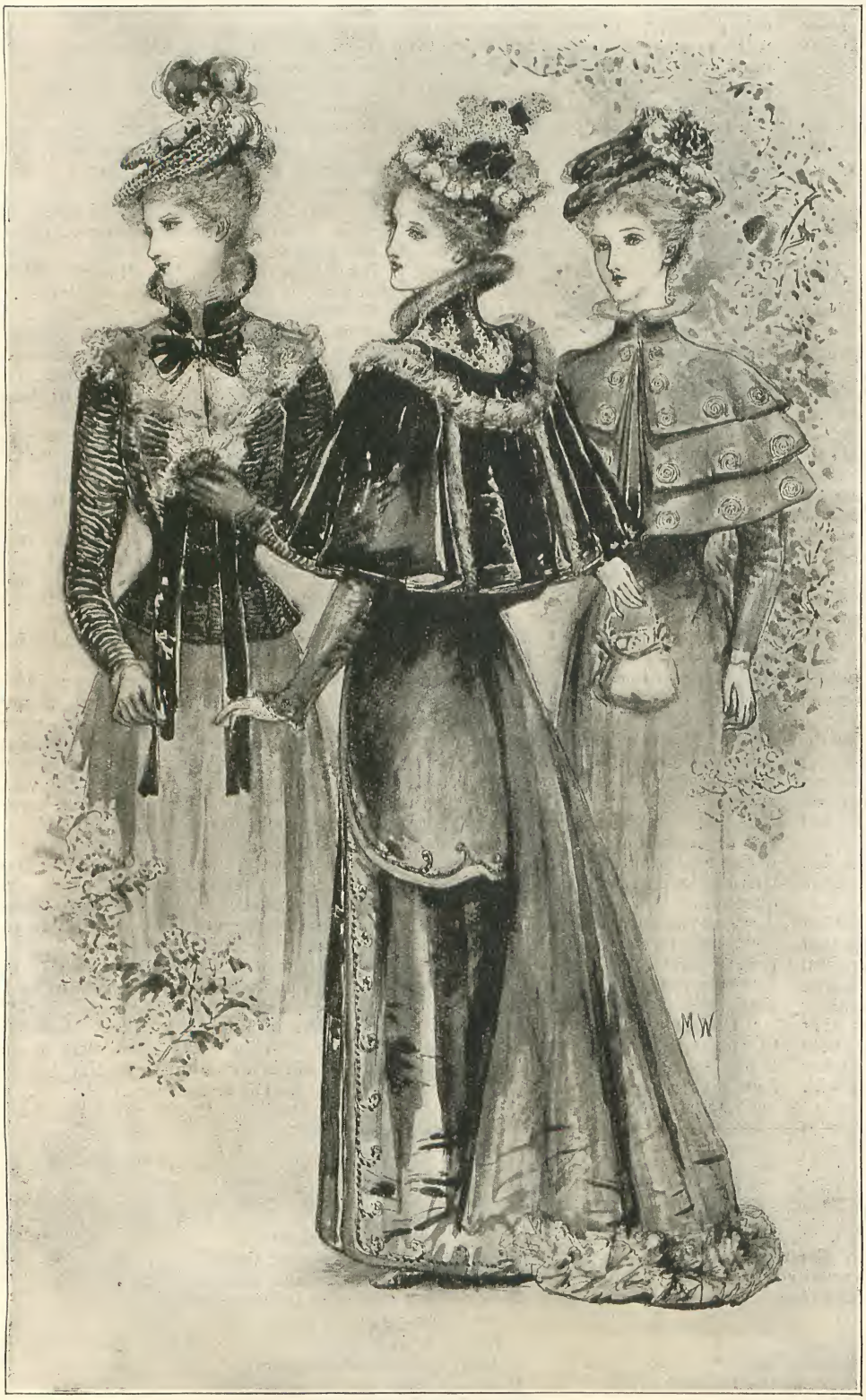
Alleluia!
Angels in white declare
Death to be vanquished there;
Let all in faith raise high thanksgiving
Now we are one with the ever-living.

Alleluia!
Empty is the tomb,
Away for aye with gloom;
Body and soul are reunited
That His flock be unbenighted! C. P.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE frocks both for to-morrow and to-day have so much decreased in width, that we, the happy wearers, will certainly make some small savings thereon. The last ones from Paris, made of course with unflounced skirts, measure only three and a half yards round the feet, and the flounced ones, with what the French call ruffles *en-forme*, which means flounces cut to shape about the same. I believe they are made by many dressmakers by cutting out a skirt, and then cutting it up into the width of the flounces needed. This gives the exact shape which to-day's fashion requires, namely, plain in front; and while remaining without fulness at the top, becoming wavy at the edge, without falling into pleats. The skirt of the spring is absolutely tight-fitting, and shows no gathers, even at the back, where what fulness there is, is carefully concealed under a perfectly plain piece of the skirt. Below this one can see that there are gathers, because the back shows the fulness.



HATS, AND THE NEW SKIRT.

For young people, or for anyone who is slight of figure, this new fashion answers well enough, but those who are in the least degree stout must beware of it; though I am assured that good and careful cutting will do much to avoid the tight-looking strained effect which is so unbecoming. Trains not very long will be again worn by day as well as night; and the new skirts are made entirely separate from their linings, the latter being just like another skirt, with accordion-pleated flounces on the outside; so that when the dress is raised it looks like a second gown below. In view of the number of transparent materials which are being shown in the shops, it is evident that we are to be rather extravagant in the way of silk linings, unless we have been clever enough to find amongst our old gowns certain ones which can be dyed and made up with some small help from new materials. I have already seen rose-pink, yellow, and grey, used as under-skirts, and bodice-lining, for some of the new grenadines; and with the addition of a little jet and *chiffon* ruffles they are very pretty indeed.

I must try to exhaust the subject of making dresses while I am writing on it, and therefore must not omit to tell you about the making-up of one material over another, and of two different colours. Thus one sees grey satin over pink or blue satin; the front of the skirt (grey) being cut in apron shape with a back of the pink satin; the bodice of grey satin with white lace, and bows of pink velvet. Cloth dresses cut in polonaise style are made up over skirts of silk, foulard and taffetas—a supple silk, which has this season superseded foulard.

I wrote about the Princesse gowns last month, I think, and we have not seen many as yet here, but they will make an appearance later on with bodices much be-trimmed, lace yokes, and even sleeves, and many frills on the fronts. In short, this season Dame Fashion says we are all to be willowy, trailing creatures, slim and slight, leaving no room either for stout people or for those who use the bicycle, and take much out-door exercise, for who could ride a wheel in a trailing skirt?

An old-fashioned style of trimming revived is that of stitching flat bands of silk in a different colour from the dress. Thus a grey cashmere had bands of tartan silk, which were edged with a small galloon.



SPRING BODICES.



FLOWER TOQUE AND CLOTH CAPE.

Embroidered linens and cottons have also appeared for dresses, and they are, some of them, very pretty. Embroidered cashmeres and cloths are also seen, but are very expensive and require much silk lining to make them wearable.

Some of the prettiest of the new gowns are in black, a black serge tucked all over, with an orange silk vest and a white lace tie looked well. Black *crépon* has come in again, and is much admired, with wide satin stripes woven into it. The new *crépons* are more expensive than the old, and look more silky. The silk linings for grenadines and *crépons* are not lined, so that they are not heavy, even though they be flounced, either with two or one deep flounce. About four and a half yards is said to be the correct width for these gowns; and, so far as I can see, they are really the most useful ones that have come out this season.

Our illustrations give a good idea of the bodices to be worn this spring, so far as we have seen them. The central figure wears a dress of grenadine and *chiffon* bodice, with white and black *guipure* laid over it; two frills of the *chiffon* are round the shoulders and neck, and the sleeves are full. The *guipure* is repeated on the skirt, in two panels, one on each side. The figure on the left wears one of the new morning, or breakfast, jackets. It is made either of flannel, vyella, or of silk, according to the season, and is a useful and comfortable little garment. The right-hand figure shows the new form of the *moujik* or Russian blouse, which is now cut without pouches, either in front or behind. This one is of velvet, cloth, or matelasse, for wearing in the chilly spring days, and is trimmed with strappings of the same piped with satin, or white cloth. This jacket represents the last idea that I can find in the way of out-of-door dress; and we seem to cling to the band and basque, both for blouses and gowns. The newest basques are sewn on the band, and the blouse or bodice can be worn without it or with it, as it may be preferred.

But the Eton jacket is still with us, and is much braided and frogged, and so is the three-quarter jacket, and the covert coat, and a short jacket with strapped seams. The new covert coats are of white cloth, and these will be much worn in the country. The senorita jacket is also seen; so, though there are many changes, the old friends stay with us.

So far as capes are concerned, I think they will always hold their own, for they are so useful; especially so when at an afternoon tea, we can drop them off and so avoid colds. The new cloth cape is shown with a flowery toque, the latter being a needful addition to everyone's wardrobe, in view of the agitation against hats at places of amusement. They offer no difficulties to the home milliner, for the small wire shapes, or straw shapes, can be obtained for a trifle, and flowers and a bow of velvet are all that remains to be procured. Small flowers, such as violets, forget-me-nots, or wallflowers, make very pretty ones; but those of roses, in several shades, are much liked; and I have seen a very pretty one made of black roses with yellow centres, with yellow velvet bows.

The various shapes of hats are shown with the new skirt, and a rose toque mixed with lace and feathers. The velvet cape is one which can be worn quite late in the spring, as it is only trimmed with ostrich feathers and white *guipure*. The dress shown was of two satins, a grey and a pale grey blue, the outer skirt being of the grey and the under of the blue. The bodice is of grey, with velvet bows of blue, and white lace. So many dresses in two colours are being shown and will be made up in woollens, such as cashmere and fine cloth, as well as in silks. Many dresses have double *ruches* of silk at the foot, while two rows of satin ribbon, forming tiny flounces, are seen on others. I should think there will be much rebellion over the long skirts, especially with the under linings made separately, as the attempt is absolutely hopeless to lift them up in the street. One cannot get hold of both at once. Bicyclists too, will object to longer skirts, so I daresay they will be left to very best afternoon gowns only.

Feather boas are more fashionable than ever, and can be obtained in colour; but black, white, or black and white, are the most usually worn, and in the evening have been delightful companions to protect one from the cold of picture-galleries and concert-rooms. There are numbers of detachable collars however made of velvet, silk and lace, with *ruches* of silk gauze and *chiffon*, and many of them will be used this spring.

Blouses are quite as needful as ever to our comfort, and as they seem to be sold at the most wonderfully cheap rates, it is hardly worth while to make them. Tucks are in great favour for them, and so many of them fasten at one side with a frill, that that style seems to be almost a uniform. I notice that the popularity of tartans, and all kinds of fancy checks, has not quite departed, and black and white shepherds' plaids are much liked for blouses; also black and white stripes, which are made with *guipure* yokes and black velvet trimmings. One never grows tired of black and white, and it is always a becoming mixture to people of every age.

The spring colours seem to be pearl-grey, otter brown, bright cherry colour, and a new blue called *sevres* blue. Navy blue will be in great favour, and all the shades of dull green. Sashes will be worn on all our dresses, or at least, will be very popular. The newest are of *moiré* ribbon, and they are worn with long ends, a little on one side of the front, and the ends are either fringed or else have a tiny frill. Sashes for evening dress are made of very gauzy materials, and are very graceful, especially with satin.

WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

PART VI.

THE STAFF OF LIFE. SOME CAKES AND A FEW BISCUITS.



HE making of bread—or the care of it—comes as part of the daily routine of every-day life, it is literally daily bread. We have to consider not merely its manner of making and baking, but the kind of bread which best proves our staff of life. Undoubtedly the fine white bread on the baker's shelf, especially that which has been baked in a tin, is not this; the best constituents of the flour have been eliminated that appearances, or that taste which approves the appearance of whiteness, may be satisfied.

The flour for making a white loaf that shall be wholesome while yet it is white, should be of a yellowish tinge, rather granulated, and one that does not hold together. This makes a strong and elastic dough. The most wholesome flour for family use is undoubtedly pure wholemeal, but if thought too brown it may be mixed with an equal quantity of white flour.

Of the brands of patent wholemeal bread with which we are all familiar there is much to be said in praise. Malt and cereals of different kinds are included with the wholemeal flour, all of which are nutritious; this kind of bread cannot be so well made at home.

Next to the importance of carefully choosing flour, and purchasing it from a miller, not from a baker, comes the selection of a reliable brand of yeast, German in preference to brewers' barm. It must be perfectly sweet even if not perfectly fresh, although freshness is a desideratum likewise. There are many makes of German yeast but few that surpass the "D. C. L." brand.

Sweetness and lightness, but not puffiness, are the points to achieve in making a good loaf; a fairly quick oven is essential too; it is well to test the heat by a thermometer. For square or round quartern or half-quartern loaves 360° Fah. would be right; for fancy bread, rolls, or long French loaves and cakes about 400°.

If milk is used for mixing the dough it should be first scalded then cooled; if milk and water, pour boiling water into the milk; if water only boil it first, then use it when it has cooled to the right temperature.

To set the "sponge" is the first proceeding after the flour is weighed out and a "well" has been made in the centre. Two ounces of good yeast will be sufficient to raise six pounds of flour; make a thick cream of the yeast first by mixing it with warm milk and water; a teaspoonful of sugar is useful at this stage. Set the yeast at the back of the stove to rise for a few minutes. As soon as it is properly working mix it with enough of the flour in the "well" to make a thick batter, then leave to rise again for about ten minutes. By this time the mixing and kneading of the whole mass may be begun. Kneading is the most important part of the whole process of bread-making. In large bakeries this is done by machinery and done far better than by hand; perhaps we may yet see the same or a similar invention brought out on a scale small enough to make it practicable for a family baking.

The right consistency of the dough is only obtained by practice, but when the kneading process is finished the ball should be firm and elastic, not sticking to the hands or to the pan.

Cover with a soft cloth and set to rise in a temperate place, free from draughts. The bread which is put to rise at eight o'clock in the morning ought to be ready for the oven by twelve. It should by then be about double its original bulk. If it becomes over light it will ferment, and the bread will be sour. For this reason it is not advisable in small households to knead the dough over night; the long, even if slow rising will take the nourishment and sweetness from the flour.

Salt is best added with the water or milk, as it becomes more evenly distributed by this means.

Wholemeal flour will take rather more yeast, more salt, and more water than white flour; it must be more lightly handled also and baked quickly at first, afterwards slowly.

Do not knead the dough again a second time when on the rolling board, but shape it to the form required; place in greased tins or on well-floured baking-sheets and put in the oven at once.

A fair sized loaf of either brown or white bread—say of two or three pounds weight—will take the best part of an hour's baking.

For fancy bread take a small quantity of flour, say two pounds, and add to it an ounce of yeast mixed to a cream, an ounce of dissolved butter, the whole of an egg lightly beaten and sufficient warm salted milk to make a soft dough. Beat rather than knead this, until it is full of air. Let it rise, then take off small pieces of the dough, pull or shape them as desired, brush over with milk or dissolved lard, and bake in a very quick oven to a decided brown.

Bread-sticks or pieces of light dough pulled out very thin and brushed over with water, are preferred by those who suffer much from indigestion and are unable to take bread in the ordinary form.

When buttermilk is used for mixing bread it is well to add a little soda to it, and use baking-powder in preference to yeast.

Some of the best of our modern cooks are not advocates for much cake-making at home. Except for the plainer kinds such as lunch, seed, or rice cakes, it too often means a conglomeration of rich stuffs that are harmful rather than beneficial, and costly into the bargain.

With so many substitutes for butter and eggs one is naturally mistrustful as to the composition of factory-made cakes, yet as far as lightness and good baking is concerned these are more to be depended upon. There is no cake so wholesome as that which is made from a portion of the bread dough, to which good stoned raisins, shred peel and sugar with a small but sufficient quantity of wholesome dripping or butter have been added and worked in. This, when well-baked, will harm no one, and it may benefit many.

For afternoon tea, small cakes approaching the biscuit order are always better liked; for an invalid or for a children's festivity a home-made rice cake is excellent.

A Hungarian tea loaf is another of the "sweet and light" sort that deserves high recommendation, and then we have crisp biscuits that are the delight of all. Let us specialise on a few of these.

A word first as to the order that should be followed in the mixing of a cake, as upon the right way of mixing success will depend.

Briefly then—

1. Beat together the butter and sugar until they make a cream.
2. Add the well whisked eggs.
3. Add the flour gradually, beating all the time.
4. Add fruit or whatever flavouring is given to the cake.

When baking-powder is put in it must be rubbed into the flour; if soda, it should be dissolved in lemon juice or milk and stirred in last.

The oven door should not be opened too frequently after the cake has been put in; and if either top or bottom heat seems too fierce shield with paper or an inverted tin.

American Stars are pretty and wholesome little cakes for afternoon tea. Beat together a quarter of a pound of castor sugar and the same weight of butter, then add the whisked yolks of four eggs with a teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, and half a wineglassful of orange flower water. Beat in six ounces of dried and sifted flour, and lastly stir in briskly the whisked whites of the eggs; beat all together for ten minutes, then pour into an inch deep baking tin that has been previously greased, let the mixture three parts fill it. Bake rather quickly to a pale brown, when done cut into stars or diamonds and ice the top of each with pink or white soft sugar icing.

Almond Biscuits.—Half a pound of pounded loaf sugar, half a pound of sifted flour and half a pound of fresh butter, two ounces of ground almonds and a few drops of essence, with two yolks of eggs.

Rub the flour, butter, sugar and almonds together first, then mix with the eggs into which the essence has been put. Make into a stiff paste and roll out on a floured board into a thin sheet, stamp out and lay on a baking tin and bake in a rather slow oven to a pale brown.

Cocoanut Macaroons.—Mix together a quarter of a pound of desiccated cocoanut and the same weight of powdered sugar, make into a paste with the whites of four well-whisked eggs and a few drops of fresh lemon juice. Drop in small pieces on to a buttered tin and bake in a brisk oven for twenty minutes. When cold store them in an air-tight canister.

For those who are fond of the nut *Chestnut Cones* will be a welcome dainty.

Boil, peel and pound half a pound of chestnuts, add three ounces of flour, two ounces of dissolved butter and two beaten eggs, a drop of vanilla essence if liked; roll into the shape of walnuts, brush them over with beaten egg, and bake in a quick oven to a good rich brown. Let them cool on a sieve.

The following is an excellent recipe for a superlative *Rice Cake.*

Rub together four ounces of dried flour and eight ounces of rice flour. Beat together to a cream eight ounces of butter, eight ounces of castor sugar and the juice of half a fresh lemon with the rind grated. Add the eggs to the butter after whisking the whites and yolks separately; beat in by degrees the flour, then at the last stir in half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of milk; beat all briskly together for ten minutes, then pour into a mould that is lined with buttered paper, and bake in an oven that is not too hot for upwards of an hour. Rest the cake carefully on end or on a sieve to cool.

Stale bread and cakes may be made quite fresh again by gradually heating them through in a moderate oven. If the bread is very dry outside brush it over with water or milk before putting into the oven.

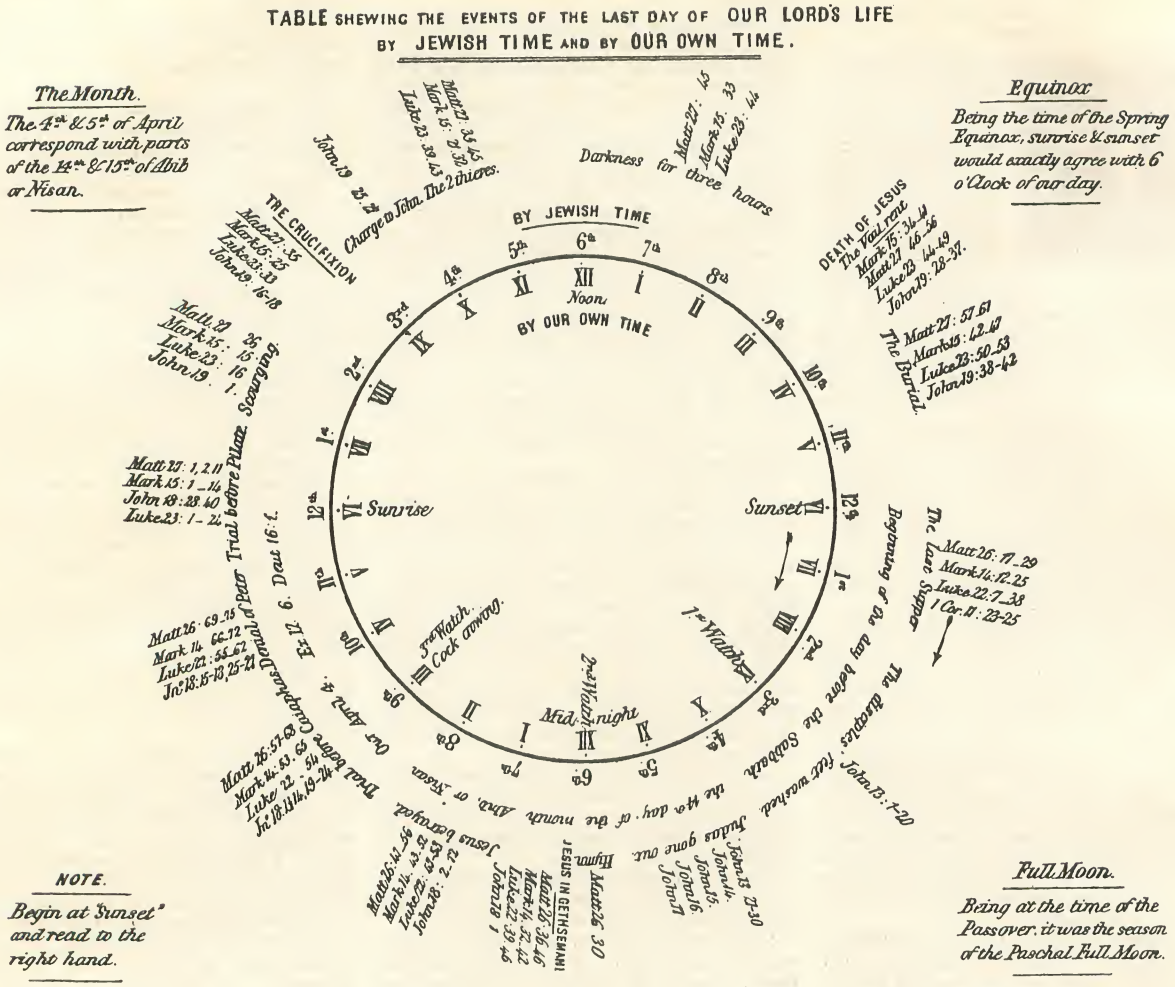
A folded linen cloth is better to lay over bread than a tight-fitting cover.

Finally, do not waste bread, for all crusts and scraps can be baked dry and crushed to a powder for raspings; and the better pieces of bread will make puddings, and if pulled and baked will eat with cheese.

L. H. YATES.

THE LAST HOURS OF OUR LORD'S LIFE.

By Mrs. KNIGHT.



We have come to the month in which occur Good Friday and Easter Day, the days on which we celebrate the death of our dear Lord Jesus Christ and His resurrection. We know that we remember these at the right time of year for the following reason :—

The crucifixion took place at the time of the Passover, and the time for celebrating the Passover was fixed by the time of the full moon. The Jews kept their Passover on the first Sabbath after the first full moon, which came after the spring equinox (that is, when the day and night are equal, the sun rising at six and setting at six). This happens with us, as you know, on March 21st; we reckon, therefore, after that, to the full moon, and Easter Day is on the following Sunday.

So we are entitled to believe that we remember these great events at the actual time of year at which they really happened, and the dial we give is intended to help us to follow them in the order and at the time at which they occurred.

We must remember that the hours by Jewish reckoning are different from our own; they began to count from sunset and sunrise, and we from midnight to noon.

The table before you shows (1) the month; (2) day of the month; (3) day of the week; and (4) the hours of the events we have spoken of. First as to—

The Month.—We know from Ex. xii. 6 and Deut. xvi. 1 that the Passover was to be held in the first month, called by the Jews Abib or Nisan. This month was in the spring of the year, and corresponded with part of our March and April.

*The Day of the Month.**—From the same texts we learn that the Passover was kept on the 14th day of Abib, and in the year our Lord was crucified this agreed with parts of the 4th and 5th of April.

The Day of the Week.—This we gather from the Gospel narrative, which tells us that these events took place on "the day before the Sabbath." The Jewish Sabbath being Saturday, this of course was Friday, called by us since—Good Friday.

The Hours.—We are told in the Gospels the hours at which they happened by Jewish time, the third hour, the sixth hour, etc., and by looking at our little dial you will be able to see what o'clock is meant by these expressions.

Outside the circle you see the twenty-four hours reckoned by Jewish time; *inside* by our time; the Jews reckoning their first hours after sunset and sunrise, we after midnight and noon. Thus at the season of the year when day and night are equal, as they were at our Lord's crucifixion, the sun would rise and set at six o'clock by our time, and at the twelfth hour by Jewish time. Midnight would be the sixth hour of the night, by their time, and noon the sixth hour of the day.

If you will look at the dial, and begin at sunset, turning it so as to read to the right hand, and will compare the outer circle of figures with the inner, you will easily understand this.

The first hour of the day agrees with our seven o'clock in the evening, the second with eight o'clock, and so on; the twelfth hour and our six o'clock coinciding both morning and evening.

At other times of the year than at either of the equinoxes this would not be the case; because the Jews *always* reckoned their day to begin at sunset, but our six o'clock is *not* always sunset. Now continue to read from left to right, beginning at sunset, and you will, if you look out the texts, be able to follow the wonderful and touching events of those twenty-four hours in the order in which they happened. The form of our dial is such that we can give no more than one day, but we hope it will help some to enter more fully into the meaning of the narrative given us in the Gospels, of the end of our Lord's life on earth before His resurrection, always remembering that what He suffered at that time was for us. "He was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

* We are aware that there is some difference of opinion as to which days of our month agree with those of the Jewish month. We have followed Greswell and other good authorities.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

ABSALOM.—It is not uncommon for the hair to comb out in girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty. We know many women who, as girls, possessed luxuriant hair, but who lost most of their hair between the ages above mentioned. As far as we know this loss of hair is very transitory, and the head soon produces hair as abundantly as before. But the hair may start combing out at any age. The cause in most cases is very difficult to discover. It not uncommonly follows a fever or severe illness or a powerful emotion. In these cases the hair almost invariably comes back as thick as ever. Very often girls exaggerate, either consciously or unconsciously, the amount of hair that they comb out every morning. Some hair usually combs out every day during health. The best treatment is to use a stimulating pomade or wash—brilliantine is a very useful preparation. Cantharidine pomade is also excellent. But the commonest of all causes of loss of hair are the affections of the scalp, especially "seborrhœa" (dandruff, scurf), which is very common. In this condition the hair is brittle and lustreless and readily combs out, and the scalp is covered with scurf. For this complaint the head may be washed in boric acid and sulphur ointment rubbed into the scalp occasionally.

FANNY.—"Stomach-cough" is a name given to a cough associated with indigestion. In every case that we have seen it has been dependent upon catarrh of the throat. We very much doubt whether affection of the stomach *per se* would ever give rise to a cough. Pharyngeal catarrh (chronic) however, is very frequently associated with gastric trouble. The best way to relieve the cough is either astringent applications to the throat or else to suck some astringent lozenge, such as rhatany and black currant. Be careful that you do not take too many of these lozenges else they will make the gastric symptoms worse—that is if you have indigestion, for pharyngeal catarrh, and therefore stomach cough has not necessarily any connection with the stomach.

PERPLEXED.—Your complaint of flushing of the hands after any excitement or after using your hands may be due to several causes. In the answer to "J. P." we discussed at some length the various causes of flushing of the cheeks. Flushing of the hands may be due to the same causes, but there are other reasons why the hands should flush. Chief among these is a morbid condition of the nerves of the arm allied to "writer's cramp." Another cause of which we have seen some cases lately is taking cold baths in the winter when the circulation is not sufficiently perfect (for the circulation has to be more than ordinarily perfect to stand the shock of cold baths in the winter). You tell us that you take cold baths every morning, attend gymnastics and bicycle, and do all in your power to improve your circulation. We think that it is highly probable that you do too much. It is not our experience that these violent measures improve either the circulation or the general health. A good walk every day, rain or shine, will do more to improve the circulation than any amount of gymnastics. The second question you ask "do gymnastics do any harm to the voice" has to be answered on the same lines as the former question. A moderate amount of gymnastics does improve the power of the voice by strengthening the muscular power of the body and teaching you how to hold your breath for a long time. On the other hand, the chief muscles used in singing, the diaphragm and muscles of the larynx are not affected by gymnastics. Over-indulgence in gymnastics or other violent exercises will injure the voice, first by producing hypertrophy of the heart, and secondly by injuring the lungs themselves. It is not the "strong man" with huge muscles that is the healthy man, but he who has trained his mind and body in a physiological manner and has avoided excesses of every kind.

ALICE STEVENS.—Glycerine and rose-water is a preparation often used for chapped hands, and it answers its purpose to a certain extent. When the hands are red and cracked, glycerine and rose-water is too mild to have much effect. The following is an excellent preparation for chapped hands, even the most severe grades of chaps yielding to it—

Sulphate of zinc, gr. ij.
Compound spirit of lavender, ʒj.
Glycerine, ʒ iij.
Rose-water ʒ jv.

If your hands are chapped you should always wear gloves when you go out, especially in windy weather.

MAYFLOWER.—We cannot undertake to criticise any patent medicine or preparation for the reason that we do not always know its composition, and we will neither advise nor criticise anything under these circumstances, for without knowing the composition we can neither tell you its action nor its dangers. For your question about "glycerine and rose-water" see our answer to "Alice Stevens."

J. P.—Your cheeks get hot and red every day for three or four hours, and this troubles you. What time of the day do your cheeks burn? Is it after you have taken a walk? Remember that it is natural for the cheeks to get hot and red after you have been out in cold or windy weather. Or do you get this symptom after eating, either immediately after eating or within some hours of a big meal? If so, the flushing of your cheeks would be connected with some form of indigestion. Are you anæmic? for in anæmic girls flushing is common. We expect that you will be able to attribute your symptom to one of these causes. The difference between flushing and blushing is chiefly in the length of time that they last. Blushing is a momentary affair and is moreover due to psychical causes.

DÄUMELINCHEN.—You ask us the cause of a "dull aching pain in your right side," but you give us no other information, so that our answer can only be of a very indefinite character. A very common cause of such a pain as you describe is some derangement of the liver. This is usually accompanied with pain beneath the right shoulder. You say that you have no pain in your back. Another common cause is pressure on the liver and other organs by tight corsets. This is not at all uncommon in girls and the way to relieve it is obvious. Affections of the stomach again give rise to such a pain as you describe, but this is usually situated in the left side, but it may be on the right side. These are the commonest causes of a dull aching pain in the right side, but there are many others which are less common, the most important of which is muscular rheumatism.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

JUDY (*Emigration*).—A party of fifty young women will be sent out to West Australia in April, at a charge of only £1 each, the Government of the Colony defraying the remainder of the passage money. If you are good at housework and plain cooking, this would be an opportunity worth considering. Girls are offered wages of £2 a month. The only condition is that you should sign an agreement to remain one year in the colony. If you like to investigate the matter further, you should communicate with Miss Lefroy, Hon. Secretary, United British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, W.

F. B. (*Training for Children's Nurse*).—The address you require is the Norland Institute, 29, Holland Park Avenue, W. If you have a fondness for children, you will find the money well spent on being trained at this Institution, as pupils who have completed the course are in great demand, and are employed under excellent conditions as a rule.

CISSIE (*County Council Teaching*).—The diplomas of the National Training School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, would be the best for you to obtain with a view to qualifying for a post as teacher under the London County Council. You could study laundry work at the Battersea or Borough Road Polytechnic, or at any other large public institute of similar character. This is the information for which you ask; but if you will be guided by us, you will not aspire to technical teaching. A few years ago, when the County Councils came into existence, many teachers were required, and it was a matter of comparatively small difficulty to obtain a post; but now this state of things is at an end. Vacancies occur rarely, and in filling these, the County Councils are in general much more careful than they were to appoint only women of good ability, special experience, and marked talent for teaching. On the other hand, the demand for competent cooks and laundresses is greater than it ever was. If you are strong, and can stand for long hours, you should try to obtain admission to a laundry as a packer and sorter. Your services would probably not be worth anything for the first few weeks, but if you showed aptitude for the work, you would soon earn a salary of from £30 to £50 a year. Ironing is also very well paid. But if you are not strong enough for laundry work, why not become a cook? With the full diploma of the National Training School, you could command a much higher salary than the ordinary cook. We know a lady now who is working in this capacity in a large West End house. She receives £50 a year, together, of course, with board, lodging, and washing. She has several kitchenmaids under her, gives great satisfaction to her employer, and is also happy in her employment. We seriously recommend this policy to you, as, when girlhood is over, you will find yourself in a much more assured position than if you now become a teacher.

NAOMI (*Typewriting*).—Will you have to do arithmetic if you obtain a typewriting clerkship? you ask. No, not necessarily; but at the same time, some moderate aptitude for keeping accounts would undoubtedly add to your value. What, however, you certainly will be asked for is shorthand. Almost every employer likes to dictate letters rapidly, and much time is saved if the secretary or clerk can take down the wording in shorthand to be typed afterwards. A good general education is also a paramount requirement; for the most useful secretary is one who can write a letter in her own words when necessary. Uncertain spelling and grammar much reduce the salary which a typist might receive. Many girls have to begin with 5s. a week, because they are only half educated or technically inefficient, and very many do not rise above £1. Too many girls in London are making the mistake of becoming typists instead of cooks, children's nurses, parlourmaids, and dressmakers. If, however, you think you have the necessary education for this employment, and a strong preference for it, we should recommend you to go to Pitman's School in Chancery Lane for shorthand; and for typewriting to one of the large firms of typists. Eighteen would be quite early enough to begin.

NIXANOS (*Training as Lady's Maid*).—Dressmaking is so conscientiously and efficiently taught by Madame Brownjohn, Belgravian School of Dressmaking, 39, Cambridge Street, Pimlico, S.W., that we have no hesitation in giving you that address. We can recommend with equal confidence the teaching of Miss Prince Browne, The Studio, Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street. You cannot learn hairdressing "thoroughly" without serving an apprenticeship of some years. Possibly you could arrange with some hairdresser, privately, to give you a course of lessons; but you could best discover what arrangement you could make of this kind by applying to some of the leading hairdressers direct.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "CONTENTMENT."

SOLUTION.

CONTENTMENT.

With what I have, O let me be content!
My clothes, my food, are good enough for me;
My home is clean, I always pay my rent,
With something left for mirth and jollity;
If false seem grandees from the Court and Hall,
I know a thing or two that beats them all!

I would not grander be than fits my lot,
And no-one's lot will stand a cubit more;
Pretence and hauteur form a tiresome clot
Which blocks the way to many a heart's true core;
Possessing little 's better than a throne,
If we contented are no more to own!

PRIZE WINNERS.

Thirteen Shillings Each.

Eliza Acworth, 9, Blenheim Mount, Bradford.
Mrs. W. H. Gotch, St. Cross, Winchester.
Edith E. Grundy, 105, London Road, Leicester.
Carlina V. M. Leggett, Burgh Hall, Burgh, Lincolnshire.
Robert H. Hamilton, 34, Leadenhall Street, E.C.
Florence Hayward, 286, Kew Road, Kew.
J. Hunt, 42, Francis Road, Birmingham.
Miss A. C. Sharp, Lymington, Hampshire.

Most Highly Commended.

Elsie Bayley, M. S. Bourne, E. Burrell, Agnes B. Chettle, N. Chute, Agnes Dewhurst, Julia A. Hennen, Mrs. H. Keel, Annie C. Lewis, Mary A. Olden, Mrs. A. E. Stretton, Constance Taylor, Ethel Tomlinson, Kathleen E. Trench, Caroline Lee-Warner.

Very Highly Commended.

B. Bryson, A. J. Foster, Edith L. Howse, Mrs. Kemp, Madge L. Kemp, Kate Lambert, E. Lord, Mrs. Amy Moraine, W. H. Odlum, A. Phillips, A. J. Rogers, Agnes M. C. Smith, Stuart Bostock-Smith.

Highly Commended.

Alice J. Chandler, Rosa S. Horne, Alice E. Johnson, F. Miller, Ellen M. Price, Ada Rickards, Rev. R. J. Simpson, May Tutte, Katie Whitmore.

Honourable Mention.

M. S. Arnold, Rev. S. Bell, E. M. Blott, Isabel Borrow, Alice W. Browne, N. Campbell, Rev. J. Chambers, Mary I. Chislett, Leila Claxton, Ethel Dickson, Ethel Dobell, Marjorie Ferguson, "Gerda" Jennie A. Jenkins, Edith B. Jowett, Elsie B. F. Kirkby, Ethel Knight, Bertha E. Lawrence, Marian E. Messenger, E. C. Milne, Lizzie E. Nunn, Annie B. Olver, Hannah E. Powell, Louise Prentice, Ida Rafford, Laura Rose, J. C. Scott, Gertrude Smith, Rose Carr Smith, Mary J. Taylor, C. E. Thurgar, Ellen Thurtell, Violet C. Todd, W. Fitzjames White, Henry Wilkinson, Hubert Wix, Alice Woodhead, Elizabeth Yarwood, Edith Mary Younge.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Twenty-three solutions were word perfect. Eight of these were also perfect in form and in every other respect as well. Their authors are accordingly entitled to 13s. 1½d. each, but half-pennies do not add to the beauty of a cheque, and we have reserved the whole twenty-four for future contingencies. A single mistake involving a lack of sense has excluded a solution from any mention, so good has been the work sent in. For instance: "Pretence and hauteur form a tiresome *blot*." That is only one mistake, but it reduces the reading to an absurdity, and its authors are unmentioned. On the other hand: "I would *no* grander be than fits my lot," there is also a very definite mistake, but the reading is good sense and its authors receive mention though not commendation.

In line two of the puzzle there was a superfluous m, and at the beginning of line six an unnecessary i. Several solvers have pointed out the latter blemish, but only one has referred to them both. Happily in both cases the author's intention was sufficiently obvious. Line five was the troublesome one, and we have a suspicion that a large number of would-be solvers gave the puzzle up in despair on coming to it.

One common and not unnatural mistake was the substitution of "greater" for *grander* in line 7. But the T is grand rather than great, and the original word certainly expresses the spirit of the verse better. Any girl who can truly enter into that spirit has learned a lesson which will, almost more than any other, contribute to her happiness in life.

OUR ESSAY COMPETITION: "MY ROOM."

PRIZE ESSAY (ONE GUINEA).

DEAR MR. EDITOR.

"Please to walk forward" as we say in the North. This is my sittingroom—once the schoolroom, but as our baby is now 22 years old, it is a long time since any lessons were 'done' in it. Now it is my special sanctum as I have no sisters, and the Boys do not often favour me with their presence. In shape the room is nearly square; its floor is covered with a nice thick carpet, the design being wrought in harmonious shades of brown red and gold: the ceiling is decorated. Opposite the door is a large window through which I have a pleasant view over the tennis grounds and rose garden to the pond, across which, beyond 3 grass fields, the horizon is bounded by the wood in which Piers Gaveston was beheaded—(2 miles from Warwick.) On the left-hand side of the door as you enter the room, stands a corner bookcase chiefly containing the belongings of my youngest brother Ivan, books by Henty, Church, Ballantyne &c: one shelf being allotted to me as being just the right height for the various illustrated Scripture books that we occassionally use in the Sunday School. On the top of the case is a collection of odds and ends in the shape of ornaments, photo frames, big foreign shells, besides a small Japanese cabinet, and 2 wool mats made by an invalid servant.

That, is our old missionary basket, 'aspinaled' a light blue colour to hide deficiencies; it is never now used in its lawful capacity, but is the useful recipient of all kinds of things put there 'to get them out of the way'; scrap-books lie on the lower shelves, and there is also a wooden darning-egg belonging to our old Madame, which having lived there for years, seems never likely now to find a more 'proper' home. Over the basket, nailed on the wall, is the "Gag Chart Home Rule Bill 1893 in Committee, an object for British Electors!" The next piece of furniture—made of walnut wood—is still a joy to me: the middle portion consists of shelves protected from the dust a glass door: on these shelves lie a collection of curiosities—a good many I picked up in America the year we went to visit my brother Kenneth's ranche, but there are also articles from many other countries: I only wish they were not so crowded. In a drawer below I keep letters from my old scholers, G. F. S. girls and god-children. Lower still there are 2 big shelves on which stand 16 volumes of our dear G. O. P. some of which are not in as good condition as I should like owing to constant lending out. There are still 4 nice cupboards, the 2 on the left being appropriated by Ivan. In mine I keep my College by Post papers, account books, G. F. S. papers, also those referring to the Mothers Meeting, the School Library, the Village Nurse and the Scripture Union.

Here is the 'comfy' big sofa "Sophia," placed a little across the corner of the room, to make space for the dolls house behind it; this mansion is usually kept in the attics, but was brought down for the edification of a small cousin Enid, under whose direction it has been refurnished: she was much delighted at the pranks of a mouse who paid frequent visits to the kitchen entering the edifice by a paneless window!

Below the window of the room stands "Charity" a most useful box-seat, a huge commodious article—a friend indeed: usually it is full of wool, flannel, print, or other materials in the process of turning into garments for poorer neighbours or sales.

Between "Charity" and "Sophia" is now the little table which supports the bird-cage in which ought to live my canary 'John Bull,' so-called to counteract foreign influence Johnnie having been "made in Germany;" but the little rascal usually tempts me to let him out and not content with this room he flies off through the hall to the dining-room, or to visit my mother in the drawing-room—where he is most at home on the silver table!

On the other side of the window is the 'cosy corner,' on the narrow shelf above which is a row of big photos—groups of relations—the most remarkable being the family of an aunt and uncle and their 15 children. Then comes the fireplace—with a white marble chimney-piece, and a low overmantle of white wood. Arranged along the top, is my special hobby, a collection of tiny jugs; there are over 50 now the tallest being under 4 inches high; they also have come

* These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—ED.

from all parts of the world, but are chiefly European; the tiniest about ½ an inch high, came from Manitore in the Rocky Mountains where I was *told* they are used as the badges of different political parties! On the mantlepiece itself are some china ornaments, and the photos—mostly unflattering—of 10 girl cousins and friends. Above the old schoolroom clock, which never goes—is fastened a fox's brush, not the appendage of a native of these parts, but shot by my brother Arthur on a Scotch moor, where they are usually looked upon as vermin, and got rid of when possible.

Filling up the space between the fireplace and the North wall, is another useful piece of furniture; this is painted white, and consists of writing table, cupboards, shelves, and a drawer. On the very top is a case of stuffed birds—old aviary friends—and a row of rather curious pots and jugs. In the shelves I keep my history, biographical, and instructive books; while the cupboards are crowded with big books, some containing English, Scotch or foreign photos, and the others an odd jumble of notices of sales, theatrical performances, ball cards, writing games, adjective letters, Kodak photos, dried flowers, cricket scores, bits of wedding gowns, and a host of things more or less interesting to ourselves, but of no value to anyone else. In the upper cupboard is a store of exercise paper, big envelopes, pen nibs, shop advertisements &c. mostly of a useful nature.

Between the door and this useful 'moveable,' stands "the walnut cabinet," chiefly used by my father for storing catalogues of garden or farm goods; and by its side is our dear old 6-tuned musical box, given to Dick when a restless baby of a year old: it is not in good order after its 26 years of work, and when wound up, rattles off 2 or 3 tunes in an impatient manner, suddenly subsiding into a slow drawl which is slightly exasperating—poor old box!

This brings our circular tour to an end: but before you take your leave may I ask you to look at the pictures, chiefly oilpaintings, given to me by my Father—my favourites are that peaceful snowy scene by Anderson, and that lonely little ship on a moonlit sea. You will notice there are other objects nailed on the walls—near the writing table a card of postal arrangements, another giving the time for lighting cycle lamps during 1898; several old almanacks too pretty to be hidden away; a bunch of sham carrots with a christmas inscription on it, "as times were never harder, I send a contribution to your larder"; a "Tableau synchronique des souverains de France D'Angleterre et D'Allemagne;" and a large brass soup ladle given me by our old weeding woman—that I cannot help thinking must once have come from Warwick Castle. Then on each side of the window is a bookshelf, one my Poets Corner, the other quickly filling with lighter literature. Pinned in a tiny panel of a wee cupboard, is a paper Daily Graphic Lord Salisbury a little ahead of a ditto Lord Roseberry, a remembrance of the last General Election. I must not forget to mention this solid sturdy table in the middle of the room, nor the convenient small 4-legged one, given to me on my 4th birthday by a godmother aunt, that can be popped down wherever it is needed: nor the comfortable little chairs scattered about.

But my paper is coming to an end, so I must finish up, hoping that I have not bored you very much in this description of my dear little Sitting-room.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

Warwickshire. "SIDNEY KEITH."
Dec. 31. 1897.

ADELINE FRANCESCA WRIGHT.
Wootton Court, Warwick.

"MY ROOM."

(ONE GUINEA).

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have a sitting-room of my own, and I love it so, that I could not resist such a fine opportunity of telling you all about it. It is the dearest little room in the world to me, where I keep all my things and where I reign supreme.

You see Mamma is the very soul of tidiness but my things have such a bad habit of lying about that her peace of mind is often threatened, and so when about a year ago I conceived the idea of turning the lumber room to account by keeping myself together in it, she gladly consented and even gave me the magnificent permission of making whatever use I liked of the lumber in it. Such is the humble origin of my room together with a little begging and perhaps a little stealing from downstairs.

It is situated on the second floor front and measures ft. 16 × 12. The wall paper is of a yellowish-pink not pretty but still light and bright. The poor carpet is wearing out its ninth life but it bravely shows a bit of pattern here and there so I am not going to disparage it. The door is opposite one window and along the wall beside it, nearly facing the other stand my "pièce de résistance," a carved open cabinet. It came from Venice and was supposed to be of oak but a chip has discovered it to be a fraud—merely white wood painted—nevertheless it is a good fraud and has a graceful appearance especially the curved supports of the upper shelves. The bottom shelves are large and serve as a bookcase, one holding newspapers magazines albums etc, the other all my bound G.O.P.'s and Lloyd's Encyclopaedia, quite an imposing array. The middle shelf rests on a drawer that has a lock a key, a perfect "treasure drawer"! Of course it contains lots of precious keepsakes and letters and souvenirs, in little boxes all shapes and sizes, my money boxes among them, although the latter rather deserve the name of empty boxes long before pay-day. The upper shelves are devoted to ornaments. A little vase, amphor shaped, occupies the place of honour, its colouring is rather peculiar being dashes and streaks of red and white on a green ground, I heard someone say it was made in Hungary but I do not know if it is glass or china. Then there is a polished green-ear shell and on the next shelf a mother of pearl shell with a carved landscape. This I value more for its lovely iridescence than for the carving, in certain lights it shows such exquisite pearly-greens and pinky violets! The mantlepiece comes next at right angles with the cabinet. Two bronze jugs with elaborate handles and cupids playing flutes in bas-relief occupy either end and in the centre there is a piece of Venetian glass tall and slender in white and blue. I have yet two more glass ornaments on the mantelpiece, one green and the other, my especial favourite, of a pale amethyst; it is very simple in form, only a twisted stem upholding a fluted chalice, but so graceful and the colour is fairly charming in its soft mysteriousness. Beside the mantelpiece I wanted a sofa but could not get one, so I make-believe with three chairs, the two end ones turned sideways, and covered with pillows and Turkish antimacassars.

In the corner there is a black pedestal surmounted with a globe that gives the room a solemn and scholastic appearance.

Next come the windows and they are the best of all, for they disclose an ever-varying picture, not any lovely view at all, oh no, there are houses in front, but in a break between them lower down there is a patch of grass and a tree and above them there is the sky; and even in smoky, much abused old London rosy hues herald the morning sun and golden glory lingers after it.

Between the windows stands my writing table; happily it is of a good size for before tidying up time comes it is burdened with what Mamma would call: "piles and piles of rubbish." I have a pretty paper weight of glass with a Venetian view by moonlight, but for an inkstand I am obliged to contrive with a glass match-holder until some charitable friend obliges me with a better.

In the corner by the first window no less an object than a horsehair armchair displays itself. Some people would think it an eyesore, but I see nothing dreadful in it, I have had many a slide down its slippery old back and many a comfortable read in it, and it is so conveniently near my books that it is quite a matter of course to slip into it and forget one's self in dreamland or bookland.

My books come last of all, arranged in one of those three shelved book stands to be seen in all second hand furniture shops. I have stood it on a small oblong table and made the most of it and yet the whole concern looks shabby, outwardly that is, inwardly what a store of wisdom, grandeur, sweetness and light is there! I cannot tell you how much I love my books or how much pleasure I derive from them, life would be a wilderness without them. I have not very many, as a greater part are school books, and these are not so interesting as "Trilby" or "Pickwick Papers" for example. But you must not think that my little few are all novels either, I have Macaulay's History and Essays, Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University," which is an education in itself, Tennyson's works, Silvio Pellico's Prisons, Lamb's Essays and many others. The sad part of it is that I have not much time to spend with them. I wonder who loves her books the more: the girl who has a grand library full of them or the one who has only a spare pinch?

My room is not rich in pictures, good ones are too costly a luxury and I do not care for bad ones. Above my books there hangs an engraving of a sweet-faced Madonna after Carlo Dolci and at each side a little oil painting of a *girl's head; I love* these very much because they were painted and given to me by a dear old friend of ours. Then there are some very minute views of Switzerland with very large black frames, some certificates and a landscape in oils, which judging from its battered frame has endured many hardships.

I think now I have told you about fairly all the material objects of my room, as for its spiritual influences—they are indescribable—perchance guardian angels—I only know I never leave it without feeling more rested, happier, and more inspirited to prove myself worthy of the dignity of a child of God.

Yours sincerely and gratefully,
LINA FRANCATI.
35 St. Oswald's Road,
West Brompton. S.W.

OUR SECOND STORY COMPETITION.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject :—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR APRIL."

With a view to training the mind in observation and literary expression, we offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT for the month is all about.

One page of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in an unsealed envelope, with the words "Stories in Miniature" written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is April 20th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

Examiners :—

The Author of the Story (Mrs. Lily Watson), and the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

NOW READY.

No. 6. **PRICE THREEPENCE.**

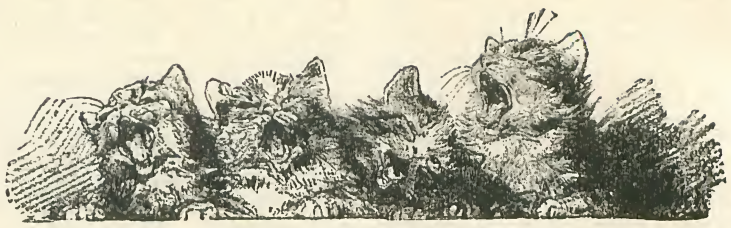
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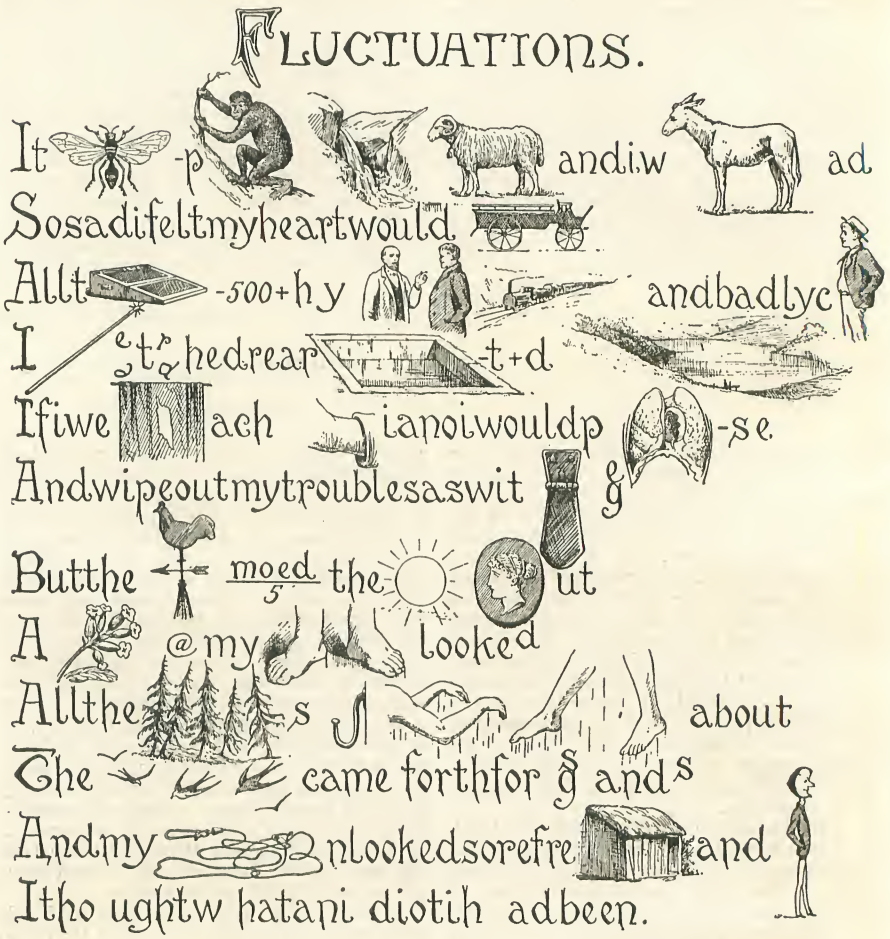
BY
LILY WATSON,
AUTHOR OF
"THE VICAR OF LANGTHWAITE," "IN THE DAYS OF MOZART," etc., etc.

* * *

LONDON:
"GIRL'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE,
56, PATERNOSTER ROW.



OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be May 16, 1898; from Abroad, July 18, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 953.] APRIL 2, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

BY LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER I.



THE DOCTOR.

IN a shabbily furnished sitting-room belonging to a house let in apartments in the Rue St. Hilaire in Paris, sat Eugénie Lacour—and in all France a more lonely and forlorn little figure could not have been found that bright, sunny day.

Three days ago her father, Monsieur Rotraud Lacour, had been carried thence to his last resting-place in Père-la-chaise, and Eugénie, "little Génie," as he had always lovingly called her, was all alone in the world, an orphan and very poor.

Rotraud Lacour had once been a successful painter; his pictures had taken important places in the Salon, and had sold for high prices, but, like many of his kindly profession, he had been improvident and generous to a fault, sharing every piece of good fortune which befell him with the impecunious, happy-go-lucky friends surrounding him. It is probable that if his young wife had been spared to him, she might have saved something out of the good times for their child; but she died when Génie was only seven years old, and her little daughter's recollection of her was not altogether happy.

Madame Lacour was a Swiss and a very ardent Protestant. Her friends blamed her for marrying a French painter who, if he was anything, was a Roman Catholic; but she asserted that he belonged to no Church whatever, and possessed only a sort of primitive Christianity which cared nothing for dogma. He made no objection to little Génie being brought up in her mother's creed, and even years after that mother's death, when he found it advisable to move from the South to Paris, he chose a street close to a small French Protestant quarter, inhabited by a Huguenot congregation whose privileges had survived the St. Bartholomew, probably trusting that among these survivors of a persecuted race room might be found for his child should anything happen to himself.

In the height of his success Rotraud Lacour had been seized with a slow but hopeless illness, and on being told by



EUGÉNIE.

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his doctor that his days were numbered, he endeavoured to put his affairs in order. To his horrified dismay he found them in a state of dire confusion—a hopeless condition for one enfeebled by suffering to deal with—and for a time he gave way to despondency. He needed much—comforts, and an expensive diet were essential—good wines, luxuries of many sorts. Enough money was left to afford him these things, which had become necessities to him, for a little longer. Génie bravely took possession of the purse. She reassured him whenever painful misgivings assailed him, and though as day after day passed the little capital dwindled away, her bright spirits and tender concealment lulled the mind, more and more enfeebled by illness, into calm.

Two or three days before his death, to his daughter's astonishment and dismay, he suddenly asked to see a Roman priest. In vain Génie remonstrated and implored him to see the *pasteur* of the temple to which she belonged; his demand became more and more urgent, and Dr. André Féraudy, the young doctor in whose charge he was, told her that she must yield.

The next two days were torture to the poor child. The priest who had obeyed her summons welcomed Rotraud Lacour as a stray sheep returned to the fold. He was very kind, and it was her own feeling, not his wish, which banished her from her father's bedside when the last solemn rites of the Church were administered to the dying man, reconciled with religion on his death-bed.

In an outer room Génie knelt, weeping with all the passion and fury of her seventeen years; and here Dr. André found her, and understood the bitterness of her trouble. He was very kind, very gentle. He himself belonged to her faith; he had devoted his life, his fine talents, his prospects of fortune to his Huguenot quarter, but the experience of life, familiarity with suffering, all had taught him to be larger-minded and more charitable than the poor trembling girl. He told her that when the instinct of religion is lost in long years of godless indifference, when the moment of its reawakening comes, the mind reverts to the earliest days of its innocence, when all that is pure and holy centres round the first faith learnt at a mother's knee.

Génie ceased her passionate weeping as he told her very gently that death was near, and that instead of this strong rebellion against the means, she should thank God for the mercy which had called the sinner to repentance.

Then the door opened, and a kind Sister called her: "Come, my poor child!" and led her in holding her hand tenderly in hers.

Dr. André followed, and his strong arm raised and supported the dying man.

Rotraud Lacour was nearly gone. The last touch of his cold hand, the last look from his darkening eyes sought the golden head bowed in absorbing grief by his pillow.

And now—three days had passed since they had borne him away, and Génie stood beside the writing-table with clasped hands and strained eyes burning and tearless after hours of weeping. She was wondering what to do next.

Génie was a wonderfully pretty girl, tall and slender, with a delicate little face and large shining grey eyes. Her abundant fair hair was wavy and soft, the light turning it to pale gold.

In her severe black gown, unrelieved by a touch of white, in the stern French fashion of mourning, she looked pathetically young and childish. That very morning Génie had counted her money. There was enough to pay for the rooms up to the end of the week, the wages, and her food, and after that two hundred francs would be left. Eight pounds between her and beggary! It was not strange that Génie's heart should sink. All through her father's illness she had been so brave, so bright; but now there was no longer any reason for bearing up bravely—that was all over—and it seemed to the desolate girl that there was nothing left to live for.

Génie had already had two visitors. On the day after her father's death came the old priest who had visited him. He had come in and spoken very kindly to her, inquiring into her plans and means, and leaving her with kind but vague promises of help. The help was offered the very next day. A lady called whom she had never seen before, who introduced herself as a friend of the good priest. She brought substantial offers—a home in the Convent of the Nativity, a free, happy home, where her duty would be to teach little children, orphans like herself. There was but one condition attached. Génie must at once submit to a course of instruction before joining the Church of Rome. Her kind patroness sat with her a long time, and with earnest words endeavoured to persuade her to accept. For a moment Génie felt an intolerable pain in refusing. It seemed such a haven of rest that was offered to her—the sheltered home, the little children, the gentle, cheery nuns! But she did not hesitate, though the tears streamed down her face as her new friend turned away in sorrowful disappointment.

The dreary room with its garish yellow velvet chairs and bare floor looked uglier and more homeless than ever; but she braced herself up and thought bravely that she, even little Génie Lacour, might claim now to have suffered for her faith.

Génie wrote to the *pasteur* for help and advice. He was a remarkable and well-known man, so much beloved in his ministry that in the Huguenot quarter he went by the name of Father Nicholas. Unfortunately at the moment he was away from home. He had left Paris for a hard-earned holiday, and had gone down to his own family in the Midi. When he received her letter a week later in his far-off mountain village, she had left Paris.

As Génie stood thinking, her door opened and the mistress of the house came in. She was a good-natured stout woman, and her first movement was to take the lonely girl in her arms and embrace her warmly on both cheeks. Then she began to speak very volubly. Some ladies had been to see the rooms; they would take them at once if mademoiselle would have the goodness to say when it would suit her to leave them. If she would not mind the change, there was a little room she could have on the ground-floor. She would not incommode mademoiselle for the world, but it was such a chance letting one's rooms like this in the beginning of the fine season when everyone was going to the sea-side!

Génie said imploringly, "Give me until Saturday, madame, and then let the ladies come."

"Yes, Saturday would do quite well," said the good lady, and meanwhile, if there was anything in the world she could do for mademoiselle, it would be a favour to let her know.

She was interrupted by a sharp knock at the door which made Génie start, while her landlady opened it with a flourish and showed in Dr. André Féraudy.

The expressive face of the young doctor showed some dissatisfaction when he saw that Madame Manche was present, but she would not see it. It was all very well for Monsieur le Docteur to call when Monsieur Lacour was under his care, but there was no longer any occasion for his visits; and with all the instincts of a chaperon aroused, Madame Manche seated herself by the window and took her knitting from her pocket.

Génie went forward timidly.

"It is good of you to come, monsieur. I—I have already written to you to thank you for all your goodness to my father, but," she faltered, "I cannot express what I feel."

"I have done nothing to deserve thanks," said the young doctor hastily. "I should have called to ask after you before, but I have been much occupied."

"Ah, poor Madame Lepel!" said Madame Manche. "How is she? I heard that there was no hope?"

"She is better—she will live," he said eagerly. "These are the things which brace one to do anything."

Génie's eyes filled with tears.

"I am very glad," she said brokenly.

"A doctor's work is hard," said Madame Manche, bending over a refractory stitch in her knitting. "I will be bound to say that you were not in bed last night, nor the night before!" she added, looking at his face, which was haggard from watching and anxiety.

"Ah, bah! I shall sleep to-night," he cried gaily.

"Who is this Madame Lepel?" said Génie.

"She is the wife of a stone-mason, and has six little children," said Doctor André.

"Ah, they may well call you *le petit médecin des pauvres*," cried Madame Manche. "But after all, my friend, that is not the road on which one picks up gold and silver."

André turned away.

"And now, mademoiselle," he said

gently, "have you made any plans yet?"

She raised her eyes, and he saw a frightened look in them.

"Not yet; I—I have not had time."

"Because I have something to suggest to you—something which might perhaps suit you."

Madame Manche looked up sharply.

"Mademoiselle Lacour does not leave me until I am satisfied with her prospects," she said.

Génie gave her a grateful look.

"If I can find any occupation—any work within my powers," she said.

"Would you read this letter?" said André. "But first let me explain. The lady who writes is my aunt, Madame Féraudy. She has heard about you. She lives altogether in the country; she has means, she is even rich, and she is a widow. But read; this morning she sent me this letter which I am to give to you. Mademoiselle, she is very good, and when you have overcome a little outward stiffness she is kindness itself. I ought to know, for she brought me up, and she never let me miss my mother."

Génie sat down and opened the letter, and André walked up to the window and looked out, so as to leave her to read it undisturbed.

At first it did not seem very legible, for it was written in very pale ink on transparent paper, but Génie's eyes grew accustomed to the sharp sloping handwriting, and she read—

"DEAR MADEMOISELLE,

"I have heard much about you from my nephew André, and of the devoted way in which you have for so long nursed your amiable and greatly lamented father. I have also heard that you have not fixed upon your future home: therefore I wish to make a proposition to you. I will explain. The house which I inhabit faces the south, having several rooms looking on the sea, both bedrooms and sitting-rooms. On the side which I myself prefer, the rooms face the east and look on my *basse-cour*, beyond which lie the stables, the coach-houses, and the cow-houses. In the *basse-cour* I have quite a farm—cows, horses, a pig, goats, rabbits, hens, chickens, turkeys, pigeons. Quite close to my house is a cottage inhabited by a good couple and three children, all in my service. As for my household, I have only with me at this moment a cook, or rather a *bonne-à-tout-faire*, brought up in the village, who, in addition to her housework, devotes her time to the garden, gathers fruit and vegetables, and takes care of the flowers.

"For myself, mademoiselle, I have an ambition, and that is to be a good farmer. I am up at five o'clock, downstairs at six to see the milking of the cows and goats, measure the milk, see and feed the chickens, hens, turkeys. All this amuses me, and without it I should not care to remain in the country.

"But let me come to the point. I confess that I suffer both in health and spirits for want of a fellow-creature—a second self. For many years, by an amiable attention of Providence, I possessed this blessing in a dear friend and companion, but she was taken from me, and now I miss it all the more. I age much: I am seventy years old. I feel that a little interruption in my many occupations, say a holiday on Thursdays, the possibility of rising sometimes as late as seven o'clock with the knowledge that a second self is looking after things in my place. This would do me good and give me pleasure.

"The property is very large. It is all I can do to walk round the meadow which stretches between my house and the coast of the sea. It measures without including the garden more than one hectare. The whole comprises thirty-one hectares of sea-shore, meadow, wood, and garden. At the end of the garden there is a charming arbour looking seawards, and having a good view of the statue of St. Anne—an exquisite figure erected on the cliff which can be seen from far out at sea.

"The town of Quinton is about six miles distant by road and four by foot-path. By a bridge across a splendid ravine I am only ten minutes' walk from a village called Poinville, where we have a Protestant temple dating from great antiquity.

"You will understand that the fact of your belonging to a long persecuted faith gives you in my opinion a claim on my care and affection, which I beg of you to remember. Now, shall we understand each other? Mademoiselle, I listen to my own presentiments, which tell me that you could be happy with me in this quiet busy life. May I, however, confess to you that I am afflicted with a shyness and reserve which may lead you to believe me to be unsympathetic? If by the simplicity and frankness of your character you can overlook this defect, we shall soon know each other well.

"This is a very long history. Will you tell me when you are disposed to come to me? I will do my utmost to make you happy. You see from this account that I am a great worker. Indeed, my object is to imitate the wise woman of Scripture. This need not prevent hours devoted to reading and innocent amusements, but you will readily perceive that I am not in a position to act as a great *châtelaine* and receive visitors who care only to amuse themselves and watch me working. Adieu. Receive, dear mademoiselle, the assurance of my kindest sentiments.

"LAURE FÉRAUDY."

Génie put down the letter and looked up at Dr. André with a smile. He came back to her with a glad look in his eyes.

"It is frank, is it not?" he said. "She is rather original, but the kindest creature in the world when you understand her ways."

"May I show it to Madame Manche?" said Génie.

He nodded and took it to the good landlady in the window.

Dr. André stood drumming his fingers lightly on the table. He was so anxious that his kind scheme for poor little Génie's future should be successful that he was impatient.

Madame Manche put down the letter a little stiffly; she was far too business-like to appreciate its quaint kindness.

"There is no mention of a salary," she said; "and as I gather from the letter that mademoiselle will be expected to be a kind of superior *femme-de-charge*——"

"Madame!" exclaimed Génie, "indeed I am not worth any salary until——"

But Doctor André interrupted hastily.

"You are quite right," he said, "but I was coming to that. The salary would be four hundred francs a year, and, far from being a *femme-de-charge*, mademoiselle would be as a dear daughter to my aunt."

"I accept without a moment's hesitation," cried Génie. "I accept the home and the kindness, but not the salary, until I feel myself useful enough to earn it. The letter delights me. The country, the flowers, the sea, the kindness above all!" and the tears rushed into her grey eyes.

"Poor child!" said Madame Manche, softened both by the four hundred francs and the emotion in Génie's sweet face.

Doctor André was intensely glad and thankful. Génie was quickly herself again and eager to settle everything without delay.

"How soon can I start?" she said. "This week? I shall have very little to buy, some aprons with large pockets to hold the chickens' food, a large sun-bonnet also."

"Will this do?" said Dr. André with some hesitation, for he did not know what the landlady would say. "On Friday next I am going down to Féraudy for a few hours. If mademoiselle would allow me to have the honour of escorting her there, I could introduce her to my aunt and take care of her on the journey."

Génie glanced doubtfully at Madame Manche; the arrangement would take from her all the pain and dread of facing a new life without one friend by her side. To her great relief, the good lady accepted the proposal with alacrity.

"An excellent plan," she said, "and one that will relieve me of all anxiety. I am very glad," she added, rising and putting away her knitting. "This whole plan has been arranged by Heaven. It will provide you with a home, my dear young demoiselle, and lift from my shoulders a responsibility which I must confess that I dreaded."

Génie turned to Dr. André and held out her hands impulsively.

"The good God will reward you," she said. "He only knows how lonely I am. How can I repay you?"

"By becoming a good *intendante* to the aunt of this our friend," said Madame Manche a little sharply. "After all, my dear, it is wonderful how much money can be saved by wise economies and close supervision. It will be in your power to do much."

"I will do my utmost," said Génie earnestly.

They settled that Dr. André was to call for Génie at eight o'clock on the following Friday, and he went away, running through the streets as fast as he could run to save the time he had spent in the Rue St. Hilaire.

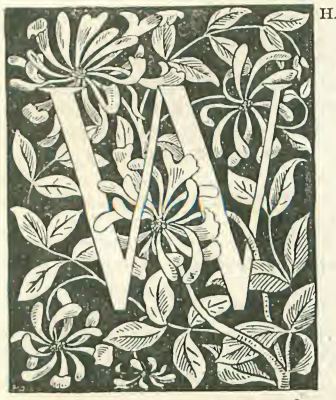
(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO WRITE VERSE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

PART I.

INTRODUCTORY. FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS ONLY.



HAT is verse as distinguished from prose? The answer is not simple.

Most of us, probably, would be disposed to say that whereas prose is governed by no other rhythmic law than the satisfaction of the writer's individual ear, verse is governed by laws of metre. But this decision is more satisfactory in theory than in practice. *Jarndyce and Jarndyce* was governed by laws of Chancery, and yet there was some difficulty in getting it settled. If such lines as those of Walt Whitman, of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, or of Macpherson's *Ossian*, are to pass current as verse, it would be very difficult to reject as illegal tender the prose, so called, of the Litany of the Church of England, of Raleigh's apostrophe to death, or of many a subtle verbal movement in Browne's *Religio Medici*.

It seems that in Art, as in Nature, the line that separates two kingdoms is shadowy and faint. Between the realms of the vegetal and the animal there is a borderland—a doubtful tract whence at length emerges on one side the obvious animal, and on the other the obvious vegetable.

So it is in these realms of prose and verse.

To which kingdom are we to refer these glorious words of Balaam's prophecy?

"Balaam the son of Beor hath said,
And the man whose eyes are open hath said,
He hath said which heard the words of God,
And knew the knowledge of the Most High,
Falling into a trance, but having his eyes open. . . .

I shall see Him, but not now:
I shall behold Him, but not nigh:
There shall come a star out of Jacob
And a sceptre shall rise out of Israel,
And shall smite the corners of Moab
And destroy all the corners of Sheth."

Or this exquisite passage from William Sharp's "Clouds":—

"As though the dead cities
Of the ancient time
Were builded again
In the heights of Heaven,
With spires of amber
And golden domes,
Wide streets of topaz and amethyst ways;
Far o'er the pale blue waste,
Oft purple-shadowed,
Of the Agro Romano
Rises the splendid city of Cloud."

Both passages are poetry—of that there is no doubt; for the essential fact in poetry is a certain elevation of thought or keenness of emotion. Whether the altar and the wood be raised by prose or verse, when once the fire falls from Heaven, poetry is there. But whether we should call the passage prose or verse would depend upon a definition which most of us would feel to be arbitrary and exclusive. Let us not tie our hands with that. Now to which kingdom should this be assigned?—

"We are alarmed into reflection;
Our minds are purified by terror and pity;
Our weak unthinking pride is humbled
Under the dispensation of a mysterious Wisdom."

And, for the last time, this:—

"Children in the withering wind
Are like the soft golden-pink roses
That fill the barrows in Oxford Street,
Breathing a southern calm on the north wind."

The penultimate extract is from Edmund Burke, and the last from Mrs. Meynell. She, let us note, is the exquisite essayist for whose work Coventry Patmore has advanced this claim—that it exhibits in eminent, and almost pre-eminent, degree the step of prose as contrasted with that of verse.

I owe so much to Coventry Patmore—poet whose touch turns all the gross world to spirit—that I cannot dispute his judgment without regret. But here I must believe him wrong, both in the rule and in the example.

Whenever the music of prose is hauntingly subtle, its cadences, I believe, are orderly and corresponsive, and very closely allied to the cadences of verse. Exactly metrical such music will not be, but its trip or its march will always be to time, and often it will reveal itself as in the main dactylic, iambic, or trochaic.

"Sleep, O cluster of friends,
Sleep, or only when May,
Brought by the west-wind, returns
Back to your native heaths,
And the plover is heard on the moors,
Yearly awake to behold
The opening summer, the sky,
The shining moorland, to hear
The drowsy bee, as of old,
Hum o'er the thyme, the grouse,
Call from the heather in bloom.
Sleep, or only for this
Break your united repose."

These lines of Matthew Arnold's are verse. At last we are over the border. Yes, over the border, but not out of the wood. We have passed by imperceptible gradations to a place where metricality is clearly and decisively present; and that being present, we have admitted the quality of verse. But if metre makes verse, what makes metre?

At the beginning of this century we should have got an answer glib and confident enough. Metre, we should have been told, obeys the laws of prosody, and prosody is an arrangement of syllables according to quantity, or being long or short. Now we should accept that answer only to a question about Greek or Latin verse; and an informant would feel how inadequate his statement was as explaining the principle that underlay the practice. Verse obeys the laws of prosody. Yes; but are the laws arbitrary, or the expression of eternal right? Obedience follows the bâton or the bayonet; but after the street is cleared the question may remain obscure. The nomenclature of prosody is so firmly fixed in English verse that we shall be compelled to understand and even to adopt it. None the less, the "long and short" of the matter is a great way from the conclusion.

At the root of all verse lies, not prosody, but another great principle.

That principle was enunciated by Coleridge in the volume containing "Christabel." That piece of almost perfect music was composed in lines which, according to the old rule, would have been called irregular. Their syllables varied from seven to thirteen. Their arrangement of longs and shorts was hopelessly confused. It shook prosody up in a bag. Yet Coleridge maintained that his verses were not properly irregular. The fact was, he argued, that hitherto English versification had been falsely systematised. It had been described by its accidents: never logically defined by its genus and its differentia. The heart of English verse—circulating the blood into its feet—was accent. Obedience to certain metrical rules was capable of giving pleasure by satisfying the expectation of the ear. But what underlay all arbitrary form was accent.

Take a few lines of "Christabel," and see how the theory works:—

"They pássed | the háll, | that éch | oes stíll,
Páss | as líght | ly ás | you wíll! |
The bránds | were flát, | the bránds | were dýing, |
Amíd | their ówn | white ásh | es lýing; |
But whén | the lá | dy pássed, | there cáme |
A tóngue | of líght, | a fít | of fláme;
And Chríst | abel sáw | the lá | dy's eýe, |
And nó | thing élse | saw shé | therebý, |
Save the bóss | of the shiéld | of Sir Lé | oline táll, |
Which húng | in a rús | ty old níche | in the wáll. |
O sóft | ly tréad, said Chríst | abél, |
My fá | ther sél | dom sléep | eth wéll." |*

Excellently, I think. The general fabric of the verse is octosyllabic—four feet of two syllables each; and these feet are what are called iambs, that is, they are made of a short syllable followed by a long syllable:—

"Thĕy pāssed | thĕ hāll, | thăt ēch | oĕs stīll." |

But in the second line the number of syllables is reduced to seven, the first foot having instead of an iamb, ˘ ¯, a long syllable—:

"Pāss | ăs līght | lў ās | yŏu wīll." |

And in lines 9 and 10 the syllables increase respectively to twelve and eleven, while the character of the verse is altered. It becomes less neat and trim; louder and fuller. Its movement changes, indeed, from a trot to a canter.

Such verse is called anapæstic, and in this case it is made up of four anapæsts, though in the second line the opening foot has one syllable short:—

"Săve thĕ bōss | ŏf thĕ shīeld | ŏf Sĭr Lē | ŏlīne tāll, |
Whĭch hūng | ĭn ă rūs | tў ŏld nīche | ĭn thĕ wāll." |

But while the syllables and the quantity,

* It must be confessed that the second line of this passage might, with perfect reason, be scanned another way:—

"Páss as | líghtly | ás you | wíll."

I think, however, that the metrical feeling of a line is best brought out when we give full weight to the pauses, and the pause here is certainly after "pass." It should also be noticed that something analogous to the musical key obtains in our scansion of verse. It is the first line of any passage that generally sets the key. In many cases of quantitatively irregular verse the transposition of the first two lines would involve the re-scanning of the whole passage.

according to the system of longs and shorts, vary so greatly, the accents remain constant: throughout the passage they are uniformly four.

Until quite recently, nearly everybody was persuaded that Coleridge had authoritatively proclaimed a truth that almost every writer of verse had felt and obeyed. Often the writer believed he was setting law at defiance, but in truth there was a law of music in his ear which made its will respected. Nursery rhymes and old ballads had a forward way of satisfying the ear which cultured verse had disappointed. The most melodious of all lines were lines that would not scan. And now here was Coleridge snapping the chains of prosody, and giving a freeman's rights to every English ear. Happily that enfranchisement has not been withdrawn. And it cannot be. British bards never, never, never will be slaves. But, all the same, the last word about the differentia of verse has not been said.

Mr. T. S. Omond, in a very thoughtful and a very careful investigation of English verse-structure, brings forward a new theory. The primary law of English metre, according to this expert, is not syllable, and is not accent, but is period. I think that we may resolve that expression into time or beat. If we imagine a conductor's bâton falling to mark each of these beats, we shall have a clearer notion of the word's significance than if we leave it veiled in the haze of such a word as period. I imagine that Mr. Omond finds at the root of the whole matter a musical relationship—that verse would occupy much the same position as music studied without an instrument.

Now I think that we have all implicitly yielded, without knowing it, a certain sanction to this theory. The rigour of foot or of syllable has continually been set aside by the great metrical masters. Less frequently, the rule of accent has been suspended. But while these freedoms with most writers were so exceptional as almost to imply a normal bondage, there have been one or two writers who deliberately have founded their metrical scheme on something apparently without the domain of accent. The most notable of these writers is Miss Christina Rossetti.

Mr. Omond, if he sought for examples of his theory, could find none so convincing in their music as the songs of that delicate lyrist. Certainly these appear to rely upon beat, and on syllable and accent only as they form ingredients in time or beat. But to my mind their evidence tells in the opposite direction to that of his theory, and really throws us back upon accent.

Wherein resides the pleasure which the ear derives from these periods?

I think it is composed of two elements—(1) the satisfaction of expectation, (2) surprise.

Whenever we read such lines as these, we have before us, consciously or unconsciously, a framework of metre :—

"As I lie dreaming,
It rises that land;
There rises before me
Its green golden strand."

And this, I think, is the framework :—

"Ás I | lie a- | dréaming, |
Ríses | úp that | láud; | |
Ríses | úp be | fóre me
Gréen and | gólden | stránd." | |

All the variations which throw the beat backwards and forwards—all the suppressions or additions—give us pleasure by the ingenuity with which they partly evade, partly fulfil, the expectation of the ear.

In another instance—Mr. Allingham's famous melody, "The Fairies"—I think the source of the pleasure is a good deal more obvious :—

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men.
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together,
Red jacket, green cap,
And white owl feather."

The first two lines have clearly established the accent of the verse :—

"Úp the | aíry | móuntain, |
Dówn the | rúshy | glén." |

Every variation is a surprise—a little difficulty instantly met and overcome. The feet march on, though for a little time the air seems lost in a maze, but is truly, as we knew, safely held all the while. It emerges clearly in—

"Tróoping | áll to | géther." |

Then we get an exquisite surprise in the shifting of the balance of the verse in—

"Red | jácket, | | green | cáp," | |

culminating in the masterly suggestion of the normal cadence through the bold slow beat—

"And whíte | ówl's | féather." |

What we expected was a line like—

"Whíte as | ówlet's | féather." |

Without that expectation there would have been no pleasure.

In all irregularities the great masters of verse seldom leave us without a regularity at the outset. The fabric of the normal verse is clearly set before us. Accent and prosody are brought under our view. And then, when the air, so to speak, is well felt, the variations begin. And none, or few, of these variations are meaningless: some contrast, some harmony, some effect of surprise, is almost invariably intended.

And now I leave the labyrinths of theory, and set my feet upon the highway of practice. In the following papers I hope to give rules, simple and explicit, with only such glance as may be necessary at their origin and reason. It seemed desirable at the outset to show that there is no "Madam How" without a "Lady Why."

(To be continued.)

SO EASY.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

Four Into Five.

All girls are supposed to be adepts in the use of the scissors, and as far as that use in connection with material for clothing goes we will hope the supposition is a correct one. But scissors can afford amusement as well as proving useful, and it is in this latter capacity we will employ them at the present moment.

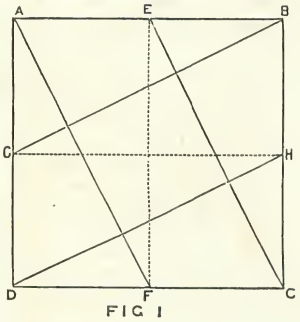


FIG 1

And in place of the dress material all we shall require will be a square sheet of paper. Now if you were to present this square of paper and the scissors to any friend with the request that she would divide the former into four equal squares, she would probably smile at you, and do it at once, but suppose in place of the four equal squares, you asked for five, a puzzled look would come over her face and she would state her inability to comply. And yet it is quite as easy to form five equal squares as four, when you know how it's done, and this you can easily learn by following the directions and consulting Fig. 1. We will let A B C D represent your square of paper, and mind it is perfectly square, for the after construction will then be much more neat.

The size of the square may be what you like, but four or five inches each way will be quite big enough. Now double the paper over, bring the side A D on to B C and crease it, which gives you the dotted line E F. Opening the paper again, treat the side A B in the same way, bring it on to D C, and you get the dotted line G H. Now if you only want to divide your original square into four, follow the dotted lines with the scissors and the thing is done, but for five squares you have further preparations to make. Bend the corner A over in the direction of C until the edge of the fold makes a straight line from G to B and then crease it, treat B in the same manner and get a straight crease between E and C, a like performance with the two remaining corners C and D will give you the creases H D and F A. You will find it will simplify matters if you now run your pencil over these four creases G B, E C, H D and F A, as they are the ones along which you must divide your square, the creases E F and G H you can ignore, they are done with, though they are liable to confuse you. Now if you cut along the pencil marks you will find you have nine separate pieces, consisting of a perfect square, four triangles, and four irregular four-sided figures, and with these you will be able to construct the five equal squares thus—

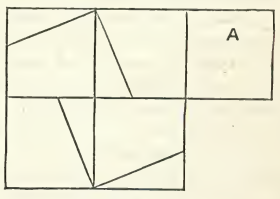


FIG 2

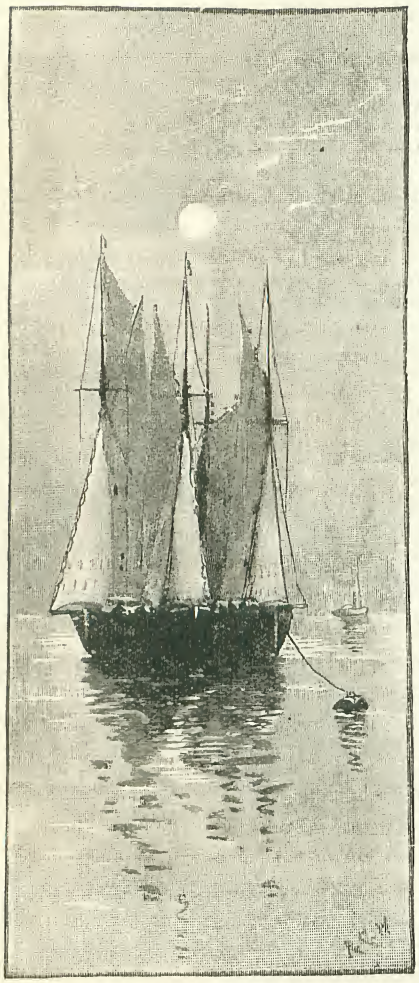
You may now divide the perfect square marked A in Fig. 2 into two pieces just like the other composite squares, which will give you a total of ten separate pieces, and mixing these all together hand them to a friend with the request that a perfect square shall be formed with them.

A girl who is handy with a fret saw could make a much more durable puzzle by drawing out a diagram of Fig. 1, pasting it on to a piece of thin seasoned wood and cutting along the lines with the saw in place of the scissors and after removing the paper finishing off with sand paper.

The crux of the puzzle will then be to form first five perfect squares and secondly one perfect square out of the pieces.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.



CHAPTER XXVI.

THE sun was shining over the lake of Thun, and the little steamer was puffing cheerily through the water. Behind lay the picturesque town, with its rushing river, and quaint, old-world buildings; in front lay—ah, what a scene of beauty and grandeur! Surely, it were worth while to travel from the ends of the earth to see this marvellous sight. The blue waters, fringed with brilliant foliage; the trees in their autumn glory, the rowanberries making patches of scarlet here and there, the solemn pines capping the mountain height, and at the head of the lake—beautiful, dazzling, majestic—the snow-clad range of Eiger, Monck, and Jungfrau.

In all the beautiful world there can be few spots so beautiful as the lake of Thun, as seen upon a glorious September afternoon!

The passengers on board the steamer displayed a special interest in an English party who walked up and down the deck. A father and three daughters, an elderly lady whose relationship it was difficult to guess, and a young man with a clever, sensitive face, who managed his crutches with marvellous agility, and who was obviously neither husband nor brother. The girls themselves received a full share of admiration from the French and German visitors who are in the majority in Switzerland in autumn. The eldest was so neat and dainty, with her pretty English complexion, and trim little figure; the tall, dark girl was *spirituelle* and uncommon; while the third had an air *tres chic*, and would have been quite *ravissante* if she had been a trifle less pale and *serieuse*, but even the surprising beauty of the scene seemed powerless to bring a smile to her face.

It was chiefly owing to Mr. Rayner's persuasion that Mr. Bertrand had left Westmoreland on the very day after that fixed for his daughter's marriage. The painful duty of returning the wedding presents had been accomplished, and it was so distressing to all concerned to remain in a place where they felt themselves to be the subject of continual gossip, that they were thankful to get away to fresh surroundings. They had travelled straight through to Thun, engaging sleeping carriages in advance, and had been ensconced for over a week in the hotel on the shores of the lake, taking daily excursions, and resting beneath the broad verandah, while by common consent, no reference was made to the painful events of the past week.

"If we are going away, we must try to get as much good as we can from the change. What is past, is past. There is no use fretting over it any longer," Mr. Bertrand had said, and Hilary found so little difficulty in following his advice and being radiantly happy, that she felt a pang of remorse when suddenly confronted by Lettice's pale face, and reminded thereby of her sadness, and Arthur Newcome's suffering.

Lettice had ceased to cry, but she was very, very silent, and her eyes wore a strained, frightened look which it was sad to see in so young a face. Everyone was studiedly kind to her, but Lettice was sensitive enough to feel the effort which lay behind the kindness. Norah alone was just as loving and whole-hearted as ever. Dear Norah! she had been shocked and distressed beyond measure, but how loyally she had kept her promise to help "every moment of the time!" During those two first awful days what a comfort it had been to have her near; to clutch that strong, faithful hand when the others came into the room, and looked at her from afar with cold, sad eyes! Norah was the same, but all the rest had changed. They had been grieved, shocked, humiliated by her behaviour, and though she was nominally forgiven, the chill ring of disapproval sounded in every word they spoke, and Lettice faded like a flower deprived of light and sunshine. Instead of gaining strength by the change she grew every day paler, thinner, and more ghost-like, until at last her father became alarmed, and questioned her closely as to her health.

"Does your head ache, Lettice?"

"No, father."

"Do you sleep well at night?"

"I think—sometimes I do, father. Pretty well."

"Have you any pain?"

Lettice raised her eyes and looked at him—a look such as a wounded stag might cast at its executioner. She trembled like a leaf, and clasped her hands round his arm in an agony of appeal.

"Oh, father, father! I am all pain—I think of it day and night—it never leaves me. I think I shall see it before me all my life."

"See what, Lettice? What do you mean?"

"His face!" quivered Lettice, and was silent. Mr. Bertrand knew that she was referring to the stricken look with which Arthur Newcome had left the room where he had received the death-blow to his hopes, and the remembrance brought a cloud across his own face.

"Ay! I don't wonder at that, but it will only add to our trouble, Lettice, if you fall ill, and we have had enough anxiety."

He was conscious of not being very sympathetic, but his feeling was so strong on the subject that he could not control his words, and when Lettice spoke again it was with no reference to herself.

"Father, do you think he will ever—forget?—get over it?"

Mr. Bertrand hesitated. "With most young men I should have said unhesitatingly—yes! but I think Arthur Newcome will probably remember longer than most, though I sincerely hope he will recover in time. But at the best, Lettice, you have caused him bitter pain and humiliation, and, what is worse, have shaken his faith in women for the rest of his life."

Lettice gave a little cry of pain. "Oh, father, I want to talk to you. I want to tell you how I feel, but I can't, while you speak in that hard, dry voice! Don't you see—don't you see that you are all killing me with your coldness? I have made you miserable, and have been weak, and foolish, and vain, but, father, father, I have not been wicked, and I have suffered most of all. Why do you break my heart by treating me like a stranger, and freezing me by your cruel, cruel kindness? You are my father—if I have done wrong, won't you help me to be better in the future? It isn't as if I were careless of what I have done. You see—you see how I suffer!" and she held out her arms with a gesture so wild and heart-broken, that her father was startled, and caught her to him with one of his old, fond gestures.

"My poor child! My little Lettice! Heaven knows I have not intended to

be cruel to you, dear, but I have been so worried and distressed that I have hardly known what I was about. You must forgive me, dear, and I will help you in every way I can. I do indeed see that you are miserable, poor child, but that I cannot help. It is only right that you should understand——"

"Father, I don't think you or anyone else can realise how intensely I feel it all. You know I have been a coward all my life—afraid to grieve anyone, always trying to avoid disagreeable things, and now to feel that I have ruined his life—wrecked his happiness! It goes through my heart like a knife whenever I think of it. And his poor, poor face! Father, I am too miserable and ashamed to be sure of anything, but I do believe it will be a lesson to me all my life. I can never, never be so cruel again! I will never marry now; but I will try to be a comfort to you, father dear, and do everything I can to make up for all the misery I have caused, only do, do love me a little bit. Don't everybody stop loving me!"

Mr. Bertrand smiled to himself as he stroked the girl's soft hair. Small fear that he or anyone else would cease caring for lovely, lovable Lettice; but all the same his smile was more sad than bright.

"I shall always love you, dear," he said, "but, Lettice, try to think less of people's love for you, and more of your own love for them. That is the secret of happiness! This constant craving to receive love is not far removed from selfishness, when you go down to the root of things. Try to think of other people first——"

"I will, father, I really will; but don't lecture me to-day, ple—ase! I feel so low and wretched that I can't stand anything more. I am not—all—all—all—altogether bad, am I?"

Mr. Bertrand laughed despite himself. "No, indeed. Very well, then, no more lectures! We understand each other now, and there are to be no more clouds between us. Off with you into the hotel! Put on your hat and cloak, and we will go for a row on the lake before lunch."

(*To be concluded.*)



SAUCES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

SAUCES must be mixed smoothly, stirred after the thickening is added and allowed to boil well in order to cook thoroughly the flour or cornflour with which they are thickened.

WHITE SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, half an ounce of butter, pepper and salt.

Method.—Put the milk and butter on to boil in a small saucepan, saving a little to mix with the flour. Mix the flour, pepper and salt with the rest of the milk and stir this into the saucepan when boiling; stir until it boils again. This sauce can be made with half milk and half stock.

PARSLEY SAUCE.

Method.—Make half a pint of plain white sauce and stir in a tablespoonful of chopped and blanched parsley. Do not let it cook after the parsley is added.

ONION SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Two good-sized onions, one ounce of flour, half an ounce of butter, pepper and salt, half a pint of milk or stock.

Method.—Blanch the onions and then boil in fresh water till tender; drain and chop them; make half a pint of white sauce with the butter, the milk or stock and the flour, and stir in the chopped onions.

BROWN VEGETABLE SAUCE.

Ingredients.—A piece each of carrot and turnip, one onion, half an ounce of dripping, one ounce of brown thickening, three gills of water or stock, pepper and salt.

Method.—Prepare the vegetables and cut them in dice; fry them in the dripping; pour on the water or stock, add pepper and salt, put on the lid and let all simmer three quarters of an hour. Add the brown thickening, stir until it melts and the sauce boils.

LEMON SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One ounce of arrowroot, three ounces of castor sugar, the thin rind of a lemon, one pint of water.

Method.—Let the water and lemon rind simmer for fifteen minutes; add the sugar, take out the rind and add the arrowroot mixed smoothly with a little cold water. Stir until it boils.

CURRY SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One apple, one onion, half an ounce of flour, one dessertspoonful of curry powder, one ounce of butter or dripping, half a pint of milk or stock, a few drops of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of chutney, salt.

Method.—Pare the apple and onion and chop them small; melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the apple and onion, put on the lid and let them cook very gently for fifteen minutes; add the curry powder, flour and salt and let them cook in the same way for twenty minutes. Stir in the stock or milk and let the sauce boil well, add the chutney and lemon juice and serve.

TOMATO SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One pound of tomatoes, two onions, one ounce of cooked ham, one ounce of butter or dripping, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, pepper and salt.

Method.—Slice the tomatoes and onions and put them in a saucepan with the other ingredients. Put on the lid and let them cook gently until the onions are tender. Rub through a sieve, or colander, re-heat and serve.

JAM SAUCE

Ingredients.—Three tablespoonfuls of jam, quarter of a pound of lump sugar, one pint of water, a little lemon juice, cochineal.

Method.—Boil the sugar and the water together and let them reduce to half, add the jam, lemon juice, cochineal and strain.

BROWN SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One pint of stock, two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, a piece each of carrot, turnip, onion and celery salt, a little mushroom ketchup, a blade of mace, a bay leaf, six peppercorns.

Method.—Melt the butter in a frying-pan, and fry the vegetables in it for ten minutes; take them out and stir in the flour, let this fry a bright brown, taking great care not to let it burn, and stirring often over a rather slow fire; stir in the stock by degrees, keeping it very smooth, pour into a saucepan, add the bayleaf, mace, peppercorns and salt, and put in the fried vegetables; put on the lid and simmer for half an hour, skimming any grease off as it rises; lastly add the mushroom ketchup and strain the sauce.

SHRIMP SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of shrimps, half a pint of water, one gill of milk, a teaspoonful of shrimp paste, an ounce of flour.

Method.—Shell the shrimps, and put the shells in a small saucepan with the water; put on the lid and let them simmer for half-an-hour, and then let the water boil until it is reduced to half. Mix the flour smoothly with a little of the milk; strain the water in which the shells have been cooked and mix it with the rest of the milk, bring this to the boil and stir in the flour; cook well and then add the picked shrimps and the shrimp paste; let the latter dissolve and serve.

OYSTER SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One dozen oysters, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, pepper, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of cream.

Method.—Take away the beards and the hard white part from the oysters and cut each oyster in two. Strain the oyster liquor from the shells, put it in a small saucepan and put the oysters in it; bring them to the boil and then remove the saucepan from the fire, or they will become leathery. Mix the flour with a little of the milk, simmer the rest of the milk with the hard white parts and then strain them away; boil this milk with the butter and stir in the flour; when it boils and is thick add the oyster liquor, the oysters, lemon juice, pepper and sauce and cream. Do not let it boil after the oysters are added.

LOBSTER SAUCE.

Ingredients.—A small lobster, or three ounces of tinned lobster, half a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, a little spawn or cochineal, a tablespoonful of cream, pepper and salt.

Method.—Chop the lobster in half and pick the flesh out of the body and claws; simmer the claws and shells in the milk for twenty minutes; rub the spawn through a hair sieve with a little butter; mix the flour with a little cold milk; strain the claws and shells away from the milk, put back the milk in the saucepan and stir in flour; chop the flesh of the lobster into pieces and add it to the sauce, then stir in the spawn and lastly the cream.

APOTHEOSIS OF THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LACED HANDKERCHIEF.

If you did not understand the meaning of the word apotheosis, I hope, my dear reader, that you looked for it in the nearest dictionary, and having found it, no doubt you will wonder what in the world it has to do with a pocket-handkerchief. This is only natural, if you know nothing of the early days of the handkerchief; of its degradation before the 15th century, its rise to grandeur and dignity, to the most gossamer of cambric, and the most costly of lace; when it became an article of fashion, an ornament to be worn, and carried in the hand and used on state occasions.

The first word that we find used in English for handkerchief was "muckinder," which was also written "muckiter," and "mockadour." This word has its origin, probably, in the Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, old German, or some of those early tongues; but it exists in Spanish as *mocador*, in Provençale as *moucadou*, in French as *mouchoir*, and in Latin as *muccinium*. So this word, though not at all an elegant one, was probably the word applied to the handkerchief, as used in daily life, from a very early date.

We find this word "muckinder" applied, in its last days, to the handkerchief worn by children and hung to the side. It was generally attached by a tape, so that it might not be lost. This name is found during the 17th century up to the end, when it was superseded by the word "kerchief." When handkerchief was introduced, and that monstrosity, "pocket-handkerchief" came in, I cannot tell. The latter was perhaps inspired by the French *mouchoir de pêche*, but it is quite a needless addition. A recent writer says that this word pocket-handkerchief is one of the most curious compounds in the language. The first form of the word being kerchief, from the word *couvrechef*, a covering for the head, then we prefixed the word hand, and got hand-kerchief, a covering for the head held in the hand, but when we use the term pocket-handkerchief we speak of a covering for the head, which is held in the hand, and is kept in the pocket. The words handkerchief, and still worse, pocket-handkerchief, are, says the same writer, verbal monstrosities. So I hope my readers will begin to use the old word kerchief or at least handkerchief at once.

The word kerchief or chef comes from old English coverchief, and the French *couvrechef*, from *couvrir* to cover, and chef, the head. In Scotland a curch is a covering for the head. The word cur, for *couvrir*, is found in curfew, also in curtain, where it still retains the sense of covering. The vulgarism "handkercher" which is still used amongst us, is found in Chapman in the year 1654, when apparently it was not a vulgarism, but in ordinary use. However, that was a time when many things were in vogue which we should deem worse than vulgar now.

It does not seem improbable that the idea of much decorated and embroidered handkerchiefs came to Europe from Eastern lands, where they have been employed for ceremonial uses from a great antiquity. When presents are given, they must be enveloped in one of these much ornamented handkerchiefs, and they are used at all ceremonials. At what time they were introduced it would be impossible to say, but in the year 1498 the Portuguese began to trade with a part of India, and there was always a certain amount of intercourse with other countries in the East.

We find an allusion to this habit of wrapping valuables in napkins or kerchiefs in our Lord's Parable of the Talents, St. Luke xix. 20.

The earliest historical notice of handkerchiefs is, perhaps, the mention in the Acts of the Apostles xix. 11, of the handkerchiefs which had touched the body of the apostle Paul, being carried to the sick, for their healing and relief from evil spirits. And at an earlier date than this we find the traditional story of the handkerchief of Veronica. Dr. Brewer gives it as follows, "It is said that a maiden handed her handkerchief to our Lord on His way to Calvary. He wiped the sweat from His brow, returned the handkerchief to the owner, and then passed on. The handkerchief was found to bear a perfect likeness of the Saviour, and was called *Vera-Iconica* (true likeness), and the maiden was ever afterwards called St. Veronica. One of



MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HANDKERCHIEF, 1800.



THE HANDKERCHIEF AND BOUQUET IN 1837.

these handkerchiefs is preserved at St. Peter's at Rome, another in Milan Cathedral."

In the first volume of Chambers' *Book of Days* you will find a representation of this handkerchief, and all that is known of its history. Also, in Mr. Heaphy's valuable book on the true likenesses of our Lord, you will find a notice of it. It is of great antiquity, there is no doubt; and in this way is valuable, as showing the continuance of the traditional type of our Lord's countenance, the hair parted in the centre, and the long and sorrowful face.

The description of it is, that it is a painted cloth, the material being coarse linen. And the illustration shows that it has the scenes of the Crucifixion painted as a border all round it.

The various methods in which the handkerchief has been used would form a chapter to themselves. From those early days in the 16th and 17th centuries, when it first emerged from being a "muckinder," till it was carried in the hand in Elizabeth's reign, we have several mentions of it in old comedies and plays. In Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614, "a wench with a basket of linen" enters in the first scene with various articles for sale; she cries, "Buy some quoifs, handkerchiefs, or very good bone-lace, mistress." Then addressing Spendall, one of the characters, she asks, "Will you buy any handkerchiefs, sir?" to which he answers, "Yes, have you any fine ones?" She replies, "Yes, I'll show you choice, please you look, sir."

At the same date, we find "Silk handkerchiefs" named, "laced round with gold;" and in *Friar Bacon's Prophesie*, 1604, we read,

> "Handkerchiefs were wrought
> With names, and true love's knots."

Nearly of this period there is another mention and by a more illustrious playwright—Shakespeare—of the handkerchief which performed a fatal part in the tragedy of *Othello*, and that mentioned by the hapless boy, Prince Arthur. In pleading with Hubert to spare his eyes, he asks—

> "Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
> I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
> (The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
> And I did never ask it you again."

A description of the former is worth reading. It was given, said Othello, to his mother by an Egyptian, or what in these days we should call a gipsy; but later on he says it was "an antique token my father gave my mother."

It was evidently of silk, and was embroidered, and must have been rather large, for it is called "a napkin," a well as a handkerchief. Those were the days when people believed in charms, spells, and incantations, to ensure and to preserve love; and so Othello says this handkerchief had been specially prepared by the gipsy, and would guarantee the continuance of affection, if carefully cherished. We know better in these days, and have learnt that the true charms lie in the beauty and sweetness of character, manners and temper.

The kerchiefs of Plesaunce belong to the days of chivalry and romance. They were of silk, embroidered, and presented by a lady to her chosen knight, to wear for her sake. He was bound to place it on his helmet, and to defend its possession against every enemy. So in like manner we read of scarves and gloves being placed on the helmet; the first-named being, perhaps, more generally bound round the arm.

No notice of handkerchiefs would be complete without mention of the Bandana—that importation from the East, which was thought absolutely needful to elderly gentlemen; especially to those who took snuff. Plenty of them are still sold, for there exist people who prefer them to anything else, but fashion has long passed them by. The origin of the name seems rather doubtful; but without question the Indian word is the true source of it, as it shows the peculiar method of their making. This word is *Bandhna*, and it is Hindu, and means a special method of dyeing. The Spanish word *Bandana* is generally quoted as the original term, and this is in its turn taken from the word *Ban-da-la*, which means bast; and the early Bandanas were made, it is said, of bast, which is the inner bark of the lime or linden tree, from which matting and cordage are made. These handkerchiefs have been long made in Europe. The original ones came from India, and were of silk, having white or coloured spots, or diamonds, on a red, blue, or other dark ground. The process of making them seems to have been first practised in India, where the Hindus have understood it from time immemorial. The method adopted was that of binding up with thread the parts of the handkerchief that were to be uncoloured, and then exposing the whole to the action of the dye. The process for making the European ones was invented by M. Koechlin of Mulhausen in the year 1810, and by this method the Oriental ones have been exceeded



THE HANDKERCHIEF AND FAN, 1847.



THE PRE-RAPHAELITE STYLE.

in precision and beauty. And as the process is an interesting one, and in vogue to the present day, I will describe it to you. The pattern, which in the real bandana (or bandanna as the earliest spelling was) is spots or diamonds, is cut out in leaden plates. These are placed at the top and bottom of a thick pile of handkerchiefs, which have been dyed a dark colour, mostly red. Hydraulic pressure is then applied, and the pattern is made by discharging the colour with bleaching liquor, which is run in on the uppermost plate, and passed through all the folds of the fabric. The pressure required to work the pattern clearly is said to be enormous. In England, in the year 1851, the chief seat of this trade was stated to be in the vicinity of London, though it was also pursued in Lancashire, Cheshire and Scotland. The trade in that had been reduced to one-fifth in less than sixteen years; the change in the fashion from coloured silk handkerchiefs for men, to white, having then commenced. On reading over this report an item has suddenly come under my eye, which shocks me dreadfully. In 1700 the chintzes and muslins which were worn by the upper classes, and were beautifully fine, and well printed, all came from India, and they were so popular that they nearly superseded other fabrics, which excited popular clamour against them and all printed fabrics, including the bandannas. The Government of the day actually yielded to the clamour, and passed an Act of Parliament prohibiting the wearing of all printed calicoes whatsoever, an Act which disgraced our English Statute book for ten years! This was in the reign of good Queen Anne, I suppose; though I cannot find the exact date, which is not mentioned in the report. I have been trying to think what people did without their chintzes, but I suppose they returned to woollen and linen, both of which were made in England; grogram gowns were worn in the country at this period, which was a coarse woollen cloth.

The costliest lace handkerchief in the present day is said to belong to Queen Margherita of Italy. It was sent to the World's Fair in Chicago, and is valued at £6000. It took twenty years to make, and three people were engaged on the work. Its lightness is so great that you could not feel its touch, and it can be folded up into the size of a halfpenny stamp.

In San Francisco, some of the millionaires are reported to have their initials worked on their handkerchiefs in diamonds; and I daresay, in any account of a New York trousseau, you would not fail to see the value of the wedding handkerchief marked at £1000, or even more.

We have only one proverbial saying in English, I think, derived from the handkerchief, and that is taken from a game which is still played by children, called "Kiss in the ring." A handkerchief is thrown from one player to another; the one to whom it is thrown carrying on the game. Dr. Brewer also mentions a Norfolk game of a similar kind, and gives a quotation from the *Times*, showing the use of the proverb in a Committee of the House of Commons.

The handkerchief, since the advent of Her Most Gracious Majesty, has gone through several phases and has been much decreased in size. We are the only country, however, where this change has come in, for in Germany and Switzerland those used are as large as ever.

Many years ago, when people now living were young, it was a matter of pride to be considered not to find it necessary to have resort to a handkerchief at all. I have recently heard a lady say that her grandmother never used a handkerchief—at least, I suppose, not visibly—and in this connection it was amusing to hear, as I did this year, that on the Continent we are considered not to use them, or very little indeed.

"I should never have thought of blowing my nose before my father," said an elderly lady the other day. "He would have been quite outraged by such a thing. We were never allowed, as children, to blow our noses in company." And even to the present day this seems to be the teaching of the well-brought-up English child, and is probably the origin of the small use we make of the handkerchief. Until you live in the house with persons who have not been taught to consider the feelings of others in their use of the handkerchief, you will never fully estimate what a really disgusting habit it may become—using it otherwise than absolutely silently.

There are several methods of using the handkerchief which are objectionable in the extreme. The first is, rolling it into a ball, and the next is shaking it out before you use it. I cannot think of anything that requires to be so carefully taught to children as the use of the handkerchief, for it seems to be a key to the delicacy and refinement of the character.

As an unfailing remembrance, a knot in the handkerchief seems to be a man's supreme belief; but I do not notice that many women share it. I have known a man to arrive at home with a perfect army of knots, having forgotten the reason for every one. The effort to recall them to his memory taxes the wits of the whole family; but as they are generally acquainted with the grooves his mind runs upon, you may rely on it they will guess nearly all. I am sure you are all well acquainted with the old story of the gentleman who put a knot in his handkerchief to remind him to propose to his wife, or rather the lady he wished to make his wife! And I have always wanted to know how the story got out.

The illustrations will show you some of the variations in the use of the handkerchief in society from the early days of the century till now. It used to be carefully unfolded and spread over the front of the best gown in the partaking of a "dish of tea," as it was then called; and I am not sure that they were not refolded and returned to the pocket. The teacups in those days had no handles, and the tea might very easily have been spilt, I think; and the company rejoiced in hot buttered toast and such muffins and crumpets as we can only dream of.

After this there came a time when the handkerchief was held in the hand; being



HANDKERCHIEF IN THE GIRDLE.

taken delicately by the middle and shaken out so that it looked even as to the corners and the embroidery and lace was properly visible. The fan and the bouquet were its accompaniments in general; and you may see, in the sketches of those days, how much was made of this part of the apparel.

I have several of these old handkerchiefs in my possession, and they are veritable wonders in the way of needlework and fine stitchery. Valenciennes lace was that most generally chosen for their decoration. Indeed, in those days, a gentlewoman thought there was nothing possible in the way of trimmings for her linen but cambric frilling or Valenciennes lace, or both together.

Then there came a time when the handkerchief was carefully stuck into the front of the dress in such a manner that the pretty corners showed; and later on it was tucked in under the waistband, and the ends fell below it on the skirt. Then followed a season when it was severely left to its proper uses, and it was not the thing even to take it out at afternoon tea, nor to let people know you owned one at all.

From being twenty-five inches square in the '30's it sank to twenty; and in the '50's and '60's fell to fifteen. To-day we have arrived at a handkerchief of ten or twelve inches square—generally made of the thinnest cambric, or muslin even—and the very last ones seem even smaller, and are constructed of coloured cambrics, the favoured hues being mauve and a pale shade of grey.

We have quite changed, some of us, in our habits of carrying it, and have gone to the army for our examples in stuffing it up the left sleeve. The army, as is well known, is not allowed pockets, and our female sufferings are somewhat of the same nature, for we are only allowed pockets at the extreme back of the gown, where it is impossible to get at them, especially when the hand chances to be covered with a glove.

Just as I finish this I have made a discovery. Below my window lies one of those encampments formed by the workmen when any reparations are being carried on in the streets. First there is a small wooden house, painted drab, on wheels; then, in front, a confused mass of picks with no handles, machinery in a pile covered up with a black tarpaulin; and, in front of that, a brazier, about two feet high or so, filled with live coals. All round this there runs a fence or barrier made of long poles and cross-trees. It is a kind of London *laager*.

In the space round the ruddy warmth of the brazier are gathered ten or a dozen workmen, who are each supplied with a tin bottle or can, and on the lap of each is spread a red-and-white handkerchief, containing their mid-day meal. This evidently is the correct thing, as every man has the same, and it is also the rule in all the other London *laagers*. So there are clearly fashions even where red-cotton handkerchiefs are concerned!



HANDKERCHIEF IN SLEEVE, MILITARY STYLE, 1896.

VARIETIES.

Castles in the Air.

Father: "Now, see here! If you marry that young pauper how on earth are you going to live?"

Sweet Girl: "We have figured that all out. You remember that old hen my aunt gave me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have been reading a book on poultry-farming, and I find that one good hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, next season there will be twenty-one hens, and as each will raise more chicks, that will be four hundred and twenty. The next year—even allowing for a few disasters—the number will be eight thousand four hundred, the following year a hundred and sixty-eight thousand, and the next three million, three hundred and sixty thousand. Just think! At only two shillings apiece we will then have over three hundred thousand pounds. Then, dear old papa, we will lend you some money to pay off the mortgage on this house."

The Funny Side of It.—Take life humorously if you can, not flippantly. There is a wide difference between humour and frivolity; when we have found the difference, we cannot have too much of the former. In particular do women need the leaven of a joyous spirit. Too many are prone to seriousness, which often becomes absolute and pervading gloom.

Flattery.—Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived.

A Venomous Critic.

"With looks of horror some one said,
The critic Zoilus is dead!
Poisoned! by whom, how, where and when?
By accident; he sucked his pen."

Take the Stains Out.

A fashionable lady, in boasting of her new palatial residence, said the windows were all of stained glass.

"That's too bad!" cried her mother. "But won't soap and turpentine take the stains out?"

If I were an Empress.

Mr. Whiffle (reading): "The Empress of Austria suffers from insomnia."

Mrs. Whiffle (meditatively): "Well, no wonder. I'm sure if I was an empress I'd be so proud of it I couldn't sleep a wink."

Double Acrostic II.

Adventurer, discoverer, soldier bold,
Who brought a boon more precious far than gold
From foreign climes. His country understood
Its value—it has proved a nation's food.

1. A famous General in Napoleon's time,
   Served him in many a battle, many a clime;
   Yet after Leipzig his allegiance changed,
   And he from Bonaparte to Bourbon ranged.
   Then he forgot the faith to Louis due,
   And served his ancient Chief at Waterloo.
   But after Waterloo's disastrous day,
   Again to Louis' Court he made his way.
2. Upon an island in a tranquil sea,
   Is seen a town, which was ordained to be
   A Conqueror's birth-place; here, without a scar,
   He made his first essay at real war.
   War followed war; his triumph seemed complete,
   For neighbouring countries lay beneath his feet:
   And tourist-travellers go to see the town,
   Which owes to him its interest and renown.
3. Set, like Jerusalem, upon a hill,
   And flanked by mountains rising higher still,
   This Cambrian country-town no beauty shows,
   Save where of old the Norman church arose;
   Whereof, not given to *one* holy name,
   Three Saints at once the dedication claim.
4. The "Festivals of Liberty," that kept
   Alive the memory of those who slept.
   In death upon the field their valour won,
   Well might each matron glory in her son!
5. A most unwelcome visitor I come,
   Amid the close recesses of your home:
   Oft caused by poverty, more oft by wealth;
   But, be that as it may, I tend to health.
6. This was, in olden days, the glorious name
   Given to a victor who aspired to fame;
   But we, in modern times, require that he
   The conqueror not of others but of himself must be.

Ximena.

THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

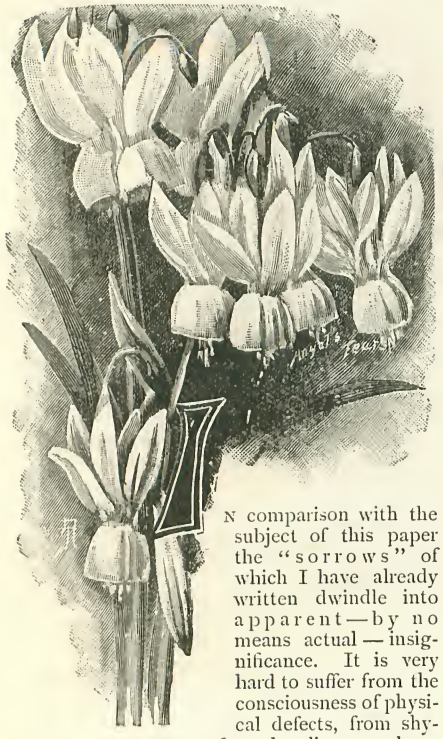
PART IV.

BEREAVEMENT—NEW CHAPTERS IN LIFE.

"'Tis strange that those we lean on most,
Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,
Fall into shadow, soonest lost;
Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone."

Tennyson.



In comparison with the subject of this paper the "sorrows" of which I have already written dwindle into apparent—by no means actual—insignificance. It is very hard to suffer from the consciousness of physical defects, from shyness or nervousness, from loneliness, and we have tried to find comfort together for these ills; but when we approach the sanctuary of bereavement, a chill falls upon us; we are in another and a more awful Presence. Those within are, in a manner, sacred, in the mystery of their grief, and it is not fitting for a stranger to intrude too far, even with the most kindly-meant attempts at consolation.

"One writes that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race—'
And common is the commonplace
And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

The usual methods of comfort in this, alas! too common loss, are better let alone. Nothing can possibly make up for the loss of a father and a mother, and the consideration that it is in the natural course of things for them to go home before their children, by no means softens the agony of separation.

An irretrievable loss for a girl is the loss of her mother. How often one is driven to say, after association with a motherless girl, "She has grown up without a mother, poor child; that is her excuse." Many a lonely girl cherishes with passionate affection the portrait, the vague memory, of one she can scarce picture to her mental vision, and dreams, "Ah, had she only lived, all would have been different."

In strange contrast with this sacred tenderness is the behaviour of many girls to their mothers who are still alive! It may seem a digression, but it is worth while reminding daughters who have never known the pangs of orphanhood, that they possess something they ought to cherish as a sacred privilege. Bereavement may, and in all human probability will, come some day; then, while it is still possible to show filial love and kindness, let it be done! It adds a terrible stab to the supreme sorrow of separation to think, "I was not as thoughtful, or dutiful, or loving as I should have been," to the father or mother who is now beyond the reach of the most passionate demonstrations of affection.

When temptations come, as come they may in the friction of daily life, to little acts of neglect, of selfishness, to sharp speeches, to signs of irritation, it is a good plan to pause and think, "How will this look to me when I have to view it with a grave lying between?"

"Oh, the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them; for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings; for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know!"

Observation forces me to the reluctant conclusion that the number of daughters who in some respect or another do not "get on" with one of their parents (usually the mother) is decidedly on the increase. Much has been said and written of late years on the subject of mothers and daughters. I heard a learned and witty Canon quote on a platform the other day, to a hall full of schoolgirls a university allusion to "Parents, who after all, are God's creatures." Perhaps some girl-reader needs to take the hint. A parent cannot be absolutely perfect; as the child grows older, the failings will probably appear that were not seen in the early years of the relationship; but to the child even faults should be sacred. Is the sense of duty growing less among young people, and were parents more beloved and reverenced in the days when they were stern and (we should now think) even cruel?

These are questions that cannot be debated here, and perhaps I am straying a little from my subject. But the thought of the loss of parents necessarily reminds one that it is as well not to wait till they are gone before displaying filial tenderness.

It is only fair to add that, when the relationship is not marred, it can attain, in the freedom and spontaneity of modern intercourse between parent and child, a charm that is unexampled. Beautiful illustrations of this fact may be found in *Margaret Ogilvy* by J. M. Barrie and in the *Poems* and the *Life* of Christina Rossetti.

To return to the thought of bereavement; one may say to the stricken child that out of her loss may come gain. The great saying, "It is expedient for you that I go away" may have its counterpart in a lower sense between mother and daughter. Has one not seen instances in which the power of independent action, sweetness and unselfishness of character, capacities of work for others, have been developed in an elder daughter solely and simply because the mother has gone? And with all this there may come a sense, for the aching heart, even of a present reunion.

The one solace for bereavement is to strive to live as those who have passed away would wish.

"They mourn the dead who live as they desire."

Excessive indulgence in grief is no honour to the dead, and is an injury to the living.

To any reader then, who has this great heart-sorrow to bear, we would affectionately commend the advice—try and live more as the one who has gone home would love to see you live; do not repress the idea that possibly he or she may look unseen upon your efforts and sympathise in your loneliness; and never think of the parting as final. The love which prompted a mother's, a father's love, is the Love in which we too "live and move, and have our being," and hence we are not severed irretrievably.

I have special sympathy with the daughter who is trying to fill the duties of her lost mother; to be a little mother to the children; to keep her father's house, and cheer his lonely hours. It is a task with difficulties that no outsider can quite appreciate, but in time they will grow less, and the result from the hard, exacting work may be of untold gain—a character of nobility, unselfishness, and beauty that could have been won in no other way.

The second part of my subject, "New Chapters in Life" follows naturally on the other. Only too often the loss of a father means the breaking up of a home, and the departure at least of some of the daughters into the great world, to earn their own living.

The breaking up of a home! What can be sadder, if the home has been a home in the true sense of the term? One sees in imagination perhaps the country vicarage, or the home of any professional man, with its beloved sights and sounds, its cherished garden, its dumb friends; the village, every nook of which is familiar; all on the eve of being forsaken for ever. The daughters, who perhaps have now and again been wont to complain a little of the rural dulness, must perforce take up the real burden of life; one is going out as a governess, another as a companion, a third finds a home with relatives in another part of the country, and so forth. To the misery of losing a father is added the bitterness of separation, the prospect of alien surroundings. What can be more grey and forlorn than the prospect before such daughters? It makes one's heart ache with a useless rebellion against the whole framework of modern society, to think what their young life must appear to them at such a moment.

But even here there is hope, and more hope than at first sight can possibly be discerned.

To begin with, society has improved since the days of Charlotte Brontë, and the stranger in the home is no longer, by people with any pretensions to good breeding, treated with forbidding coldness. The new home may prove just the *milieu* that is necessary for the true development of character. Sometimes the process of division and separation is as necessary for a group of human beings, planted closely together, as it is for flowers. Each can become her own self more truly, can unfold and develop better, at a distance from the others; though the breaking asunder at first is acutely painful.

I have in my own mind a group of sisters, obliged to go out as governesses on the death of their father, a professional man. Without startlingly brilliant attainments each, by conscientious faithful service, made her own way. One thing led to another and life opened out before each of them; they gained troops of friends, were respected by all who knew them, and passed the last years of their life not only in comfort but in happiness, as well as independence.

But the question of "new chapters in life" must not be restricted to governess-hood or

companionship or the need for earning in any way. Every day one sees or hears of sudden events that change the whole complexion of the world for the young. The first great change to girls who have lived a happy sheltered young life, always brings with it a shock of terror. It seems as if the whole world were altered; as if nothing were ever going to be the same any more. This change in surroundings is often associated with the sorrow of bereavement. There may be no necessity to earn; but the "home is broken up," to use the sad and expressive phrase, by the death of a father, or of the surviving parent.

A generation ago children used to be charmed with *Parables from Nature*, by Mrs. Gatty, and there was one, of exquisite beauty, illustrating the thought "This is not your Rest." Even to the child-heart it brought a hint of the truth that permanence in one order of things is not to be looked for here below; that the change, the parting, which seems so distressing and alarming, may be but one stage of progress towards a higher life. As we grow older, the truth is increasingly felt. We should never, ourselves, break up the loved and familiar circle, interrupt the happy routine; but it may be necessary for our true progress that this should be done, and not only good but happiness may be waiting in the future, all unknown.

For individual needs as for the progress of the world it is well that:—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

A ship was leaving the docks for Australia, and with tears and forebodings a group of friends were bidding farewell to an orphan girl who was going across the world. A terrible new chapter in life it seemed, thus to break away from all she held most dear, with no prospect but that of loneliness.

Yet in a few months there came to England the news of one of the most perfectly congenial marriages that were ever solemnised; and the girl gratefully felt: "Had it not been for this severance and journey into the unknown, I should never have met with this crown to my life."

Another girl was training for a musical career, and had bright hopes before her, when she was attacked by violinist's cramp. Her beloved work was stopped. The chapter in her life was closed for ever. In brave and cheerful hope she began another "chapter," and she became more successful with her pen than she ever could have hoped to become with her violin.

There may not, it is true, always be this happy development of "new chapters in life," but there are always possibilities. "Opportunity, mother of all things," as the Greeks called it, is born of change.

On the first entrance into a foreign *pension*, how unfamiliar the people seem, even though they are compatriots; how one views them with instinctive dislike and feel sure one will never be at home among them! Yet in a few days, how familiar they become; what charming friends are found; what pleasant associations crop up even with those who are not so intimate! Knowledge changes everything. It may be the same with other new surroundings.

What seems forbidding and hopeless grows softened, even if not actually delightful, through familiarity.

Courage, hope, and trust—these taken together, make up a priceless amulet.

If any one of my readers who has shortly to enter upon some new chapter in her life, is looking forward to it with dismay and apprehension, let me try to comfort her. Possibly, nay probably, it will not be half so bad as she thinks. The unknown is often terrible, but as it draws close, a pleasant countenance may be descried beneath the veil. Then, though it is not in one's own power to compel circumstances to be exactly as one likes, it is in one's power to do the right.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can!"

Let my girl-friend then brace herself up to meet that which is to come, and try, if she can, to profit by the experience of the sage who had lived.

"No longer forward nor behind,
I look in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar,
The Angel sought so far away.
I welcome at my door."

Ah! you say, that is all very well; but it is difficult when one is young, and one's life seems entering upon a phase that is repellent and dreary.

It is hard, and I sympathise with all my heart with the girl who thus feels. But it is to a wonderful extent *within* our own power to make the immediate surroundings of our own lives.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," is a deep as well as a Divine saying. The proud and wilful, who resist and rebel at every turn, who think of their own pleasure first, find life bitter. The "meek"—those who in no craven spirit can efface their own personal demands in the presence of a larger need, can submit themselves readily to what duty requires, find pleasures undreamed-of lying close at their feet. There is in Ruskin's *Modern Painters* a beautiful passage, which I have quoted elsewhere, on this very subject.

Dante knew himself the bitterness of having to mount and descend alien stairs. Yet there is one line in his great poem which may be commended to all who are perplexed about the secret of living.

An angel when questioned as to whether she is satisfied with her position in a lower sphere, replies thus:

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace," which is, being translated:

"In His Will is our Peace."

DOROTHY EVANS; OR, PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH.

CHAPTER I.



"Oh, Dora, whatever made you think of doing such a thing?"

Dorothy Evans, kneeling by the open window, looked up at her sister who was carefully packing clean linen into an open drawer, and answered with a deprecating smile—

"You know, Hilda, I was always fond of writing; it didn't seem so very presumptuous, when I had often succeeded in school themes, and things of that kind. Besides, if I do fail, it will not be very dreadful; no one need know."

"Didn't you tell father, then?"

"Yes, of course. I asked him if he had any objection to my trying; but you know the absent way he has sometimes; he smiled and said, 'not the least,' and I really think he hardly understood what it was that I had asked him about."

"I am not sure that I understand myself, even now," said Hilda. "You had better tell me all over again, for it almost took my breath away to think of your making such an attempt."

"Well, you know I saw it announced in the June number of the *Teacher's Magazine*, that the Sunday Association had offered a prize of ten pounds for the best essay on Self-sacrifice. The competition was to be open to all Sunday-school teachers under twenty-five years of age, and to all senior scholars. There were the usual conditions about the length of papers, and the marking with a motto and sending your own name in a separate envelope, and all that; and it did not seem quite impossible that, if I tried, I might happen to win. So I wrote a paper and sent it in by the 6th of July, which was the date fixed, and now I'm all on thorns waiting for the September *Teacher*, in which the result will be given."

"But, my dear child, perhaps there will be two or three hundred competitors, and some of them will have had many more advantages than you have enjoyed. What chance can you possibly have of winning ten pounds, nearly as much as my half year's salary, by the way?"

Dora looked unconvinced. "Girls do win things," she rejoined. Only think of Harriet Martineau; she was quite a girl when she won three prizes for essays, and they came to ever so much money, twenty-five pounds I think it was. I was reading all about it the other day."

"Yes, child, I know, but you are not a Harriet Martineau; however, I don't want to damp your ardour; what motto did you choose?"

"'Dum spiro spero,'" said Dora, with a slight blush.

"Dora, do you know what it means? Why, they will think you care ever so much about it."

"Of course I know what it means, Hilda," replied the younger sister, with still more heightened colour. "It means, 'while I breathe I hope,' and so I do hope, with all my heart and soul, that I shall win the prize. Think what ten pounds would be to me."

"Inexhaustible riches, no doubt. I wonder whatever you would do with it."

"Oh, there would be a hundred things to do with it," smiled Dora. In imagination she had laid out that ten pounds again and again, and she lapsed for a few moments into a happy silence, as she thought once more of possible success.

Hilda and Dorothy were the second and third of Mr. Gerald Evans's five daughters; they were fair, rather pretty girls of nineteen and seventeen years respectively. Hilda had for some time been a teacher in a girls' boarding-school, situated some twenty miles from Wedgbury, the country town where her father

and sisters lived. Dora, who at sixteen had left school, was at home now, and was helping the eldest sister, Lucy, who had kept her father's house since the mother's death, a few years previously.

The two little ones, as their elders called *Alice and Emily*, the slim growing girls who completed the family group, went to a day school close at home, and added to Lucy's many cares the task of looking after their home-lessons and behaviour, and providing a succession of new or re-modelled garments to supply those that were always becoming too small or too shabby to be any longer presentable.

It was not an easy duty that had been given to Lucy Evans, that of stepping into her dead mother's place, and caring for the sorrowing father and the young grief-stricken sisters, bewildered by the calamity that had come upon them. If Mrs. Evans had had a long illness, if there had been any preparation, any warning of the trouble that was coming, it would have seemed perhaps lighter to bear, but she was taken away almost suddenly: before they had begun really to anticipate their loss, the family found themselves bereaved indeed.

She had been a cheerful active woman, taking everything upon herself, smoothing the way for her daughters, perhaps a little more than was good for them; chiefly anxious that Lucy, in her bright young womanhood, should go out and enjoy herself as much as possible, and that Hilda and Dorothy should be kept long at school and have a good many advantages. As for the two youngest, they were "mother's darlings," they could not believe, for a time, in the dreadful truth that they should see that dear mother no more

Her death had changed all things. Lucy, some years older than the next sister, was old enough to take charge of the housekeeping, and an arduous charge she found it. Mr. Evans was a clerk in the Wedgbury bank, and though he had some private means of his own, which made the family position better than it would otherwise have been, there was but a narrow income to supply the wants of such a household. It was impossible to keep more than one servant, and when the faithful and experienced Betty, who had been with Mrs. Evans since the first baby was born, turned traitor to her employer's interests, and married an old sweetheart who had courted her persistently for fifteen years, Lucy called aloud for some help in her difficulties.

"We shall never get anyone like Betty," she said to her father, in despair. "I shall have to spend my time getting a new girl into our ways, and it will be impossible for things to go on properly unless one of the others come home to help."

"I daresay you are right, Lucy," Mr. Evans said, rather wearily; in his secret heart he was always regretting the lost wife who had made everything work smoothly and noiselessly, without the appeal for help that Lucy seemed to make so often. "I daresay you are right, but you know you cannot have Hilda. Miss Graves has offered to keep Hilda on as a teacher, and she will be in a way to get her own living then; with so many of you to be provided for that must be considered. It is time Dorothy was leaving school; she may come home at Christmas to help you, and that is all that can be done. You must just manage as well as you can."

With this concession Lucy was fain to be content; she would much rather have had Hilda, and vainly wished that Miss Graves had exercised more discernment and more thought of the home needs, before she had made that unfortunate offer of a teacher's place for her favourite pupil.

"In a year or two Dorothy would have done just as well for Miss Graves," reflected Lucy bitterly, "but she will never do as well for me as Hilda would have done."

The decision was a blow to Dora too; she had been keenly interested in her school studies, and had fondly hoped for some kind of work in which she might have used the mental powers of which she was perhaps a little too conscious. To go home and help in the housekeeping seemed a very flat ending to her school-day dreams, and she felt quite sure that it would be impossible for her ever to care, as Lucy did, about keeping the parlours and bedrooms in order, or making sure that the daily dinner was to everybody's liking.

"We can't be made only for such a wretched routine as that," she said to herself, in her young rebellion against the life before her. The poor child had yet to learn how a lofty spirit may animate even the humblest acts; how the simple household service may become the expression of the purest and most exalted charity.

But though she shrank so much from the prospect, Dora, when she did return to her father's house, found that her sad lot admitted of a good many alleviations. Lucy was not a very exacting elder sister; she did what she could to make things easy for Dora, and the latter often found time for the hours of quiet study which were her chief pleasure. She was not altogether ungrateful for Lucy's kindness either, and made really honest endeavours to accustom herself to the household works and ways that were naturally distasteful to her.

"All girls should know how to keep house, Dora," said Lucy sensibly. "I will do my best to give you time for your studies, if you will try to help me, and take a little real interest in things."

By degrees Dora did come to be very useful, and as the two sisters worked well into each other's hands, the time came when the experienced Betty was no longer regretted. The one servant Mr. Evans could afford to keep did pretty well under her two young mistresses, and the head of the family could not help being surprised sometimes that there was still so much comfort and order in the house.

Only in one point poor Lucy failed, but that unfortunately was a very important one; she herself admitted that she had "no head for figures," and try as she would, she constantly outran the quarterly allowance which her father made her for the housekeeping, and to pay for the dress of herself and her sisters.

"Your mother had the same money, and she always made it enough, and even saved out of it," Mr. Evans said, with a good deal of irritation, perhaps not making sufficient allowance for the fact that economy is a difficult virtue for young people to practise. "You must make the amount do somehow, Lucy, for, if I give you any more, it will be impossible for me to pay the younger girls' school bills, and meet other necessary expenses. There are ways and means of saving, if you have only the will to save."

Lucy thought all this very hard, and she poured out her complaints to Dora in no measured terms.

"Why don't you have a proper book and keep accounts, Loo, the same as mother used to do?" suggested Dora. "You don't know how your money goes half the time."

Lucy did not think much good would come of adopting this plan. What she wanted was some other source of supply.

"I could do well enough if the money was only sufficient for our necessary expenses," she said in an injured tone, "but it isn't, and I don't know what to do."

"You must cut your coat according to your cloth, my dear," said Dora, "and I do wish you would be advised by me, and keep an account."

After a little more persuasion Lucy consented that Dora should keep a daily record of expenses, and, as every one who has tried it may imagine, this proved a real help. But even Dora was often surprised to find how many things were wanted, and how very difficult it was to get everything out of a certain fixed sum, and to make all straight at the quarter's end.

She cast about in her own mind for some way of augmenting the family finances, and both she and Lucy were sometimes tempted to envy Hilda, with her entire freedom from the domestic cares that harassed her sisters, and her certain, if small, salary of five-and-twenty pounds yearly. "Out of which she has only to dress herself and pay for postage-stamps and things," Lucy said with her injured air, quite forgetting that it would have been very easy for Hilda too to get into debt, instead of being able, as she often was, to make her sisters little presents when she came home for the holidays.

It was just a month before one of Hilda's visits home that Dorothy had seen in the *Teacher's Magazine* the announcement of the Essay Competition. Ten pounds seemed such a splendid sum to her young anxious mind, that she could not help being eager to make some effort to obtain it. There had always been present with her a vague longing to work with her pen, and this unlooked for opportunity seemed to give it strength and shape.

Lucy thought little of the plan, and indeed forgot all about it after the first mention of the subject; and Mr. Evans, as Dorothy had told Hilda, hardly seemed to notice the request his daughter made for permission to enter for the competition.

It was such a common thing for Dora to be scribbling at odd times in the little back bedroom she had to herself, that no one observed how much care she gave to the composition of her paper, and it was all finished and sent away without any family criticism. But Dorothy herself was surprised when she began to think seriously upon the subject, at the multitude and variety of the thoughts that came to her.

"I never knew there was so much to be said about self-sacrifice before," she thought. "It is a beautiful theme, but I must try and condense a little. I must choose only a part of the many things that come into my head to say."

After resolutely altering and pruning, and after copying her paper three times over, she was fairly well satisfied, and putting it up in a neat wrapper she dropped it into the post-office with a light heart, and went home to wait, with as much patience as she could muster, for the result of her venture.

"I must try not to be sanguine," she said again and again to herself, "but there is no harm in thinking what one might do with the ten pounds if it really came. Half of it I would give to Lucy; I have quite made up my mind to that. If she could once get a little beforehand she might never be in such a dreadful fix about her money again as she is now towards the end of the quarter. But the rest—I might surely do as I like with the rest. I would buy some books, expensive books that I have often longed for; and I would put something by to pay for taking in two or three magazines regularly; then how nice it would be, what a help to me, to subscribe to a good literary circle or correspondence class, or something of that kind. There would be money enough for all, and oh! how happy these things would make me."

Then she smiled at her own reverie and thought herself like Alnaschar in the story, and as far away from the fulfilment of her wishes as that unhappy china-merchant.

(*To be concluded.*)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

R. A. T. says, "*Will the Editor in Correspondence give a short account of Dante's 'Divina Commedia'? Ordinary people never seem to know anything of Beatrice. Is there any book giving an easy interesting little tale from it in the way that Lamb's Tales do of Shakespeare's plays?*"

We are very glad to answer this question, as the study of Dante is a never-failing source of inspiration for the inner life. Thanks to the many translations, the books issued on the *Divine Comedy*, and the lectures delivered in various centres, the love of Dante and the desire to understand his work more and more, are spreading among a class that formerly would hardly have ventured to approach the great poem of the Middle Ages. Carlyle calls it, "The voice of ten silent centuries." It is, briefly, the story told in three books, or "cantiche" of Dante's imaginary journey through Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. Beatrice, the lady of his love, who died, is the inspiration of the whole. He represents her as, from her home in heaven, directing the shade of Virgil to be his guide; but on the summit of the Mount of Purgatory Beatrice herself takes the place of the Latin poet, and ascends with Dante through the regions of the blest.

Why is it called a "comedy"? This has occupied the attention of commentators, one of whom suggested that Dante intended to introduce a "comic" element in the grotesqueness of his mocking demons. Nothing could perhaps be further from the truth. Dante is the last poet to whom the epithet "comic" could be applied, and though he makes free use of the grotesque and the horrible, it is always with a vivid sense of the awfulness and terror pervading the *città dolente* down to the minutest details. In an epistle to one Can Grande, Dante explains that he used the word *commedia* because his poem begins sadly and ends happily, also because it is "meek and humble in style," being written in "the vulgar tongue" (*i.e.*, Italian instead of Latin), and therefore cannot claim the sublimity of tragedy. According to Dante's ideas, this latter remark might have been intelligible in his day, but the poem is really tragic in the highest degree, especially in the "Inferno."

The most literal translation of Dante is by Longfellow, but there are others by Cary, Cayley, Plumptre, and so on. Not one will give the poetry of the original, and for any intelligent girl with leisure, the study of enough Italian to catch the music of this poem is strongly to be advised. The translation can then be used as a secondary help.

Miss Selfe has written a book for children, *How Dante Climbed the Mountain*, which gives the story of his journey through Purgatory. Miss Maria Rossetti's *Shadow of Dante* is a favourite volume. Mr. Philip Wicksteed's *Six Sermons on Dante* are very beautiful. Dante's *Pilgrim's Progress*, with notes by Mrs. Russell Gurney (Elliot Stock), is well spoken of. Dean Church's essay on Dante is most valuable. An account of the love of Dante for Beatrice was given in these pages incidentally in a story called "A Child of Genius" (THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 1895–96).

A superficial observer might say, "Why should we fill our minds with religious ideas in which there is sure to be a great deal of superstition?" If any such foolish question should be asked of one of our would-be students of Dante, the best reply is taken from the poem itself. It abounds not only in the most exquisite poetic imagery, and in the idealisation of womanhood as womanhood never was idealised by poet before, but in religious thought that transcends all distinctions of creed, and understands the longing of the human soul for God, its Source and its Eternal Home.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

MEDICAL TRAINING.—*My greatest desire is to become a medical missionary. I am now fifteen years old. I have been told that no woman has courage enough to become a really good doctor. Do you think this is true, and that I am wrong in choosing this profession? I have obtained an Intermediate County Council Scholarship, which will enable me to study four more years, and then I might try to obtain a Senior Scholarship, which would enable me to go to the university. The County Council pays the scholar's fees if they do not exceed £30, and also allows £60 per year for three years. How long should I be obliged to study to become a doctor, and what would the training cost?*—LILY OF THE VALLEY.

You are young yet to form any decision with regard to your future profession. But there is no harm in thinking of medicine as a possible career, without, at the same time, making to yourself any irrevocable vows on the subject. Medicine is now an easy profession for any woman to adopt who is without private means. At the same time, if you continue to display the ability and energy in the future which you have shown by winning the scholarship you now hold, you may realise your ambition. It would not be fair to your patients nor to yourself to go abroad as a medical missionary unless you were fully qualified. The London qualification takes five years to obtain, and the fees, if you study at the London School of Medicine for Women, amount to £125. If your home is in London, we imagine that the outlay might be met; but, of course, if the cost of board and lodging must be included, the expense becomes considerable. There are schools of medicine also in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin and Belfast, in which women can study. You must wait until you are eighteen before you can enter the School of Medicine for Women (the address of which is Handel Street, Brunswick Square), but previously you could pass a qualifying examination. You should write to the Hon. Secretary of the School for particulars of the previous examination, and for an enumeration of those examinations (among which, we believe, is the London matriculation), which are accepted in its stead.

TEACHING LAUNDRY-WORK.—*What course should I take in order to obtain a post as County Council teacher of laundry-work? What would be the cost of training, and what books would be necessary? I am seventeen, and since leaving school, I have assisted my mother in managing a laundry?*—MAY BLOSSOM.

Our advice to you is not to try to become a laundry-teacher, but to obtain such a thorough knowledge of laundry-work and organisation as to enable you to fill a post as superintendent of a laundry. It is difficult to find women qualified to fill such positions satisfactorily, although salaries of from £100 to £200 are offered, frequently with the addition of a house. Many women, to whom the certainty of a good income appeals, are deterred from laundry-work by reason of the long hours of standing, which at present are among the conditions of the industry. But girls like yourself, who have entered the business young, become enured to fatigue, which is insupportable to middle-aged women who have previously led a sedentary life. We recommend you to take a course of general training in a large steam-laundry, making a special point that you shall be shown the general organisation of the business. It would be worth while for you to offer to pay something in order to obtain this valuable initiation. All over the kingdom there are openings for laundries to be established, and laundries where competent superintendents are required; and it seems a great pity that there are not more women competent to avail themselves of these excellent opportunities. For laundry-teachers the prospect is somewhat doubtful; though here again, the woman who knows the business thoroughly as a trade will be more in request than her rival, who has only learnt it as a manual employment. But, if you resolve to become a teacher, you should try to obtain a scholarship in the Battersea Polytechnic. Miss Pycroft, Organising Secretary of Domestic Economy, London County Council, St. Martin's Place, London, would send you particulars of the examination you would be required to pass.

OUR OPEN LETTER-BOX.

We thank Mrs. J. Holt for kindly sending us the lines inquired for by MARGARET BULGIN.

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

"The fox lay under the birch-tree's root
Beside the heather;
And the hare bounded with lightsome foot
Over the heather:
'To-day is just a day to my mind—
All sunny before and sunny behind,
Over the heather!'

And the fox laughed under the birch-tree's root
Beside the heather;
And the hare frolicked with heedless foot
Over the heather:
'I am so glad about everything!'—
'So that is the way you dance and spring
Over the heather!'

And the fox lay in wait by the birch-tree's root
Beside the heather;
And the hare soon tumbled close to his foot
Over the heather:
'Why, bless me! is that you, my dear?
However did you come dancing here
Over the heather?'"

Walter Bryce.

Since writing the above, we have been kindly informed by CECILIA BUCHANAN (Orkney), CYRIL, EDITH J. BENNETT and "AN ADMIRER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," that the original poem is by Björnsen, a Norwegian, and that the lines are to be found in the story by Edna Lyall, "A Hardy Norseman."

In reply to E. A. T., John I. Liddell, Dronfield, near Sheffield, writes to suggest that a verse of the hymn sought for occurs in the Bristol Tune Book, "Pater Omnium," No. 605, and that the first line is not quite as E. A. T. quotes it, but is—

"Onward thro' life Thy children stray."

Guided by this kind suggestion, we find that the author of the hymn is William Whiting, born in 1825, who also wrote the well-known hymn "Eternal Father Strong to Save." E. A. T. will find the whole hymn in the Appendix of 1869 to the "Psalms and Hymns," published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. We thank Mr. Liddell for his information.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

VERA.—Snoring is invariably due to nasal obstruction—not complete obstruction necessarily, but sufficient to make breathing through the nose difficult. This amount of interference with healthy breathing may not be manifest during the day when one is in the upright position, but as soon as one lies down it becomes manifest. Snoring is most common in children because nasal obstruction is most often due to "adenoids," and "adenoids" are almost confined to children. In adults nasal spurs or a broken nose due to previous injury are common causes. Catarrh of the nose is, however, the chief cause, and a constant accompaniment of this disagreeable habit. To prevent a person from snoring the nose must be first seen to. You say that you are forty years old, but that the snoring is of long standing. We can be certain that some amount of nasal catarrh is present, and so we had better direct our efforts to cure this and see what will be the result. You have been recommended to wash out your nose with salt and water. This is not a bad lotion, but it appears from what you say that you have used it too strong. The best lotion for the nose is that composed of chlorate of potash, borax, bicarbonate of soda, one part of each, and finely powdered sugar two parts. This is a powder. You make the lotion by dissolving one teaspoonful of this powder in a teacupful of tepid water. A spray of menthol in paroleine (1 in 8) used in an atomiser is a very useful adjunct to the lotion.

EMELIE.—You want to know of any remedy other than iron and arsenic for anæmia. You have been treated with iron and arsenic pills, these relieved the anæmia but produced a rash. The rash comes out invariably after taking the pills. Now it is in all probability not the iron but the arsenic which produces the rash; arsenical rashes being by no means uncommon, they are probably due to idiosyncrasy. The omission of the arsenic might therefore prevent the rash after taking the pills. Still, if the iron and arsenic is necessary for your health, the skin is of very third-rate importance. Iron is very seldom badly borne in anæmia; many women say that they cannot take iron because they have taken the strongest preparations of the metal to begin with. The dialysed iron is the mildest of all preparations of iron, and we do not believe that it will disagree with anyone. Syrup of hæmoglobin, a French preparation, is said to be less indigestible and more efficacious than the dialysed iron. It is far more expensive, and we are sceptical as to its superior value. Besides iron, arsenic, myrrh, aloes and various other drugs are used in anæmia, aloes being very useful for its action on the bowels. The tabloids of the red marrow of bone are now extensively used in chlorosis, often with results that leave nothing to be desired, but they are very powerful and may only be administered with great caution.

ISOBEL.—Iron does to a certain extent blacken the teeth, but only temporarily. Even if taken in pills it has this defect, which is partly due to the general action of the drug. When taking iron you should clean your teeth often, and always after taking a dose of the iron. It does not do any permanent damage to the teeth and does not make the gums tender.

A BLIGHTED LASSIE.—The question that you ask us is one of overwhelming difficulty. If, as you say, it has puzzled eight doctors, who have personally examined you, it is hardly to be expected that we could do very much for you with nothing to go by but a letter. From your account it is obvious that you suffer from one of the functional diseases of the nervous system, either migraine or neurasthenia. You had far better see a specialist in nervous diseases, for very probably something can be done to cure you.

MARTHA.—The best form of applying mustard to the chest to act as a counter-irritant is as a mustard-plaster. To make this, spread mustard on a thick flannel or linen rag and apply it to the chest. Do not let any of the mustard touch the skin. Remember that mustard must be mixed with cold water, if you use hot water the volatile oil of mustard is set free and will set up much too violent irritation. After taking off the plaster apply a rag smeared with cold cream or some simple ointment. The mustard leaves (*charta sinapis*) of the pharmacopœia are less efficacious but much less messy than the household plaster.

ADA.—It is not uncommon for the hair to turn grey and to comb out in young girls. This is due to a variety of conditions of which the chief are affections of the scalp, derangements of the general health, and emotion. To cure it, it is necessary to remove the cause, if possible, and to apply a stimulating lotion or pomade, such as a preparation of cantharides or rosemary. Brilliantine is often very useful for the purpose.

AMY.—Cracked lips are very common in the winter, especially in cold windy weather. In some individuals the lips always split in the centre during cold winds. In slight cases a little glycerine or vaseline will cure the condition, or the following preparation may be used:—Sulphate of zinc, four grains; compound tincture of lavender, one drachm; glycerine, one ounce. In bad cases, running the point of a sharpened stick of lunar caustic (silver nitrate) down the slit is an excellent though rather painful remedy.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

PORC-ÉPIC.—Local examinations in music are held and certificates granted by The Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music (address The Secretary, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.); and by Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, W. Write to these addresses for full particulars.

INGEBORG.—We should suggest that you write to the secretary of the Froebel Society, 12, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C., and ask for full particulars as to Kindergarten training. Your letter is very pleasant to read, and does you great credit as a Danish girl.

HERMIA.—We should advise you also to read and study. Your verses are unusually good, considering that you are not yet fifteen, but we only accept the work of experienced writers for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We do not wish you to be discouraged, but it is too early in life for you to succeed in writing poetry on such a theme. We cannot forbear expressing our admiration of your handwriting.

E. A. C.—We are glad your efforts have been of use to your friend. As you ask our candid opinion of your verses, we cannot give them much praise from a literary point of view; but there is a certain earnestness about them which may commend them to some readers. In No. 1, this is a halting couplet—

> "Acknowledging our every joy or care
> Cometh direct from His hand."

Your own strictures on verse 7 of No. 2 are quite correct, and in No. 3 we also notice imperfect lines, e.g.—

> "And that time when from sin and bondage,"

which is of a different cadence from a parallel line—

> "We take a chapter from Nature's book."

Verses worth reading are seldom written without trouble. The inspiration may be spontaneous, but the execution demands care and work.

HESPERUS.—You have chosen a difficult subject, and one that requires very delicate and cautious handling. We doubt, ourselves, whether in the sudden presence of a lingering and terrible death, the love of life and sense of duty would not assert themselves more strongly than any such feeling as you have described. We consider that you show some power in the sketch, and should advise you, if possible, to practise your pen. In order to improve yourself you should read and study the masters of English literature. If we knew more of your tastes we could advise you in detail

DRESDEN.—"The Oath of the Benedictine Monk" would be better if your friend had obeyed the laws of metre. She evidently intends the poem to be in the usual metre of blank verse, with ten-syllabled lines such as line 4, verse 1—

> "There stands a temple torn from heathen hands,"

but she is constantly forgetting and running into twelve syllables, as in the first line—

> "Far in a southern clime by languid sparkling waves."

"Wotan's Lament" is better, so far as the metre is concerned. Blank verse needs to be especially good from a poetic point of view to atone for the absence of rhyme; therefore it is difficult for an amateur to attempt it. The subjects of each poem are unusually well chosen, and indicate culture in their author.

OPERA (Vienna).—A book called *The Standard Opera Glass*, by Annesley, contains detailed plots of eighty celebrated operas, with critical remarks, dates, etc. It is published at 3s. 6d., net price 2s. 7½d. Any good firm of London booksellers would procure it for you. As you do not recollect the name of the work you saw advertised in the *Morning Post*, we cannot, of course, tell you whether this is the same; but we should think it would serve your purpose very well.

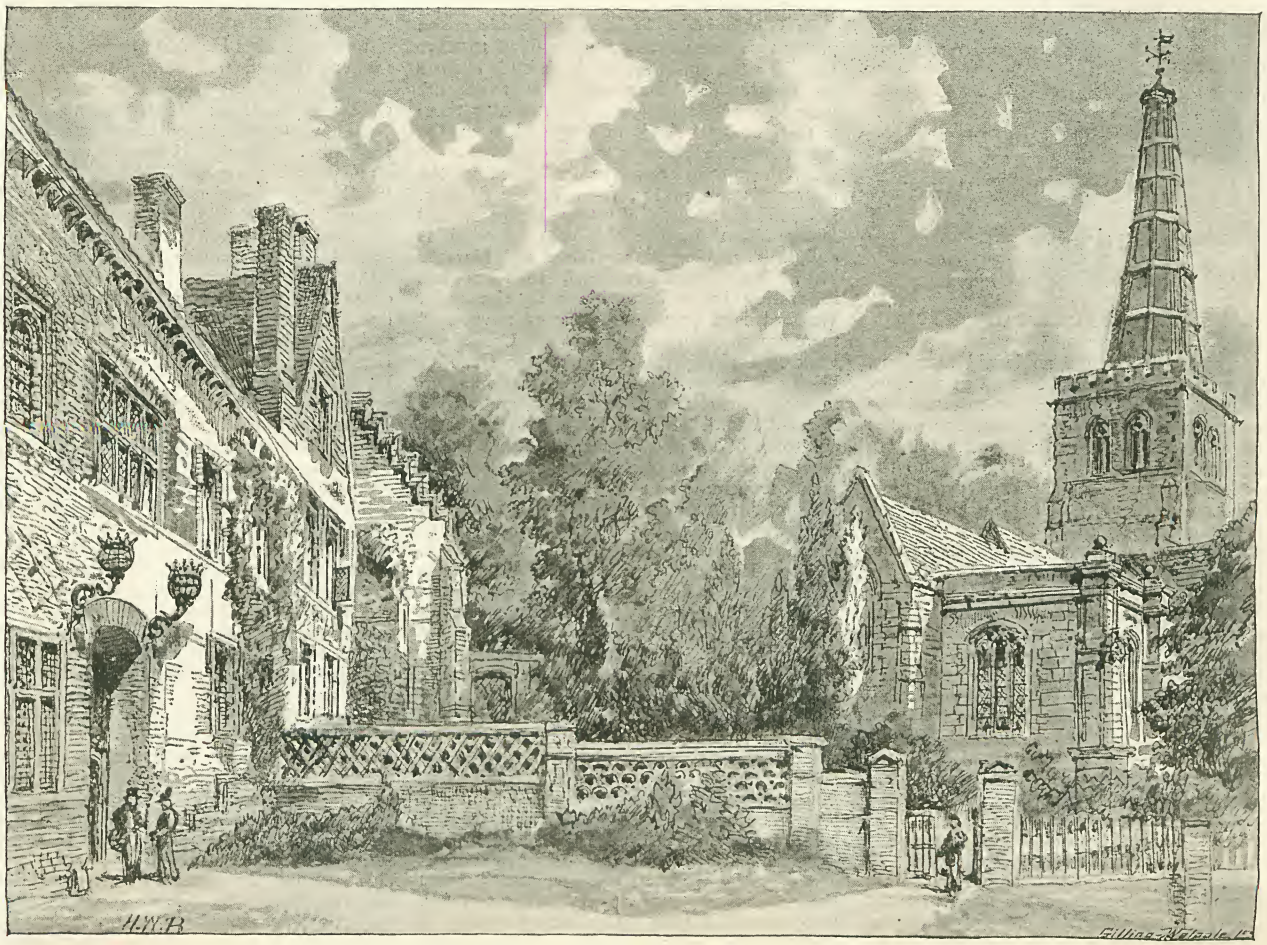


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A LITTLE OUTING FOR LONDONERS.

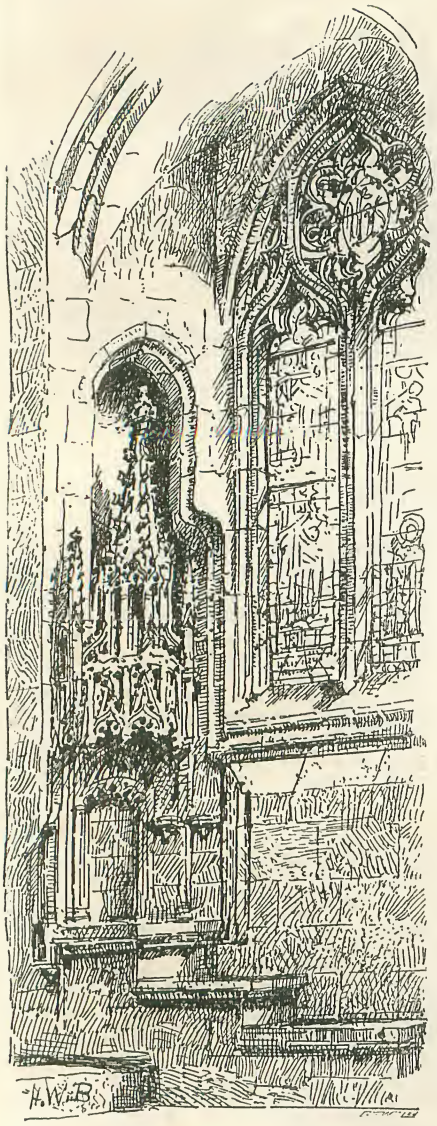
PART I.

SOME time back the Bishop of London advised those who were taking holidays, and who could only spare a few days and afford a small sum of money, to make short tours to places in their own neighbourhood rather than to expend both time and money in taking long journeys to distant localities; this advice is wise and economical, and will, we hope, be largely acted upon. It has always struck us that people attempt to do far too much and consequently either don't do it at all, or do it badly! They "rush" their holidays and obtain from them neither health nor intellectual enjoyment; this has led to the saying of a modern writer of a cynical turn of mind, "Life would be endurable but for its holidays!" Who has not met the man or woman who proposes to take a week's holiday and produces a list as long as your arm of places he intends visiting? if the plan be carried out one knows that the result will be a wearied body and a jaded mind! Yet if the person in question would but follow the good Bishop's advice, the body would be refreshed and the mind delighted. Why not, instead of attempting to do some foreign land, run down to inspect the pretty country within twenty or thirty miles of London? for there is sweet country within twenty miles of the metropolis, landscapes which are in their way as delightful as anything in Europe; there are bright, sparkling streams, noble old trees, dense woods, peaceful old villages, homesteads, interesting ancient churches with architecture dating back



THE OLD PALACE AND CHURCH, HATFIELD.

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PISCINA, WHEATHAMPSTEAD CHURCH.

as far as any in Europe, noble old mansions, with such gardens as can be seen in no other land in the world! Take, for instance, the beautiful county of Hertfordshire, one of the most unaltered and least built-over, of any in England, yet how little it is known to the ordinary Londoner! so much so that many of my London friends laugh at my enthusiasm for this county and think I am a bit of a monomaniac; yet I have found men who are as much struck by its sylvan beauties as I am myself.

One day I was returning from a little run down to look up a portion of my favourite district and I got into the railway train to return home; I sat by the window and looked out at the lovely valley with a clear, shining brook forcing its way along between its wood-clad banks. A tall, thin gentlemanly-looking man sat opposite to me who was also looking out of window; soon he addressed me in unmistakable American accents.

"You are a lover of nature, sir?"

"Yes," said I, "and I am remarkably fond of the country hereabouts!"

"You are right, sir, nature here is all smiles; her tears are pathetic, and her frowns terrific, but give me her smiles. I have been trotting about all over Europe for the last three years; I have seen your Alps, your Rhine, your Norway, but, sir, we have bigger mountains, nobler rivers, larger lakes, and vaster plains than you can show in Europe, but" (sweeping his hand across the window) "we ain't got this nohow. These pretty little valleys, these quaint old villages and ancient churches, these ruddy, tree-shaded ancestral homes are not to be found in 'the States,' and they delight me more than anything I have seen on this side, and if I had to fix up a location in Europe, I should like it in this country we are now passing through; it brings to my mind the Pilgrim Fathers and the kind of homes they must have left to set up in the New World."

I asked my friend whether he had met others of his countrymen who held these views?

"Yes," said he, "many Americans like the scenery round London better than any in Europe. Of course it isn't grand or big, but it's first class home-wear."

And I do not think it could be more perfectly described; it is just the kind of scenery that one would like to live amidst; then it is so easily reached. A good walker will find it an excellent field for exercise; almost every place has two or three ways of getting to it without keeping to the high roads, and these field-paths and shady lanes are sequestered and delightful, though there is a slight danger of missing one's way, as guide-posts are not so plentiful as they might be, and to meet anyone is a rare event unless you are near some town or village, so that if you are desirous of saving time it is better to keep to the high road than attempt a "short cut" over the fields. I know no county which is so little enclosed or rather "blocked," and in this respect it is a contrast to Norfolk, where you can't leave the high road without hearing some big fellow roar out at you, "Oi say t'gether, do ye know yer a traspusin boa?"

In Hertfordshire, however, the roads are so pretty that one scarcely feels inclined to leave them for the pathway, so do not let cyclists be frightened. Moreover, the roads are generally excellently made, and probably there is no grander "run" in England than the high road from Welwyn to Stevenage.

All the approaches to Hertfordshire from the metropolis are pretty, from Pinner Station, London and North Western Railway, and Metropolitan by the old Watford road is delightful, passing Pinner Wood and Hamper Mill. The Rickmansworth road is less interesting but a better track for the cycle. Watford is a pretty old country town, and there are charming walks through Cassiobury Park and along the banks of the Gade to King's Langley. Cycles are not allowed in Cassiobury Park, but there is a good road from Watford. King's Langley is a pretty old town of historic interest, as there was a royal palace here of which there are still scanty remains; one of the daughters of Edward III. was born here, and is buried in the church beneath a handsome monument which has been restored by Her Majesty. Abbots Langley church two miles off has architectural features which will interest the archæologist, especially the Norman arches of the interior.

If other roads are taken, those through Edgware and Elstree, or through Stanmore, offer fine panoramic views of the county. The first glimpse of Hertfordshire from Stanmore Common is a delightful prospect; from Barnet through Hadley or South Mimms are also attractive. Of course everyone must visit Hatfield, not only on account of the beauty of its site, but also for its historical interest, which is concentrated round the "old palace" where Princess Elizabeth was residing when she was called to the throne. It is sometimes stated that she was imprisoned here, but Clutterbuck, who wrote a careful and excellent history of Hertfordshire, seems to represent Elizabeth's sojourn at Hatfield as a more agreeable episode. Moreover, Elizabeth was exceedingly fond of hunting and field sports, which she seems to have indulged in to a great extent at Hatfield. The palace was Elizabeth's own house, as it had been given her by Edward VI., and the governor of the Princess here was the charitable and learned Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, and for a time Lord Mayor of London. The old palace, of which the entrance court and great hall still exist between the church and Lord Salisbury's splendid mansion, belonged in early times to the monks of Ely, and was rebuilt by Cardinal Morton, Prime Minister to Henry VII., who is described by More in the "Utopia" as "not less venerable for his wisdom and virtues than the high character he bore."

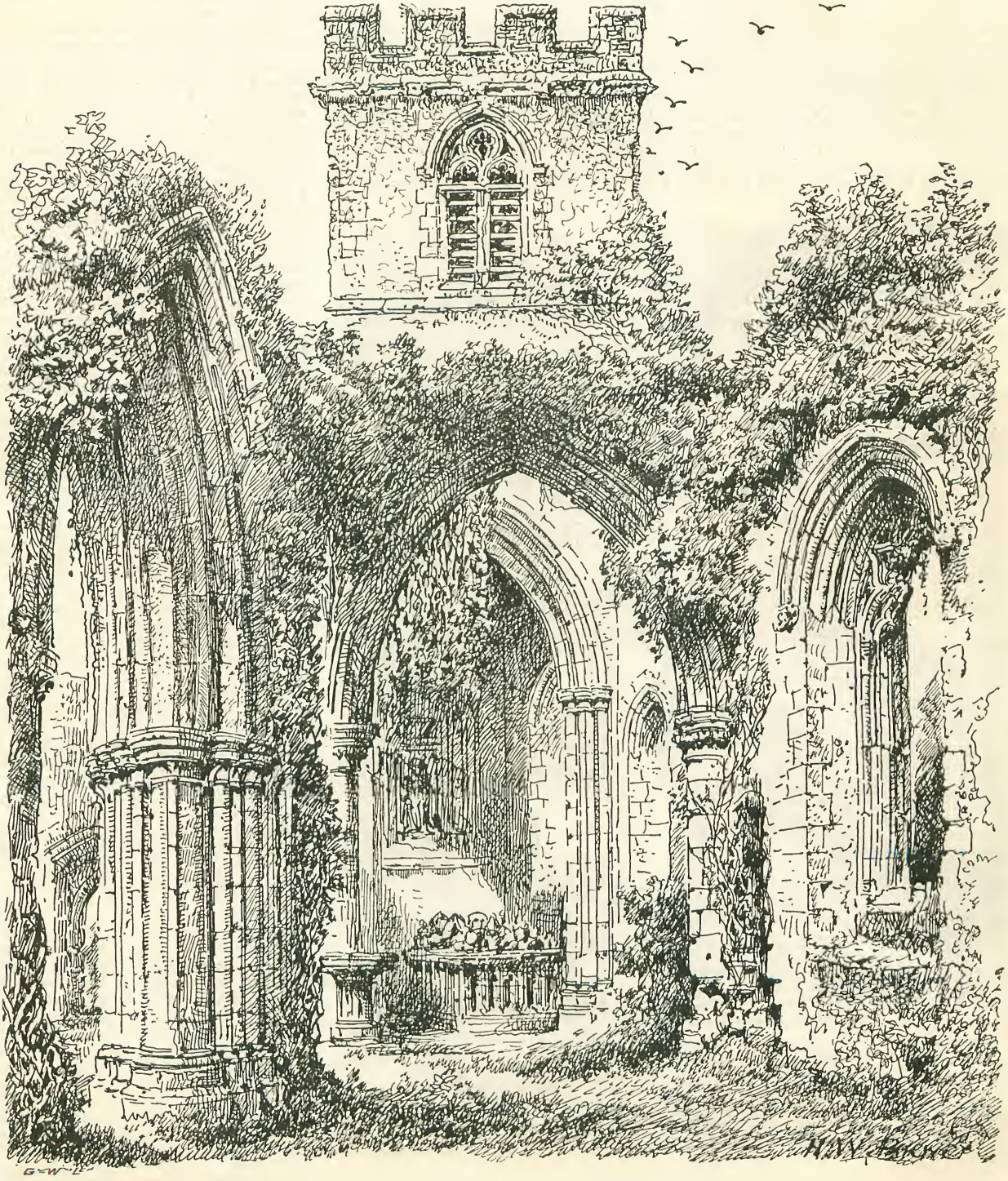
Henry VIII. managed to get hold of Hatfield by one of those "ecclesiastical exchanges" at which he was such a skilful hand. Later on James I. exchanged Hatfield for Theobalds with Robert Cecil, and then it became the property of the Salisbury family. To our present taste Cecil got the best of the bargain, for the beautiful site of Hatfield on its breezy hill and fine distant views is preferable in every way to the flat marshy surroundings of Theobalds. But James I. was too canny to have made a bad exchange, and no doubt the magnificent house which Cecil had erected at Theobalds, with its colonnades, fountains, lakes, and superb gardens, were more to James's taste than the quaint, semi-monastic old palace at Hatfield. Of course then the palace alone existed; the magnificent mansion called Hatfield House was not commenced, as it was entirely Cecil's work, and has had the good fortune to remain unaltered as he left it. It would be absurd here to attempt any description of Hatfield House, as it has so often been described and illustrated that such a task would be superfluous. Close to the old palace stands Hatfield Church, or as it was formerly called, "St. Etheldreda's Church, Bishop's Hatfield;" it is an interesting edifice, chiefly dating from the fourteenth century, with a well-proportioned tower crowned by a lead spire. This spire, I fancy, is not original, and probably replaced the old Hertford "spike" or dwarf spire in the seventeenth century. Attached to the north side of the chancel is the Cecil chapel erected by the second Earl of Salisbury in memory of his father, and containing his monument. The chapel is a fair example of Jacobean Gothic, but the monument is quite Italian in character, and is proved by documents preserved at Hatfield to have been the work of Symon Basyll, the predecessor of Inigo Jones as controller of the King's works.* I am inclined, however, to think that some of the statues adorning it are of Italian workmanship. There is a curious note alluding to Basyll's estimate for the monument to the effect that if the figures were to be of correct proportions, they would be worth £60 each, and models would be prepared. The figure of justice? is a very fine one. These statues are life-size; the effigy of the Earl measures only 5 feet 2 inches, but it is known that Elizabeth used to call him her "pigmy," her little man, etc., by no means to his satisfaction.

Those who visit Hatfield by cycle had better leave their machine at the railway station or at the Salisbury Arms, as the town is very steep and the streets run up and down in an uncomfortable but exceedingly picturesque manner. Hatfield is a very convenient place to make short excursions from, as the roads are good and the villages not far apart; the inns are comfortable so that the pedestrian, the rider, and the cyclist are well off; I have always found the people obliging and polite and the charges moderate. A good map is quite indispensable, and a pocket compass advisable. There is a good service of railways

* *English Studies* by the late Rev. J. S. Brewer.

with stations not too far apart. There is a pleasant road to Ayot, the village with its new church is not interesting architecturally. Ayot St. Peter's is about a mile further on. The church here stands in an exposed and rather desolate situation; it is a tiny brick building; formerly the place was more important and bore the appellation of Ayot Montfitchet. Chauncey, the local historian, from whose history of Hertfordshire all more modern writers have borrowed, was vicar here. Chauncey was great nephew of that Chauncey who has left us such a graphic description of the declining days of the London Charterhouse, a valuable contribution to the history of the Reformation period. So historical studies seem to have gone in the family.

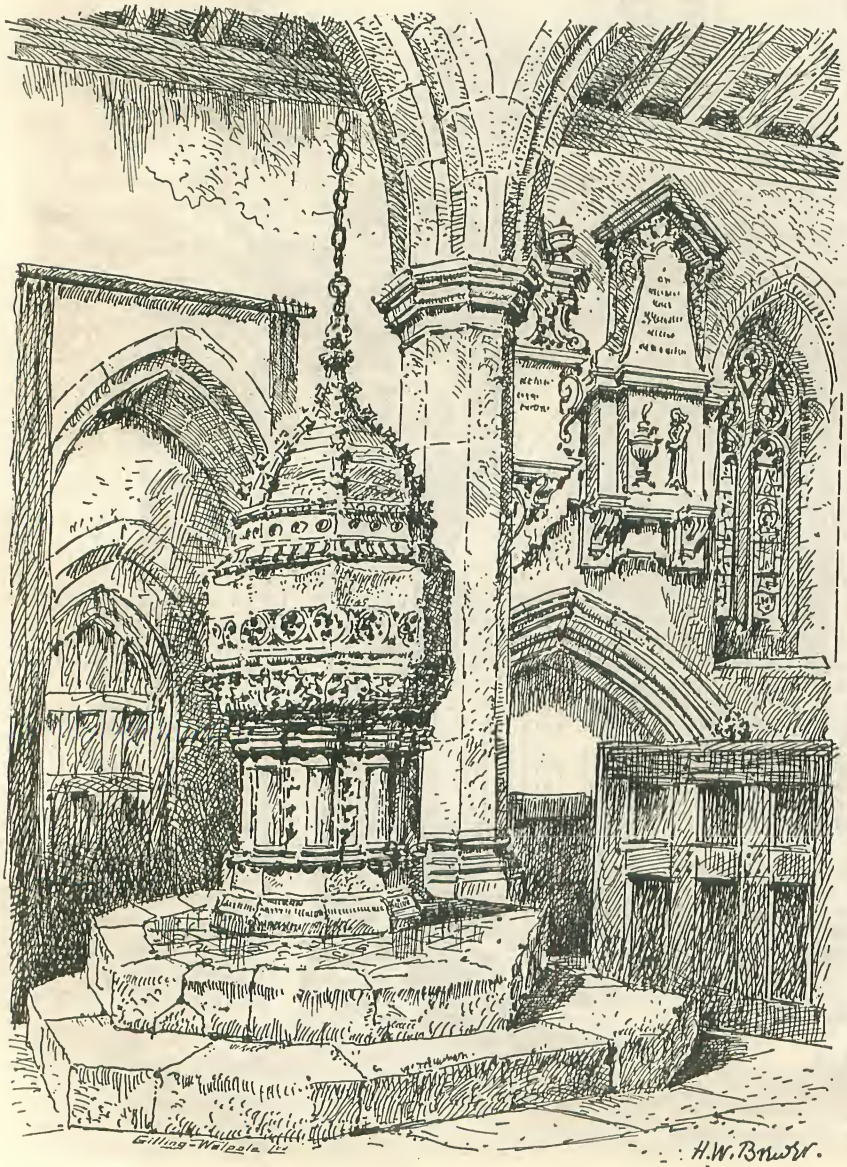
A run of about two miles through pleasant, well-shaded lanes, takes one to the very interesting ancient village of Great Ayot or Ayot St. Lawrence; its situation surrounded and overshadowed by lofty elms is extremely pretty, and the little row of old gabled timber houses flanking the south side of its street are quite the perfection of village architecture. The old sign of the "three horseshoes" is a charming example of ancient metal work; the house was probably an inn in former times, but is so no longer. The opposite side of the street is occupied by a low wall, beyond which is the old churchyard. The church itself is a picturesque ruin; the roofless walls and tower clothed with ivy and creeping plants, but peeping through the ivy are delicately-traceried fourteenth century windows, graceful arches and richly clustered columns, such as are rarely met with in ordinary village churches. The west doorway has elegantly carved leaves running along its mouldings; if you look beneath the ivy which quite covers the east window, you will find the remains of elaborate little niches which seem to have surrounded it. Beneath the tower is a fine Gothic monument bearing the effigies of a knight in full armour and his lady, and on the wall above a tablet



RUINS OF CHURCH AYOT ST. LAWRENCE.

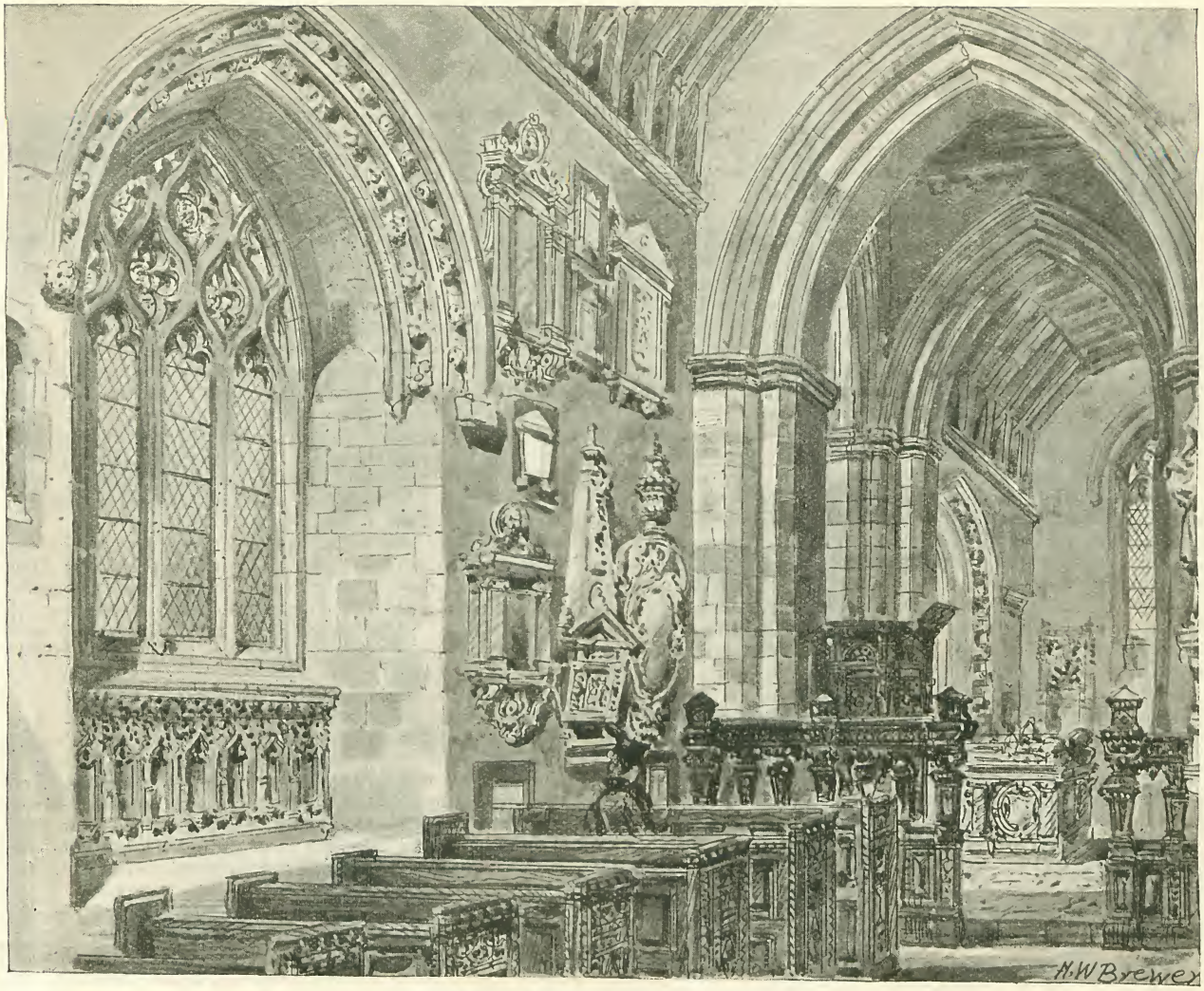
adorned with fragments of numerous figures. If we turn to Clutterbuck we shall find related in his pages circumstances which account for the elaboration and care bestowed upon this little village church. In the reign of Edward I. the manor was the property of a wealthy and powerful baron named William de Ayot, and from early times the church was connected with three wealthy and powerful abbeys— St. Albans, Westminster and Walden. A chapel attached to the church belonged to the Bristow family. The fine Gothic monument in the tower is that of Sir John Barre, lord of the manor of Ayot in the time of Edward IV. Barre was father of Isabella, Countess of Devonshire. The monument against the tower wall is that of Nicholas Bristow, his wife, six sons and seven daughters, 1626; Clutterbuck says there was another remarkably fine tomb to the Bristow family, but it had been destroyed. Adjoining the churchyard is a fine old Queen Anne mansion surrounded by beautiful gardens and plantations, in front of which is a large park-like field commanding a somewhat extensive view of the surrounding country; like most other Hertfordshire open spaces, it is free to the public and has a well-kept footpath across it which leads direct to the modern parish church, a curious building erected at the end of the last century; in form it is like a small Greek temple of the Doric order. The portico is made to look more important by extended colonnades which conceal the bare sides of the building and connect it with two mausolea, one containing the monument of Sir Lionel Lyde, who died June 22nd, 1791, and the other that of his son of the same name, whose decease took place in the year 1814. I need scarcely observe that the effect of this singular structure is not only thoroughly unecclesiastical but exceedingly un-English, yet I must acknowledge that it is by no means inartistic; the open colonnades over which a gigantic wisteria flings its knotted and gnarled branches, the carefully kept and lovely flower garden in front, and the background of dark cypress trees make up a remarkably striking picture and more like a bit of Greek effect than anything I know in this country.

Quitting this charming village by the footpath across the fields we find ourselves in the extensive park of Lamer, a very ancient demesne which takes its name from Sir Pontius Lamere, Lord of the Manor, in time of Henry III. In later days the estate passed into the hands of Sir John Roche, who was committed to the Tower for opposing Henry VIII.'s so-called "benevolence." Sir J. Roche had issue one daughter, Grizell, who married Sir John Boteler. The Botelers sold Lamere to Sir William Garrard of Sittingbourne who was Lord Mayor of London in 1653. Unfortunately the old mansion was rebuilt at the commencement of this century and is quite uninteresting. Cyclists cannot pass through the park and must keep to the road, where we shall meet them again outside Lamer Park, at the top of a steep hill which descends to the pretty village of Wheathampstead on the banks of the River Lea. Look out for the cycle, as the descent is somewhat sudden near the railway arch.



FONT, WHEATHAMPSTEAD.

Wheathampstead is a very interesting old village (should it be called a town?); it has a good high street with old houses and two inns, The Bull and The Bell, at either of which a good homely meal can be obtained, wholesome, clean, and well cooked, but, of course, plain. The Lea runs through the village beneath a genuine mediæval bridge. The views of Wheathampstead from the banks of the river are very picturesque; the old bridge, gabled houses and gardens, with the fine church rising over everything is a pretty picture. The church dedicated to St. Helen, and situated in the middle of the village, is a beautiful structure, in form like a small cathedral, as it is cruciform and has a central tower crowned with a peculiar spire; the latter has been restored, and I am in doubt how far it follows the ancient model, but the building is one of great interest on account of its rich Gothic windows; be sure to see the interior, as it is full of curious objects of art. The font is a beautiful one, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, adorned with excellent carvings and standing upon a raised floor of ancient encaustic tiles. The transepts are screened off with low screens of the time of Charles I. The walls and floors are covered with monuments and the benches carved with arabesques; beneath the east window of the north transept is a beautifully carved reredos of seven niches; the figures are gone, but the carved foliage with which every portion is adorned is as fine as any work I have seen, and shows what admirable stone carvers must have lived in this neighbourhood in the fourteenth century; on the floor are several good brasses to the Bostocks and the Bocketts. The north transept contains an alabaster altar tomb with finely-carved effigies and large shields all round the tomb; it was erected to the memory of Sir John Bockett, his wife, ten sons and three daughters. The lady died in the year 1500, and from the architectural ornaments the monument probably dates from the reign of Henry VIII. There is a fine piscina in the south wall not far from this monument, and a singularly elegant one in the chancel, which is represented on page 434. The church is remarkably rich in more modern monuments, some of which are by no means contemptible works of art. The most important, though not the best in design, is to Sir John Garrard, 1686. The epitaph informs us that his wife was a daughter of Sir Moulton Lambard by whom he had twenty-three children, seventeen of whom survived him. It is said, "she was a most loving and prudent wife, the best of mothers and highly exemplary for piety and devotion." They say "practice makes perfect," and certainly this good lady had plenty of experience as a mother. Another member of the Garrard family had fourteen children. Sir Samuel Garrard was Lord Mayor of London in 1710, and a second Sir Samuel served with Marlborough. Near at hand is the curious old monument to Sir Y. Hayworth, 1558,



TRANSEPT, WHEATHAMPSTEAD CHURCH.

whose children all died young, and he adopted Margaret Hoo. "The ways of Providence are indeed mysterious," but as Thomas á Kempis says—

"If His ways were not inscrutable,
He would not be God."

The church of Wheathampstead is certainly one of the most interesting village churches in the country and deserves to be carefully studied.

A very pretty walk, or an equally attractive cycle track from Ayot (about three miles) leads to Welwyn. The town contains nothing remarkable, but the scenery is most romantic and beautiful. The bright and rapid river Mimeran flows through the town; which is so full of fine trees that at a short distance it looks like a park, lofty wood-clad hills surround it on every side. The church is partly old, but possesses none of that delicate and refined detail which we have noticed at Ayot and Wheathampstead. In the Middle Ages "Welwyn," "Welves," or "Welge," for it was spelt all three ways, was a place of little importance. Doomsday Book informs us that it "had panage for 50 hogs, and the whole is valued at twenty-five shillings." If this included the hogs it was surely a very low estimate.

The railway station is nearly two miles from the village and is an uphill pull, as the latter is in a deep valley and the former on the top of a hill about two hundred feet above it. The view, however, from the line just before reaching the station is simply lovely. It presents a sweet prospect over Digwell and Tewin; the brisk little river Miran or Mimeran, is seen winding its course in the deep valley between richly wooded hills, with here a meadow, and there a park, bordering its banks. A great breezy stretch of undulating country with little villages peeping up here and there, noble old trees and country houses with well-kept gardens between, the whole presents a scene so peaceful, so charming and so English that one wonders why our countrymen always take their holidays abroad. Of course this view is only seen by those who approach Welwyn by rail; but the pedestrian and cyclist may enjoy a prospect of a different character, but very striking in its way. If we leave Welwyn by the Carlisle road, a hard pull of about a quarter of a mile, but leading to a splendid run of high road (level it is said with the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral), the view is very extended, and many villages, amongst others, Datchwirth and Walton are seen in the distance.

There is a fine road which leads direct to Stevenage passing Knebsworth Station. It may not be a useless hint to our cyclist that the landlady of the Railway Arms knows how to provide a grilled chop. An accomplishment not too common in the country, where as a rule the frying-pan is regarded with more favour than the gridiron.

A fairly good road leads from the station to Knebsworth House; the distance is about two miles, the park at Knebsworth is fine, but from the place being uninhabited looks rather desolate; the same may be said about the house, a modern structure, but striking from the number of copper-domed turrets. The old house of the Lyttons was pulled down in 1811, but some fragments of sculpture appear to have been incorporated in the modern one. The curious old church is near the house; it retains features of early Norman architecture, a richly carved Elizabethan pulpit, and some bench ends which look like Norman work; they are very rude and cut with the axe out of solid logs of oak, I believe them to be the earliest church benches in England, and are a great curiosity; most of the benches, however, are fifteenth century work. The north of the chancel is full of monuments to the Lyttons and their family connections; they are mostly of the "periwig" and "pig-tail" period, and possess little merit from an artistic point of view, though no doubt they were costly enough. A short distance from the churchyard is the mausoleum of the Bulwer-Lyttons with an epitaph to Lady Bulwer Lytton Bulwer and Lord Lytton the popular Ambassador of France; the memorial is *not* appropriate to its surroundings, and would suit a metropolitan cemetery better than the pleasant Hertfordshire scenery.

(*To be concluded.*)

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER II.

"*Ciel!* what shall I do with her?" Madame Féraudy said to herself as she stood in her window awaiting the arrival of her nephew and Mademoiselle Lacour.

The Maison Féraudy was a charming old house of a true French type. The front door opened into a large hall from which a broad shallow oak staircase ascended to a wide landing lighted by a huge window. On to this landing opened the doors of several bedrooms, and overhead were attics which ran up into extraordinarily high slated roofs, with three separate elevations. On the ground-floor the rooms were high and brilliantly clean, the walls washed with pale yellow. The curtains, chair-covers, and sofas all of the whitest dimity; the floors stained black and slippery as ice, from constant wax rubbing.

In the best *salon* a man with a dark shaved head, shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and a large blue apron was skating about the floor with a pair of black brushes fastened to the soles of his feet, while he drove before him a long stick with a ball of wax attached to its point.

Maturin heard his mistress's words, and though they were not meant for him he replied cheerfully.

"Madame need not think of that! Bah! a young girl knows how to amuse herself!"

"What did Jeanne say when she heard of it?" said Madame Féraudy suddenly.

"*Dame!* Jeanne said this. 'There are always two chances in life; she may turn out a comfort (such things have been known), or she may be the plague of our lives!' *Dame, oui!*"

Madame Féraudy shrugged her shoulders. "Then! what with Jeanne and her two ways of facing a thing, and what with lodgers, and hens that won't lay, and pullets that won't sit, and the work left half done while you chatter to me, there is no peace in this world!"

"But I, for my part, madame, think that it will be very gay to have a little demoiselle popping about the place, and singing like a bird in the morning! Madame will renew her youth."

"The child is an orphan," said Madame Féraudy.

"Then madame can reflect with pleasure on her own admirable goodness!"

"Maturin, *mon fils!*" said Madame Féraudy gravely. "The Evil One cares not what good actions we do in this world if he can only make us proud of them."

"And now madame must really not interrupt me if this room is to be finished this evening," said Maturin. "And *apropos!* I hear the wheels of the fly!"

He slipped off the brushes and went hastily into the hall.

Madame Féraudy stood quite still for a moment. She could not make up her mind to advance until she had overcome her shyness.

The fly drew up to the door with a rattle of clumsy harness and little brass bells. And there was her nephew, her André, the pride and idol of her life, stepping out and holding open the carriage door, to help the timid shrinking little stranger to alight.

Génie looked very white and weary in her deep mourning, and her pretty mouth twitched nervously with fatigue and timidity.

Dr. André embraced his aunt cordially, then looked at her a little anxiously.

"We have had a long hot journey, *ma tante*," he said gently. "And Mademoiselle Lacour is tired out."

It was enough. Madame Féraudy's stern face relaxed; she went forward and opened her arms.

"Poor little one!" she said, and Génie, taken by surprise, in one moment had her arms round her neck, and was sobbing on the kind shoulder.

Dr. André went back to look after the luggage and pay the fly, while Madame Féraudy took the tired girl into the white parlour and placed her in a chair by the window while she called to Maturin to bring up coffee at once.

When Dr. André returned Génie was leaning back in her chair with her eyes shut looking very pale and sweet, with her fingers holding fast the kind hand of her new friend.

"That is well," said Dr. André, pouring out for himself a great cup of coffee. His heart was so full that he put in no sugar and tried to stir it with a fork, but no one else perceived it. "And now for your news, *ma tante!* Have you let your rooms for the summer?"

"I have let," said Madame Féraudy with her eyes sparkling. "But, oh dear me, it is not easy. These good folks want everything—the best cooking, the luxuries of Paris, the rustic joys of the country, sea-bathing and *boulevards!* absolute seclusion, and *cafés* at every corner! And how is one to supply all these requirements! Yes, I have let—two only, a lady, a widow, and her son."

"That is good Which rooms?"

"The apartment upstairs, the blue rooms. It ought to be profitable. She has been ordered a diet of eggs and chickens boiled in white sauce. Jeanne tells me that such a diet produces a peevish and violent temper, but who knows? It might be worse. The young man is not good-looking, but he has curls, pink cheeks and black eyes."

"Ah!" said Dr. André. "But that sounds attractive. What is their name?"

"Canière. Madame Canière, and Monsieur Jean."

"Canière! I know him; he is a very good fellow. She is an invalid. I suppose Father Nicholas told them about this place."

"Yes," said his aunt. She was watching him sharply. His eyes had fallen upon Génie with a curiously wistful expression. Something in his face gave her a thrill of pain. She could not throw off the impression.

Later on Dr. André was alone with his aunt and he put his hands on her shoulders.

"*Maman*," he said, earnestly, using the old pet name of his childhood, "she is very young and very lonely. Be good to her."

"For your sake, my boy?" she said gently.

He shook his head slightly. "There is so much poverty and pain and sickness in the world," he said. "Can one think of oneself?"

Madame Féraudy pushed down his hands. "Always the same story, my boy?" she exclaimed almost bitterly. "Your passion for self-sacrifice will destroy your life!"

Dr. André was able to stay for supper—a pleasant meal in the pretty panelled dining-room—which was scented deliciously by the great banksia rose which climbed round the windows and was one sheet of delicious yellow blooms.

To Génie the country fare was excellent; the bread-soup, the *bouillie*, the fresh lettuces and fruit and cream-cheese. The soft sweet air blew in, and from outside all sorts of pleasant noises came to their ears—the lowing of cows, the cackle of hens, the deep-breathed plaint of pigeons and doves, the clink of Jeanne's *sabots* and the lilt of her *patois* song as she pattered about in the *basse-cour*.

Génie's feeling of rest and security in the welcome she had received was infinite; but yet as the last dish was removed from the table, and Dr. André rose to his feet, a sudden terror came over the lonely girl. He was her only friend in the world, and he was going away. What should she do without him!

Dr. André got up very quietly, he put together a few belongings; he called out of the window to Maturin to bid him bring round the trap, which was to take him to the station, and then he came up to his aunt and tried to speak brightly and gaily.

"Adieu, dear *maman*," he said. "If I can do anything for you in Paris you need only send me your orders."

"Will you come down soon again, André, my boy?"

"Perhaps. I will see. I am very busy."

"Ah, bah! Paris is empty now. In the fine season everyone takes a holiday."

"The very poor have no fine season," said Dr. André gravely. "And all the doctors are away."

"And are you then to have no holiday, my boy?"

"Who knows? perhaps later. *Ma tante*, you have not forgotten the hamper you promised me—the flowers and fruit for Mère Perronet and the children?"

"It is ready. I will see to it," she said, hastily leaving the room.

Génie and Dr. André were alone. He came up to her quickly. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I want you to

promise me faithfully this—if you are not happy, if you want anything, if you have need of a friend, you will write to me. See, this is my new address."

Génie glanced at the envelope he held to her.

"You have changed your address!" she said. "Why have you moved to such a wretched street?"

"A man does not care where he lodges, and there is so much poverty just now," he said quickly.

The tears rushed into her eyes. "I shall miss you," she said. "And I do not know how to thank you."

"You can reward me best by being happy here," he said. "You will soon get used to my aunt. She is not demonstrative, but she has a heart of gold."

"I love her already," said Génie brokenly. "But—but you have been so good to me. I wish you were not going! You will come and see me sometimes?"

He took her hand in his. "I will come when I can, or at any time if you want me," he said. "Meanwhile, be as happy as you can, my little friend."

Génie turned away to hide her tears. When she came back he was gone, and Madame Féraudy was standing at the door shading her eyes with her hand as she watched the little trap disappearing in the distance.

Dr. André went back into the midst of the sordid surroundings of city poverty. Times were bad, the workmen were, by thousands, out of work; illness, caused by insufficient nourishment and sultry heat, was rife among them; the wants of the people, of the little underfed children, of the haggard mothers, taxed his slender resources to the utmost. He had given up his large cool room with its convenient little surgery, and moved into a squalid attic in the very midst of his people.

When he had mounted the long steep stairs and seated himself in the large wicker chair which was the one luxury the place possessed, he rested his head on his hands and thought it all out. This new love, which was beginning to shine like a golden light in a dark world, was very beautiful, but it must be quenched. There was work for him to do, and he knew and realised that the joys and hopes of life were not for him.

(*To be continued.*)

LEARNING TO FEEL.

In reading a book the other day, I was much struck with one line which said that "people should be educated to feel."

This is vastly true; much of the want of sympathy and compassion we come across in our daily life springs from a deadness of feeling—an absolute deadness, not indifference merely. And this is but the outcome of checked sensibilities in early youth, for a child can be made hard-hearted if brought up to look on suffering and misery unmoved. If the child be poor, and not of gentle birth, there is some fear that she may be taught to consider that the rich have no need of sympathy, because they have so many of the good things of life.

It is surprising how little true feeling there is in some people, and how much misery is caused by the want of it. However much the old philosophers tell us, in their works, of innate pity and compassion, the sad experiences of life daily teach us that this belief is false. Pity and compassion for the sufferings of others needs development in most cases, and, in some few melancholy cases, not merely development, but an implanting in the human heart. In reference to one of these last mentioned "melancholy cases," I remember once hearing a woman say most piteously, "Oh! how I wish I could feel. Sometimes the only feeling I can rise to is feeling sorry for the want of feeling in myself." Yes, truly, want of feeling; want of heart-feeling is one of the many causes of unhappiness in this world. How sad and lonely is the sorrowing one who in grief flies for sympathy to another's heart, and, instead of meeting with some warm response—some echo to a wailing cry—finds instead but a cold, dead heart and placid conventionalities. How many a home is cheerless and loveless, from the inmates' inability to understand one another; from their never entering by sympathetic feeling into each other's sorrows or rejoicings. Oh! we all talk much of the unhappiness, misery, and evils in this world, but here, at least, is one evil which is in the power of each individual to eradicate, for, believe me, this bluntness of feeling is one of the great evils of the day, and should be checked and rooted out from every home.

Let all who educate strive to make the young remember they have hearts as well as heads; and that the heart must feel before one noble act is worked or any good attained. Let children be brought up to feel on all occasions, for even our sensibility is better than no feeling at all.

Cultivate in them sentiments of pity and compassion, for only those who truly feel can help another, or work for good in this hard age.

And to those just entering the wilds and wilderness of life, to them I say, educate yourself into the habit of feeling for the sorrows of others. Do not pass them by in the hurry and bustle of the world's claims, hardening yourself by selfish indifference to the cries and tears of your fellow-creatures. They have a claim on you—a prior claim; if not upon your purse at least upon your heart, linked as we are one with the other by the broad chain of humanity. It is a barbarous act to turn away in scornfulness from the pleading sufferer at our side, fostering within our hearts the latent cruelty of our nature which must be rooted out.

Oh! there is great need in this age (amidst the clamour and struggle after a higher education for women with college honours and degrees) for women to pause awhile to remember that a woman's heart was given her to use, to soothe, comfort, and relieve the destitute and suffering.

There is an education of the heart with its affections more necessary than algebra or Greek, for the perfect fulfilment of those duties to which nature has called woman. Commence, therefore, oh ye young, standing on the threshold of life and womanhood, to force yourself to feel for the misery and suffering around you. Day by day real sorrows pass our way, sad, harrowing news comes to us in our daily papers; sorrows so widespread and distant quite beyond our reach, yet let the heart be moved and touched for the woe so far away—let an inward prayer rise and the soul strain upward in its human sympathy to the great God pleading for those in need. I think it may be truly said that nearly all celebrated women have become renowned through the greatness of their hearts rather than by the erudition of their mind. And in saying this, I am not "running down" the mental powers of women but am only stating a fact. The file of women which rise up to mind in proof of this statement staggers one with its forcible truth. In all this "file of women" it has been generally the great feeling heart leading them on to glory, some even to a martyr's death. Their great deeds have been the outcome of some strong affection either given to the individual, or to humanity at large, like the great-souled Mrs. Fry, who from her great feeling heart entirely reformed the prison system for women in England, and whose noble services were so lovingly recognised and lauded by the King of Prussia in 1842, who once knelt with her in prayer during her Bible readings in Newgate Prison surrounded by the prisoners—strange scene, but, still a true one.

No character in history can ever match or compare with the character of this extraordinary benefactor of mankind—this large-hearted woman.

And in stating the fact that woman's power lies in her heart, I will not confine myself merely to English women, but specially wish to note the Savoy family of Italy. This family down to the present time has been singularly conspicuous for the saintliness of its women, and amongst the number I might mention Maria Teresa (mother of Vittorio Emanuele*) and Maria Adelaïde (wife of the same king). Both these women led simple, unostentatious lives; and consecrated all their virtues to tempering the bitterness of party differences, which at that time agitated their country with "reforms" and revolutions. Maria Clotilde and Maria Pia follow next; equally endowed with great virtues, inheriting the large-heartedness of their predecessors.

Maria Pia of Portugal stands out prominent from her strong, courageous heart, for not only in 1873 did she save her two sons from being drowned in the waters of Mexilhaeiro near Cascaès, but in 1888, at Oporto, this courageous woman hearing a fire had broken out in the theatre rushed to the spot, and amidst the smoking *débris* and burning ashes gave all the assistance in her power to relieve her suffering subjects. And whilst mentioning all these noble women in the House of Savoy, I must not omit the Queen of Italy, Queen Margherita, for in her all virtues seem to meet; and love and peace to follow in her steps. How many a sick child and dying mortal has been cheered in hospital and home by the loving sovereign's sympathy, her smiles and tears. And perhaps it is not generally known that from her own private purse she supplies to a large school in Rome an extra dish of meat weekly. This may seem a small thing to mention as charity by a queen, but I notice it because it shows the thoughtful, loving heart in little things; the loving care that these poor children should once a week, at least, enjoy a good dinner and not suffer from the usual meagre fare.

Lamartine has said it was the will of God that all the genius and greatness of woman's nature should spring from her heart. And truly history is full of examples illustrating this truth.

Constance Helen Alexander.

* Father of the present King of Italy.



A LOVE TOKEN.
(*From the painting by Gerald Leigh Hunt.*)

FAIRIES.

By CONSTANCE MORGAN.

HAVE you seen the fairies dancing in the sunlight near the spring,
Underneath the waving lindens where the trees their shadows fling,
With their little arms akimbo, tripping lightly in and out,
Hither, thither, helter-skelter, up and down and roundabout?

Have you watched them in the moonlight at the green enchanted ring,
Over there beneath the lindens near the murmur of the spring?
Have you seen them flitting gaily to the music of a tune,
Fit for no one but the fairies on a silver night in June?

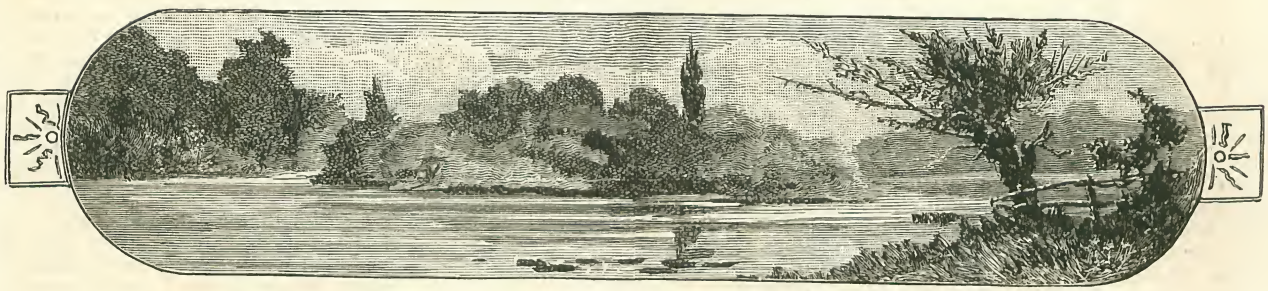
Do you know them? Do you know them? Have they crowned you with a smile?
Have they touched you with the sweetness of a charming fairy wile?
Have they sung to you and loved you? Have they whispered happy things?
Have they dazed your mortal vision with the sunlight on their wings?

Have they kissed you in your slumber? Have they breathed upon your lips?
Have they touched your sleeping eyelids with their magic finger-tips?
Have they waked your ears to listen to the secret of the wind?
Does the heart of Nature answer to the music of your mind?

The fairies, oh, the fairies, they are beautiful and true!
They are dancing in the sunlight far away beneath the blue!
The nightingale has seen them with the glitter on their wings,
He will tune his evening anthem to a dream of fairy things!

You may listen in the twilight to a song of silver bells,
You may hear it up the valley as it nearer, nearer swells,
'Tis the fairies who are singing to a rhythm wild and sweet
As they dance among the raindrops with their little twinkling feet.

Oh, I hope you know the fairies, for they ope the gates of gold
To a wonderland of beauty which is never dark and cold;
If you listen in the gloaming you may hear the song they sing,
And they always dance at twilight 'neath the lindens near the spring.



SOME USEFUL NEW MUSIC.

GIRLS who are good workers and good players will find these pieces worthy of their attention. We will take the most difficult first.

"A Theme with Variations," by G. Fauré (Metzler), is capital practice, for ear and fingers, in its unique and strange harmonies, which are indicative of the modern French school, also in its novelty of variations, some of which might be taken singly with good effect; it challenges earnest study in uncommon keys, and gives an insight into abstruse but interesting combinations.

"Concert Study in C Minor," by Arthur Somervell (Weekes), is fine and effective for practice and performance, and like this writer's work it is musicianly and full of interest while in a lighter style. Angelo Mascheroni's "Grand Valse Brillante" (R. Cocks) is to be highly recommended to players who are in search of a "taking" and brilliant piece with good work in it.

"Danse Fantastique," by B. Godard (Metzler), is more than fantastic; it is certainly weird with an impressive sustained movement in the middle of the dance; it is a good lesson in precision and staccato.

A bright presto movement of excellent worth is "A Caprice," by Wilfred Davies (Woolhouse), and a "Scherzo Valse," by M. Maresto (R. Cocks), is tuneful and dainty with brilliant running passages all well fingered where needed.

The following are of medium difficulty, "Sérénade Andalouse," by Strelezki (Ashdown), melodious and characteristic, and an exercise in touch and taste; "Jeunesse" (Metzler), a short poetical posthumous work of Benjamin Godard's, needing smooth and graceful playing; a refreshing sweet little "Valse Caprice," by Felix Borowski (R. Cocks), and "Caprice," by Theresa Beney (Cramer), which is original, pleasant and piquante.

"Aquarelles" (Ashdown) form a pretty set of three moderately difficult sketches, by Frédéric Garnier: *i.e.*, 1. "Pastorale," a happy sylvan theme, and the simplest; 2. "Idylle," very melodious; 3. "Le Brisant du Mer," a good and most pleasing study in execution. A brilliantly effective little "Mazourka Russe," by Felix Borowski (C. Woolhouse), is "Treasure Trove," to those who require something light of the kind while they are working up heavier pieces, and "Widmung," by Otto Goldschmidt (Ed. Ashdown), in a very legato style, with a tender melody, would be suitable too for this.

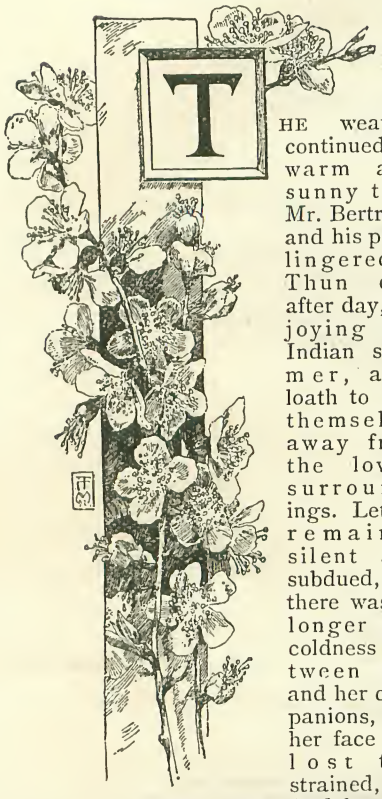
"La Croix du Sud," by Antoinette Roeskylde (Weekes), has a pretty subject; "Frühlingslied," by Wilfred Davies (Ashdown), is a fresh, light-hearted spring song, grateful to the learner and refreshing to the listener, and "Romance Sans Paroles (Cocks), by Arthur Godfrey, is a little poem of simple sweetness, playable by the most modest performer. "Strolling Players" (Weekes), is the title of a small well-written entr'acte, by Myles B. Foster, in gavotte measure, and this and the dainty and elegant "Danse des Etoiles," by J. M. Glover (Ascherberg), will unfailingly please the home circle.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.

SISTERS THREE.

By Mrs. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.



THE weather continued so warm and sunny that Mr. Bertrand and his party lingered in Thun day after day, enjoying the Indian summer, and loath to tear themselves away from the lovely surroundings. Lettice remained silent and subdued, but there was no longer any coldness between her and her companions, and her face had lost the strained, despairing expression which had been so painful to behold. The news from London moreover was as satisfactory as could be hoped for under the circumstances. A friend of Arthur Newcome's, who was also engaged to be married, had come forward and offered to take the house and furniture at a valuation, while his father had recalled his business manager in America and was sending Arthur to take his place for the next two or three years. Every one felt that the change would be the best cure which the poor fellow could have, while it was an immense relief to know that there would be no danger of painful encounters in London. Even with this dread removed, Mr. Bertrand was in ten minds about his plans for the coming winter. There seemed many reasons why it would be better to remain quietly in Westmoreland for another year. He puzzled over the question in private, and finally confided his difficulty to Mr. Rayner with startling and unexpected results.

"You see, the boys could go on as they are for some time to come, Norah is not over anxious for the change, and I cannot say I am willing to let Lettice go much into society just now. She is so very lovely that she is bound to attract attention, and after this painful business it would be in better taste to keep out of the way until it is forgotten. All things considered, I think I should be wise to give up the idea of coming to town until next winter."

Mr. Rayner's face had clouded over while his friend was speaking, and his answer came in dry, irritated tones.

"When you say, 'all things considered,' you forget of course that you have entirely overlooked Miss Hilary's feelings in the matter. As your eldest daughter, I should have thought that her wishes might have been consulted, but it appears that all the others are put before her!"

"Halloa, what's this? And pray when did you constitute yourself Hilary's champion?" cried Mr. Bertrand, turning round in his seat with a laugh, and an amused expression on his face which gave place to one of blankest astonishment as he met the flash in his companion's eyes, and heard the firm tone of the answer—

"How long ago? I don't know! But I am her champion, now and for ever, if she will have me!"

"Rayner! What is this? You cannot possibly be in earnest?"

Herbert Rayner laughed shortly. No one could look at him for a moment and doubt that he was deeply in earnest, but there was a bitter ring in his laughter which showed that he misunderstood the reason of his friend's surprise.

"I don't wonder that you are astonished! A fine lover I am—am I not, to dare to aspire to a bright young girl?"

"My dear fellow, you misunderstood me. I know to what you refer, but that never even entered my mind. What I can't realise is that you can possibly entertain any feeling of the kind for Hilary. You! If I ever thought of your possible marriage it was always with some clever, charming woman of the world who would help you with your work and enter into your plans. Hilary is a mere girl. She has no special ability of any kind——"

"No?"

"Not the slightest literary gift!"

"No."

"Absolutely ignorant of your world."

"Yes."

"You are ten years older than she is."

"Yes."

"Well—well—well——"

"Well, Bertrand, we can't argue about these things. There it is, and I can't account for it. I want Hilary, and I don't want the 'clever, charming women.' She satisfies me, and——"

"Have you spoken to her?"

"Certainly not! I don't know that I should have ever summoned up courage to speak to you, if you had not taken me by surprise. It would be different if I were now as I was ten years ago, but I feared you might think my health an insuperable objection."

"No—no! I can't say that. If you have really set your heart on it. How long has this been going on?"

Mr. Rayner smiled—a quick, whimsical smile, which was like a flash of sunshine.

"Well, you have heard the story of the scarlet slippers? That evening, after you left, I went to look for them behind the curtains, and smuggled them downstairs beneath my coat. I don't know what possessed me to do it, but I did, and I have them still!"

Mr. Bertrand threw back his head with a burst of laughter.

"Oh, after that! If you have got the length of treasuring worsted slippers, there is no more to be said. Rayner, my dear fellow, I suppose I ought to be distressed, but I believe I am—uncommonly pleased and proud! Little Hilary! It would be delightful to feel that you were one of us. And have you any idea as to whether she cares for you in return?"

"We have always been great friends. I cannot say more. And do you really give me permission to speak to her? Would you give her to me, in spite of my weakness and infirmity? How can I ever express my thanks?"

"If Hilary cares for you, I will put no hindrance in your way; but we must have no more mistakes. I will not allow an engagement until I have satisfied myself as to her feelings. There is one comfort, she knows her own mind uncommonly well, as a rule. You can speak to her when you will——"

Although the conversation lasted for some time longer, the same things were practically repeated over and over again, and when the two gentlemen came in to lunch, the girls and Miss Carr all noticed the unusual radiance of their expressions. The last few weeks had contained so much trouble and worry, that it was quite inspiriting to see bright faces again, and to hear genuine laughter take the place of the forced "ha, ha," which had done duty for so long. Even Lettice smiled once or twice in the course of that meal, and Norah's eyes lost their dreamy far-away look and twinkled with the old merry expression, while Hilary nodded gaily across the table in answer to her father's searching look, and chattered away all unsuspecting of the great event which was so close at hand.

When Mr. Rayner asked her to take her work to the seat overlooking the lake, in the afternoon, she said, "Won't you come too, Lettice?" and tripped after him, humming a lively air.

It was a very different Hilary who returned to the hotel two hours later, and went to join her father on the verandah. Her face was pale and serious; she looked older and more woman-like, but there was a steady light of happiness in her eyes which told its own tale.

"Well, Hilary," he asked gravely, "and what is it to be?"

"There is no doubt about that, father. It is to be as he wants—now and always!"

"I thought as much. But you must realise what you are doing, dear. When most girls are married they look forward to having a strong man's arm between them and the world: they expect to be

shielded from trouble, but if you marry Rayner this will not be your lot. You will have to watch over him, to spare him fatigue and anxiety, and take the burden on your own shoulders, for he is a man who will require constant care."

"I know that. It is what I long to do. I should be so happy looking after him."

"And perhaps—it seems unkind to mention it, but, the possibility must be faced; he might not be spared to you for many years. A delicate fellow like that——"

"Strong men die unexpectedly, father, as well as weakly ones. Everyone has to run that risk. I would rather be his wife even for two or three years, than marry any other man. And I will nurse him so well—take such good care——"

"Ah, I see your mind is made up! Well, dear, some people would think I was doing a foolish thing in consenting to this engagement, but I do consent. I do more than that, I rejoice with all my heart in your happiness, and in my own happiness, for it will be a joy to every one of us. Rayner will be a son-in-law worth having, and a husband of whom any woman might be proud. Ah, well, this is something like an engagement! That other unhappy affair was nothing but trouble from first to last. You know your mind, my dear, and are not likely to change."

"Never!" said Hilary. And her eyes flashed with a bright, determined look at which her father smiled.

"That's good hearing! Well, dear, we will have another talk later on, but now we had better go and join the others. They are curious to know what we are whispering about over here."

Miss Carr had come out of the hotel after her afternoon nap, and was seated on the verandah beside the two younger girls. Mr. Rayner had joined them, and was listening with mischievous enjoyment to their speculations concerning Hilary's conference with her father.

"How interested they seem. Now he is kissing her. Why don't they come over here and tell us all about it?" cried Norah, and, as if anxious to gratify her curiosity, Mr. Bertrand came towards the verandah at that very moment, and presenting Hilary to them with a flourishing hand, cried roguishly—

"Allow me to introduce to you the future Mrs. Herbert Rayner!"

The excitement, joy, and astonishment of the next few minutes can be better imagined than described. Miss Carr shed tears into her teacup; the girls repeated incoherently that they had always expected it, and that they had never expected it; and Mr. Bertrand was as mischievous in his teasing ways as Raymond himself could have been under the circumstances; but the lovers were too happy to be disturbed by his sallies. It was both beautiful and touching to see Mr. Rayner's quiet radiance, and to watch how his eyes lightened whenever they lit on Hilary's face, while to see that self-possessed young lady looking shy and embarrassed was something new indeed in the annals of the family! Shy she was, however, beyond possibility of doubt, hardly daring to look in Mr. Rayner's direction, and refusing outright to address him by his Christian name for the edification of the listeners.

"What is there to be frightened at? I am not frightened! Herbert, do you take sugar, Herbert? Will you have two lumps, Herbert?" cried Lettice saucily, and everyone smiled, well-pleased to see the lovely face lighted up by the old merry smile, and to hear a joke from the lips which had drooped so sadly.

"Will you put me in a story, Herbert, if I'm very good, and promise not to tease?" said Norah, determined not to be outdone, and the new brother looked at her with admiring eyes.

"I think I rather enjoy being teased, do you know, it is so very new and satisfactory! But I shall certainly make a heroine of you some very fine day, Norah, when I have manufactured a hero worthy of the occasion!"

Norah's laugh rang out merrily, but as she turned her head to look at the distant mountains, a little film of moisture dimmed her eyes. Impossible to see two people so happy together as Herbert and Hilary, and not think of the long years which must pass before such a joy came to herself. But Rex was true—he would not change; he was worth all the waiting——

"Well, Helen," said Mr. Bertrand, to his faithful old friend as the young people moved off at last and left them alone together. "Well, Helen, and what do you think of this latest development? Are you satisfied? Have I been wise? Do you think he is the right man for her?"

Miss Carr looked at him with a little flash of disdain.

"I think," she said slowly, "that Hilary has improved so much during the last few years, that there is now some chance of her being almost good enough for him. My dear Austin, he is a king among men. Hilary may be a proud woman that his choice has fallen upon her. They will be very happy."

"I trust, I think they will! It seems strange that it should be Hilary, who was always so careful of her own interests, and so bound up in herself, who should have chosen to marry a delicate, crippled fellow who must be more or less of a care all his days; but I believe it will make a splendid woman of her, draw out all the tenderness of her nature, and soften her as nothing else could have done. Yes! I am thoroughly happy about it, more especially as it has the honour of your distinguished approval. These engagements come thick and fast upon us, Helen. Let us hope there will be a breathing time now for some time to come. Lettice is bound to marry sooner or later, but we will pray for 'later,' and as for Norah, I suppose her future is practically settled. Poor child, it will be a long waiting, but Rex is a fine lad, and is bound to succeed. He knows his own mind, too, and will not be likely to change, while Norah——"

"Yes, she is one of the steadfast ones, but she is only a child, Austin, and will be none the worse for the time of waiting."

"And I cannot regret it, since through it I shall be able to keep one of my little lasses with me for some years at least. I shall be a lonely man when they all take flight! Come, it is getting chilly. Let us go into the house!"

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

SHE COULDN'T GET BY.

"I tried to climb Parnassus high,
But gave up in despair;
For at the foot 'twas crowded by
The asses grazing there."

IT is much more easy to disbelieve than to believe. This is obvious on the side of reason, but it is also true on that of spirit, for to disbelieve is in accordance with environment or custom, while to believe necessitates a spiritual use of the imagination. For both these reasons very few unbelievers have any justification, either intellectual or spiritual, for their own unbelief. Unbelief is usually due to indolence, often to prejudice, and never a thing to be proud of.—*Thoughts on Religion*, by C. J. Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Canon Gore.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

"Seek to be good but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;
Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a light"—*Lord Lyttleton.*

GRATUITOUS SERVICES.—A merchant in Glasgow, who recently retired with a large fortune, gives the following advice:—"Never let people work for you for nothing. Many years ago a man carried a parcel for us to Paisley, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since."

AN EMPEROR'S HANDWRITING.—The great Napoleon wrote a hand so illegible that his letters from Germany to Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war.

A WELSH EPITAPH.

In a little churchyard near Llanymynech in Wales is a tombstone with these lines upon it:—

"In crossing o'er the fatal bridge,
John Morgan he was slain,
But it was not by mortal hand,
But by a railway train."

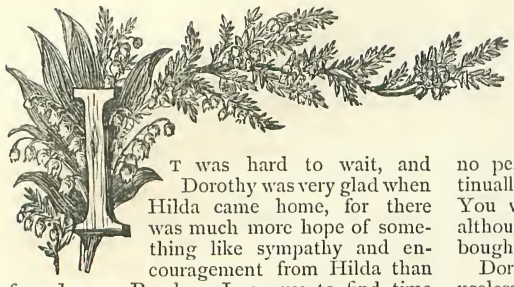
John Morgan was a huntsman to the Tanatside harriers, and paid the capital penalty for taking a short cut along the Cambrian line.

THE POOREST GIRL.—The poorest girl is not the one who has the least, but she who wants the most.

MOTHERS' WORK.—The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

DOROTHY EVANS; OR, PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH.

CHAPTER II.



IT was hard to wait, and Dorothy was very glad when Hilda came home, for there was much more hope of something like sympathy and encouragement from Hilda than from Lucy. Ready as Lucy was to find time for Dora's favourite pursuits, she had no faith in their ever yielding any practical results. "It pleases Dora, and she has been really good about helping me." That was all Lucy thought of her sister's studies.

But when Dorothy found that even Hilda had no confidence in her chance of success, her own hopes sank to a very low ebb, and she almost wished that the paper had never been sent, to bring her, perhaps, such a keen disappointment as she knew failure would be.

Hilda's month's holiday soon passed away, and she went back refreshed to her work with Miss Graves, leaving Lucy and Dora to their household cares.

"How shabby we all looked beside Hilda," Lucy said to her sister a few days afterwards. "I can't think how she always manages to be so well-dressed. I'm sure you and I are not fit to be seen, and Alice and Emily have quite outgrown those faded blue frocks; I really can't bear to see them going to church in such things. We must have new dresses and save in something else."

"Take care, Lucy," rejoined Dora cautiously, "I would rather go without a new dress till Christmas if I were you, than have such a fuss with father about money as you have had sometimes. Indeed, for my part, I don't mean to have one. I think it is better to be ever so plain than to be worried and anxious about how to pay for things."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Lucy, "yours will go in with the rest. We had better have them all alike, and when one is cut out with the other, they won't take nearly so much material. As to the making, that is a comparative trifle. Oh, Dora, I should like Miss Simpson to make them this time; she is a little dearer, I know, but her fit is lovely. Don't look so grave about it, it is easier to live cheaply in the summer-time, you know, and we shall save a lot in the housekeeping. I'm pretty straight now, and this afternoon you and I will go and choose the stuff."

In vain Dora objected that it was already the middle of August, and that the summer would soon be past. Lucy was so much set upon the plan that the younger sister at length suffered herself to be overruled, and the two went out together on their shopping expedition.

The pretty inexpensive grey stuff which Lucy selected was soon measured out, but Dora, standing by, was shocked and surprised to hear her sister request that the goods might be entered, instead of paying at once for them.

"Oh, Lucy!" she said, as soon as they had left the shop, "why didn't you pay now? It would have been ever so much better."

Lucy looked annoyed.

"There were some other little things entered that I had the week before last," she answered presently. "I thought these might just as well be put down too, and then Mr. Scott can send us a bill at Michaelmas; it will come to just the same as though we paid now."

"But I am sure it will not," responded Dora, "and you never told me that you had bought any other things at Scott's; why didn't you let me put them down in our book?"

"What a dreadful preacher you are getting to be, Dora," grumbled Lucy. "The money will be all right, I tell you. Between you and father I have no peace or rest; it is shocking to be continually worried about every shilling one spends. You will be glad to wear your new dress, although you make such ado about its being bought."

Dora shook her head, but she thought it useless to say any more, and the sisters went the rest of their way in almost total silence.

Miss Simpson surpassed herself, and Alice and Emily were delighted with their nice new dresses; but Mr. Evans looked surprised and hardly pleased, when on Sunday morning he saw his four daughters arrayed for church.

"New frocks!" he said to Lucy. "I hope, Lucy, you are paying your way and not getting into any difficulties. Remember there is no more money to come than you have had already."

"Oh, it will be right, father," said Lucy quickly. "Don't you think we look very nice in these dresses, and they are made of such cheap stuff that you would hardly believe how little the material cost?"

That was quite true, but Lucy herself was staggered when Miss Simpson's bill came in. There were so many extras, and the charges for making were so high, that the total looked positively alarming, and Lucy began to experience that late repentance which her thoughtless purchases often caused her.

"I almost wish we hadn't had these dresses," she said to Dorothy. "Miss Simpson's bill is much more than I thought it would be, and there is Scott's to come. Oh, Dora, it is miserable to be so poor!"

Dora thought the present misery lay rather in imprudence than poverty, but she was too kind to say so, and besides, she blamed herself for having yielded about her own dress, and for not having withstood Lucy more upon the whole question. She could only wish more and more for September to come, with its delightful possibility of success. "If the judges only knew what the money would be to me," she thought. "But, even if they did, of course they would not be influenced by any such consideration. I can only hope that the paper was good enough in itself to impress them.

But when September came there was a sad disappointment for Dorothy, though not a final one.

Opening the *Teacher's Magazine* to read her fate, she found under the heading, "Essay Competition," the following words: "The Editor sincerely regrets that, owing to the number of papers sent in, and to the indisposition of one of the judges, the award in the Competition cannot be announced this month. The result will now be made known in our November issue."

Two months more to wait! Dora felt how true it is that "hope deferred makes the heart sick." For a day or two she was quite low-spirited, and could hardly force herself to go through the daily tasks, which were heavier than usual just at that time. Mary Anne, the maid, had had an accident to one of her fingers, and for a week or two was nearly disabled, and Lucy and Dora found it almost more than they could manage to get through everything themselves.

But perhaps the extra work prevented Dora from dwelling too much upon the disappointment, and she was soon quite herself again.

As the end of September drew near it became very evident that Lucy was suffering under some ill-suppressed anxiety. She parried her sister's inquiries about money, and, though she still allowed the daily record of expenses to be made, she absolutely refused to say how much of the quarter's allowance remained in hand.

"Do be quiet, Dora!" she answered pettishly, one evening, "I am fearfully worried about things, as you might see, and I am expecting every day that Mr. Scott will send in his bill for those wretched dresses. If father sees it there will be no end of trouble."

"But I thought you meant to save it out of the housekeeping, Lucy," said Dora, with a heavy heart. Was it possible that her sister had not done so?

"Save it!" exclaimed Lucy, and without further explanation she burst into sudden tears.

Dora was distressed and frightened.

"Lucy, dear," she cried, "you had better tell father about it yourself. He will not be so vexed as though you concealed things from him, and I shall take care to say that I was partly to blame."

But Lucy shook her head. "I shall not say a word, unless father finds it out," she answered as soon as she could speak. "Mr. Scott would wait, I should think; I know people who owe bills for six months, or even a year, and don't think much of it either. Besides, if one could only get a little time something might turn up."

"I don't know what you think might turn up," said Dora with indignation; "unless the money dropped from the clouds there is no chance of its coming."

As soon as she had spoken she remembered that barely possible ten pounds, but she had too much good sense to hold out such a vague hope to Lucy.

The dreaded bill duly arrived, but Lucy took it herself from the postman, and put it carefully by with Miss Simpson's unpaid account, trusting, as people of her temperament so often do, to the chapter of accidents, and hoping that the quarterly settling with her father might pass over without any uncomfortable questions.

It was a foolish hope, and one not likely to be fulfilled; preoccupied and absent as Mr. Evans often was, he had not forgotten the grey dresses.

"Is this all, Lucy?" he said as Lucy finished her statement, which showed a little money remaining in hand. "What about those new frocks which you and the other girls had? Have you paid for them, and yet got something over? It is a new thing for you if you have done so?"

Lucy was far from being a high-principled girl, as her previous conduct will have shown, but even she could not tell a direct falsehood; she coloured deeply and was silent.

But her father's suspicions being once aroused, he insisted upon knowing the whole truth, and the matter ended, as might have been predicted, in the production of the bills, and in poor Lucy's total discomfiture.

"This is shocking," Mr. Evans said, going once more over Miss Simpson's long list of trimmings and extras. "I have no means of meeting these charges myself at present. If you go on like this you will soon make me insolvent; I don't feel that I shall ever be able to trust you again. Why, if you and your sisters were really in need of clothes, did you not tell me that you had no means of getting

them, instead of running up a bill like this upon your own responsibility. This woman's charges are quite unfit for people in our cricumstances."

A good deal more Mr. Evans said, for he was thoroughly grieved and angry, and it was with tearful eyes and a heavy heart that Lucy went to her rest that night.

Dora had listened in trouble and distress almost equal to her sister's; she had tried to take some share of the blame, but her father would not hear her.

"Lucy is the person responsible," he said at once. "In future, I shall pay for all your things myself, and nothing but the bare housekeeping money shall go through her fingers."

It was some time before the sisters began to feel that the cloud had, for a time, passed by, and even then they were both painfully aware that their father was troubled and perplexed, and that the unpaid claims pressed heavily upon him.

Altogether, October was rather a miserable month, and Dora had so many less pleasant things to think of, that she did not often recollect the "Essay Competition" until the first of November really came.

"I am going to Mrs. Stanley's," she said to Lucy, on the afternoon of that day, "to see if the *Teacher's Magazine* has come; there is something in it I want to read."

"Oh, very well," rejoined Lucy. "Only please make haste back. It is Mary Anne's afternoon out, you know, and we shall have to finish ironing the starched things ourselves, if they are not to get too dry."

The fate of the starched things seemed of small moment to Dora just then; now the time was really come she could hardly restrain her impatience, and she almost ran to Mrs. Stanley's shop.

The *Teacher's Magazine* was on the counter, and the words "Essay Competition, Award of the Prize," were conspicuous upon its pale pink cover.

Dora often stayed to have a chat with Mrs. Stanley, a pleasant, elderly lady who had been, as she said, "much reduced," and whose agreeable manners largely contributed to the marked success of her little business. But the girl was glad now to pay for the magazine, and to get out with her purchase as quickly as possible.

She did not dare to stop in the street and look at the announcement; she went rapidly home again, and, disregarding Lucy's call, ran straight upstairs to her little back bedroom and bolted herself in. She could not bear that anyone should see the keenness of either joy or sorrow which that innocent-looking monthly was sure to bring.

Even then she took off her hat, smoothed her hair, and sat quietly down, before she looked at the momentous words.

"We have much pleasure," ran the notice, "in awarding the Essay Prize of ten pounds to the paper bearing the motto 'Dum Spiro Spero.' On opening the envelope bearing this motto, we found that the paper was written by Miss Dorothy Agnes Evans, Eglantine Villas, Wedgbury. Miss Evans is therefore entitled to the prize of ten pounds, a cheque for which sum she will receive upon application to our office."

Dora dropped the book and buried her face in her hands. For a moment she was overcome by the sudden joy of success. It was only with a great effort that she could compose herself sufficiently to read that there had been nearly two hundred competitors for the prize, and that a large proportion of the papers had shown marked ability and appreciation of the subject. It was with an added thrill of delight that she went on to the bottom of the page, and saw that the successful essay would be printed in a future issue of the *Teacher's Magazine*.

She was so absorbed in thinking of the pleasure of seeing her own paper in print, that Lucy's continued calls were quite unheard, and it was not until her sister, wondering and impatient, ran hastily upstairs and knocked loudly at the bedroom door, that Dorothy started from her reverie, and returned to the everyday world around her.

"Whatever is the matter!" exclained Lucy, as soon as the door was opened. "I've called and called, and you never answered; and you look I don't know how; have you been laughing, or crying or what?"

"Oh, Lucy!" and Dora rescued the magazine, which had fallen face downwards upon the carpet. "I have had a great success—you will hardly believe it when I tell you—I have won the Essay Prize: only look here and you will see."

Lucy read the announcement with a sort of envious sigh.

"Oh, you lucky girl!" she said. "You will have all that money. All the good fortune there is comes to you and Hilda; there is nothing but worry and trouble for me."

"Dear Loo," murmured Dora, laying her hand affectionately on her sister's arm, "this will be your good fortune as well as mine—I shall share it with you, if father will let me."

"Now you have won it yourself, it is surely yours to do what you like with; but father is vexed even now about those wretched bills. Only think, Dora, this is as much as both of them come to."

"Yes, I know," said Dora, and she became all at once silent; she could not resist the thought that came into her mind with Lucy's words. Here, in her own hands, were the means to relieve her father of his anxieties, and to remove the cloud that still hung over Lucy. But was it possible that she really ought to give up all her own cherished plans and purposes? In a moment she had thought of them all again; the books she had intended to purchase, the other means of improvement that this money would have brought. Surely it would not be selfish to retain the half for herself, and to give the rest towards smoothing the home difficulties. It was too intricate a question to solve just then, that was certain.

"I will come down and help you with the ironing now, Lucy," she said slowly. "It will be time enough to write the letter of application this evening, when I have told father, and we cannot settle at once what should be done with the money."

But while Dora's fingers were busy all the afternoon with collars and aprons, her mind was at work upon that one question, the question of her duty as to the ten pounds. Words she had herself written kept coming with a strange emphasis back to her memory; words about the blessedness of self-sacrifice, about the high duty and privilege of giving up one's own interest or advantage for that of others. "Did I mean all those things?" she asked herself, almost indignantly; "did I mean them, or were they only cant, only fine writing put upon paper, in order to impress others and to get something for myself. I did try, when I was writing the paper, to put down my real thoughts and feelings; but, if I can't act up to what I have said, how false the whole thing will become."

She was so absorbed in these and similar reflections, that a good many of Lucy's speeches fell upon deaf ears, and the rather noisy entrance of Alice and Emily, fresh from the walk that followed their afternoon lessons, seemed to Dora an awakening from a troubled though pleasant dream.

Before her father came home in the evening, to be surprised and pleased by the wonderful news, Dora had quite made up her mind as to the course to be pursued.

"Father," she said to Mr. Evans, when the younger ones had retired, and, after writing her letter to the Editor of the *Teacher*, she sat with Lucy over the mending-basket, which often kept both sisters employed the whole evening, "father, I have been thinking that, if you will let me, I should like to pay Scott's bill and Miss Simpson's with this money; it would be enough, and——"

She stopped abruptly, unable to say any more, and her father did not speak for a minute or two, then he said in a voice not quite free from signs of emotion—

"It is too much for you to do, Dora. I do not feel that I ought to take for such a purpose the money you have won so honourably. As I said at the time, the blame of incurring that expense did not lie with you."

"But you would be glad to know that the bills were paid," pleaded Dora, "and Lucy would be glad, she is always vexing about them. Indeed, indeed, father, I would rather do this with the ten pounds than anything else, if you will only let me."

Mr. Evans rose and took some papers from a pigeon-hole in the old-fashioned bureau, which nearly filled one side of the family sitting-room. For a minute or two he turned them over, and then spoke again—

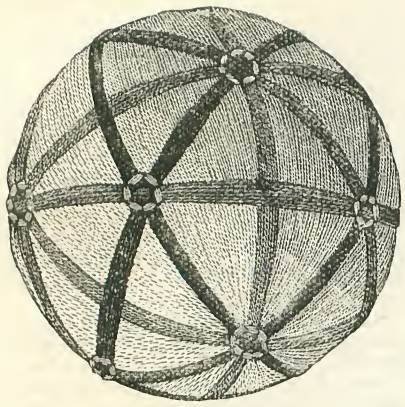
"At Christmas," he said, "I should perhaps be able to pay these bills, but it would only be by exercising great economy, and by making some one else wait for another sum that is owing; some one too who can ill-afford to wait for his money. I confess, Dora, that if you are willing to make such a sacrifice, it would be the greatest possible relief to me to feel out of debt again. I have blamed myself very much, since I knew of the matter, for leaving one so young and inexperienced as Lucy too much to her own devices, too often without advice and assistance that I might have given her."

This was a great deal for Mr. Evans to say, and it was some comfort to Lucy to know that she was not regarded as being the only person to blame in the unhappy transactions with the draper and dressmaker.

Not many more words passed between the father and daughters that night, but when, in a day or two's time, Dora duly received the cheque for ten pounds, and when, accompanied by Lucy, she went, the very next afternoon, and paid, first Mr. Scott's bill and then Miss Simpson's, there were not many happier girls in the United Kingdom than the winner of the Essay Prize.



A NEW LIFE FOR AN OLD BALL.



WHAT numbers of worn-out tennis balls accumulate in most country houses where there are young folks fond of that pleasant pastime. And what untold pleasure these same worn-out balls can give to many poor or sick children, if a very small amount of time is spent upon doing them up in a new dress. For this new dress, most people who do much fancy work can produce all sorts of odds and end of wool left over from various articles, either crewel work, crochet or knitting, for it matters very little what kind of wool you use so long as you make the balls bright and attractive-looking. We shall describe exactly how the model was covered because the design upon it is a particularly successful one, which might be carried out in many different schemes of colour. Its first coat was composed of white Shetland wool, left over from crocheting a baby's jacket. It was firmly and evenly wound round the tennis-ball, until it was covered completely. This winding was done entirely like the meridians on a globe, never like the parallels of latitude, but some discretion had to be used not to mark the north and south poles too strongly, by allowing the wool always to cross upon one particular spot. The end of the wool was fastened off by running it a little way into the winding with a wool needle. This small globe was then divided into four quarters by scarlet bands of winding, which crossed one another at the poles, and a scarlet equator was added. Some black wool further divided the quarters made by the scarlet wool, and marked the ball into eighths. Our globe was then turned on its side, and two dark blue bands were wound which crossed one another half-way between the red bands, making the general meeting-places on the spots where the red bands crossed on opposite sides of the ball. It was then turned round till the next crossing of red bands came uppermost, and two light blue bands also crossing one another were wound there. The ball was now divided all over into a number of triangles. Last of all a needle was threaded with some bright yellow filoselle, and a small circle was neatly stitched at each spot where either three or four bands crossed, and that made all quite firm.

It matters little what colour you choose for the ground work of these balls provided the other colours all form a good contrast to it. As small quantities do for the encircling bands, it is therefore better to begin the foundation with something you are sure to have enough to finish with, in order not to run short in the most important part of the design. These balls cost so little that they can be sold very cheaply at bazaars, and are always, in consequence very popular with tiny purchasers.

SUSAN M. SHEARMAN.

TWO DOMESTIC SANITARY APPLIANCES.

THE DUSTBIN.

LOOKING out from a back window on a sultry day in July, over the smoking chimney-pots in every stage of dilapidation, the slated roofs, the solitary aspin-tree with leaves of a dirty brown colour (or what was left of the leaves by the hosts of caterpillars that had striven to eke out their monotonous existence earlier in the year by eating the rest), and the various other features, not forgetting the cats, which constitute a London landscape, my attention was drawn to an incident that was happening in the courtyard of a neighbouring house. A servant was standing in front of a lidless "sanitary" dustbin and deliberately emptying the contents of a teapot—leaves and stale tea—into that sanitary emporium, which was already half-filled with fishbones and cabbage-stalks.

A *sanitary* dustbin is only sanitary if it is used in a sanitary manner. Do not think as this girl apparently did, that as the thing was sold as a *sanitary* dustbin there was no need for caution. She is not the only person that I have seen misuse a dustbin in this manner. A "sanitary" dustbin without a lid, filled with cabbage-stalks, fish-bones, tea-leaves and water on a hot day in July will not remain sanitary for very long. If this is the way you use the bin, it is better far to return to the old-fashioned wooden dusthole, for this, at all events, lets the water run away.

The sanitary dustbin has proved a great blessing to London, and if it is used carefully it is as sanitary as anything put to such unsanitary purposes can be. It is no mystery how to use it. See that it has a lid, and that the lid is always on it; have it emptied as often as possible, and do not put liquid of any kind into it. The position of a dustman is not an enviable one, and I have been told over and over again by dustmen that they did not mind the dust but that they did object strongly to have water from the rubbish trickling down their backs. They all agreed that this pernicious method of emptying teapots was the chief cause of fluid in the dustbin. Surely it is very little extra trouble to pour off the water from the tea-leaves—and it is exceedingly important to keep the contents of the bin dry, both for yourself, your neighbours and also for the dustmen.

I will now leave that subject and go to another household utensil which is still more misused, and of which, indeed, the use in any way is misuse. I refer to the filter.

THE FILTER.

Of all the nonsense that we have heard I do not think that any other subject has had so large a share as filters.

First, let us see what filters are made for. To filter water of course. But to filter it from what? From microbes, don't you know that? Then why are they used in London houses? Because London water is swarming with germs! This is totally untrue. There are no pathogenic (disease-producing) germs in London water,* so why use a filter?

Now let us take the disadvantages of filters. You say that filters remove the germs from water. Do they? Just come into my laboratory and see for yourself. Those little tubes over there, plugged with cotton wool, are "cultures" of various organisms. Tube No. 1, you see, contains nothing but a clear mass of gelatine at the bottom. That, I can tell you at once contains no organisms. It is a culture of a drop of London water taken from my own tap. You see in tube No. 2 that the gelatine has been liquefied, that it is of a dirty yellow colour with an abominable odour; it is swarming with organisms. It is a sample of the same water as No. 1, but it has been passed through a carbon filter. You seem surprised and incredulous, but to me nothing can be more natural. If you look at a carbon filter from any point of view it is obvious that it must foul and not purify the water. Now you are going to say to me "that cannot be true, for the other day I saw for myself that filters did purify the water." I will tell you what you saw, two baths or two vessels arranged like opera-glasses or some such object, one filled with London water, the other with the same water filtered. The former was pale green in colour, the latter a beautiful blue. Of course the latter is the purer water! Not a bit of it! The yellowish colour of the unfiltered water is due to a minute trace of peat, which is not of the least importance. You cannot tell from inspection whether or not water contains germs. You have seen other tests exhibited, but they can all be explained in much the same way. The filter decolourises, that is all.

There is one form of filter that is really useful—the "Pasteur-Chamberland Filter." It consists of a cylinder of unglazed porcelain which is screwed on to a tap, and the water is forced through the porcelain absolutely freed from any impurity that it may have contained. Its disadvantages are, however, numerous; it has to be screwed on to a tap and requires high pressure to force the water through it, so that it can only be used in large towns where filters are unnecessary. Again, the cylinders must be thoroughly scrubbed out and then baked occasionally, as they soon get covered inside with slime.

Of other filters two kinds are in common use. One of these consists of a block of carbon or some other substance and two glass vessels. You all know these by sight. They are perfectly useless, as the carbon soon gets crowded with organisms. The other kind is filled with small lumps of charcoal with interstices for stagnant water and germs. This is called the cottage filter and is the most objectionable of all.

So both the dustbin and the filter are used for the reception of stagnant water. Might I suggest that the proper place for the latter is within the former?

T. N. D.

* In times of epidemics organisms are occasionally, but very rarely it is true, found in London water.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

LADY MATILDA *asks, "Why, when I pay a doctor to visit me, does he not tell me the name of my complaint and its probable duration and termination? And why does he write his prescriptions in Latin? Is it so that I should not read them? Is it from fear, lest they should be criticised, or is it merely from habit? It seems far more rational for a physician to tell his patients everything, and so secure their help towards curing themselves."*

Many people, beside yourself, have asked these questions, and, as far as we are aware, they have never yet been answered. That it would be better, in most cases, for the physician to tell his patients everything we most readily admit; but there are two sides to the question, so we will consider the pros and cons of each part of the argument.

Should the doctor tell his patient the nature of the disease from which the latter is suffering?—Yes; for it gives the patient a better idea of his own condition. It tells him if his state is serious and if it is advisable to appoint a substitute to do his work during his illness; or, if the disease is a very serious one, whether he should make or revise his will, and make other preparations before leaving this world. Everyone, when he is ill, imagines that his complaint is very serious, and it is a relief to him to hear that it is more trivial than he imagined. No; he should not tell his patient the name of his illness, for the latter may be thoroughly unnerved by hearing that he suffers from cancer or consumption, and in serious affections it is always necessary to keep up the patient's spirits. Again, tell a man that he has consumption, and he imagines that his case is hopeless, whereas it is often not so.

Is the physician to tell his patient how long the illness will last?—Yes, decidedly, in all cases, if he knows himself. It is rarely possible to tell how long a disease will take to run its course, and to hazard an opinion in such cases is disastrous to the reputation of the physician, and of no value to the patient.

Ought a patient to know what will be the probable termination of his illness?—Yes, everyone should be warned of approaching death or encouraged by the assurance of a speedy cure. Again, where an operation is considered necessary, the clear understanding of his condition will enable the patient to accept the chances of operation or to refuse to allow its performance. The probable results of the operation should also be clearly laid before the patient. Against these arguments the ever-constant factor of uncertainty must be laid. We can never be certain of the results, either of a disease or of an operation, so why tell a patient that he will die from his affection when it is possible he may recover?

As regards writing prescriptions in Latin, personally we thoroughly disapprove of it. One must know one's own language better than Latin. Again, it is not always possible to express one's meaning in Latin, and it is not rare to see such meaningless jargon as "to be coated cum sacch." on the prescriptions of the most eminent physicians. Why do we put the sign "℞" above a medical prescription? Now we take it to stand for "Recipe" (take of), and so force ourselves to put the names of the drugs used in the genitive case. This sign ℞ is really an invocation to Jupiter, and was used by the classical physicians, but nowadays it is as much out of place as it is out of date to use it. We thoroughly disapprove of this method of writing prescriptions in a mixture of English, Latin and jargon, and now we always use English alone. The old bugbear, the apothecary's weights, is going to give way to the metrical system of weighing when the new pharmacopœia is ready.

Medical men are not charlatans, and do not write their prescriptions in Latin to prevent criticism. It is simply a piece of foolish conservatism.

In conclusion, we must remember that the physician himself does not always know what is the nature or duration of every morbid condition, and that there are many ailments that have not got a name. Another reason why medical men do not confide in their patients is that the patients make a bad use of the information. For instance: we tell a girl that she has anæmia. A friend comes round and tells her she should take Dr. Quack's pills, which are wonderful. Our treatment is neglected; the patient takes the patent pill, of which neither she, her friend, nor ourselves know the action or the composition. It seems to us, however, that patients take patent medicines and nostrums whatever the diagnosis—and why not? Do not Dr. Quack's pills guarantee to cure everything? Fortunately most patent drugs are harmless as they are useless; but we have seen great harm done by a patient taking an antibilious pill to cure typhoid fever.

It is a matter of experience that it is not wise for the physician to implicitly confide in every patient, but when he is called to a healthy-minded individual, really anxious to be cured, he tells his sufferer everything he knows himself, warns him of approaching danger, and confides in him any uncertainty connected with the diagnosis or termination of the malady.

T. N. D.

HERMIONE *asks, "Will you kindly tell me to what Tennyson refers in the following lines from 'Margaret.'*

"'Exquisite Margaret, who can tell
The last wild thought of Chatelet;
Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the true heart,
Even in her sight he loved so well?'"

We are very glad to receive questions of this order, which show that our correspondents read poetry in an intelligent spirit. The allusion, we must confess, has a little perplexed us, for there seems no Chatelet known to fame to whom the quotation would be in the least appropriate. Everything points to the name "Chatelet" being interchangeable with Chastelard. Pierre Boscobel de Chastelard was a grandson of the chevalier Bayard, a youth of romantic spirit, and a writer of amatory verse. He fell in love with Mary Queen of Scots during her sojourn in France, and followed her to England on her widowhood. He was compelled, however, to return to Paris, where he passed a year of misery, apart from the object of his adoration. He then joined her court in Scotland, and was at first kindly received; but as his importunities for the Queen's favour became too urgent, he was condemned to lose his head. On the day of execution he walked to the scaffold reading the ode of Ronsard, "*A la Mort*," and finally turning towards the place where the Queen was, he cried aloud, "*Adieu, la plus belle et la plus cruelle princesse du monde!*"

The heroine of Tennyson's early poem is supposed to be secluded from the sorrow and stress of the world in a sort of charmed reverie.

"You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life."

"What can it matter to you," the poet seems to say, "that brave men suffer, that lovers break their hearts and perish, as did the Queen's minstrel-suitor in days of yore, for love's sake? You know nothing but dream-sorrow—

"A fairy shield your Genius made,
And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away."

There is a hint of reproach in the words quoted by our correspondent, and yet there is admiration, as for one aloof from the common woes of earth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

PIRATE QUEEN.—We must repeat the censure of a recent answer. The matter of your poem is excellent, and your pictorial description shows that you have talent; but the "form" is defective, and the metre halts. Your lines should be assimilated in length and measure to this one—

"Come with thy cold clear stars, oh, dusk of the northern night!"

T. C.—1. The accidentals are placed in each clef separately, the treble clef not affecting the bass, and *vice versâ*.—2. Your example is written as two half-bars, and we cannot therefore answer your question. If they are intended as two bars, they are inconsistent with $\frac{4}{4}$ time, as there are only four quavers in each. Have you not copied incorrectly?

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Your design is excellently done. We should think you ought to be able to get work. Apply to one of the weekly "home" magazines.

A. E.—Your stories are very nice considering that you are only fourteen. Study hard, and read good authors: then in days to come you may be able really to write something worth reading.

PRIMROSE.—1. Your quotation—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

is from Byron's *Don Juan*, canto i., stanza 194.—2. Your letter is a very kind and pleasant one, and you ask for criticism of your story so modestly, that we feel sorry it cannot be favourable. The composition is faulty, as the sentences are far too long. Then we demur both to the curate's singling out a special member of his congregation for notice while he was officiating at Divine Service, and to his advising a girl to marry a man given to intemperance. He would have known, had he been a person of any experience, that the hope "I can influence him for good," is in such cases, often, if not invariably, a delusion.

A CONSTANT READER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—The verses you enclose are decidedly above the average of those sent for criticism. In the "Reverie by the Seaside" there is one halting line, viz.—

"Some of the gladness God gave."

We like the lines—

"For I would go home laden,
Could only my burden be
Some of the fancies whispered
In that music from the sea."

The sacred poem is also good. The last verse of all is the least poetical. We should advise you to persevere.

F. M.—1. We mentioned in this column the other day (see page 224) an elementary Greek class, conducted by Miss Lilian Masters, Mount Avenue, Ealing. You had better write to her for full particulars, as we should suppose it is conducted by means of correspondence.—2. February 10, 1876, was a Thursday.



FLOWERING NETTLE.

MEDICAL.

FAIR ISABEL.—1. Pimples on the face are one of the manifestations of acne. We have over and over again given advice on this subject, and we will repeat for the last time the nature and cure of this ailment. Acne is the name given to certain abnormal conditions of the sebaceous glands (i.e. the glands that secrete the sebum or natural oil of the hairs). "Blackheads," "whiteheads," "skin-worms," pimples (usually), comedones, and pustules on the face or, indeed, on any part of the body, are the manifestations of acne. The condition occurs in about twenty-five per cent. of adolescents between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. It is less common in women than in men. It rarely persists after twenty-five, and is very amenable to treatment. It is a *local* disease due to *local* causes—a *skin* affection dependent upon changes in the *skin*, it has nothing whatever to do with the condition of the blood. It is obvious, therefore, that the treatment must be local and that nothing taken internally will have any effect. It is useless to take drugs or to diet yourself for this condition, neither of these measures will in any way influence it. The right treatment is the application of some antiseptic substance and of a drug that possesses the power of softening the skin. Both these necessary qualities are possessed by sulphur, and this is therefore the most valuable substance for the cure of acne. It should be used in the following ways:—always wash your face with *warm* water and sulphur soap; rub your face briskly after washing, and if you observe any extra prominent blackheads squeeze them out. Before going to bed apply sulphur ointment to your face, thickly covering those parts most attacked, especially the lips, cheeks, and temples. Place a piece of linen or a dry towel over the pillow at night to prevent the pillow-case from being soiled. In the morning wipe off as much of the ointment as possible, and then wash your face thoroughly with the sulphur soap. Remember that many so-called sulphur soaps do not contain sulphur and are quite useless. The ointment, which is very cheap, can be obtained from any chemist. In our experience no other measure is half as efficacious as sulphur. Cure is practically invariable. Now, as regards your own case, follow the above directions and take nothing internally. If you had used the sulphur externally instead of internally you would, probably, be all right now. What makes you think that sulphur produces constipation we do not know, for it is a laxative.—2. Read the answer to "Maud" below.

ANNE.—Calomel, taken in the small doses that we give at the present day, does not in any way affect the teeth.

A LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—The small spot on your nose is most probably simply an acne spot. Read the answer given to "Fair Isabel" above.

MAUD.—Many of our readers are troubled with superfluous hairs on their faces. It is very annoying for a woman to discover that she is growing a moustache, but we think that many worry over this far more than is necessary. After all it is not a terrible disease, it is only unsightly—which we were told the other day is quite as bad—for a woman! Of the cause of the condition we know nothing save that it is most frequent in dark women, and that hairs almost invariably grow on pigmented patches of skin, especially on moles. We can divide superfluous hairs into three varieties:—first, hairs growing on moles; second, downy hairs on the lips; and third, long hairs, usually dark in colour, growing chiefly on the lips and chin, but occasionally on other parts of the face. The second variety, down on the lips, is practically always present in adult women. If it is light in colour it is unnoticeable except in very strong side lights. If it is black, or dark brown in colour, it is more noticeable. As regards treatment, removal must first be considered. Can we permanently remove superfluous hairs? Yes, to a certain extent we can permanently remove the long solitary hairs, but we cannot do so to the downy hairs. What varieties of superfluous hairs are amenable to epilation, as it is called? Only long thick hairs which are growing solitarily, or of which there are very few. Electrolysis is the most used method of getting rid of hairs. We have heard that it never fails, but our experience tells us decidedly otherwise. It usually succeeds for a time, perhaps a year or so, and then the hairs return. Perhaps our experience may be different from that of others, but still there it is. Another method is to destroy the hair-roots by the red-hot electric needle. This is not a bad plan, but each puncture leaves a minute scar. Both methods are exceedingly expensive, and except in a very few selected cases, we recommend neither. All the forms of superfluous hairs can be temporarily removed either with the razor or by pulling them out by the roots. In either case they will grow again. Many women object to the use of the razor, but it is cheap and efficacious. None of these methods being adopted, the hairs may be rendered less prominent by bleaching. The best agent for this purpose is peroxide of hydrogen. This is a perfectly innocuous fluid and is by no means expensive. It should be applied every day with a camel-hair brush or small piece of rag. It is usually, but not always, successful. Never use any such preparation as sulphide of barium, or other chemical agents, so many of which have been lauded from time to time. All are ineffectual, and most are very dangerous. We have seen a girl's face literally peeled by the use of one of these so-called chemical epilators.

P. B.—It is an absolute myth that wearing ear-rings strengthens the eyes. It is true that in certain diseases of the eyes we do apply leeches or blisters behind the ear, but this is not the same thing.

NANCY.—1. The dark line round your neck is probably nothing but a slight pigmentation of the skin. It is by no means unusual for the neck to be darker in colour than the rest of the body. Mere exposure to the light often causes the pigment to disappear. You might try peroxide of hydrogen to bleach it, but we cannot promise that the treatment will be successful.—2. Read the answer to "Maud."

LUCY.—Hammer-toe is invariably caused by ill-fitting boots. Therefore the first necessity is to get boots that fit. If you do this your toe will probably get all right again. Get boots amply large with square toes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SALT AND IGNORAMUS, AND "R. E. J."—Nothing is more vulgar, according to the laws of (English) good-breeding, than to convey cheese or anything else to the mouth with a knife. It is an appliance exclusively designed for cutting on the plate or carving. Only the fork and spoon or the hand should convey food to the mouth. It is a necessary appliance at the cheese course, and biscuits (or bread) and butter are served with it; and you should break a small piece of biscuit and butter it, and with your knife cut a small piece of cheese, place it on the bread and so convey it with your left hand to your mouth. We have certainly seen some (otherwise well-bred people) guilty of a breach of the rules of society, in reference to the use of a knife in eating cheese. But amongst persons of the higher class of society to raise a knife to the mouth would stamp one so doing as half-bred and ill-trained.

LOVER OF CATS.—White leather belts are cleaned with pipeclay, but if of satin-ribbon, any require cleaning, you might try to do them yourself with some benzine; but we fear they would only be spoilt.

ONE IN DIFFICULTIES.—You do not say whether "your lamentable ignorance" is your own fault? If it be, why not begin to improve yourself? Perhaps the young man you mention does not care for a clever wife, in that case you would just suit him.

A CONSTANT READER.—Your canary is suffering from the effects of lice. Give the bird a good bath every day in salt and water. Let the bath be fairly deep, a toothbrush-dish or a soap-dish makes an excellent bath. Do you keep the bird in a wooden cage? This is not an uncommon cause of vermin. If the cage is wooden, thoroughly wash and scrub it with soft soap and water, then rinse it in clean water and dry it in the sun.

E. M. M.—The address of the *Musical Times* is 1, Berners Street, London, W.C. The information you desire you can obtain in it without doubt.

FLIGHT.—We think you might obtain what you require by writing to Mrs. Angus Hall, 4, Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.



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IN SPITE OF ALL.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.



All rights reserved.] "THE THREE GIRLS REGRETTED PARTING."

CHAPTER I.



IT was breaking-up day at the end of the summer term. The lists had been read and the anxious young minds were now at rest. Everybody knew who had won the prizes. In the sixth form five had been offered, and of these three had been won by Edith Winter, the cleverest girl in the school, and the most hard-working. She was so used to success that she took it very quietly. She was glad for her mother's sake, for the Winters were not rich and Edith was going to be a high-school mistress. She had gained a scholarship, and presently she was going to Bedford College. She was waiting now in the headmistress's study to say good-bye to her. There were two other girls also waiting. One of these, Margaret Raven, had gained a prize for drawing. She might have had more than one, but she was given to making pictures in her lesson books when she should have been studying, and caricaturing the lecturer when she should have been attending to her discourses. The other girl was Beattie Margetson, who had been second in two or three subjects, last in others, and first in English composition. The prize had been given for an essay, and Beattie's was the only one which had any originality.

The three girls regretted parting. They were making the usual promises of frequent correspondence when Miss Williams came in.

Miss Williams was a middle-aged woman, tall, thin, and pale. She had a large nose and a pointed chin. She saw everything, always caught the offender at the critical moment, and had a memory for names and faces that was something extraordinary. Hundreds of girls had passed through her school during the ten years she had been head-mistress, but she remembered every one of them, and those who met her in later life never failed to find her prompt to recognise, full of interest, and mindful of every detail of their past. She was popularly supposed to disapprove of the existence of men, and it was observed that she always got a woman to distribute the prizes if possible; it was also said that she regarded marriage as the refuge of weak women unable to make their own lives, and that her disappointment when the second mistress, Miss Cuxon, became engaged to a lawyer, was so great, that she would hardly speak to her during the remainder of her time at the school, and never on the subject of her approaching marriage. Also that the only present she gave her when the event took place was a book on woman's rights. But these were school-girl notions, and many of the young ladies would have been utterly incredulous if they had been told that twenty years ago Miss Williams had been engaged to a smart young officer in an Indian regiment. He was shot through the heart, and that of Miss Williams may be said to have been broken by the same bullet. Thenceforward it ached so much that to divert her attention from the pain she began to develop her mind. And she did this so successfully that people said she had no feelings. Her pupils were all more or less afraid of her, but they had a great respect for her, and her power over them was immense. She had no favourites, and was not supposed to care for any of the girls much, but if there was one who had found out the weak spot which even she doubtless possessed, it was Beattie Margetson.

Why, there is no knowing, unless it was because Beattie, whose bump of reverence was undeveloped, did not regard Miss Williams with awe as the others did. Beattie had a very bright smile, and she always smiled at Miss Williams when that lady, walking down the big schoolroom, passed her desk. Once, when as occasionally happened, she was a ringleader of mischief and was reported to the head-mistress and summoned to the study to receive a lecture which would have reduced most of the other girls to tears, she looked up at the stern lady with what the girls called, "those eyes," and said, "I'm very sorry, I see now it was horrid of me. But, dear Miss Williams, when you were my age wouldn't you have been tempted to annoy Miss Tewes? She is such an aggravating person." And then she suddenly dimpled and laughed, till Miss Williams laughed too.

For everyone disliked Miss Tewes, who was very conceited, very dictatorial, and though undoubtedly clever, had what Miss Cuxon called "A school-board mind."

Beattie was very pretty. She owed some of her undoubted popularity to this fact and to her utter absence of vanity. She had curly brown hair, dimples, a lovely mouth, a complexion which denoted perfect health, and "those eyes," large, grey, changing in expression, and with wonderful long dark lashes. "When Beattie looks at you with those eyes you can't help doing what she wants," the girls used to say. Then she was funny, not witty perhaps, but quaint, original, and impulsive. No one was ever bored by Beattie. Miss Cuxon used to accuse her of being "giddy." Once when Beattie was sitting with Mary Greyle, the most solemn girl in the class, she declared she would make her laugh before the first lesson was over, and so she did. Mary's fat shoulders were soon shaking, and she emitted a curious sort of snort when she could not control herself which attracted Miss Cuxon's attention. Mary reddened and looked ashamed when she caught Miss Cuxon's eye, so that lady who knew the offender turned her attention to Beattie who was sitting with a perfectly *serious* face. "Beatrice," she said, "I am afraid you are very giddy." Beatrice opened her eyes wide with surprise and shook her head. "Oh no, Miss Cuxon," she said, so quietly that Miss Cuxon was fain to believe she had not understood her. "I feel quite well, thank you." And Miss Cuxon turned without another word to the map of Central Africa.

Fraulein, a tall severe woman, who was nevertheless very sentimental at times, would stare at her while she was saying her list of exceptions to certain plural forms, and actually once allowed her to miss out "*Dasz dach, dasz dorf* and *dafz ei*," because she was thinking what a picture she made. The German lesson followed the gymnasium, and Beattie usually had ruffled hair and rosy cheeks after her performances on the giant stride and the horizontal bar. Madame too, who had had daughters and buried then in sunny Normandy, once called her back when the French lesson was over and asked her to kiss her. And the next week Beattie went to tea with Madame and ate *éclairs* and heard about Marie and Augustine, and loved Madame ever after, so that she actually prepared her French translation, instead of leaving it till the last minute and then asking Edith to tell her which were the difficult words. For Miss Beattie was not good at her lessons. She had plenty of ability, but when she got home from school she did as she liked and she did not like to prepare her work. When the examinations drew near she learnt pages and pages by heart, walking up and down her bedroom and fortifying herself with toffee drops. By the first week of the holidays what she had learnt was forgotten. Yet, when she did get a prize her popularity was evident from the clapping she received. And everybody was sorry that she was going to leave school; not least, Miss Williams.

"Well, girls," she said as she came into her study. "I shall look forward to seeing you all again at the distribution. We hope to have one of the ladies of the royal family to give away the prizes."

"I am afraid I shan't be there," said Margaret, "I am going to Paris after the holidays."

"To prosecute your studies in art? Well, Margaret, I hope the school will be proud of you in the future. We have so many of our girls contributing to the good of the world. I trust you will not quite give up your mathematics. You have a distinct gift for Euclid and algebra, as well as for drawing." And she regarded the strong, clever face of her pupil with approval, as she shook hands with her. "Good-bye, Margaret, I wish you every success."

Margaret escaped, to await the others in the cloak-room, and the head-mistress turned to Edith.

"As for you, Edith," she said, "I can only hope you will go on as you have begun. There is, as you know, nothing which claims my sympathy and interest so much as education. That one who has been so careful in acquiring knowledge will be capable of imparting it I

have little doubt. The thorough and scientific methods of the present day are so infinitely superior to the superficial training of the past that she who teaches must be for ever learning, and to one who loves study as you do this will be no difficulty. When you have taken your degree there is nothing I should like better than to have you as one of my teachers here. I do sincerely trust," and she regarded her a little severely, "that you will not be turned from the path you have chosen by the first—by any fancies. But you are too sensible. Well, good-bye, my dear, and, well done."

Then Beattie was left alone with her. The head-mistress had been standing hitherto. Now she sat down.

"And you, Beattie?" she said.

Beattie was silent.

"The others are leaving with some aim in life. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, Miss Williams," said Beattie. "I suppose I shall get married."

"My dear!" and Miss Williams held up her hands in horror. "But even if in the future you should contract a suitable alliance, it ought not to be for eight or ten years, and in the meanwhile!"

"Eight or ten years," said Beattie laughing. "Why, I should be quite old. Aunt Ella will be very angry with me if I am not married till I am in the middle of my twenties. I am coming out next year, you know. She was married at nineteen."

"But we know better than that nowadays," said Miss Williams. "If only you could have continued your studies! Why, you have not even been up for the senior Cambridge, and you would have done very well, I am sure. And then I should have wished you to go on to Girton."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Beattie philosophically. "I am sorry you are disappointed, Miss Williams. And I must say I should have liked to go to Girton myself. I have heard the girls have great fun there. But Aunt Ella would not hear of such a thing. She is very much afraid I shall be too clever as it is."

"I don't think there is much fear of that," said Miss Williams quietly. "Well, it is good-bye, then."

"Yes," said Beattie. "But I shall come to the distribution, Miss Williams, and I shall look forward to seeing you and all the girls again. I have enjoyed being at school so much. I am sorry I haven't been good and steady and got a lot of prizes, and that you can't say things to me like you did to the others, but if I am ignorant, I won't let anybody blame the school for it."

She looked up at Miss Williams wistfully. A tear was shining on her eyelashes, her mouth trembled. She was sorry to say good-bye to the stern school-mistress. There was something more final in it than her farewells to the girls with the promise of future meetings and many letters, and the consciousness of Miss Williams' disapprobation made her realise that she could not meet her with confidence later on as Edith and Margaret would.

She held out her little hand doubtfully to receive the handshake which had been vouchsafed to her fellows.

To her utter astonishment Miss Williams took her in her arms and fairly hugged her.

"Good-bye, you dear child," she said, "I wish we could have kept you with us."

And then, as if ashamed of this unwonted demonstration, she opened the door herself to hasten Beattie's departure.

Beattie ran down the stairs with flushed cheeks, and a beating heart. The others were waiting for her, for part of their homeward way lay together.

"I hope Miss Williams hasn't said anything sarcastic," said Margaret to Edith, noticing that Beattie was tearful.

Beattie heard her.

"Oh, no, she was very nice," she said. But neither to them nor to anyone else did she say that Miss Williams had kissed her.

They were just leaving the school when Beattie remembered she had not said good-bye to Mrs. Pate, the housekeeper, and accordingly she ran down the flights of stone stairs to the kitchen. Mrs. Pate was giving her husband, the only man on the premises, his dinner, and was engaged in emptying something with a most appetising smell into a soup-plate when Beattie's knock was followed by her entrance, to the delight of five little yellow-haired Pates who had often tasted peppermint drops at her expense, and to the confusion of their father, who was never supposed to see the young ladies. Mrs. Pate emptied her hands as soon as possible and curtseyed.

"I have come to say good-bye," said Beattie. "I am not coming back next term, you know. You have been so kind to me. Do you remember the day you got all that ink out of my dress? I don't believe I ever thanked you properly. Good-bye, Jane and Susie. Please, Mrs. Pate, will you buy them something with this to remember me by. Now I must go. Miss Winter is waiting."

She shook hands with them all, Mrs. Pate apologising for the black off the saucepan which adhered to her hands, and Mr. Pate reddening as if he had already partaken of all the hot soup, and then she picked up her satchel and hastened after the others, who had strolled on.

Beattie and Margaret went all the way with Edith, who lived furthest from the school and was the most anxious of the three to get home, then Beattie walked back with Margaret. The two had more in common than either of them had with Edith. While Edith lived a life of puritanical strictness and simplicity, the others were used to a certain amount of luxury and to the pleasures which society gives to girls of their age. Mrs. Winter was very particular as to what her daughter read and where she went, but Mrs. Raven fostered the natural independence of Margaret and allowed her more liberty than is usual even in these days. She herself was unconventional and irritated by the restrictions of correct English society, and her daughter inherited her Bohemian tendencies together with the somewhat stern independence of her Scotch father. Margaret was very upright and sensible, she was not at all pretty, and she looked older than her years. It was possible for her to take her own line without the dangers which would have beset a more volatile or more attractive girl. When people remonstrated with Mrs. Raven she laughed. "If you had known my dear husband," she would say, "you would understand why I do not thwart Margaret. She has an unerring instinct for what is best for herself, and can be safely trusted to follow it." And the mothers who did not consider their self-willed daughters' instincts "unerring," and whose duties were consequently harder than Mrs. Raven's, spoke of her "dangerous experiment" with mingled envy and sorrow.

Margaret had no real friend but Beattie Margetson, and to her she was devoted. There was something chivalrous in her affection, as if she had been a man. She was more like a boy than a girl in some ways. She liked carpentering better than needlework, and cricket better than tennis, though she excelled in all games which required strength. She always wore severe manly hats and tailor-made dresses and boots which were square-toed and thick-soled. But she loved in Beattie her daintiness and beauty, her clear voice (her own was deep and strong), and the pretty, clinging, affectionate ways which were so impossible to herself. She would have liked to shelter and protect her, and woe be to the being who said anything disparaging of Beattie in her presence. She was always drawing her and designing dresses for her, and picturing her in different attitudes. Leaving school meant to her leaving Beattie.

So when they got to Margaret's house she turned round and said she would take Beattie home to hers. In the holidays they would see little of each other if anything, as Mrs. Raven and Margaret were going to some relations in Scotland, and Beattie's aunt was going to take her to the seaside. Beattie's father and mother were both dead, and Aunt Ella was the wife of her mother's brother.

"I wish you were going to be with me in Paris," said Margaret for the twentieth time in the last few weeks. "If your aunt would trust you to me I would take such care of you and it would be so good for your French. But I suppose I must give up thinking about it."

"We must for the present. You see, Aunt Ella doesn't know anything of Madame Duclos that you are going to. But perhaps some day we can manage it, and it would be fun. I don't know however I shall fill up my time. I rather wish I was going to do something like you and Edith."

"Oh, you're different from us. I can't somehow fancy you earning your

living. You're meant to be looked after and be taken care of, not to go fighting. You see you're so soft-hearted and you trust in people so. Now I'm different. Mother being a widow and having no companion but me, I've seen a lot of the world. I believe I know more about it than old Miss Williams, who thinks that men are no use, and that all the women should be teachers. I shall enjoy struggling along and making my own way, and before my mother's an old woman I mean to make her proud of me."

"She is now," said Beattie, a little wistfully. The Ravens were not demonstrative, but somehow she never felt being motherless so much as when she went to tea with Margaret.

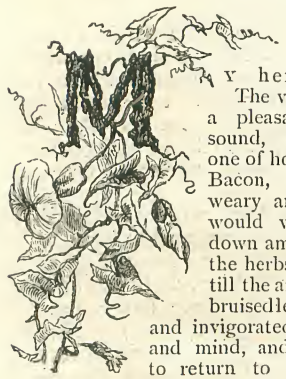
Just at that moment a carriage drove up to the door. In it was Aunt Ella. It was an hour since the girls had left the school and close upon the luncheon-time. Margaret waited to shake hands with Mrs. Swannington, but refused her invitation to go in, then she said a hurried good-bye to Beatrice, though she squeezed her hand so that it hurt, and strode away.

"Come, Beattie," said Aunt Ella, as the girl stood watching her friend's departure. And as Beattie had abandoned the hope that Margaret would turn back, she reluctantly followed her aunt indoors.

(*To be continued.*)

MY HERB GARDEN.

By the LADY GEORGINA VERNON.



My herb garden! The very name has a pleasant old-world sound, and reminds one of how Sir Francis Bacon, when brain-weary and exhausted, would walk up and down amongst and on the herbs in his garden till the aroma from the bruised leaves refreshed and invigorated him in body and mind, and enabled him to return to his study; it brings thoughts of the days when noble dames did not disdain to attend to their herbs, and when the gathering of them in the proper season and the distilling of various sweet waters, the making of potions and possets, and of ointments and salves compounded from the produce of their gardens, formed a large part and interest in their daily lives—besides which they knew and took care of the flavouring plants for the highly-seasoned dishes favoured by our ancestors.

Many of the plants which were formerly grown for kitchen use are now neglected and hardly known, or at least not used in any way in cookery, for instance: senevry, orris root, violet leaves, sweet briar, saloop (from which a tea was made), rue and scordium, and many others which were commonly used, but now our herbary is greatly lessened, and in some ways with advantage. Still, herbs play such an important part in domestic uses—both in cookery and medicinally—that we may well devote a little time to the consideration of the most useful, and the best way to grow them.

My ideal herb garden should lie between the flower and the kitchen gardens; a sunny strip of good loamy ground near a wall, with a part of the bed extending into the shade, as some herbs, notably mint, do not like too dry or sunny a spot. Each herb should have a special division of the garden portioned off for its culture; on one side should grow those herbs which we will consider to-day, and which are known as pot-herbs, and the herbs for medicinal uses should have another border to themselves.

Now first in order as one of the most important herbs and which is used in almost every savoury dish comes parsley.

"The common parsley" has plain, uncurled leaves, and though it has the advantage of being hardier than some of the finer sorts, it is not so tender or so delicate in flavour; but the best to grow is one of the numerous varieties of curled parsley, which are all good and very pretty for one of its great uses—namely, garnishing.

Parsley is such a useful herb that we will enter fully into the best method of its cultivation. There should be a constant succession of crops, the first sowing taking place in February, then again in May and July; by this we ensure always having tender young plants all the year. The July sowing should be on a sunny south bed; and when cold weather comes, the young plants must be covered with hand glasses. Parsley needs frequent watering in dry weather. When the leaves get old, the plants may be cut over, and fresh leaves will spring up.

I may mention here that there is a variety of parsley known as fool's parsley, which is extremely like the plain-leaved variety, but very poisonous. Parsley is much used in soup, omelets, etc., and, indeed, it enters so largely into half the dishes which come to table that it could ill be spared.

Mint comes next in order of merit. It is easily grown, but prefers rather a moist soil, and can be propagated by cuttings or by dividing the roots. At the approach of winter the old plants should be cut down and the roots covered with soil. Mint is used green in cookery, either for mint sauce, to boil with peas, or in other ways; but it is one of those useful herbs which preserves its fragrance all through the winter when dried, and should be picked just before flowering, and hung up in a dry, cool place for winter use.

Thyme (of which there are two sorts, the common and the lemon thyme) is very useful. It loves a dry, sunny place; as the old song says:

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows!"

And banks are its favourite position. It should be raised from seed sown in April, although it may be increased by cuttings, by bending the branches and pegging them down into the soil, when they will take root and form new plants. This sweetly aromatic plant is used in savoury omelets, and most of the preparations of pork, such as pies, sausages, etc.

Sage is a herb which is now little used, except in the well-known old-fashioned sage-and-onion stuffing for a goose, and perhaps the reason of this custom is not generally known. Sage is supposed to be an excellent tonic for the stomach and to assist digestion, and therefore is used with any extra rich or indigestible food, such as duck or goose. Sage is best grown from cuttings taken in May or June, at first placed in a frame, and then planted out; if the plants are kept well trimmed they will grow strong and bushy. The tender shoots can be picked and dried for winter use.

Sorrel is a charming little plant which is pretty enough to be grown for its own sake, with its brilliant green leaves, pink stems, and white flowers. It is better known in French than in English cookery, and veal cutlets *à l'oseille* and also the excellent *soupe paysanne* owe their existence to this pleasantly-acidulated leaf. It is best grown from seed, and the leaves should be picked singly for use, taking always the larger ones.

Tarragon requires a warm dry soil. It is delicate, and it is best to cut it down at the beginning of winter and cover with a little fine garden soil; but the plants do not last in our climate more than two or three years. Tarragon is used in flavouring aspic jellies, and also a few leaves thrown into clear soup adds a delicate flavour. Tarragon vinegar is also a favourite addition to many game sauces.

Sweet marjoram is grown as an annual in England. It is only sparingly used, either to assist in the making of a "bouquet of herbs" for flavouring soups or hams, or for adding in small quantities to sauces. Like most of the before-mentioned herbs it can be picked and dried for winter use.

I suppose I must class the golden marigold amongst the kitchen herbs, although it is really more useful in the apothecary's shop than in the kitchen. The strong, highly-flavoured flowers are sometimes used in cottage cookery to give a relish to broths, but in these days of more refined cookery and technical education, I think marigolds are relegated to the background like "tansy," which formerly played such an important part in the flavouring of cakes and puddings.

Salads hardly come into my garden of herbs, but I should just like to strongly recommend more use of endive than we generally see in England, and also to remind those of us who have delighted in French salads, that the savour of them comes from the judicious mixture of delicate slices of young leeks. Let me here also add a word of advice. Salad leaves should never be washed or cut, but brought in clean and fresh from the garden, and broken up into the salad bowl with merely a simple dressing of oil and vinegar.

There are various herb vinegars which are most easily made, especially tarragon vinegar, which requires that a good handful of the leaves should be put into a quart of brown vinegar and infused for a month, and when strained is fit for use, and a most savoury addition to many gravies and sauces, especially for and with any rather strongly-flavoured birds, such as wild duck, wood pigeon, etc.

Elder vinegar, with its rare scented smell and taste, is made in the same way from the flowers of the common elder, being very careful to take only the flower and none of the green stalk. But the daintiest vinegar that I know is made from primroses (let us not breathe aloud this desecration of the idol of the Tories), but pick in the morning ere the sun has extracted the honeyed sweetness from the starry blossoms along some hedge bank, the primrose flowers, and use them for vinegar. But I will give this receipt fully, as I think many would be glad to try it in the

coming spring, and will find it a very dream of perfumed sweetness to be added to salad dressings or white sauces.

PRIMROSE VINEGAR.

To fifteen quarts of vinegar add six pounds of common lump sugar, boil and skim it. When cold add half a peck of primroses, with the stalks on, and three tablespoonfuls of yeast; let it stand four days, then put it all together into a barrel. Put it in a warm place for six months with the bung out.

It takes, as you will see, a much longer time than the other vinegars, but is well worth the time.

Our wild hedgerows produce an abundance of herbs which can be used in cookery. Treacle-mustard is the name of a well-known plant, and we all know the pretty ground ivy with its purple blue flowers and strong smell; this rejoices in the character of "Sauce alone."

But I have wandered far from our herb garden, and must return there to name one which is only little used, but must not be overlooked. Fennel is one which I only know of as used for fish sauce in England, although, probably, many of us have eaten *finochio* with chicken and *ragoûts* in Italy and not recognised in the thick blanched stems that it was related to the fennel we know. I think it might with ease and advantage be cultivated here, although I have never seen it in English gardens. If sown in March in a light soil in a sheltered situation it will be fit for use in July or August, and should be gently boiled and eaten with white sauce, or even raw, as in Italy. It is a very agreeable change from celery.

I have, in the foregoing article, merely mentioned some of the most useful of kitchen herbs; but I should like, at another time, to tell of the useful properties of the medicinal herbs of which I spoke.



OUR CHRISTMAS PUZZLE REPORT: "A REAL CHRISTMAS."

SOLUTION.

A REAL CHRISTMAS.

When we the chimes of Christmas hear,
We should arise with joyous cheer,
To greet the day that is so dear;

And we our hearts' delight should show
To every one, both high and low,
That all with happiness might glow.

We to the needy-souled might tell
What bliss without a parallel
Upon this hardened earth befell.

And if they've needy bodies too,
We might for these a something do,
That they be cheered just through and through.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Seven Shillings Each.

M. J. Champneys, Croft House, Winchester.
B. Ellen Clegg, 46, Sheriff Street, Rochester.
E. Conlin, Beltarbet, Ireland.
Helen M. Coulthard, 4, St. Mary's Buildings, Bath.
Eleanor Elsey, 2, North Street, Peterborough.
Mrs. Grubbe, Mentmore Vicarage, Leighton Buzzard.
M. Theodora Moxon, Hillside, Ilfracombe.
Alice E. Johnson, 104, The Grove, Hammersmith, W.
Mrs. H. Keel, 51, Walcot Street, Bath.
Evelyn M. Kent, Stubbington Lodge, North End, Portsmouth.
Elsie B. F. Kirkby, Oakwell Terrace, Bramley, Leeds.
E. Lord, West View, Pontefract.
Alexandrina A. Robertson, 15, Fairlawn Avenue, Chiswick.
Ethel Tomlinson, The Woodlands, Burton-on-Trent.
Emily M. P. Wood, Woodbank, Southport.
Mary Woodcock, Bletchington Park, Oxford.
Elizabeth Yarwood, 59, Beech Road, Cale Green, Stockport.
Sophie Yeo, 17, Portland Square, Plymouth.

Special Mention. (Equal with Prize Winners in every respect.)

Eliza Acworth, A. C. Carter, M. A. C. Crabb, E. H. Duncan, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Edith E. Grundy, Ellen M. Price, Ellen C. Tarrant, V. M. Welman.

Very Highly Commended.

C. Adams, Ethel B. Angear, Florence M. Angear, Annie A. Arnott, Edith Ashworth, Dora M. Barling, Wm. J. Barrett, Elsie Bayley, Rev. S. Bell, Elsie Benians, Mary Bolingbroke, Amy Briand, Ellen L. Brigham, Hubert A. Brown, Alice W. Browne, Louie Bull, Jessie O. Carryer, Rev. F. T. Chamberlain, Agnes B. Chettle, Mary I. Chislett, Emily J. Clegg, Edith Collins, Ellie Crossman, R. D. Davis, Grace Gibson, Constance A. Graham, Annie F. Hardie, Fanny K. Hardie, Mrs. A. D. Harris, Gertrude F. Hawkins, Arthur I. Haynes, Edith M. Higgs, J. Hunt, Rachel V. R. James, Elsie M. Jay, H. N. Johnson, Edith B. Jowett, C. E. Kirkness, Carlina Leggett, Caroline Lee-Warner, Mildred M. C. Little, H. N. McKenzie, Ethel C. McMaster, M. K. Martin, S. Mason, E. Mastin, Isabella M. Maxwell, Mrs. Amy Moraine, Rev. V. Odom, Hannah E. Powell, Jane Ritchie, Frances A. Roberts, Annie Robinson, Elizabeth Rose, Florence E. Russell, A. C. Sharp, Ethel Shepard, Fanny Shepard, H. C. Smith, R. E. Carr Smith, Harriet C. Smyth, A. P. Suttill, Gertie Walker, Florence Whitlock, Miss Williams, E. R. Wimpress, G. D. Wimpress, Lennie Wimpress, Mrs. Winny, Annie W. Young, Edith M. Younge, Helen B. Younger.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

One hundred solutions were word-perfect. Twenty-seven of these were perfect in other respects as well, and, according to our rules, the prizes should have been divided between their authors. But four shillings and eightpence is not a good sum for a prize, so we have taken the liberty of relegating nine solvers to the Special Mention list. They have already dipped into our puzzle coffers this year, so we hope they will not object. Out of the seventy-three solutions remaining, seventy-two receive very high commendation; the other had no name upon it.

Some of these seventy-three solvers failed to divide the poem properly into stanzas. Some omitted the necessary apostrophe in line 4. Others wrote "every one" as one word, and a large number left out the hyphen in line 8.

Upon such faults it is difficult to comment with much severity, and our true estimate of them is shown by the commendation we have bestowed upon their perpetrators. It is not given to every one to attain perfection in everything, and it is a hardship to find oneself in competition with those who attain it at all. If any solvers wish to know why every one should be written as two words, while everything and everybody are each written as one word, we hope they will write to the Editor and not to us.

It is not necessary to refer at any length to actual mistakes in solving. Line 11, on account of its quaint construction, gave the most trouble, but it was easy enough for those who elected to solve and not to guess. "On" took the place of *upon*—line 9—in many solutions; but, though correct enough as a solution, it leaves the line too short, and could not be allowed.

It is a very common practice to spell befell with only one l, so common indeed that we could not feel justified in regarding it as a mistake. But the current spelling is *befell*, and is undoubtedly the more correct. We hope our readers will make a careful note of our instruction on this point as upon all others.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER III.



GÉNIE was awake by five o'clock the next morning, and as already the opening and shutting of doors and active footsteps announced that the house was astir, she rose hastily, made her toilette and went down. She looked exceedingly pretty, with a large new apron over her black gown and her soft, fluffy, golden hair crowning her delicate little face.

Génie found Madame Féraudy in the hall dressed in a short black petticoat, a large linen jacket loosely tied round the waist, and a cap with vast frills.

"That is right, my child," she exclaimed. "I am delighted to see that you are an early riser. Come! I will show you the *basse-cour!*"

She led the way through sundry passages and kitchens, and out into the large court-yard at the back of the house. It was enclosed by grand old brick walls with wide stone copings—walls rich in colour, covered with orange and grey lichens which harmonised with the sun-burnt hue of the old brick-work.

The *basse-cour* was partly paved and partly filled with tall rough grass. At the apparition of Madame Féraudy, who carried a huge bowl of food in her hands, from every corner rushed a swarm of creatures—fat ducks bustled out of the grass, hens and chickens tumbled over each other, a flight of pigeons whirled out of space and alighted, bowing and cooing on the ground, a mighty cochin-china cock leapt clumsily on to a barrel, uttering a hoarse roar.

Génie burst out laughing; she could not help it. To the town-bred girl the sight of this hurrying, eager, hungry flock was immensely funny, and glancing round she saw long, low hutches out of which eager eyes and twitching noses looked anxiously.

"There! I knew how it would be!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy. "Evil beast! Génie! Génie! see what that villainous hen has done! Catch her! catch her at once, I say!"

Madame Féraudy stooped down and picked up the body of a poor little puff-ball chicken, which the heavy foot of its careless mother had flattened out on the ground.

"See!" she exclaimed angrily to Génie. "She has killed it! and it was her only chick. Catch her, Génie!"

But Génie failed utterly. In vain she flew after the shrieking hen, her very hands upon it, it vanished from between them, and the audacious bird evading her with piercing cries, rushed round and round, snatching up large portions of its breakfast as it went, in spite of every effort.

Génie gave it up at last and came up to Madame Féraudy ruefully. "What shall we do, madame?" she said. "Ah! the poor, dear little chick—is it quite dead?"

"It is flat as a collapsed india-rubber ball," said Madame Féraudy.

"Perhaps its little bones are not broken," said Génie. "Do you think, madame, you could blow it up again?"

Madame Féraudy smiled. "We will try the experiment," she said. Very tenderly she opened its beak and blew into it, and by degrees the little body resumed its puff-ball shape. Génie looked on with a kind of horrified interest as Madame Féraudy put the chick into the bosom of her white linen jacket and left it safely there while she resumed her task of feeding the poultry.

"It is a bad sight, Génie," she said with a sigh. "This absence of self-control, these ugly passions, this greed which makes a mother trample flat her own child in order to get first to her meal."

"It is bad, very bad," said Génie. "And is that hen to go unpunished?"

"Catch her, my love," said Madame Féraudy drily.

"And if I succeed in catching her, what then?" said Génie anxiously.

"You shall wring her neck. We will have her for the first chicken boiled with white sauce for Madame Canière, our *locataire*"

Génie clasped her hands; she turned very pale.

"Dear madame," she said, "I will do anything. I will feed the pigs. I will sweep and scrub and *frotter* the floors, but I could not kill anything! not even a fly!"

"I never thought you could," said Madame Féraudy. "But when you demanded the punishment of that evil-minded mother, why, then I thought I would put you to the test!"

"Aha!" cried Génie laughing. "But that also would be an evil passion! a wish for revenge!"

"There is my good Jeanne! Jeanne, *ma bonne!* See! just look at this! That ill brought-up hen has trodden on her last chick! Just look, I say!"

She drew the chick out of her gown and placed its body on the ground.

"I do not see much amiss, madame," said Jeanne smiling broadly, for the little chick shook itself and dashed away at full speed crying shrilly for its mother.*

"*Ciel!*" exclaimed Madame Féraudy, while Génie sat down on the nearest rabbit-hutch and laughed till she cried.

Jeanne looked at her a little anxiously. Madame Féraudy was sometimes very stern. Would she be angry with the pretty girl who, by her looks and smiles, had already won the heart of the kindly Bretonne. But no! she was reassured, for her mistress only smiled indulgently, and looked even with amusement at the laughing girl.

"What time does madame expect the *locataires?*" said Jeanne presently. "Madame must tell me how we are to manage."

"We must have help," said Madame Féraudy thoughtfully. "There will be more cooking. Josephine will have to attend to her kitchen and——"

"But, madame!" exclaimed Génie, "surely, surely you will let me help. I can do a great deal indeed."

"Mademoiselle will be of more use in the house than in the *basse-cour*," said Jeanne. "She could perhaps dust the rooms, make the coffee and the salads, and help me with the beds."

"Yes, yes," cried Génie. "I can do all that and more also. Oh, let me work! It is the only way in which I can repay you for giving me this happy home."

Madame Féraudy gave an odd little grunt of assent. "You shall do as you like, my child," she said. "If I had had a daughter she would have worked, you shall do the same, yes. And now come, we must visit the dairy and tell Maturin what vegetables we require, and then we must get the blue rooms ready. They come at five o'clock. The five train from Paris, *ma bonne.*"

"What do they call themselves, please, madame?" said Jeanne.

"Madame Canière and Monsieur Canière her son; she is a widow. He is an *avocat* on his summer holiday. She eats boiled chickens only—apropos—Jeanne! that murdering hen."

"Ah, bah! we cannot spare her. She did not mean it, and see how amiable she is now with her *poussin* No, madame, the next to go is that white cockerel with a tuft on his head! He is nice and plump!"

"Oh, save him!" cried Génie. "The prettiest of them all! No, that one cannot be sacrificed!"

"But he is plump. He is just ready, and he is an expensive bird to keep. He eats for two."

"He is a beauty. He enjoys his life, he loves his beautiful *basse-cour*. Madame, madame, say that he shall not die."

"Madame has two to choose from—either the white cockerel, or that speckled pullet, but madame must please choose quickly—*cric-crac*, before mademoiselle can plead."

"You shall choose, *mignonne*," said Madame Féraudy smiling. "Either the white one with the tuft or the little speckled pullet."

* A fact.

"She is so young. Madame Jeanne, you are barbarous! Look at her little thin legs, her anxious little face, she has yet a mother. Oh, madame, not that little thing!"

"Mademoiselle must go to the dairy," said Jeanne decidedly. "I shall never get through my work if *ces dames* keep me like this."

"Come with me, my child," said Madame Féraudy, but Génie was gone! Seeing in Jeanne's eye that she meant to pounce and catch a victim from the poultry group, she turned and fled, putting her fingers in her ears.

"Oh no, no! oh, no!" she cried as she burst into the stable where Maturin was milking the cows.

"No, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed. "No, no, not if you do not wish it."

"Alas," sighed Génie, "how is one to bear this sort of thing? At this moment he is probably dying."

"*Dame*, but that is a bad business. But take comfort, mademoiselle; perhaps he has led a good life."

"Poor thing, poor thing!"

"Génie!" cried Madame Féraudy's deep voice, "come and help me to measure the milk. Maturin, how is Bichette?"

"Beautiful, *ma patronne*. It would give mademoiselle pleasure to see her. Come, come, mademoiselle, look here."

He opened a door and showed Génie one of the most fascinating babies in nature, a baby donkey leaning its fuzzy head against the glossy brown coat of its high-bred mother, Bichette.

"To-morrow she shall take her child into the field, *ma patronne*," said Maturin proudly. "And I shall brush her coat and black her *sabots*."

Génie was in raptures; she petted the baby donkey almost more than Bichette appreciated.

"It is a beautiful world! What a wonderful place it is!" she exclaimed as they returned homewards through the *basse-cour*. "Dear madame, this life in the country is exquisite."

Even as she spoke Jeanne passed rapidly into the kitchen, carrying something under her apron. A horrible suspicion rushed into Génie's mind. She cast a frantic, searching eye into the whole mass of poultry. There was the speckled pullet, but the little crested cock was gone!

She looked at Madame Féraudy with mute reproach. That lady laughed a little and made matters worse by saying, "After all, my child, Madame Canière is the one to pity. There must be an intolerable monotony in being able to digest nothing but boiled chicken with white sauce."

In the distance Maturin went about his farm work singing to himself. He had a rather sweet, high tenor voice, and he sang to a strange air altogether in a minor key. The words pronounced clearly with a flat Breton accent came distinctly to their ears—

"C'est beau, Manon! c'est beau, la vie!
On danse, on pleure, on rit, on dort,
On joue le jour, on rève la nuit,
Et la fin de tout—c'est la mort."

(*To be continued.*)



VENTILATION AND AIRING.

PEOPLE nowadays talk so much about catching cold and are so terribly afraid of draughts that they never give it a thought that air is the first necessity of life, and that an abundance of circulating fresh air in a room is the first thing to be considered.

If you close the chimney plate, surround the fissures of the door with tubing and place sawdust sausages over the cracks of the windows, how are you to get fresh air? Some people go further than this, and in the winter paste up the windows and cover the floor with a thick carpet so as to preclude any draught; consequently they have no ventilation whatever. They wake up heavy and disinclined to work, without appetite for breakfast or energy for anything. This they will attribute to cold or whatever they can think of, except the real cause. All night long they have been breathing, over and over again, the same vitiated air, poisoning themselves with their own exhalations.

Every room in the house should be well ventilated, but especially the bedrooms.

Let me describe to you what a "hygienic" bedroom should be like. It should be as large as possible, well lighted by at least two windows, of which one preferably faces east or south; if possible, on the top floor; it must contain at the very least 1000 cubic feet for each sleeper. A sleeping adult breathes 3000 cubic feet of air every hour. A room $10 \times 10 \times 10 = 1000$ feet is sufficient for one person, because the air of a room is changed about three times every hour, that is, if the room is not hermetically sealed.

The furniture of the bedroom should be as simple as possible, and the curtains should be light. Should you have a carpet in your bed-room? I do not think the objection to a carpet is really valid; I always have one myself.

The windows of the bedroom should be opened at full every day. During the summer the window should be left partly opened all through the night. I dare say that you will make some objection to this and talk about "night air." The night air which is injurious is that contained in the bedroom, not that which is outside. The air of a room must be changed about three times an hour, so we might say as Abernethy said to the lady, "Well, ma'am, if you object to night air, what else are you going to breathe?"

In winter it is impracticable to have the windows open all night, so we must think of some other means of ventilation. A fire will ventilate a room gently and thoroughly. I have been in the habit of ordering patients to have fires in their rooms even in summer-time if the wind or the rain makes it unadvisable to open the window.

Do most bedrooms conform to the above description? If they do I have been unfortunate in those that I have seen. The physician calls to see a patient and is led upstairs to the bedroom. A small room with one very small window kept hermetically closed, the light of which is greatly obscured by thick curtains. The room is crowded with useless furniture and "gimcracks." The bed on which the patient is lying is thickly covered with blankets and quilts, and the patient labouring under great distress from want of air.

I remember going to such a room with a surgeon who has since gone to his rest. He was going to operate, and I was to give the ether. The first remark he made on going into the room was, "It seems to me that the patient will not need an anæsthetic after having been half suffocated in this atmosphere. But I am not going to operate in a state of semi-asphyxia myself." He approached the window to open it, but found that it had been puttied down to exclude draughts, and he straightway put his stick through both panes!

Now for the bed itself. A feather bed is objectionable and should never be used by a sick person. Let the clothes be light but warm. One good blanket is worth half a ton of rubbishy quilts. The bed requires to be aired; let it be stripped every morning and not remade till the evening.

In winter and wet weather it is necessary to warm and dry the bed. Nothing will do this better than the old-fashioned warming-pan. There is usually a right and a wrong method of performing an action, of which the latter is far more often seen than the former. So it is with the warming-pan, and the wrong way to use it is to fill the pan too full with ashes that are too hot, to forget to wipe the pan and not to pay sufficient attention to what you are doing, with the result that the sheets are soiled and burned, the ashes overturned into the bed and the warming-pan discarded in favour of a wretched thing, almost invariably misused—the hot-water bottle.

Hot water-bottles are very well and good if they are properly used, which they very rarely are. The bottle is filled with boiling water, improperly corked and wiped and put into the bed. You get into bed and pass the first few hours of the night trying to see how brave you can be by keeping your feet on the bottle; in this way you may burn your toes and predispose to chilblains, and perhaps the bed gets wetted (for stoppers seldom fit and bottles are often cracked). The right way to use a bottle is to fill it with warm water, wipe it well and cover it with a flannel jacket.

T. N. D.



THE VILLAGE OF ST. IPPOLYTE.

"WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN."

By S. E. WALLER.

THE children looking upward, saw the swallows' homeward flight,
Oh! swallows if you leave us now, what shall we do to-night?
The swallows quickly answered, but flew on towards the sea,
And this is what the swallows said, or what it seemed to me.

Don't forget us, little children, though we fly across the seas
To spend the chilly winter months in sunnier lands than these;
But await us in the meadow and look for us in the lane:
For we'll all be back in England when the "Summer comes again."

And then the cruel winter came and snow was on the hill,
Yet in the little children's hearts the birds were with them still,
From across the world of waters and with swift unerring wing,
They knew their little feathered friends would come again with spring.

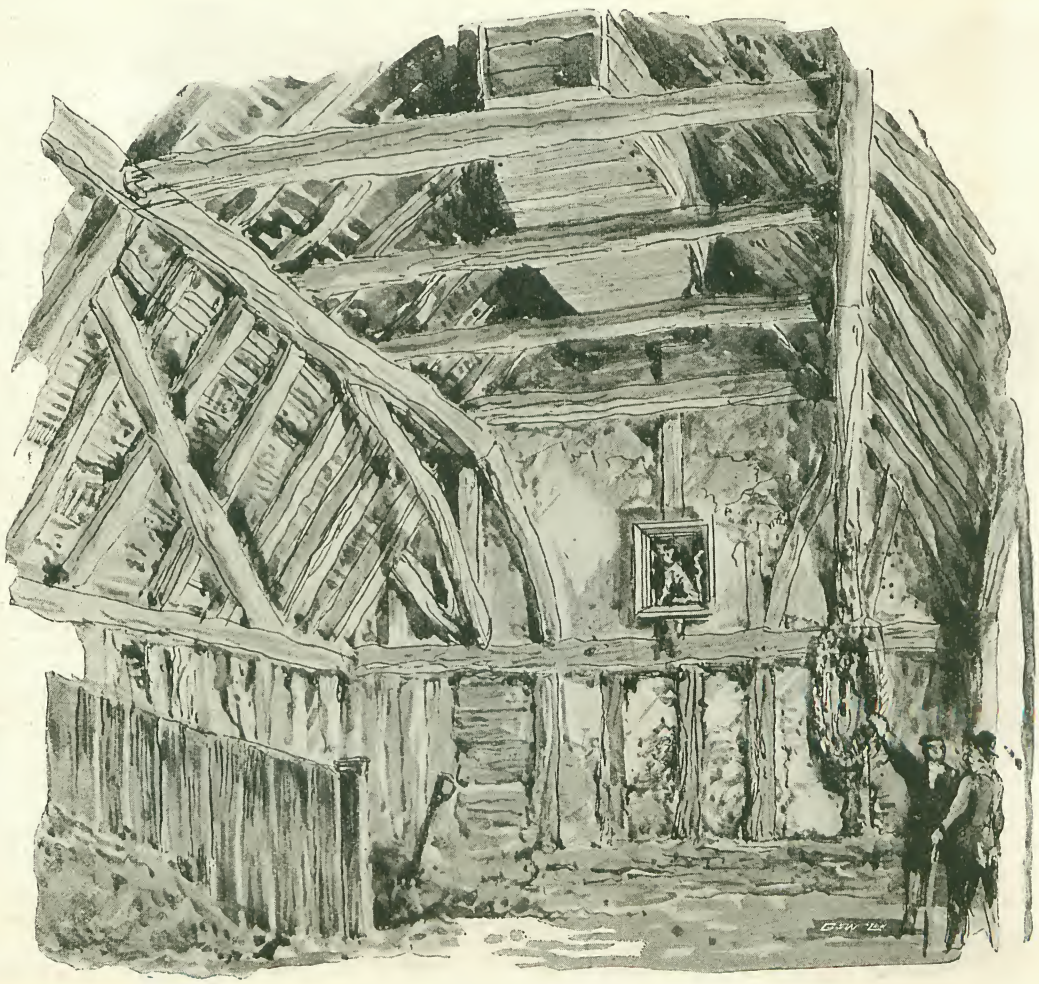
Don't forget then, little children, if our loving God so please
That faithful friends may meet again in sunnier lands than these.
He will wipe away the tear-drops, He will ease the bitter pain;
And re-unite all faithful hearts "When Summer comes again."

A LITTLE OUTING FOR LONDONERS.

PART II.

IF Knebsworth is not to be visited continue the high road and it will take one on to Stevenage. Just at the entrance to the town on the right where the road is very wide is an inn called The Castle, where there is a strange sight to be seen and a still stranger story connected therewith. A well-to-do grocer of the name of Trigg, lived in this house; he was a singularly eccentric man, and made a most remarkable will, leaving his money to a brother on the condition that his executor should not allow his body to be buried, but that his coffin should be placed upon the tye beams of the roof of a barn or "hovel" at the back of the house, where it is still to be seen, and the people at the inn will show it to the visitor and also provide him or her with a copy of the will. The fact has been questioned, but there are two pieces of evidence to which the believers of this strange story may point, and which it is difficult to dispose of. In the first place there is the will, the provisions of which were certainly carried out, and the second is the coffin which is still to be seen supported upon the tye beams of the "hovel." It has been said that it is empty, but it would be difficult to verify this statement. That the story is impossible is a dangerous argument, because in 1896 the body of a young lady at Brokenhurst had remained unburied for three years, and although the sanitary authorities interfered they were powerless in the matter. Lucas the Hertfordshire hermit, of whose eccentricities we shall speak later on, kept the body of his mother in his house for nearly a quarter of a year; and there are other cases on record.

Stevenage has two great peculiarities. The first is the width of its street which gives it a most characteristic appearance, and the second is the distance of the village from the church; the latter is approached by a long avenue,



H.W.B.

OLD TRIGGS' COFFIN, STEVENAGE.

which does not lead direct to it, and looks as if it had formerly belonged to some mansion. I was talking with the clergyman who I found in the church superintending harvest service decorations, and I asked him whether he thought the church had originally been built at a distance from the town, or whether the town had shrunk away. The first I suggested would only be the case if the church were monastic; he told me that although there was a monastery at Stevenage, it was not attached to the existing church, which appears always to have been parochial, and that the latter was the more probable solution of the difficulty, as there was evidence that the "black death" raged there, and a lane called "Dead Lane" may possibly record the fact. The church is a good example of the usual Hertfordshire type with a fine tower crowned by the local "spike." There is a very good brass to Stephen Hillard, a priest, and a fragment of a curious monument to a lady. The upper portion of the effigy alone exists, and the costume is that of the fourteenth century; on one side is a small figure of an angel, and on the other that of a monk. The clergyman explained that the monk was supposed to be attending the lady on her death-bed and the angel was receiving her soul. He told me that this curious piece of sculpture was found face downward and used as a doorstep; he thought it probable that it came from the Abbey, and may have been brought here some time after the Reformation, when that building was pulled down. There are some very early stalls in the choir, thirteenth century work, which also probably came from the Abbey; a fine niche at the end of the north aisle is of the same rich type as those we have previously noticed at Wheathampstead and Ayot. A series of remarkably pretty lanes lead from Stevenage church to the interesting village of Ippollits, but by taking a cut across the fields at Wymondley a great natural curiosity may be seen; it is a vast and very ancient tree, or we would rather say the "ruins" of a tree, for although it is alive and is surmounted by a fine group of foliage, yet its mighty branches are all lying broken around its vast trunk, and the latter like some old ruined tower is rent in twain and a fairly big tree grows in the gap. The "Wymondleybury Chestnut," is one of the curiosities of the county, and is an ancient landmark. Gilpin in his *Forest Scenery* (writing in 1789) says that it is "one of the largest trees that ever grew in England, and its girth is more than fourteen yards." As it stands on high ground when perfect it must have been visible for many miles round. I was told that it is mentioned in Doomsday Book, but I have not been able to verify the assertion. It is pleasant to record the fact that the present possessor of this venerable relic is fully alive to its value, and has shown his interest in antiquarian matters by having the moat which formerly surrounded the old Manor House close at hand excavated.



THE OLDEST TREE IN ENGLAND, WYMONDLEYBURY CHESTNUT.



MINSDEN CHAPEL.

The cyclist had better proceed direct to Redcoats and leave his machine at the inn, The Hermit of Redcoats, and take the footpath which leads to Wymondleybury; it is only about half a mile from the inn. There was a priory at Wymondley which is mentioned in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, but little if anything of it now exists. A short walk by a path across the fields leads to Redcoats, a small hamlet between Wymondley and Ippollits. This place is remarkable for an eccentric named James Lucas who died in 1874. This strange being obtained the title of the "Hermit of

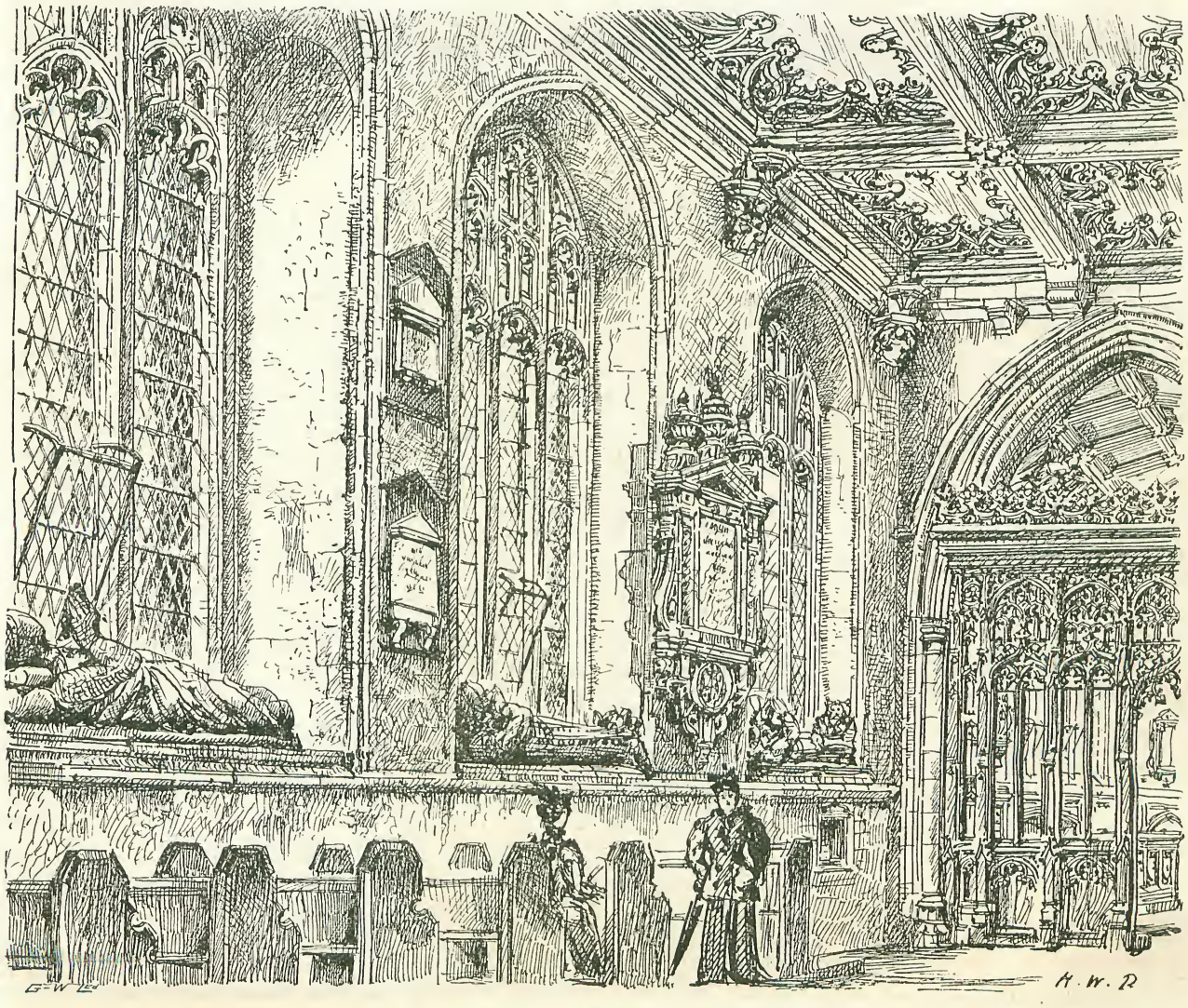
Hertfordshire." Though a man of excellent education and comfortable means, he lived in one room, in his house, called Redcoats Farm. No one was admitted to this room; it is said he wore no clothes except an old blanket, and never washed! He was "a Jacobite" and refused to sign any document which had V.R. upon it, for fear that by so doing he was acknowledging the "existing dynasty." Lucas was no miser, for he gave away a good deal of money. Any beggar or tramp was relieved by him, but first of all he had to say "the Lord's Prayer," and although Lucas was a Protestant he gave a double alms to the man who could recite that prayer in Latin. Of course he only saw people from his window, he had to keep watchmen about the place, for he was once very nearly murdered by a house-breaker. Dickens describes Lucas under the name of "Old Grimes," and reports a conversation which he had with him. Lucas however flatly denied that the interview ever took place.

Should our readers desire to know more about this strange individual they can purchase at Hitchen *The History of the Hermit of Hertfordshire*.*

Ippollits or Saint Hippolite is a remarkably pretty village; it receives its name from the dedication of its church to Saint Hippolyte, an Arabian saint who appears to have been a veterinary surgeon of great skill and eminence; he is, I believe, the patron saint of horse-dealers. Very few, if any other churches are dedicated to him in England, but there is a town in Austria which bears his name and several churches in France. Norden and Sir Henry Chauncey tell a curious story about the church here. They say that horses used to be driven into this church up to the altar, and Chauncey adds the details. They were brought out of "North Street," through the north porch of the church, which together with the church itself had a boarded floor for that purpose. Clutterbuck disbelieves the story, and points out that there is no North Street at St. Hippolite's, and that neither the church nor the porch have a wooden floor; however, this is not decisive, because in Norden's time (the commencement of the seventeenth century) the street north of the church may have been called "North Street," and the floor of the latter may have been boarded.

The church of Saint Hippolite is a remarkably pretty structure, of very diminutive scale, although it has all the features of a fairly large parish church, chancel, nave clerestory, aisles, western tower and two porches: it is really not larger than a chapel. It is most charmingly situated on the top of a hill, the ground falling rapidly away to the west and an elm-shaded road winding up to it. Although surrounded with vast and magnificent trees its proportions are so good that it does not look insignificant, and the tower is really a dignified object. Internally there is a pretty little rood-screen and handsome founders' tomb. The place is a typical example of an old English village of the smaller kind, very sequestered and delightful. Passing along the pretty road west of the church and descending the dip, we soon find ourselves in the main road leading to Hitchin, but if we turn to the left in the opposite direction to Hitchin, we come to an inn called The Royal Oak; here there is a pathway leading up to a singular-looking wood-clad hill; if we follow this path (cyclists should leave their machines at The Royal Oak) we shall, upon entering the wood, come upon a very curious old ruin overgrown with trees and brambles. This is Minsden Chapel. Your girls who have an exploring mind will find the building interesting, but don't let them go there in their best clothes, as they will have a struggle with the brambles which completely fill the interior, and are the only congregation that has filled those sacred walls for many years, as the last time that any holy rite was performed here was in the year 1738, and that was a marriage by special licence; probably the building was a ruin at this period, as it had not been used for regular service since the year 1626. It is a little building about forty feet by seventeen, but a regular archæological puzzle about it is a series of square apertures through the walls, which go right round the

* Paternoster and Hales, Hitchin.



EFFIGIES OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, HITCHIN CHURCH.



"THE BIGGIN," HITCHIN.

building; they are about three feet square, five feet six inches from the ground, and below the windows. When the building was perfect there must have been about fifteen of these. My first impression was that they were intended to support the beams of a floor, but a little examination proved that this could not have been their use, as the position of the doorways would not have allowed of a floor at this height. Although they are regularly built of stone, there are no marks of doors or casements, or I should have conjectured that it might have been a chapel attended by lepers, who always stood outside the church. They could not have been for the purpose of seeing the altar from the outside, because two of them are at the back of the altar. What could they have been for? They have puzzled me more than any ecclesiastical feature I have ever met with. Can any of your ingenious girls give a guess of their use? Beneath the ivy is seen a graceful chancel arch, but everything else is in a hopeless state of ruin and entanglement. About a mile off is a farm called Temple Dinsley, which occupies the site of a priory of Knights Templars, no remains of which now exist. I have not been able to establish any connection between this and Minsden Chapel. A walk of about three miles (a capital road for cyclists) leads to Hitchin, a very interesting and ancient town with a broad, high street and rather striking market-place; few English towns that I know, present such a number of old gabled houses, and the place has some interesting monastic remains. The parish church is a large and important structure erected at various dates. The great thirteenth century tower, more like a castle than an ecclesiastical structure, is crowned by a Hertfordshire "spike," which looks singular in such a combination. The south porch, which is generally open, is one of the finest in this country, and although somewhat damaged externally by being patched up with plaster, its beautiful niches, panelling and doorways are good examples of elaborate fourteenth-century architecture. The interior of this porch, which is very large, is quite magnificent. Its stone ceiling is one of the richest examples of "Lierne vaulting" I know anywhere, and the numerous bosses are elaborately carved with angels, shields, etc. The sides of the porch are pierced by large perpendicular windows unglazed. The interior of the church is very striking on account of its great length and the richness of the wooden chancel screens. Unfortunately the rood screen no longer exists, but the parcloves at the ends of the aisles and between the side arches of the choir are remarkably handsome, as are also the ceilings of the aisles. The church is singularly rich in monuments, and there are three fine effigies placed upon the sills of the windows in the north aisle of the nave. Some writers affirm that these came from Temple Dinsley, others that they were originally in Minsden Chapel. Now it is not improbable that the oldest of these figures was brought from Temple Dinsley, because it seems to represent Sir Bernard Baliol who founded the house of the Knights Templars at Dinsley. The effigy is twelfth-century work, representing a knight in full chain-mail and is cut out of a solid block of Purbeck marble. The other two effigies are in no way connected with the first and were probably originally side by side upon the same tomb in this church. They represent Sir Edward Kendal and his lady (temp. Edward III.). They are remarkable works, and the effigy of Sir Edward is so similar to that of the Black Prince at Canterbury, that they are probably designed by the same hand; he is represented in plate armour with a lion at his feet, so that he must have been related to the royal family. The lady's effigy is a very interesting one, and gives us a perfect study of the dress of a lady of quality of those days. The hair is confined in a tightly fitting cap which is surrounded by a coronet of metal inlaid with precious stones; she wears a tight-fitting jacket coming half way down the hips and trimmed with a border of beads; a long and perfectly plain skirt falls in graceful folds to the feet; over all is an ample cloak, exactly like that worn by a modern hospital nurse. At her feet are two pug-dogs looking at one another; they have bell collars. I believe that the Kendals built the magnificent porch which I have previously described. My space will not allow of my describing the very numerous monuments in this interesting church.

Near the church is a singularly picturesque old building called "The Biggin." It was formerly a Gilbertine convent and was saved from destruction by being bought in 1645 by a retired schoolmaster of the town, named Joseph Kemp, who gave it to the parish for an almshouse which purpose it still serves. It is very quaint and pretty and has a funny little wooden cloister, so low that one can scarcely stand up in it. It is said that the estate called "The Priory" contains interesting ruins of a house of the Carmelites, but it is not open to the public, and when I applied for admission it was politely refused, so I cannot describe it; all that I could see were the magnificent trees which overshadow the large demesne. At the time of the Reformation, Ralf Radcliffe became possessed of the priory; he was an eminent dramatic author of Henry VIII.'s days, and several of his plays are known; amongst others were "Dives and Lazarus," a comedy, "Patient Grizeld," a comedy. We need scarcely remind our readers that the word "comedy" bore a totally different signification in the

middle ages to what it does now. Dante, for instance, called his most majestic and awe-inspiring work "The Divine Comedy." Radcliffe declared that he never had and never would publish a work which he had not had by him nine years. I fear that would scarcely work well at the present day. Near the Priory in Tile House Street is a beautiful old fragment of Gothic architecture, now forming part of an inn. What it was originally I was unable to discover, but I fancy from the style it was part of a church or chapel. Those who will have had enough of this tour can return from Hitchin to town, and those who are interested may go on to Baldock, where there is a fine church with a very elegant and lofty rood-screen, still richer side screens, several good brasses and a larger collection of church chests than I have ever met with. A parchment hung upon the south wall records a grant of two pence per annum left to the church in 1287. The writing is coeval, and if few people could write in those days, at any rate those who did, wrote magnificently; in fact, it was an art.

I trust that I have said enough to convince your readers that an interesting few days' holiday tour may be taken in Hertfordshire. If I have failed to do so the fault is mine and not that of my subject, and I trust to be forgiven if I have not succeeded in describing a district which I admire so greatly.

H. W. BREWER.

THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

By MARGARET LITTLETON.

DOWN the long silent corridor of the hospital sped the youthful figure of Nurse Lester, till she reached the waiting-room, in which the telephone was keeping up a perpetual din. She closed the door with the swift yet noiseless motion of the trained nurse, assured herself by a rapid glance that she was alone in the room, and took down the acoustic tube.

"Here, Surgical Hospital. Who is there?"

There was a clear metallic ring in her usually soft voice, a studied distinctness in her enunciation, which showed that she was accustomed to conversation through the telephone.

The answer to her question came from an official, who informed her that a gentleman in a town fifty miles distant wished to speak with her.

"Very well; put us into communication, please," she answered. During the few minutes' silence which ensued, she threw back her head and straightened herself, while a look of pain came into her face.

"It must be the father of the dying boy," she thought, wondering how she should get through the task which awaited her.

"Is any one there?"

The words were spoken in a strong, mellow voice rendered somewhat unnatural by its passage through the telephonic wires.

"Yes, one of the nurses. Who is there?"

"Dr. Webber. How is my boy?"

The nurse paused an instant, then said as steadily as she could:

"He was very restless all night. Now he is—unconscious."

"Under the influence of morphia?"

"Yes."

A half-stifled groan sounded through the telephone, but an instant later the strong, manly voice, still trembling with suppressed emotion, pursued its inquiries.

"What is the temperature?"

"An hour ago there was a collapse: ninety-six degrees."

"What pulse?"

"Forty."

"Has the bandage been renewed?"

"Yes, twice since last night. The operation itself has been entirely successful; the inflamed shoulder is a shade paler, but——"

"But what?" There was agonised impatience in the tone.

"But the child is very weak. If his present state of exhaustion continues——"

"Well?"

"Then Dr. Hartley fears the worst."

There was a moment's silence, during which the nurse's heart was wrung with sympathy for the poor father. Then came a fresh question in the strong voice struggling to be calm.

"Have you yet used camphor injections?"

"Yes, every hour, since four o'clock this morning."

"Pardon me all these questions. Who watched by my boy?"

"Nurse Bentley, whom you know."

"I'm glad of that. Eric is fond of her. Is she still with him?"

"Yes. In a few minutes I shall relieve her, as the child is in my ward."

"I'm glad of that too. You will be good to him, won't you?"

"Oh, yes—I promise you that! He's such a sweet little patient, so loving and——"

Her voice broke suddenly. It seemed so cruel to be talking thus, in short, disjointed sentences—to be wringing a father's heart by words which no sympathetic look or kindly touch could soften.

There was a corresponding quaver in Dr. Webber's voice as he said:

"May I communicate with you when you leave my little boy? When will that be?"

"Certainly. In six hours' time. At four o'clock this afternoon. By that time the crisis will probably be over."

"Thank you. Good morning!"

Nurse Lester turned slowly away from the telephone, and prepared to take her turn in watching beside the poor little unconscious boy, whose right arm and shoulder had been terribly mangled, two days ago, by a mad dog he had tried to stroke. It had been necessary to extract a portion of the shoulder-blade, and the operation, following on the previous loss of blood, seemed to have overtaxed the vitality of the delicate child that was but just three years old.

"Here, Dr. Webber. Is the child still alive?"

"Yes, he still lives."

"How is he?"

"Still unconscious under the influence of morphia. But the temperature is now ninety-six and a half degrees, and the pulse fifty."

"Thank God at least for that! How does he look?"

There was a tell-tale tremor in the nurse's voice as she answered:

"Very sweet and pathetic, like a little angel."

"Pale, of course?"

"Yes, like a waxen image."

"Poor little mite! Has the doctor seen him since this morning?"

"No; we expect him in half an hour."

"Is there any hope?"

"The matron says there is just a faint possibility of recovery."

"What do *you* say?"

At once surprised and touched, the nurse answered:

"I cling desperately to hope."

"So do I. I will ring again in an hour's time. Shall you be at the telephone?"

"Yes; it is part of my work, except in very special cases. Good afternoon!"

"Good afternoon!"

"Here, Dr. Webber. Has the doctor been?"

"Yes. He says that if Eric lives through the night, he will in all probability pull through."

"Who will sit up with him?"

"I shall. The regular night-nurses are all on duty."

"Thank you. Good evening!"

A thrill went through the nurse's heart—she scarcely knew why. At the same time she wondered why she had never heard anything about Eric's mother. But she had no time for idle musing—a nurse seldom has.

"How is my boy?"

"Alive and conscious."

There was an unmistakable ring of joy in the nurse's voice, something very like a sob in that of the father.

"Tell me more."

"He is very weak, but apparently out of pain."

"Has he spoken at all?"

"Yes. Twice he tried to kiss me and murmured, 'Dear Nursie, is Eric a good boy?'"

"Little darling! Has he taken any food?"

"Only a few spoonfuls of warm milk."

"I suppose I may not see him?"

"Not yet. He is too weak to stand excitement of any kind."

"You will let me know when I may come?"

"Certainly."

"Good morning!"

"Is he any better?"

"Just a shade. We hope he will sleep without morphia. The wound looks healthy, but he is still too weak to move a finger."

"Poor mite! If only I could come to him!"

The nurse was silent. What could she say?

"Will you give him my love?"

"Better not." Her voice was full of tender consideration. "He might want to see you then; now he is quite content to stay where he is, poor little man."

"Well, you are right. I won't detain you any longer. Good night!"

Nurse Lester was again at the telephone, as she had been regularly twice a day for three weeks, talking with Dr. Webber about the little patient sufferer she had grown to love so dearly.

"It will be a long convalescence, doctor; but he is fairly out of danger now."

"Thank God! We can afford to be patient, if only he is spared us. Is he very much pulled down?"

"Yes, poor child. First the exhaustion, then the fever—no wonder he is pale and thin and weak. But he often smiles now, and he is the pet of the hospital. Patients, doctors, nurses—we all love him."

"And when may I see him?"

"I wish I could say—as soon as you like! As it is, we must wait till he asks for you, or till he is decidedly stronger."

"I can wait. I am too thankful for his life to be impatient."

"Here, Surgical Hospital."

For the first time Nurse Lester was the one to open the communication with Dr. Webber, though it was nearly five weeks since she had first spoken with him through the telephone. Now she was nervously tapping the heel of her light shoe against the floor, and there was a look of puzzled anxiety on her face which did not clear when she heard the well-known voice speaking in quick disturbed accents.

"Here, Dr. Webber. Anything wrong?"

"No, not exactly. Eric is rather better. He had half a pint of beef tea for dinner and a cupful of cocoa just now; but—— Excuse me, doctor, I am afraid I must ask a somewhat indiscreet question."

"Well?"

"I am afraid it may——"

"Don't trouble about me, if it can help the boy. What is it?"

The nurse hesitated an instant, then plunged boldly into the subject.

"Doctor, is your wife alive?"

"Yes." The reply was curt, yet in the very harshness of the tone lay an indication of intense pain.

"Is she with you?"

"No."

The pained look deepened on Nurse Lester's face; but she resolutely continued her inquiry.

"Forgive me, doctor, but it may be a question of life or death for Eric. He asks for his mother, and nothing will satisfy him but the promise that she shall come to him."

"Oh, my God! And I want him so! He is everything to me! Does he not ask for me?"

There was such a depth of suffering in Dr. Webber's voice that Nurse Lester had to struggle for composure before she could answer in the cruel negative.

"No, doctor, he has not asked for you yet; but I am sure he will soon."

There was a moment's pause; then the nurse resumed somewhat timidly—

"Could you let Mrs. Webber know she is wanted here?"

"I am not quite sure of her whereabouts; but I will do my best to find her out. Tell Eric that father will send mother to him."

"I will. Would you like me to say anything else?"

"No. Let him forget me if he will!"

The bitterness of the last sentence hurt her. It was with infinite pity in her voice that she said—

"I am so sorry! I am sure Eric could not forget a father who is so fond of him. He is so clinging in his affection, poor little laddie!"

There was no response to these last words; so Nurse Lester merely added, "Good afternoon!" Then she stopped the communication.

Two days later, Nurse Lester stood before the telephone with a sweet young creature, in whose face sadness and joy were pathetically blended. As soon as communication was established between the hospital and Dr. Webber, the nurse glided into an adjoining room, closing the door behind her.

It was, this time, not her ear that listened eagerly for the doctor's sonorous voice—not the nurse's heart that beat faster at the familiar sound—but that of the estranged wife longing for reconciliation.

"How is the boy, nurse? How did he stand the meeting?"

"Oh, Donald, our boy is longing to see you. He was so glad to see me, poor baby; but now he keeps saying, 'Father too!' Won't you come, Donald?"

"I can't, Evelyn—not while you are there."

"Donald, be merciful! You know you condemned me unheard. I wronged you, I know; but I have repented bitterly. Forgive me for the sake of our boy! The doctor says we must on no account cross his wishes in his present weak state. You always were so fond of little Eric!"

"I can't, Evelyn! Besides, he does not really want me. Don't ask me to come!" And the communication was discontinued.

With bowed head, young Mrs. Webber left the room and returned to her child.

Nurse Lester clenched her fists in the twilight of the passage, and cast from her a tumult of rising passion, before she lit the gas and went about her evening duties.

Next morning it was the nurse, not the mother, who stood at the telephone, waiting for Dr. Webber to speak.

"Here, Dr. Webber. Who is there?"

"Doctor, you must come! Eric has had a restless night, and is feverish. He clings to his mother and asks her to call father. You must come!"

"I can't!"

Nurse Lester hardened her heart and voice.

"If Eric dies, it will be your fault, doctor."

The next moment she heard a wild broken cry which frightened her. But presently the voice that had grown so familiar to her sounded through the telephone, calm and solemn.

"I will come!"

For an instant Nurse Lester forgot her habitual self-control, and involuntarily exclaimed, "God bless you!" The next moment she recovered herself and added, "May we expect you by the twelve o'clock train?"

"Yes. Good morning!"

Little Eric lay sleeping in his white hospital cot. His tiny pale face was pillowed against his mother's hand; his own left hand was clasped round one of her fingers. The bandaged arm and shoulder were held motionless by splints. He looked frail and ethereal, but very peaceful. His mother sat beside him, watching him with a look of infinite love.

Nurse Lester had drawn a screen round Eric's cot and had slipped out of the room. Now she was waiting in the entrance-hall, trying to imagine what appearance belonged to the voice of the man she had never seen but who was, nevertheless, no stranger to her. Her whole heart was filled with the wish that the estranged husband and wife might be drawn together by the bedside of their only child.

A tall dark man, with a noble face and earnest eyes, entered the hall. Nurse Lester advanced to meet him with outstretched hand, as one goes to welcome an old and valued friend.

"Dr. Webber, I believe?"

"Ah, you must be Nurse Lester! How can I ever thank you for all you have done for me and for my boy?"

He wrung her hand and looked down into the eyes she raised to his face with a deep gratitude shining in his own.

"Come to your wife and child," she said simply, in the soft, persuasive voice he knew so well. "Eric is asleep now, but you can see him at once."

She led the way, and he followed in silence. She saw him fall on his knees beside his sleeping boy and extend his hand to his wife in sign of pardon. As she closed the door behind her, she heard the solemn kiss of reconciliation. And her heart swelled with happiness and thanksgiving for the reunion of two lives that were indelibly bound together by the love of a little child.

It was not long before little Eric returned home to the arms of his mother and father.

COOKERY RECIPES.

MEAT DISHES.

How to Choose Meat.

1. Beef should be a good red colour with yellowish fat.

2. Mutton should be a good red but not so red as beef; the fat should be firm and white.

3. The flesh of veal should be finely grained and the fat should be firm.

4. The flesh of pork should be finely grained, the fat white and without kernels.

5. The flesh of good meat is firm to the touch and no moisture exudes.

6. There should be no unpleasant smell.

Rules for Roasting and Baking Meat.

1. Have ready a clear, bright fire for roasting, and a hot oven for baking.

2. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth.

3. For baking, lay the meat on a meat-rack on a dripping-tin.

4. Put the meat in the hottest part of the oven first of all, or if roasting hang it at first quite near the fire; this is to keep in the juices. Afterwards let it cook more gently that it may not be hard.

5. Baste often.

6. A thick joint takes longer to cook than a thin one of the same weight.

7. Meat with bone cooks more quickly than meat without.

To Make Gravy.

1. Put the meat on a hot dish and keep it hot while you make the gravy.

2. Pour away the dripping into a clean basin.

3. Pour a sufficient quantity of hot water or stock into the dripping tin; add pepper and salt and a dredge of flour and boil up.

4. If the brown bits in the tin do not make the gravy brown enough, add a little browning.

Rules for Boiling Meat.

1. Salt meat should be put into cold water.
2. Put fresh meat into warm or boiling water, according to its size. Never put a very small piece into boiling water or it will harden at once.
3. Skim well.
4. If vegetables are cooked with the meat, put them in after the meat has been skimmed the first time.

Rules for Stewing.

1. Cook long, cook slowly.
2. Do not skim stews.
3. Keep the lid on the saucepan.
4. Stir from time to time.
5. Do not let the stew boil.

Stuffed Steak.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of steak, six ounces of bread crumbs, two ounces of chopped parsley, one small onion (chopped), one egg (beaten), a little stock or milk, pepper and salt.

Method.—Spread the steak out on a board; mix the bread crumbs in a basin with the parsley, onion, pepper, salt, egg and stock and spread on the steak; roll up, tie with tape, lay on a meat rack on a dripping tin and put plenty of dripping on top. Bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes and then lower the heat and cook one hour and a half. Remove the tape and put the steak on a hot dish. Make gravy in the usual way and pour round.

Breast of mutton can be boned, stuffed and cooked in the same way.

Stuffed Sheep's Heart.

Ingredients.—A sheep's heart, two ounces of bread crumbs, three-quarters of an ounce of chopped parsley, a small piece of chopped onion, one egg, pepper and salt.

Method.—Make the stuffing as for stuffed steak. Well wash the heart in warm water and salt to clear out the blood. Cut off the auricles, trim away some of the outer fat and cut down the wall that goes down the centre, fill with stuffing and tie a piece of greased paper over the top. Put the heart on a greased dripping tin with the dripping on top and cook in a moderate oven for one hour. The heart may also be cooked in a saucepan with dripping, but great care must be taken not to let it burn.

Boiled Salt Beef and Vegetables.

Method.—Wipe the meat with a damp cloth; put in the saucepan with cold water and bring slowly to the boil. Skim well and put in carrots, turnips, parsnips and onions washed and prepared. Skim again when it comes again to the boil. Cook gently until all are tender. A piece of salt beef weighing six pounds will take about two hours and a half.

Irish Stew.

Ingredients.—One pound and a half of neck of mutton (scrag or middle), three pounds of potatoes, one pound of onions, water to cover, pepper and salt, a little chopped parsley.

Method.—Chop the mutton into nice sized pieces and take away all gristle; prepare the vegetables, cutting all the potatoes, except four, into quarters, and cutting the onions in slices from top to bottom; cut the other four potatoes in halves; arrange the rest with the meat and onions in layers in a stewpan, putting the halves of potatoes on the top; cover with water, season with pepper and salt and simmer very gently for two hours. Arrange the halves of potatoes round a hot dish with a little parsley on each, arrange the rest of the stew in the middle with the gravy over.

Brompton Stew.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of shin of beef, half a pound of mutton, quarter of a pound of ox kidney (cut small), two pounds of potatoes, two onions, two leeks, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one ounce and a half of dripping, one ounce and a half of rice, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, warm stock or water to cover.

Method.—Mix the pepper, flour and salt on a plate and dip the meat in it. Slice the onions from top to bottom and fry them a good brown in a saucepan in the dripping with the meat. Parboil the potatoes, cut them in slices and add them to the meat and onions. Add the water or stock, the vinegar, the leek prepared and cut up and the rice. Simmer gently one hour and a half.

Toad in the Hole.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, three eggs, one pint of milk, pieces of meat, pepper and salt.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin, make a well in the middle and stir in the eggs with the back of a wooden spoon; add the milk by degrees, keeping it very smooth, beat well with the front of the spoon until covered with bubbles. Cut the meat into pieces, about two inches square, season and lay them on a greased tin or pie dish. Pour the batter over and bake in a good oven.

Liver Stew.

Ingredients.—One pound of calf's or sheep's liver, half a pound of rashers of bacon, two pounds of potatoes, half a pound of onions, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, warm water or stock to cover.

Method.—Wash the liver and cut it into slices. Mix the pepper, flour and salt on a plate and dip it in this. Fry brown in the dripping with the onions sliced from top to bottom; slice the potatoes and add them; simmer gently for one hour and a half. Fry the bacon separately. Arrange the stew on a hot dish with the bacon placed round.

Roast Rabbit.

Ingredients.—A rabbit, six or eight ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of suet (chopped), one ounce of chopped parsley, one shalot, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, pepper and salt, one egg (beaten), a little stock, dripping.

Method.—Well wash and clean the rabbit; make a stuffing of the breadcrumbs, suet, parsley, mixed herbs and pepper and salt, mixed rather wet with the beaten egg and stock. Stuff the rabbit with this and then sew it up with white cotton; the liver and kidneys can be simmered gently for fifteen minutes, chopped and added to the stuffing or they can be used in the sauce. Truss the rabbit with its fore paws turned back under it and its hind paws forward, and its head trussed up with a skewer. Put plenty of dripping on it and lay it on a well-greased dripping tin. Cook in a good oven about an hour basting often; make gravy in the usual manner, thicken it well with brown thickening and add the chopped liver and kidneys and seasoning and pour round.

Boiled Steak Pudding.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of chuck steak, quarter of a pound of ox kidney, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, a little water, half a pound of suet crust—(*see chapter on "Pastry"*).

Method.—Cut the steak in thin pieces and the kidney very small, roll up the pieces of steak with a little piece of fat in each. Mix the pepper, flour and salt on a plate and toss all the meat and kidney in it. Cut off a third of the crust and roll it into a round for the top. Roll the larger piece into a round to fit the pudding basin which should be ready greased; line the basin carefully with it, put in the meat and a little water, wet the edges and put on the top, pressing it firmly. Tie over a floured and scalded cloth and boil two hours.

Cornish Pasties.

Ingredients.—Quarter of a pound of meat, six new potatoes or two old ones, one small onion (chopped), one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a little water, pepper and salt, half a pound of short pastry, beaten egg.

Method.—Prepare the potatoes and cut them and the meat into dice, put them on a plate with the parsley, onion, pepper, salt and a little water and mix well. Flour the board, roll out the pastry, cut into rounds with a small saucepan lid, wet round the edge and put some of the mixture on each; close up, beginning in the middle, ornament, brush with beaten egg, lay on a greased tin and bake in a good oven twenty minutes.

Beefsteak Pie.

Ingredients.—One pound of steak, quarter of a pound of ox kidney, stock or water, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, half a pound of short or flaxy pastry—(*see chapter on "Pastry"*).

Method.—Prepare the meat with the seasoning as for beefsteak pudding and put it in a piedish. Roll out the pastry, lay it over the top of the piedish and cut sharply round, holding the dish in one hand and the knife in the other; cut strips from the rest of the pastry, wet the edges of the dish, lay on the strips, wet them and put on the cover; press round the edge, make a hole in the middle, ornament with leaves cut from the remains of the pastry, brush with egg and bake one hour and a half.

Savoury Dumplings.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of salt pork, three large potatoes, one small onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt, a little water, one pound of suet crust—(*see chapter on "Pastry"*).

Method.—Roll out the suet crust and cut it into rounds as for the Cornish pasties; have ready the pork, potatoes and onions cut into dice and mixed with the parsley, pepper and salt and a little water; put some of the mixture on each round, wet the edges, close up in the shape of a dumpling and tie each in a scalded and floured cloth. Boil one hour.

Fried Sausages.

Method.—Prick the sausages well and put them in a frying pan with cold dripping and let them cook slowly until a good dark brown, turning them over and over so that they are evenly cooked. They take quite half an hour.

Liver and Bacon.

Ingredients.—One pound of liver, half a pound of bacon, two ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, half a pint of water.

Method.—Cut the bacon in slices and cut off the rind, fry it slowly and place it round a hot dish; cut the liver in slices, dip it in pepper, flour, and salt, and fry it brown in the bacon fat, put it on a dish; dredge in the rest of the flour and fry it brown in the rest of the bacon fat, or if necessary add a little dripping; stir in half a pint of water, let it boil well and pour over the slices of liver.

Pig's Fry.

Ingredients.—One pig's fry, two onions, four potatoes, half a pound of rashers of bacon, half a pint of warm water, one ounce of brown thickening, pepper and salt.

Method.—Wash the fry and simmer it in salt and water half an hour, drain and dry it, dredge with flour, pepper and salt. Fry the bacon and put it on a hot dish; keep it hot while you fry the fry in the bacon fat with the onions sliced in rings; cook a light brown, pour off the fat and stir in half a pint of warm water, add one ounce of brown thickening, stir and cook well. Put the fry and onions on a hot dish and arrange the bacon round. Pour the gravy over the fry.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

GALLIER AND OTHERS.—The treatment of a chronic winter cough is not by any means merely a question of a prescription. We must use other measures beside drugs, such as hygienic and dietetic treatment. Winter cough is usually due to chronic bronchitis, but it may be due to consumption or to affections of the throat or one of a very large number of ailments. If no symptom is present except cough with excessive expectoration, the condition is almost for certain chronic bronchitis. The following is the regimen for this condition—

Hygienic.—Avoid draughts as far as possible, but do not shut yourself up in an ill-ventilated room. Fresh air is the first necessity. Take a walk every day unless the cough is bad, in which case you must remain indoors. Have a fire in your room if possible, as this, besides heating the room, produces perfect ventilation. Clad yourself warmly with flannel next to the skin.

Dietetic.—Do not overload the stomach and do not eat a large supper. Avoid biscuits and other crumbly foods as these produce coughing. Use pepper, salt and mustard with great moderation.

Local.—A mustard plaster or a turpentine fomentation at the beginning of an attack, or failing this, whenever you can, often completely cures the condition. Steam-kettles, so valuable in acute bronchitis, are worse than useless in chronic coughs.

Drugs.—There is no specific for this complaint. Many preparations are sold for coughs which contain opium. This drug relieves the cough but does more harm than any known substance, and many persons have died asphyxiated from taking opium to cure a cough. The cough of chronic bronchitis must not be stopped, it must, to a certain extent, be encouraged. The lungs are full of phlegm, and this must be coughed up. We must therefore endeavour to loosen the cough if the expectoration is too viscid and to make the cough as little troublesome as possible. Now a very frequent cause of aggravation of the cough of chronic bronchitis is the presence of irritation in the throat and upper air passages. The cough due to this is of no good and therefore it is advisable to stop it. We do this by lozenges. The best lozenges for the purpose are liquorice lozenges. These contain besides liquorice, benzoic acid and oil of aniseed. A lozenge placed on the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly will relieve the cough due to throat irritation. Now how are we to treat the cough due to the bronchitis? If the expectoration is very viscid and tenacious we must give something to loosen it. Ipecacuanha is the drug of most value here. It can be given in a lozenge or in a mixture with salines. Ten drops of the wine of ipecacuanha (B. P.) on a lump of sugar is a convenient way of administering it. If the expectoration is profuse ammonia and squill are the best remedies. They may be taken together in such a mixture as the following:—Carbonate of ammonia, three grains; tincture of squills, thirty drops; aniseed water to the ounce. Taken every six hours. An aperient, of which the best is liquorice powder, should be taken occasionally. No mixture containing opium in any form, no paregoric, and above all, no chlorodyne, may be taken by bronchitics to relieve their cough. We mention these drugs purposely because we have seen most alarming results from their use. We have seen more than one child fatally poisoned by cough mixtures containing opium. It is hardly necessary for us to remind you that the ordinary mouth respirators are useless except as ornaments. Of course, if you can afford it, you should pass the winter in the south or in the Alps, but this is above the purses of any but the very rich.

DICKY.—*You are twenty-two* years old and blush very much. You do not feel shy or nervous, but often blush on slight causes, more in the presence of your friends than with strangers, and you ask us to what this may be due and how it can be remedied. Lately we have given advice to a great many girls on the subject of blushing. In one case, some weeks ago, we thoroughly discussed the subject of flushing and blushing due to such physical causes as anæmia, indigestion, etc. You should read the advice we have given, but we think that yours is a case of blushing due entirely to emotional conditions. Such being the case, the first question we ask ourselves is—"Is it anything abnormal or is it simply a healthy peculiarity?" It is, of course, more common for girls to blush more in the presence of strangers than when with their own people. But this is not by any means an invariable rule, many girls blush as you do. Perhaps there is an element of self-consciousness in this. However this may be, we cannot consider your condition as abnormal. That you obtained no relief from a "so-called blushing cure" is all that we would have expected. If you are anæmic or if you suffer from indigestion read the advice to which we have directed you above. There is a drug often used in this condition; it is called ichthiol, and is taken in doses of two and a half grains in pills or cachets. You might try this, but we cannot guarantee any definite result.

DISTANT READER.—That you suffer from some catarrhal condition of the eyes is undoubted, but what is the exact nature of the catarrhal process is not easy to say. The fact that it has lasted for five years together, with the other information that you give us, makes us think that it is the granular form of ophthalmia which troubles you. You say the lids are granular and that little blisters appear on the lids from time to time. You also tell us that you are shortsighted. Try bathing your eyes in warm boracic lotion (thirty grains of boracic acid to one pint of warm water). If this does not soon relieve the symptoms, go to an oculist and have your eyes thoroughly treated, for it is a serious disease and may lead to unpleasant symptoms. You should use your eyes as little as possible, and never read small print, or read in a bad light. We are pleased that our paper affords you so much pleasure.

AMY.—What you call "little black grubs" in your skin are comedones, more commonly known as "blackheads." They are not grubs nor animals, nor organisms of any kind, but are the dried secretion of the sebaceous glands. They are one of the manifestations of acne. We gave a very extensive answer to "Fair Isabel" on acne in last week's correspondence, which we advise you to read.

ELAINE.—Surely you exaggerate when you say that your skin is "like the rind of an orange." The large open pores on your nose and forehead is a congenital condition. In this state of enlarged pores (*i.e.* sebaceous and sweat glands) the skin is naturally greasy and is more prone than usual to be attacked by acne. You should wash your face in warm water and borax (one teaspoonful to a pint of water). It is not a condition to worry about. What you describe as "sensitiveness" is pure self-consciousness. You say that you think "that everyone who talks to you is thinking about your bad complexion." In all probability not one of those whom you suspect has ever paid the slightest attention to your looks. You should try to overcome such feelings and remember that mere beauty of complexion is not the chief aim of a girl's life. If, in your conversations, you paid more attention to the subject and less to yourself you would soon overcome any nervousness or confusion.

EVELYN.—You wish for a cure for "hair falling out in patches, leaving absolutely bald spots." This is the condition of "alopœcia areata." It differs, on hasty inspection, from ringworm, in that the patches left are almost, if not quite, bald and smooth. It is a common condition in girls, but of its cause nothing is known. The hair always grows again. We do not, in our experience, know of a single case in which the patches remained bald. The duration of the bald patches is very uncertain. The best method of treating it is to apply "white precipitate ointment" to the bald spots. Painting with tincture of iodine is a very popular method of treating this condition, but we prefer the ointment. Now you ask us for something to take away hairs. We discussed the subject of superfluous hairs at full length quite recently.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

CAROLINE HOGG.—1. Your sketch of a ladies' cricket club is clever and amusing. You might certainly "try to get it accepted," perhaps by one of the weekly "home" magazines that are so numerous. We think you show decided facility in descriptive writing. Do not employ useless abbreviations such as "H-t-f-dshire," and note that "practice," the noun, is spelt with a *c*. Be careful, if you publish, to avoid hurting the feelings of your friends and neighbours by too much fidelity to a special or local set of characters!—2. Your description of work would find a place in the "Correspondence" column, if you sent it to us, but nothing is paid for such communications.

E. G. O.—We would criticise your drawings, if you forwarded them for that purpose, but can hold out no hope of accepting them for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We never undertake to answer letters by post.

SPECULATION.—1 Your quotation—

> "Rattle his bones over the stones
> He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

is from "The Pauper's Ride," by Thomas Noel.—2. We have never heard the lines beginning—

> "I dreamt I was an omnibus,"

Possibly one of our readers may be able to help you to light upon them; although we cannot say they strike us, from the fragment given, as worth pursuing.

DAISY.—You will find the extract beginning—

> "Oh, Tiber! Father Tiber!
> To whom the Romans pray,"

in "Horatius," the first of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, by Lord Macaulay.

E. N. G.—Consult advertisements in musical papers for Harmony Lessons by Correspondence.

JESSIE N. ASHTON.—Your writing is too black, and the tails of your y's, etc., are of inordinate length in comparison with the stunted form of the other letters. We do not profess to read character from handwriting. Your other question is inserted in "Our Open Letter-Box."

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

MAY BLOSSOM kindly writes to inform a "Lover of Poetry" that "The Four Mairies" is set to music in a book of Scotch songs entitled *The Auld Scotch Songs*, arranged and harmonised by Sinclair Dunn, and published in 1888, by Morrison Brothers, 99, Buchanan Street, Glasgow. The last three verses are as follows:—

> "Oh! often hae I dressed my Queen
> An' put gowd in her hair;
> But noo I've gotten for my reward
> The gallows to be my share.
>
> "Oh! little did my mither ken,
> The day she cradled me,
> The land I was to travel in—
> The death I was to dee.
>
> "Oh! happy, happy is the maid
> That's born of beauty free;
> It was my dimplin' rosie cheeks
> That's been the dule o' me."

Will any reader direct JESSIE N. ASHTON to the source of the two following extracts:—

1. "Just to bloom beside your way
That is why the flowers are sweet."

and

2. "Just as of old
Man by himself is priced.
With thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself—not Christ."

ROSEBUD asks the author of "The Doctor's Fee," and where she may find it. It is a story of a child who tried to help his parents by paying the doctor with a cherished toy.

E. M. C. H. and FLORENCE M. COOPER kindly refer Margaret Bulgin to Björnson, the Norwegian poet, for the extract beginning—

> "'Tis a day just to my mind."

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOUBTFUL.—The Bishop of London recently gave good advice when he recommended a correspondent of his to "go to that place of worship which suited him rather than to one which did not suit him." If, as you say, you "feel so much better spiritually" as the result of the services which you have recently been attending, would it not be soul-suicide to change again?

E. J. L.—Peary reached as far north as the 82nd parallel; Jackson reached as far as 81° 19′ north; Messrs. Björling and Kalestenius were two venturesome Swedes, who tried to reach the North Pole in 1893. The wreck of their small steamer was found at the Carey Islands, but no trace of them was discovered in 1894.

KINTORE.—The original Secession Church is popularly known as "Auld Lichts." At the Union of the Secession and Relief Churches in 1847, about thirty congregations in connection with the former body held aloof from the Union, and assumed the name of "Original Seceders." There were, in 1895, forty congregations, and about 6000 members.

INSKIP.—Edward Augustus, Duke of York, was the son of the Prince of Wales, grandson of George II., and brother of George III. He was a Rear-Admiral in the Navy, born in 1739, and died unmarried in 1767, which would make him rather more than twenty-eight when he died. He was born on March 14th, and died September 17th. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

ONE OF FIVE.—The Laplanders are nomadic and do not live in cities. Finland includes a large part of Russian Lapland, and the capital of Finland is Helsingfors, where a Governor-General represents the Emperor of Russia, who is Grand Duke of Finland. There are some fishing villages, such as Enarea, in Lapland. Part of the latter country belongs to Sweden, and also Norway, as well as part to Russia. Some live in the government of Archangel and inhabit the peninsula of Lapland or Kola.

NIMBLE NIPPER.—A gentleman is presented to a lady, certainly not *vice-versâ*. In England men generally offer the left arm in conducting a lady; but on the Continent the right arm is more commonly given. The "Boy Bachelor" was William Wotton D.D., who was admitted at St. Catherine's Hall before he was ten years old, and took his degree of "B.A." when he was only twelve and a half (A.D. 1666–1726).

DOUBTING.—There could not be anything wrong in telling the excellent woman, with whom you have had helpful conversation on religious subjects, that you felt a great attachment towards her. Why not? She could only feel gratified.



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All rights reserved.] A LITTLE HOUSEWIFE. [*From photo: Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.*

"THE SCARLET THREAD."

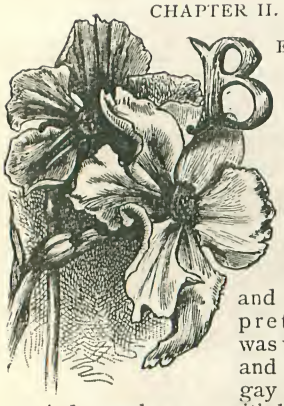
By E. C. SALTMER.

"How dull is life!" a maiden cried;
And o'er this sad refrain she sighed,
"So little pleasure, so much pain,
So full of toil, so little gain!
'Tis like a loom whereon each thread,
As woven in, looks dark and dead.
I throw my shuttle day by day,
But still they come out cold and grey;
Nor warp nor woof will ever shine
With colours in this loom of mine.
I look around, but all I see
Of other lives perplexes me;
On every hand their fabrics fair
With mine so poor I must compare.
I see their textures rich with gold,
And shot with colours manifold;
With best designs of art replete,
In what seems perfect all complete;
And yet, if closely you espy,
A tiny flaw may meet the eye;
A flaw unnoticed, till there springs
A rent therefrom that ruin brings.
Ah! what is lacking, weaver, say,
Who doth the threads supply each day?
Why some so seeming fair and bright,
And others sombre as the night?"
Oh, maiden, there is still one thread
Your shuttle lacks, its colour—red,
Or rather, scarlet is the line
That you should straightway intertwine
To make your fabric strong and sure;
For then no rent will come from flaw;
And howsoever grey it seem,
This thread the dulness will redeem.
No golden glint nor hues that daze
Can e'er a texture's value raise.
It can be only seeming fair,
Unless the scarlet thread is there.
It means Redemption, nothing less;
So weave in fast His Righteousness.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER II.



BEATTIE'S Aunt Ella was a Frenchwoman, and younger than her husband by several years. She was short and stout and not at all pretty, but she was very vivacious and had a bright gay manner that carried people away with her. She was also very well off and could call to her aid all that was necessary in the way of art to improve on the shortcomings of nature. For, like many people who think much of personal beauty and do not possess it, she had a great deal of vanity. She had exquisite feet and hands, and to the right exhibition and proper adornment of these she devoted hours of meditation, while as much thought was given on how to hide or diminish her defects, such as her over-stoutness and red complexion. For the former she was for ever trying some new cure, in the way of diet or other treatment. At one time her food had to be weighed by herself at the dinner-table, at another claret had to be drunk at a certain specified time after instead of with meals, while, in the matter of exercise at stated intervals, she was a perfect tyrant to herself. Still, everyone must have some interest, and her husband, who took life philosophically, and who owed to his wife the fact that he was independent of his business for a substantial income, was thankful that her interest ended with herself instead of causing her to meddle with other people's affairs. He had a theory that, if a woman can gratify her selfishness she has a right to it.

Then, too, Aunt Ella had behaved very well about Beattie. When Mr. Swannington's sister died and left the child to his charge, his wife made no objection to having her. At first Beattie was a new toy to the childless woman, then a genuine pleasure. She interfered little with her comfort; she was exceedingly affectionate and had good health. Also Aunt Ella took a pride in her beauty. She enjoyed buying her pretty dresses and picture hats and seeing her wear them. She found solid comfort in this, for the love of clothes was a passion with her, and yet she had enough good taste and good sense to see that it was more becoming to her to wear quiet colours and simple designs than the more elaborate styles she craved for. As Beattie grew up this satisfaction became keener. When she was buying a bonnet, expensive but simple, she would see a hat with broad brim and feathers and loops of bright-coloured ribbon, and turn it round and round on her hand, longing to put it on, but not daring to because she knew the shopwoman would be amused however grave she might look. Then she would have her momentary triumph.

"You may send this home with the bonnet," she would say.

And when it came home she would try it on with locked doors, and afterwards give it to Beattie with a sigh, following her with her eyes for the first few times she wore it with an expression of mingled delight and envy.

In Beattie's education she took little interest. She sent her to a good day-school and considered she had done her duty. She had never cared for study herself, and she hated learned women.

"Why should she spoil her eyes and her complexion by poring over books?" she would say to her husband. "They will be worth far more to her than a mind by-and-by."

A wiser man might have told her that an empty mind is a greater destroyer of beauty than an over-filled one, but in these matters Mr. Swannington was willing to be guided by his wife.

"She shall learn to dance well, behave prettily, dress well, and sing. With that, Lionel, she will be well-equipped, and we will marry her very soon, you will see."

And to be soon married, to some one of means, meant to Mrs. Swannington the acme of woman's success. When once she had seen Beattie mistress of her own house, and that a good one, she would feel she had done her duty to the sister-in-law she had never seen; for Beattie's parents had lived in India.

So that to her Beattie's leaving school was a matter on which she saw fit to congratulate rather than condole with her niece.

"How *gauche* she is, that Margaret," she said. "She is quite without charm. But pretty mothers often have such daughters. So now school is over, eh, Beattie?"

"I have a prize, Aunt Ella," said Beattie, turning as she went upstairs to prepare for luncheon. Aunt Ella was following her, panting a good deal, as was her wont.

"Oh—but I thought—that—plain—girl" (stopping for breath between each word), "that Edith was to have them all."

"She did have three, and she was not lower than third in anything. She is clever."

"She need be," said Aunt Ella, who was now safe on level ground. "She squints."

"Oh, no, Aunt Ella," Beattie said indignantly. "You are thinking of Rosie Sinclair."

"But—yes." Aunt Ella turned into her bed-room. "Well, I am glad you beat her in something."

Mrs. Swannington's remarks were quite without malice. She found it more interesting to pick faults in people than to praise them, but she meant no unkindness, and her deeds were so far better than her words, that, if she did not make a practice of doing good, at any rate she never voluntarily injured anybody, and, where she liked, she was generous to a degree, as her husband had good cause to know.

Mr. Swannington did not come home to luncheon. Generally Beattie had her early dinner at the school, where it could be obtained by girls who lived at a distance or whose parents did not care for them to come backwards and forwards twice. So that to Mrs. Swannington luncheon was a solitary meal and would have been a dull one, but for the fact that every morsel she ate and every sip she drank had a special bearing on her course of banting, which could be more deliberately undertaken now than when the appetites of others had to be considered, or demands in the way of conversation made upon her. Besides which she liked eating only less than dress, and at other meals she was constantly put in the way of temptation by some succulent but fat-forming dish. No one could measure her struggles in the matter of whipped cream, nor all it meant to her to pass it by. But at luncheon she positively forbade its appearance.

Beattie's presence to-day made little difference to her. For once the girl was not talkative. She was still feeling a little low-spirited at her parting from the other girls. So Aunt Ella ate her chicken and dry biscuits silently and deliberately. Presently she said—

"I do not drive again to-day, Beattie. I rest an hour and then I take my walk. I may perhaps call on Mrs. Gilman. You can come with me if you like; and then we will go on to Kensington and get you a walking costume. At Crabstey one dresses."

Beattie hated shopping, especially with Aunt Ella, who was very long in making a choice, and, as it seemed to the impatient girl, over-particular in matching; but she liked Mrs. Gilman and was glad to go and see her.

At four the two set forth. Aunt Ella proceeded very slowly, with short uneven steps, and it was a good thing for Beattie that her walk of the morning had taken away some of her usual energy, as otherwise she would have scarcely had patience at their scant progress. They had not very far to go. Aunt Ella, who measured her exercise as she weighed her food, knew exactly the distance. Mrs. Gilman was at home, but she was not in the drawing-room when her visitors were shown in.

Aunt Ella took out her pince-nez and looked about the room. She never allowed herself to be bored.

"There is nothing new," she said aloud. "How tired one gets of these everlasting photographs. And Mrs. Gilman's friends are all so plain. Ah, there is a fresh likeness of Evelyn. That child will not be pretty. She has her father's nose. Yes, there is a new photograph. Well, that is a face I admire. Who is he, I wonder?" She seated herself in her usual attitude, one daintily-shod foot thrust a little forward, her hands on her lap, for she heard Mrs. Gilman approaching.

The door opened and a lady of about Aunt Ella's age entered the room. She was tall and slender and rather pretty. She seemed genuinely pleased to see Mrs. Swannington, and kissed Beattie warmly.

"Eva will be so glad you have come," she said. "I have just been out with her."

"You have had her photographed again, I see," said Mrs. Swannington. "It is very charming. She grows more like her father."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Gilman, looking pleased, and she fetched the photograph and handed it to her friend, who remarked—

"It is quite a little picture. For children I always find a lady-photographer more successful than a man. She has more sympathy. If I had children I would learn photography that I might myself take them. The best attitudes and expressions are not to be seen in the photographer's studio, but at home. Presently, you will see every mother will be her children's photographer."

"And every wife her husband's?" Mrs. Gilman asked laughing.

Mrs. Swannington raised both hands. The expressive French mannerism was natural to her and favoured the display of her charms.

"But—no!" she said, with a little scream of horror. "The world is too full of ugly men. But tell me, who is that in the carved frame? It is a face that interests me."

"That? Oh, he is a friend of Robin's, a barrister. He is extremely clever, and Robin thinks he will be a great man one day. He is only a little over thirty now, though he seems older. I think him very handsome."

"Without doubt," said Aunt Ella.

"I will ask you to meet him when next he dines here," said Mrs. Gilman. "And that reminds me. I want you to let Beattie spend the evening here next Tuesday. I have two or three people coming, all young, and I should so like to have Beattie. I am expecting a cousin to stay with me. She is coming to town for a day or two, and then we all go to Devonshire together."

"Beattie goes nowhere yet," said Aunt Ella. "It is but to-day her school broke up, and she will not come out till next season."

"But this is all so informal, dear Mrs. Swannington. And Norah and she would get on so well I am sure. Norah is very little older. How old are you, Beattie?"

"I am just seventeen," said Beattie. "Do let me come, Aunt Ella."

"As you will. It is very kind of you, dear Mrs. Gilman. But are we not to see little Eva? Beattie will be disappointed."

Mrs. Swannington did not care for children. But she never failed to show interest in them to their mothers. The bell was rung, and presently a little girl of about six appeared. When she saw Beattie she ran to her with a cry of pleasure for she was very fond of her, but she could hardly be persuaded to speak to the older lady. Tea being brought in, however, the attention of the latter was turned elsewhere.

"Very weak, and no milk. I dare not. And only one lump of sugar. Ah, my dear Mrs. Gilman, how I envy you that you are thin."

The two ladies now entered upon an interesting subject, for both were concerned in it. Mrs. Gilman was only one degree less anxious to be stouter than Mrs. Swannington to be thin. And Beattie and Eva were left to entertain each other. Eva was a dear little child, really pretty and very natural and bright. She told Beattie all about her new toys, for she had just had a birthday, and presently took her away to the nursery to show her some kittens.

"Beattie is a wonderfully sweet girl," said Mrs. Gilman. "She does great credit to your bringing up."

Mrs. Swannington shrugged her shoulders.

"I do not take much credit. She has a nice disposition, and I have left it alone. You will perhaps be shocked at me, but I have not patience with all the new notions on the training of girls. Was I trained? No. My dear mother was an admirable woman and she understood the world. She chose me a husband who was good-looking and amiable. *Enfin.* I am happy. I shall do the same for Beattie."

"But Beattie may have her own ideas," Mrs. Gilman ventured to suggest.

"Not at all. If I had made of her a clever woman, or let her go on studying, and so on till she was three years older, she might. Then she would have got ideals and such nonsense. Now she has none. As yet she prefers the society of schoolgirls to that of men. She is unconscious of her beauty. She has no romantic notions. I know what is for her happiness, and I shall act for her. She will marry whom I choose, and, believe me, after twelve years of marriage and of observation of other women's husbands, I can safely decide for Beattie."

Mrs. Gilman did not feel the matter was as simple as her visitor seemed to think. But she was sensible enough to refrain from expressing an opinion. She was not so worldly-wise as Mrs. Swannington, but neither was she so shallow. She could see that Beattie would not necessarily be satisfied with what would satisfy her aunt. Mr. Gilman always said that Mrs. Swannington had no soul. At any rate her cravings were entirely for such things as this world could satisfy. She asked little of her friends. If they were ill or dull she avoided them. If they took offence she found others. If they complained of her she was indifferent. Yet many people

were very fond of her. Her husband, although he had not been in love when he married her, grew more attached to her every year, and Beattie, who was not given to analysing people or to weighing their virtues and failings in the balance, looked upon Aunt Ella almost as if she had been her mother, and gave her the affection she could not bestow upon the parent she could scarcely remember.

There were times when the girl realised that the relationship they bore to one another was not exactly that of mother and daughter, and these times were generally when she saw Edith or Margaret in their homes; but she knew that even mothers and daughters are not always in sympathy, and Aunt Ella was never unkind and not often even irritable. Moreover, up to the present Beattie had never had to rely on her for companionship or society; and she herself was undeveloped. Aunt Ella's childishness was not uncongenial to the child.

Up in the nursery Beattie played quite happily with little Eva, quite unaware that her future was the subject of discussion to the ladies in the drawing-room. She was summoned before very long to join them.

"Then I shall see you on Tuesday, Beattie," said Mrs. Gilman. "Come about eight, dear. I am so glad Mrs. Swannington will spare you to us. I will take great care of her," she said laughing to her aunt. And neither lady had any idea that this casual visit would in any way affect Mrs. Swannington's plans, or Beattie's life.

"Mrs. Gilman," said Aunt Ella, as they walked away from the house, "would be nowhere in society if it were not for her husband. They know nice people and she makes a photographic exhibition of them in her drawing-room that others may see it. But it is Mr. Gilman who attracts them. I noticed her to-day. She is painfully thin; her manners are not distinguished and her colouring is insipid. Your ordinary respectable Englishwoman how she is a bore. Come now, we must hurry, or your uncle will be home before we are back."

Mrs. Swannington always made a point of being at home when her husband returned. She was there to welcome him, uniformly amiable, and full of the gossip of the day or little items of personal interest which would beguile him for the short interval till the dressing-bell rang. She was certainly a model for many cleverer and more attractive women in the way in which she studied her husband in little things. It is true she had abundant leisure and no other claims on her time, but still she did arrange her life by his, and if she spoilt him at any rate she was not the loser. She made herself necessary to him, kept her best side for him, and made his home-coming cheerful.

The shopping was accomplished somewhat quicker than usual with the desire to get back in Mrs. Swannington's mind, and Beattie found herself the possessor of a very pretty tailor-made costume. She was what is called "stock size" and could wear ready-made garments with very little alteration, an impossibility with Mrs. Swannington, whose figure, as the young ladies in the shops always assured her consolingly was so very uncommon. Some chiffon was also purchased to freshen up one of Beattie's simple evening dresses for Tuesday evening.

"Generally," said Mrs. Swannington by way of comment, "girls of your age look so dowdy of an evening. One realises that no new evening-dresses are bought because they are on the verge of coming out, and so they are put into limp and faded garments which they have out-grown. But you may be thankful, Beattie, to have about you someone who never allows you to look at a disadvantage. I am determined, my child, that whatever faults people find with you in the future, no one shall accuse you of being dressed without taste. It would truly break my heart."

(*To be continued.*)

"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART V.

HOME INFLUENCE.

"Instruction is given in the school. Education takes place in the home. The masters are the mothers."



It seems strange for the Christian writer, of a Christian paper, treating of a Christian home, to begin the article by a quotation from an Agnostic source. But Renan has hit the nail so straight on the head that I venture to cull the thought. "Home influence" is the one that moulds life for time and eternity. We read a great deal about "heredity" these days. Perhaps if we gave more thought to environment it might be better.

In order that flowers of faith, and hope, and obedience, may flourish we should surround our children with the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust and approbation. The sunshine of affection should permeate every chamber of the hearts entrusted to our guidance. Our muggy, foggy climate is answerable for much of the discontent and peevishness seen in the schoolroom. If this is true—and Mrs. Fry has left it on record—how much more depressing must be a morally foggy one! As a shining light should be the path of the King's daughters. The light of reason should be shown them. The light of truth used as a lantern for their feet. "Home influence"—what a vast vista it opens to our view! And what a number of different things it involves. Myrrh, aloes and cassia, as well as wrought gold! Not only an anointing with the oil of gladness, but with a holy unguent made from thorny, ragged-looking myrrh bushes, red, sweet-smelling cedar, and rough outer cinnamon bark.

Our hands, dear fellow-guardians, need to be wise and skilful in order that the garments of the King's daughters may possess the perfume distilled from the bitter drugs. "In the inner part of the palace" (true rendering of Psalms xlv. 9) our daughters are secluded in their youth for us to weave their garments with unwrought gold (Rev. Ver.), and to adorn their vesture with needlework. The laws of the nursery and fireside are omnipotent. "Fatal for weal or woe the atmosphere of the home."

If my remarks upon the subject seem disjointed, it is because there is so much to be said, and so short the space to say it in. Just as the thoughts strike me so I jot them down.

First of all religion should not only be made a Sabbath garment, it should be the work-a-day attire in our homes all the year round. Daily family prayer should be as seldom missed as daily family food. A habit of spending a few minutes alone with God should also be established. "Grace" may be asked by any child in turn and thanks returned. Reverence in these matters is most necessary too. Do not mix up the Bible with *débris* of breakfast and supper. Let it stand on a lectern of its own and bid the reader stand to read therefrom. Wherever possible conduct a little solemn service. These gatherings, carefully and reverently planned as part of the day's programme, will never be forgotten. Like the blue overshadowing wings of the ibis on the mud banks of the Nile they will carry an ever recurring witness to the presence of God in the home. When our girls go into other homes there will be no slurring of the great functions of prayer and praise. Golden bells and sweet pomegranates will be daily heard and seen in their new abiding places.

On Sundays, going to church should be the happiest part of the happiest day in the week. No criticism should be permitted, only a general feeling that all are glad when we say, Let us go unto the house of the Lord. Home education should be directed to this end. To convince our children that they are capable of good and incapable of evil. In time, with the strong recurring power of habit, this will render them actually so. It is often enough to tell young people, that we assume this or that good quality in them, to induce them to exert themselves to justify that opinion. This is as true as its reverse, "Give a dog a bad name," etc.

A French writer on heredity and environment has said: "The art of managing the young consists, before anything else, in assuming them to be as good as they wish to be." (This is "suggestion" in its primary sense.) Pascal writes, "By dint of frequently asserting that a man is a fool we make him so." To assert a child is wicked, or indifferent, is not the way to make her affectionate or good. Encouragement is so necessary. The

happy child is beautiful, loving, lovable, spontaneous, open and sincere. Of a truly great mother it is recorded by her daughter, "She never expected us to be bad children. She always expected us to do well, and after her long and beautiful life, when she was sitting in sunshine, calm and sweet at eighty-seven years of age, she said to one when asked what she would have done differently as a mother if she had to live her life over again: 'I should blame less and praise more.'" If these words "Blame less, praise more" were illumined on the ivory walls of the palaces in which the King's daughters are reared, how good it would be!

Under them another couplet might run—

"Two men looked out from their prison bars,
One saw the mud. The other the stars."

Well for the mother who always sees the stars! The kingdom of heaven is brought very near her girls. One successful guardian told me years ago, when I was starting the small nursery full of children God gave me, "Don't them as little as you can."

In the question of housework each teacher must decide for herself. Personally, I think those girls who show no aptitude for it might be excused. We wish our girls to come to their best. Physically, mentally and morally. Housework is surely subordinate to that intention sometimes? But homely duties may be made most interesting to our little girls. Take the ten-year-old girlie into the dairy with you. Let her learn at what temperature cream will "come" to butter. Show her why the handle of a churn is best turned slowly and regularly. Point out the broken air bubbles to her. Let her wash the crumbs of "oleaginous compound," salt them, and make them up into the pats so dear to the little heart.

"Common tasks require all the force of a trained intellect to bear upon them," and we must try to train in every way until we find the real bent of our children's mind. From the dairy promote to kitchen and store room. Let the tiny, busy, eager hands make a pastry "bill" or loaf of yeast bread. Tell her why turnips are peeled thickly and potatoes thinly. Explain the *raison d'être* of frying, roasting and boiling. Let raisins speak of sunny vineyards in Italy, rice of Indian paddy fields, lentils of mud banks in ancient Egypt, spices of Eastern lands. Let it all be a part of education, not a something grudgingly taken from play hours. Explain the science of cleansing clothes with a due proportion of soda and soap and alkalis. Then let her keep Alexandrina Ann in clean garments. Put a needle in her hand and tell her of the nine others through which it has to pass before it is ready for her use. Let her make something small and useful for daddy or brothers. Do not weary her with seam and gusset and band. Join in "broom drill" with her or let nurse do so, making a frolic of turning mattresses and hunting the peripatetic spider. Mount her on a chair and bid her examine the beautiful web in which "Mr. Fly" is entangled. Then let her try to make something "just as good." She is sure to be ready to do so. Compare her clumsy "ropes" to the gossamer filaments of the weaver and she will lose all fear of such creepy crawleys. Teach her tenderness toward every little flower and chirping bird by the same means, leading her thoughts from the creation to the grand, wonderful, beautiful scheme of the Creator.

But now we come to a more difficult point in home influence—moral training. In one of the too little used collects in our church service we pray that "we may constantly speak the truth and boldly rebuke vice." Yet how difficult it is to be John Baptist in our own homes. We love our little ones so dearly that we are apt to be blind to their faults. But sulkiness, ill-temper, greed, coveteousness, deceit, still hold sway in our households. The seeds are there, what must we do? Have you ever stood amongst the Cotswold Hills and held the source of the Thames in your palm? All around is spread a beautiful panorama of heather and bedstraw, bog-cotton, ragweed and golden moss. Cloud pictures chase each other over "the terrible crystal" which is "as sapphires in their clearness" above our heads. Rich red brown umber peat lies at our feet, and out of it springs this tiny stream. We can hold the Thames in the hollow of our hands up in the Cotswold Hills! How powerless we are to stem its stream at Westminster or Rotherhithe! So, in the early years of our training of the King's daughters, we must curb and restrain. With their faults it is as with the river. We can do much at their source, but the spring will swell into a flood. The sapling will grow into a tree. The infant will become a giant. In common fairness to our girls, we must help them to overcome. "A little child is a figure full of pathos. Without volition of its own it finds itself in a most difficult scene. It looks around on every side for 'help,' and we who are grown way wise should make it at all times tenderly welcome."

Just as in physical diseases I only laid down broad rules for our guidance, so now I would do the same in moral sicknesses. When a child has been naughty, we must not, in blaming it, interpret her action in its worst sense. She is, in general, too unconscious to have had a completely perverse intention. If we impress on our little girl a too intense sense of sin, it may lead to moral paralysis and our efforts would be completely frustrated. Appeal to the divine in them. Believe in the divine in them. Cultivate the divine in them. This is the theory of true culture and care. "Our Father which art in heaven" disposes of any other belief.

And it is a wonderful lever in home-life. I would not dare to face the future for my own flock unless I were convinced that they are King's daughters, children of God and heirs of eternal life.

Still even King's daughters may have blemishes. Sulkiness is one of the most disfiguring, worse than small-pox marks, or erysipelas or eczema. The lowering brow, black looks and ugliness of a child in the sulks is appalling. If we wish the King's daughters to be beautiful, with the comeliness He puts upon them, we shall watch for this first manifestation of unsociability and combat it with all our might. "By letting a child acquire the habit of sulkiness we let her acquire the habit of abiding by the fault she has committed without making any effort at reparation."

A sulky child is her own enemy. If we let the unpleasantness grow with her growth, she will develop into a sullen woman. The two adjectives are not quite synonymous. The latter is a far worse disease. A fit and a mood are different. The old version of Psalms xc. 17 says, "Let the pleasantness of the Lord our God be upon us." It is that very pleasantness we want to help on our girlie's faces. In this, the best service we can do our children is to maintain the sweet look of calmness ourselves.

"Allure to brighter worlds and lead the way."

If St. Vitus's dance be infectious—and so it is proved to be—how much more "catching" is example in home life?

Truth-telling is one of the brightest jewels we can weave into the borders of the garments of the King's daughters. In God's word, speaking the truth and acting sincerely are almost interchangeable words. Comp. marg. Ephes. iv. 15 with revised version of the same.

In our attitude towards "story-telling" we need to have our eyes anointed with the salve of wisdom. We must remember that fiction is natural to children. It has been said, with some truth, that a lie is the first exercise of imagination—the first invention, the germ of art. This has some truth in it, as I said before, and it will make us lenient in our view of a "romance." But we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that there is a moral lie. In other words, a dissimulation which chiefly arises from fear. Children are not morally untruthful unless driven to be so from fear. Deceit is in direct ratio to ill-judged severity and unscientific education. Far from being inclined naturally to hide an act of disobedience or boldness, children are rather led to tell it as a mark of personal independence. Encourage the little girls to tell you everything, dear fellow-guardians. Allow for the "make-believe" which dignifies mud and water into "pies" and sees a wonderful past and future for Alexandrina Ann. But, by all means check vicious untruth at once. Let confession never mean punishment. Let penitence always bring forgiveness. The child needing severity is the child who lacks affection. Lavish on the King's daughters enough love, and threats and blows will be unnecessary. Love begets love. It is the most powerful weapon in all education, especially in home life.

In my papers on Queen Baby I spoke of obedience. Our girlies should have learned that lesson whilst still autocrats of the nursery. The King's daughters will not need to begin again at A B C.

But the secret of all home influence is—

LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.

Nothing succeeds like love. Begin with it, go on with it, you will never finish it.

Take your sweet, obedient, truthful, good-tempered little girls in your arms and love them much for being good.

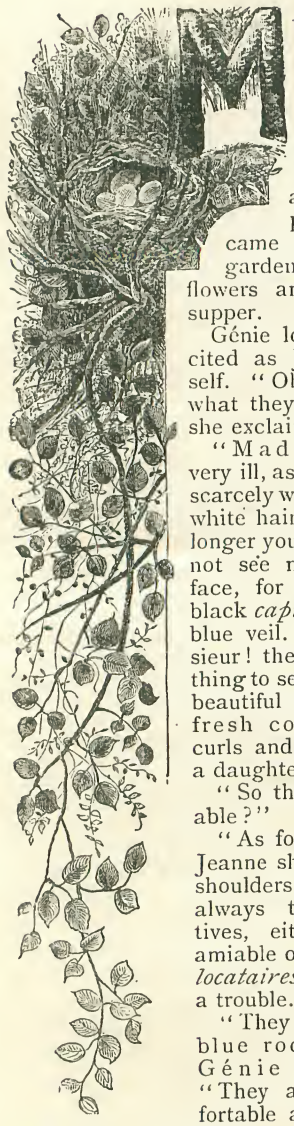
Take your unruly, sulky, deceitful little girls into your arms and love them into being good.

Before concluding this article I should like to say something about the altruism of parents in respect to the training of the King's daughters. We must not forget that in the sight of God we are as much account as our little girls are. "The best service a mother can do to her children is to maintain the standard of her own life at its highest." We need to read, and travel, and learn, and recreate, in order that we may help our children to do the same. There is something wrong in the home influence which disposes a girl to think she is the pivot of the household. Mother's room is generally the receptacle for delicate furniture, broken-legged chairs, old-fashioned curtains. This is not as it should be. Our girls need to be taught unselfishness, and should begin by thinking their concernments, their rooms, their food, quite of secondary importance. It is really wiser to claim a primary consideration from our bairns, than to take a second seat in the family coach. It is better for our daughters in the long run. It is so good to give them the habit of unselfish regard for their elders. Whether we choose it or not, it is habit which will govern ninety-nine one hundredths of a child's life. How necessary then to form the habit of "in honour preferring" those around. But this paper is exceeding the limits set for it. In the task which is set for parents in the matter of home education, only the words of the Wise One are applicable. "Let the woman beware. All that I commanded her let her observe." We must get ourselves permeated with the wholesome doctrines and instructions of God's Holy Word. Then we must do them. Not only then shall we be praised in the gates of society, but in the more veiled and sacred precincts of the home, and our children will arise and call us blessed.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER IV.



"MADEMOISELLE! mademoiselle! they have arrived!" exclaimed Jeanne in a stage whisper as Génie came in from the garden laden with flowers and fruit for supper.

Génie looked as excited as Jeanne herself. "Oh, do tell me what they are like!" she exclaimed.

"Madame looks very ill, as if she could scarcely walk; she has white hair. She is no longer young. I could not see much of her face, for she wore a black *capuchon* and a blue veil. But monsieur! there is something to see! He is a beautiful gentleman; fresh colour, black curls and attentive as a daughter."

"So they look amiable?"

"As for that," said Jeanne shrugging her shoulders, "there are always two alternatives, either one is amiable or one is not; *locataires* are always a trouble."

"They must like the blue rooms," said Génie hopefully. "They are so comfortable and we have made them very pretty."

"Mademoiselle! mademoiselle!" cried Maturin bustling in. "They are asking for coffee. Will you tell Jeanne?"

"That is my affair," said Génie proudly, and she went rapidly into the kitchen.

The next morning Génie was in the meadow caressing Bichette and her baby. The girl in her white cotton gown and sun-bonnet pushed back from her lovely yellow hair, made a charming picture as she stood offering bread and sugar to the tall brown donkey, the little foal nibbling the corner of her apron mischievously.

Monsieur Canière strolled out into the field, dressed in a loose holland suit and a wide Panama hat. He was a short man with a fierce black moustache and imperial, on each side of which his fresh cheeks stood out like a full moon; his expression was intelligent and very kindly. He took off his hat with a flourish and observed, "These interesting creatures, mademoiselle, are the great charm of country life."

"I love them," said Génie, kissing Bichette's brown nose. "And *a-propos*, monsieur, I know I ought not to ask, but is it absolutely necessary for madame, your mother, to eat boiled chicken every day?"

"It is a fancy of hers, mademoiselle, and all fancies should be indulged in the country. May I ask why you want to know?"

"It is very unwholesome, monsieur," said Génie anxiously. "It destroys both the complexion and the temper—it is even dangerous. Beef and veal come regularly from the town; they would nourish madame, your mother, far better."

"Is this your only reason, mademoiselle?" said Monsieur Canière smiling.

"It is the only reason I ought to give," said Génie gravely.

"Then there is another reason! Mademoiselle, I have influence with my mother. Confide in me."

"Chicken is so unwholesome," she murmured.

"Not to her, she lives on it! The truth, mademoiselle, tell me the truth!"

"I ought not," faltered Genie, "but—but—you see, it decimates the poultry yard!"

She blushed scarlet as she spoke. Monsieur Canière tried to conceal that he was laughing; he bowed low, putting his hand on his heart.

"Henceforth I will persuade my mother to try a change of diet," he said gallantly.

Madame Féraudy appeared in the distance carrying a basket, and Génie with a fervent "thank you" to her new acquaintance, went to join her.

Before a fortnight had passed Génie was quite at home with Madame Féraudy; more at home than anyone had ever been before, declared the good couple Maturin and Jeanne. She even coaxed and teased her and she did not mind, but appeared to like it. There was at all times something so bright and sweet about Génie that no one could resist her. The whole household loved her and did exactly what she wished, just as if she had been born the petted child of the house.

"I have a letter from my nephew," said Madame Féraudy one day as the girl came up to her. "See, my Génie, it is full of commissions. I must leave them to you, for I have so much to do."

"Am I capable? Are they within my powers?" said Génie anxiously.

"Yes, quite easy. I wish he would give himself a little rest, the poor boy."

"Is it long since Dr. André had a holiday?"

"He has never had a holiday since he undertook this quarter of Paris, my child. And he works! he works like any horse! When I remonstrate he laughs, and says he is very strong, but after all, strength has its limits, and it is given to use, not to waste."

"He looks very tired sometimes," said Génie gently.

"Tired, and no wonder, considering that four days out of the seven he gives away the dinner set before him. But for his landlady, Madame Michaud, I do not know what would have become of him, and now he tells me he has changed his rooms. I hope he is equally well off."

Génie looked troubled; she knew that the new rooms were in a very poor place, but she thought Dr. André would not like her to say so to his aunt.

Madame Féraudy went on, "Father Nicholas writes to me about him sometimes."

"Père Nicholas?" said Genie starting. "That was the *pasteur* to whom I wrote."

"I daresay. He is a good man; he loves André as if he were his own son, and more than once he has been a good friend to him. Then there is Père Etienne of Nôtre Dame."

"But he is Roman Catholic," exclaimed Génie. "It was he who came to see papa."

"Yes, yes, but they constantly meet at the bedside of the worst cases in Paris. At one time he said to our André 'Come, *docteur*—submit, I must convert you!' and André accepted the challenge. It did not last long. Père Etienne desisted. 'Ah, bah!' he said, 'one might as well try to move the buildings of Nôtre Dame into the Plâce Vendôme!' He wrote to ask me to come to Paris soon after, that I might use my influence and carry off André for a few days' rest. He had cut his hand badly and in the foul air of those back streets the wound would not heal. André had to give in, and I carried him off. I could not help it; I said to the good father, 'This is a Protestant—*hein?*' 'Protestant!' he exclaimed. 'Go away with your Protestant! *Le bon Dieu* has few servants like him.' But I talk and talk, *mignonne*, and I have wasted more time since you came here than in ten previous years!"

"I fly!" cried Génie laughing.

She took the letter with her and began to study it. Dr. André wanted a little muslin pillow stuffed with chamomile flowers. He gave directions that the fresh flowers were to be gathered and dried quickly in the oven. It was for a workman's wife who had been a north-country girl. She had lost all power of sleep and was very ill, and her mind in its wanderings went back to a green slope of short thyme-scented grass, on the top of which grew a bed of chamomile flowers. She fancied that she was bruising them in her poor feverish palms pressing out the sweet slumberous smell,

and laying them against the wasted haggard cheek which once was round with rosy childhood.

This was the first commission.

Then he wanted garden flowers, and he wanted a water-melon. They cost so much in Paris; it was to be a treat for an Italian hurdy-gurdy boy with white mice, who had broken his leg, and who cried all day and all night for his mice which were taken from him in hospital. Dr. André was keeping the mice, and very tiresome it would have been had he not enlisted the services of a wild little street-imp of a girl who lived in the same house—Fifine, to whom he had once done a great service, rewarded by marvellous adoration and fidelity.

Then Dr. André wanted some butter and some fruit for a tea-party he was going to have, consisting of five children who had all come out of hospital doing him credit, and to whom he meant to give tea-parties until their little pale faces bloomed again. Half-fed children, these went to his heart, and for them he wrote gaily, he would prey unblushingly on his farmer aunt.

The hamper that was got ready to go to Paris was crammed to over-flowing. Génie started to take it to the station herself, but she had to sit down constantly to rest on the way, until she suddenly encountered Monsieur Canière.

There was a brief contest between his elegance and his goodness of heart, but the latter conquered, and removing his gloves he carried the hamper himself to its destination.

"I do not know how to thank you, monsieur," said Génie gratefully as they reached the hot, glaring little station, and Monsieur Jean sat down and fanned himself. He was very warm, for the hamper was heavy, and moreover the consciousness of his good action gave him a glow of pleasure.

"You could never have done it, mademoiselle," he said, "It demands the arm of a man."

"It does indeed, monsieur; it was too much for me. I am infinitely obliged."

They walked home together, and as they reached the door Monsieur Jean made a profound bow and said, "My mother is an invalid, mademoiselle, as you know. She bids me say that a visit from you would greatly gratify her."

"I will come with pleasure at any time that may suit Madame Canière," said Génie simply.

"Then this evening after dinner you will do us the honour?"

"If Madame Féraudy can spare me I will come."

"And, mademoiselle, to show you that your wishes are my law, my mother dines to-night on a boiled fillet of veal."

"You are too good," said Génie fervently, and she looked up at him with such deep gratitude in her soft grey eyes that Monsieur Canière there and then determined that his mother should try a sweetbread to-morrow.

(To be continued.)

OUR SUPPLEMENT STORY COMPETITION.

AMY'S DELIVERANCE.

A STORY IN MINIATURE.

First Prize (£2 2s.).
E. M. Moore, Wigton.

Second Prize (£1 1s.).
Janet Grant, Elgin.

Third Prize (10s. 6d.).
E. M. Watts, Portsmouth.

Honourable Mention.

L. Richardson, York; L. E. May, Alton; D. Smyth, Southsea; E. N. L. de Larnë, Plymouth; E. Webb, Stratford; C. Rahier, Brest; A. J. Graves, Edinboro'; A. A. Gaze, Norwich; L. Wood, Watford.

To the Competitors.

Dear Girls,—It has given me great pleasure to look over your papers. I have examined them *all*, and find the average very high. The composition is generally good, and the ideas invariably so, even in the youngest. It is a great privilege to see one's own thoughts so carefully reproduced by so many, for there were 308 competitors. All cannot win a prize, but all can derive benefit from such an exercise, requiring thought, method, and care. Some were disqualified by not having carefully attended to the *rules* of the competition, and one seems to have mistaken the story; but on the whole, it is surprising and very gratifying that so many should thoroughly grasp and clearly set forth the ideas of another writer. If my little story has taught you a few things, or led you to reflect on the need of deliverance from our besetting sin that every Christian must experience in this life, I am indeed more than content—I am very glad; and I beg to thank you all sincerely for the honour you have done me. Yours truly,

Anne Mercier,
Author of "Amy's Deliverance."

First Prize Essay.

This is not a tale of romantic heroism, as the title might suggest, but none the less interesting and infinitely more instructive as the story of a deliverance from that terrible if familiar enemy, Self. We are introduced to Amy Bowdon and her mother at the sculptured entrance to the beautiful church of St. Ouen in old Rouen. Amy is pretty, but peevish, and her mother, whose sad, sweet face betokens a recent bereavement, is hurt by her waywardness. She has undertaken this journey to La Belle France mainly in the hope that the change of environment may brighten her daughter's spirits.

Amy was the spoilt child of a spoilt father. An only son, and his father's idol, deprived of a mother's care at an early age, weakened by prosperity and praise, he had lived life for the pleasure it could give him, and had imparted not a little of his temperament to his only daughter, whom he treated as a playmate, ministering to her whims and pleasures rather than fostering the woman within her.

But life has its clouds and storms as well as its roseate dawns and purple sunsets. Amy's father dies suddenly. His own father, from whom he was estranged, had predeceased him, leaving his fortune for Amy when she should come of age. A liberal sum was allowed for her education, but Mrs. Bowdon had to meet heavy bills incurred by her husband, and resolved to economise and pay the most pressing out of the allowance made for Amy, keeping the true facts of their position from her until she was older. A "candid friend," however, out of revenge on Mrs. Bowdon for marrying the man she admired, tells Amy she is her grandfather's heir, and her mother is using the money and concealing the facts from her for her own purposes. She informs Mrs. Bowdon what she has done. Mrs. Bowdon weakly refrains from acquainting Amy with the true state of affairs, and Amy, with a poisoned mind, mistrusts her mother.

At this juncture we are introduced to Edith Shepherd, an English girl living with her father at Rouen. She is engaged as governess to Amy, and, hearing the mother's story, determines to undertake the regeneration of her wayward charge. Her own devotion to her father, the filial love of the Bonnevals, whose *château* Amy subsequently visits with Edith, the useful work carried on among young people at "L'école Ménagère" have their lessons. Mrs. Bowdon afterwards goes to Brittany. Edith is invited to accompany them, but determines to stay with her father, whose sight is failing. Before they part, Edith wins Amy's confidence, and advises her to ask her mother all. Amy's heart is melted, when she returns home and finds a birthday present from her mother is a new frock and on it a silver cross, bearing the words "L'amour c'est le croix." She tells her mother she will be good, and, as she is now fourteen, Mrs. Bowdon opens to her the sealed book of their family history.

Shortly afterwards Amy is rescued from a great danger, and her mother's thankfulness for her escape finds a response which proves how perfect is Amy's Deliverance.

They return to London, where Amy continues her studies. Her happiness is complete, when a letter arrives from Edith announcing that she is about to marry Mr. Buxton, the clergyman who took them to "L'école Ménagère," and that they are going to start a housewifery school in the slums, and want her co-operation. The story leaves Amy verging on her majority, doing with a will the work that lies next her hands, seeking to uplift and instruct and to forward her Master's Kingdom, and bearing the laurel of a sanctified life as the sign of Amy's Deliverance.

Eva M. Moore.

*** This essay is printed exactly as written without any correction.—Ed.

THE SAMPHIRE-GATHERER.

By NORA HOPPER.

THE Samphire-Gatherer to the cliff-face clings
  Half-way 'twixt sky and sea:
She has but youth and courage for her wings,
Though always Death about her labour sings,
  And fain would loosen steady hand or knee,
And cast her down among life's broken things.
But Danger shakes with fitful murmurings
  No such brave heart as she!

The gulls are crying in her heedless ears,
  That strength is made a mock
At grips with the strong sea: she has no fears,
  But treads with naked feet the stair of rock
That has but known for years on weary years
The touch of sea-gulls' wings, the sea that rears
  Her waves against it with recurrent shock,
The sun that burns and sears.

She has no fears because her daily bread
  She sees made manifest,
Here in the pendulous weed that tempts her tread
  Upon so wild and dangerous a quest.
    The samphire sways and dangles overhead
  And home is far below, and in her nest
Are little hungry mouths that must be fed,
  Though Danger be her neighbour and her guest.

Night brings her little children to her knee
  For daily bread to pray,
Their father tosses on the open sea
  Where flashing schools of silver dolphins play,
  But hungry mouths must eat while he's away,
  So the brave mother clambers, day by day
And pulls the samphire-trails, and knows not she
  Is of that school of saints that wear no bay
  But do God's work the still and splendid way.



HAUNTED.

By NORMA LORIMER, Author of "A Sweet Disorder."

CHAPTER I.

"AUNT NETTA," I said, "I believe you are the pluckiest woman in the world."

A look of pain, and something that seemed to wither up her dainty beauty, came into my aunt's face as I made this rather wide statement; and she sank down wearily into one of the old carved settles by the open fire.

"Lal, dear," she said, "don't ever call me plucky again. I'm nothing but a poor tired old maid."

"Oh, Aunt Netta, how can you say such things. Ned says he'd back you against any fellow he knows for sheer pluck. He says you don't know what the word fear means."

I turned round in my old-fashioned high-backed chair to lay my hand in Aunt Netta's lap, it was a habit we had of clasping hands for one moment when our spirits met in thought.

But no hand was open to receive mine. It was dusk and the great hall was gathering strange shadows in its deserted corners. It was the hour of sympathy.

"Sweet," I said, "I want your hand; and I felt for it, that slender little hand that no sun could ever burn, but there was no response.

Aunt Netta's hands were before her face and the head that was only now losing the wondrous gloss and glint of its youth was bowed in them.

I slipped off my chair and wound my arms round her. She was so fragile that I could have lifted her in my arms. "Ah, sweet, what have I done? I would not grieve you for worlds. I only called you brave. Surely every woman would be glad to deserve the title. Ned calls me plucky when he wants to please me most, and I'm a coward compared to you. Last night you went all alone into the east tower. It was only a snail on the window pane after all, it is true, but it did sound exactly like a diamond cutting the glass. And there I lay in bed with my head under the clothes. It would not be any great act of bravery in an ordinary house, I know, but in this great lonely castle to go down these narrow turret stairs at midnight. It was real pluck and just at the very hour when the little scarlet shoes come patter, patter up the stairs."

"Lal, dear, stop! I can't bear it. You don't know what remorse is—a life-long remorse because of one cowardly act."

I stopped suddenly. "Remorse, Aunt Netta. Remorse has nothing to do with you." The interval of years that lay between us was broken at that moment, and I was now the comforter and she the weak, sobbing on my breast as I had so often sobbed out my childish troubles on hers.

"Yes, Lal, my cup of remorse is full. I have drunk it to the dregs."

"You never did a mean or cowardly act in your life, sweet. Whatever happened was not the result of any act of yours. Aunt Net (this was my childish name for her), what about the Humane Medal? Think of how few women have a medal for bravery?"

"Ah, Lal, that medal, it seems to mock at me every time I look at it. I saved one little crippled life, one that perhaps God meant to spare the burden of living, and another life that fair as a flower I—— Oh, Lal, may God spare you the misery of remorse."

The great oak door opened, and James, our old servant, came in. Aunt Netta had straightened herself out of my arms, and her old-fashioned dislike of betraying her feelings even by the tremor in her voice prevented her answering his question.

"Shall I light the candles, ma'am?"

"No, James," I said, "my aunt is tired. You can leave the lights."

I knew that if a bright light was lit in the hall the spirit of confidence would be shut out. So James went out shutting the massive doors as silently as he had opened them.

"Lal, dear," my aunt said, "I will tell you the story of my life. I was just your age when an event happened which spoilt it."



THE SAMPHIRE-GATHERER.

"Not quite spoilt it, sweet, for you are happy now sometimes. Ned says you often look as young as I do. I don't think he really knows which of us he is most in love with" (there was a pretty little ring of confidence in the voice which belied the words), "so it is a good thing we are all to live together, and I'm sure there's enough room in this old castle for a dozen families to live together without quarrelling. Only don't make me jealous, Aunt Net?"

This last speech of mine made her quiver again. So I took her in my arms and kissed her wet eyes. It was a trick I had learnt from Ned.

I was Aunt Net's lover for the moment. Fool that I was to fancy she had never had one before; but I was young, and I did not stop to think that lovers will come where a face is fair like Aunt Net's, and the eyes are deep and true.

"When I was your age," she said, "and not half so tender and wise as you, Lal, for I was stronger and full of life, I met the only man I have ever loved. We were staying in the same hotel together at San Moritz, I for my father's health, and he for his mother's. We were thrown very much together, and I saw no shame in openly preferring his company to any of the other men who were staying there. Indeed, I had but little choice, for we were almost the only two healthy young people in the place. We skated together, we sleighed together, and neither of our invalid parents were well enough to act as chaperone, nor did my father ever think it necessary.

"'Always remember you are the daughter of a proud lady, Netta,' he used to say. 'Your mother was an orphan with only her instinct to guide her when I came courting her, and I have no fear for her child.'

"And so Robin and I roamed about the woods and hills all day long, I not stopping to consider what the future would bring. These were—I knew even then the days of our life that count, Lal—the days that lap into each other in a rare content. And so the weeks slipped into months until one day some little act of mine revealed to Robin how dear I was to him. Then he told me that he was engaged to be married!

"It was a cruel blow, Lal, but do not blame him, for we had proudly boasted to each other of our platonic friendship. I honestly believe he did not know that I loved him."

"Sweet," I said, "I won't blame him, for your sake; but if Ned was engaged to another woman whilst all the time he made me love him, I think I should kill him."

A cry of pain rang out.

"Oh, Lal, never say that, you don't know what you mean by the words."

"Aunt Net, you speak as if you had murdered some one. Your life has been so gentle and so tender, that if you did do one foolish act in your youth you magnify it a thousand times."

"Your love makes you blind to my faults, Lal, but I must tell you the rest. I bore the blow that Robin had dealt me as proudly as my mother would have done, and no one ever guessed how hard it was to be just the same high-spirited girl again; and there were plenty of eager invalid eyes in the hotel who, having no life of their own, poor souls, lived on the tragedies and romances of others. For another month we—Robin and I—played at being the same old friends as we had been, but things were not the same; a shadow had come, and our eyes could no longer meet.

"Then it was that a fire broke out in the hotel in the wing in which my father and I slept. It was terrible work getting him out of his room by the window, for at that time he was too weak to move out of bed, and as I have so often told you it was just as we had at last managed to save him that I got a wound in my head from a falling beam which rendered me insensible for two days. When I recovered consciousness, Robin told me he loved me; it was scarcely hoped that I would recover, and, Lal dear, I would have died then willingly, for my father could not live long, and I was so happy in the knowledge that Robin loved me. His honour would not allow him to marry me; he had only a brotherly affection for the girl he was engaged to, but she almost worshipped him. She had been engaged to him for five years; it was a boy and girl engagement, with passionate love on one side, and only affection on the other. So what had I to live for? Only to see Robin marry a woman he did not love, and to spend my life alone."

"Sweet," I said, "say you are not quite alone; say it, sweet," and I caught hold of her slender body more closely. "Say that I am just as good as a real niece, Aunt Net, or better still, say you love me as if I were your own child."

Aunt Net smiled. "Indeed, child, I truly believe I do, though a mother's love, they say, is only born with her child."

Poor Aunt Net, she of all women who by nature was fitted to be a mother, had quietly taken her place in the world with the women who are judged as unchosen.

The long summer evening was drawing in, and Ned would soon be home, so I pressed Aunt Net to tell me more. I could see that even now she half repented of her confidence and would have let the matter rest.

"Did Robin give the other girl up?" I asked a little bitterly, for I knew that would rouse her to defend him.

"Robin give her up? No, Lal, he would never have done that. Robin was the soul of honour and as tender for others as he was merciless about himself. He only told me once that he loved me, Lal, and then he had been told that I was dying; but whether it was the knowledge that he loved me, or what it was, I do not know, but from that hour I regained my strength. But with returning life I grew jealous of Robin's promised wife. I urged him that it was wrong of her to hold him to an engagement contracted when he was little more than a boy. I implored him to tell her that he did not love her as a husband should love. I was weak and querulous, and Robin, half mad with joy at seeing me regain my health, listened to my tempting, but he did not give in. The girl loved him, and he believed that he loved her. For five years she had given herself to him in thought and in spirit as his wife; he could not break with her now. And so we parted. Three weeks after my father died and I was left alone, the owner of this estate, and compelled by my grandfather's will to live on it, for half the year at least. When I saw Robin again I believe our love was stronger than before. Oh, how I loved him, Lal, and his big, manly adoration of my poor beauty made me proud of it for him.

"Then, Lal, came our temptation. The uncle who had made Robin his heir had married a young wife and he had now a son of his own to inherit his estates. With no expectations Robin could not afford to marry, at least not a girl who had been brought up as his intended wife had been, and at the best of times she was not strong, and now she was just recovering from an attack of rheumatic fever. I urged him to tell her that he could not afford to marry her, that his future prospects were utterly blighted by his uncle's marriage.

"And why not tell her, Robin," I said, "that you have outgrown your boyish love—you never proposed to her; it was an affair arranged by your family—tell her that you still have a great affection for her, and that if, after knowing that you do not still love her as you fancied you did when you were young, she would still like to marry you, you will make her a good and faithful husband, giving her a friend's love, but not a lover's?"

"Did she hold him to his promise, Aunt Net? How could she, if she really loved him? Ned's happiness is so much dearer to me than my own, that I would give him up if he wished his freedom."

Aunt Net put her hands before her face and shivered.

"Hush, Lal, don't say that. She never had the chance. After that I went to pay a visit to some friends of my father's, who had taken a beautiful old manor-house in North Devon. My father had often told me about the place, and I knew it was haunted."

Aunt Net saw me shiver as I drew still closer to her. I almost wished I had let James light the candles. I glanced timidly into the corners of the great hall, but nothing unnatural caught my nervous glance.

"When I arrived at the old house, my father's friends gave me a hearty welcome; in a laughing way they made light of the ghost, and said that all respectable old houses were expected to have one. 'What form does it take?' I asked. 'For I too am the proud possessor of a ghost.' Then I told them about the pair of little empty scarlet shoes that patter, patter up the tower stairs, and run along the polished floor of this great hall. The empty shoes of a little child who met with a cruel death. But their ghost, they assured me, was better than mine, for it spoke. The story went, that in one of the bed-rooms in the oldest part of the house, at night, after the clock had struck two, a gentle tapping came to the door, and a pleading voice asked to be let in. 'It's only me,' were the words it spoke; 'please let me in.' The tapping they told me was repeated three times.

"Some of the boys in the house chaffed me, and dared me to sleep in the room by myself. I said I did not believe in ghosts, and would gladly do it; and so it was arranged that I was to sleep in the haunted room the third night after my arrival.

"'But,' said the hostess, 'there is one thing I must beg of you, that you say nothing about the supposed ghost to Miss Ivory, who is coming to visit us for a few days. She is very delicate, and since she has had rheumatic fever her heart has been very weak. I shall be deeply grieved if any one mentions the subject before her. She knows nothing about it, and there is not the least need that she should know. Her room will be on the same corridor as yours,' she added, turning to me, 'so please be careful.'

"But I had scarcely heard her last remark. 'Miss Ivory,' that was her name, the name of the girl that Robin was to marry; and so I had to meet her as a friend of my hosts; and hide from her the fact that I loved Robin.

"'Is that the girl whom Robin Webster is going to marry?' I said. My hostess smiled. 'Yes,' she said; 'at least that is the girl who is going to marry Robin Webster, for with all her gentleness and fragile appearance it is she who is taking the active part. Robin, poor fellow, has been dragged into it—not but what she is not good enough for him in every way, for she is as good as she is pretty, but every one can see except herself that Robin isn't any more in love with her than he is with you or me.'

"'Is he not?' I asked. 'Don't you think some one might tell her, she is sure to find out when it is too late.'

"'Oh no,' said my hostess. 'That would never do. Poor child, if she does not bore him to death, she will make him a good wife.'

"And so the conversation dropped and I almost forgot about the ghost and my promise to sleep in the haunted room.

(*To be concluded.*)

OUR PUZZLE REPORT: "ON CLOTHING."

SOLUTION.

On Clothing.

A girl should dress according to her station.
Having due regard to her work, she should always look as well as she can.
She need not be a slattern at any time, but she should not use the scrubbing-brush in her best frock;
Neither should she go out to dinner in her worst.
It is pitiable to see a poor girl dressed beyond her means, and no less distressing to see a rich one attired in a negligent fashion.
Therefore remember that clothing should be
1. Appropriate to station.
2. Appropriate to, and convenient for, work.
3. Proportionate to income.

Prize Winners.

Six Shillings and Sixpence Each.

M. S. Arnold, The Birches, Malvern Link.
Edith Ashworth, The Mount, Knutsford.
Edith K. Baxter, 21, Tierney Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.
Rebecca Clarke, 130, Newland Street, W. Lincoln.
M. A. C. Crabb, Red Hall, Rickmansworth, Herts.
E. H. Duncan, 41, North John St., Liverpool.
J. Ellson, 4, Ann's Terrace, Himley Road, Tooting, S.W.
Marie E. Hancock, 92, Richard's Terrace, Cardiff.
Arthur Wm. Howse, Swiss Cottage, Ashwicker, King's Lynn.
Edith L. Howse, Falkland Lodge, Torquay.
Ellen M. Price, 38, Eleanor St., South Shields, Durham.
Marie McQueen, Dunreggan, Moniaive, Dumfriesshire.
W. P. H. Smiley, Weoleyville, Dromore, Co. Down, Ireland.
Mrs. Snell, 51, Mere St., Leicester.
Gertrude Sterling, 94, Algernon Road, Lewisham, S.E.
Miss V. M. Welman, 8, North Side, Clapham Common, S.W.

Special Mention.

Eliza Acworth, Edith E. Grundy, Lily Horn, Carlina Leggett.

Most Highly Commended.

Laura Paulina Barrett, Lily Belling, Nellie Burton, Agnes B. Chettle, J. S. Clemens, E. Conlin, Mrs. Crossman, Ellie Crossman, Mrs. H. Danell, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Mrs. Grubbe, J. Hunt, Rachel V. R. James, Jennie A. Jenkins, B.A., Agnes Louisa Kendall, Ed. Lord, Isabella M. Maxwell, Mrs. Motrum, A. Nichols, R. Nixon, Mary Olden, Maggie Ormond, Rev. A. B. Orr, Sarah M. Pratt, J. M. Pugh, N. E. Purvey, Bertha A. Richards, A. J. Rogers, Alfred Scott, Jenny Smedley, Gertrude Smith, R. Carr Smith, Harriett C. Smyth, C. Taylor, E. M. Watnerston, W. J. Weston.

Very Highly Commended.

Rev. S. Bell, Isabel Bellis, Clara S. Berry, Alice W. Browne, Mary Carter, M. J. Champneys, Muriel Lace Claque, Edith Collins, Alice M. Cooper, Ethel E. Dives, Jessie F. Dulley, Emmie L. Eden, Flora Filmer, A. R. Fooks, Florence Hayward, Jessie W. McLeish, M. S. Moore, Florence Moss, Mrs. Nicholls, Miss Norton, W. H. Odlum, Lizzie Peacock, Ethel M. Penfold, Edith Parkins, Ada Rickards, Edith F. Sellers, Muriel Sellers, Mrs. G. W. Smith, Minna S. Starritt, Mary Swidenbank, L. M. Todd, Aileen Tyler, G. S. Wilkins, W. L. Wishart, Emily M. P. Wood, C. A. Woolston, Miss Young, Katharine Young, Edith M. Younge.

Highly Commended.

M. M. Adeney, L. B. Ashford, Lindsay D. Boyle, Annie J. Cather, Mary I. Chislett, F. Clark, Elsie B. Connan, Annie French, Emily A. Gaddes, J. M. Goodchild, Julia A. Hennen, Florence M. Holmes, Kate Lambert, Miss Lister, Mildred M. C. Little, Mabel Merry, Winifred Nixon, A. Nunn, Emily Nunn, Margaret G. Oliver, Mrs. Prestige, Ida Rafford, Nellie Roofe, Elsie and May Sharp, Bettie Temple, Lilian S. Toller, W. Fitzjames White, Florence Whitlock, Hubert Wix.

Honourable Mention.

Esther Barton, Laura M. Beckett, Gladys M. Bernays, Nellie Birch, H. Blakerston, E. Blunt, Louie Bull, Mary Christie, Edith R. Clegg, Maud G. Collins, Mabel Coode, Annie Etherington, "Flamingo," Wm. Fraser, Arthur M. French, Edith E. Gregory, Ellen Hambly, Annie F. Hardie, M. Hodgkinson, Edward St. G. Hodson, Emmie Holgate, Rose A. Hooppell, Rosa S. Horne, Mary F. Howard, M. Jeffrey, H. E. Klein, Mildred E. Lockyear, Winifred A. Lockyear, Isabel M. Mackay, Mrs. Martin McKenzie, S. Mason, Beatrice Moxey, Helen M. Norman, Ada M. Pleasance, Polemarchus, Mabel E. Roe, Florence E. Russell, L. E. Saul, Major Shore, Helen Singleton, Bertha I. Skinner, Edith F. Smart, Mary C. Spalding, Ethel E. Spencer, Helen C. Stone, E. Ward, Elizabeth Yarwood, Sophie Yeo.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

We have to record a very remarkable fact. An absurdly easy puzzle on the most popular of all subjects (we are writing for girls) has called forth only seven hundred solutions. What is the reason? Is it that common-sense views on clothing, as on many other subjects, are unpopular? Can it be possible that the majority of our readers delight to dress beyond their means and resent any suggestion as to the unwisdom of such vanity? On the other hand, do any of them revel in untidiness? Do any neglect to preserve their best frocks from indiscreet association with scrubbing brushes? Indeed, we hope not, but we are a little apprehensive.

It was very appropriate that such simple and wholesome advice should be expressed simply. But the result has been a perplexing amount of perfection. In other matters simplicity and perfection are often closely allied; that the latter should ever be perplexing is perhaps less usual, it is certainly less desirable. But all this is very difficult to understand, much more difficult than the puzzle, so let us turn our attention to that. How often one's attention wanders from the thing in hand. We have noticed it over and over again, especially in girls, and the habit grows most disastrously unless sternly repressed. It is one reason why girls are, with very rare exceptions, indifferent (to put it gently) chess-players. Having failed to acquire the power of concentration, they allow their attention to wander between the moves, and when the mind is brought back to the game it is saturated and impaired by visions of new frocks or "adorable" Sunday hats. And so by an easy path we arrive back to our subject—clothing—having learned by the way many beautiful and important lessons.

Now the authors of curious readings must not mind being quoted because we do not refer to their work in any spirit of unkindness. Being over-burdened with a sense of our responsibility we cannot afford to lose any opportunity of being instructive, that is all. One of these curious readings, "She should always look a swell because she can," is, with the exception of "because," a correct interpretation of the hieroglyphics. But it is far from representing our writer's mind on the matter. A swell is properly a succession of billows, or an increase in the volume of sound, and we submit with some confidence that no girl can be either one or the other. We have heard boys use the term in quite another sense, but boys have a language of their own called slang, a language which may, with much propriety, be left for their exclusive use.

Another reading, "She should always look across the sea for fashion," is less justifiable. It seems to contain an obscure reference to the wisdom of Paris in the direction of dress, or possibly to that of Japan which, now we come to think of it, is also across the sea. But readers of The Girl's Own Paper need not look to either Paris or Japan for suitable "fashions," so completely does their magazine provide for their greatest needs.

Take another reading, "She need not be akimbo at any time." She need not indeed. We have seen an arm akimbo and sometimes we have seen two, but an akimbo *girl*, never. We hope we never shall.

One girl commits herself to the statement that a girl "Should not bury the brush in her best frock." It is unusual to be called upon to bury a brush at all, but if such a contingency should arise we hope our readers will remember this advice, for we can very cordially endorse it.

Now just a word on one or two points and we will forsake the path of instruction. We have received complaints that a letter is missing in the title. At first sight it looks as if it were, but on closer examination we find *on* 100 50=on c l; we then find a *thin* g—and nothing in between. Nothing=nought and nought is represented by o. Put the o in between the two signs, and there you are!

The *scrubbing-brush* was often taken to be merely a brush, but at least two hundred and fifty solvers correctly identified the species, so that we could not accept "brush" as a perfect interpretation of the drawing. Another more serious mistake was the omission of the "a" before "negligent." This was serious, because "in-an-egg-l" was necessary to give the n for negligent, and if this be transcribed "in negl [igent]" what becomes of the a?

This or any other definite mistake excludes the solver from even the honourable mention list. It is very hard, isn't it? The only comfort we can offer is that we have to share the hardship; for the difficulty of adjudicating perfectly fairly when errors are so slight is very great indeed. It is hardly necessary to say that the solutions of the prize-winners were perfect in every respect, even to the hyphen in scrubbing-brush.

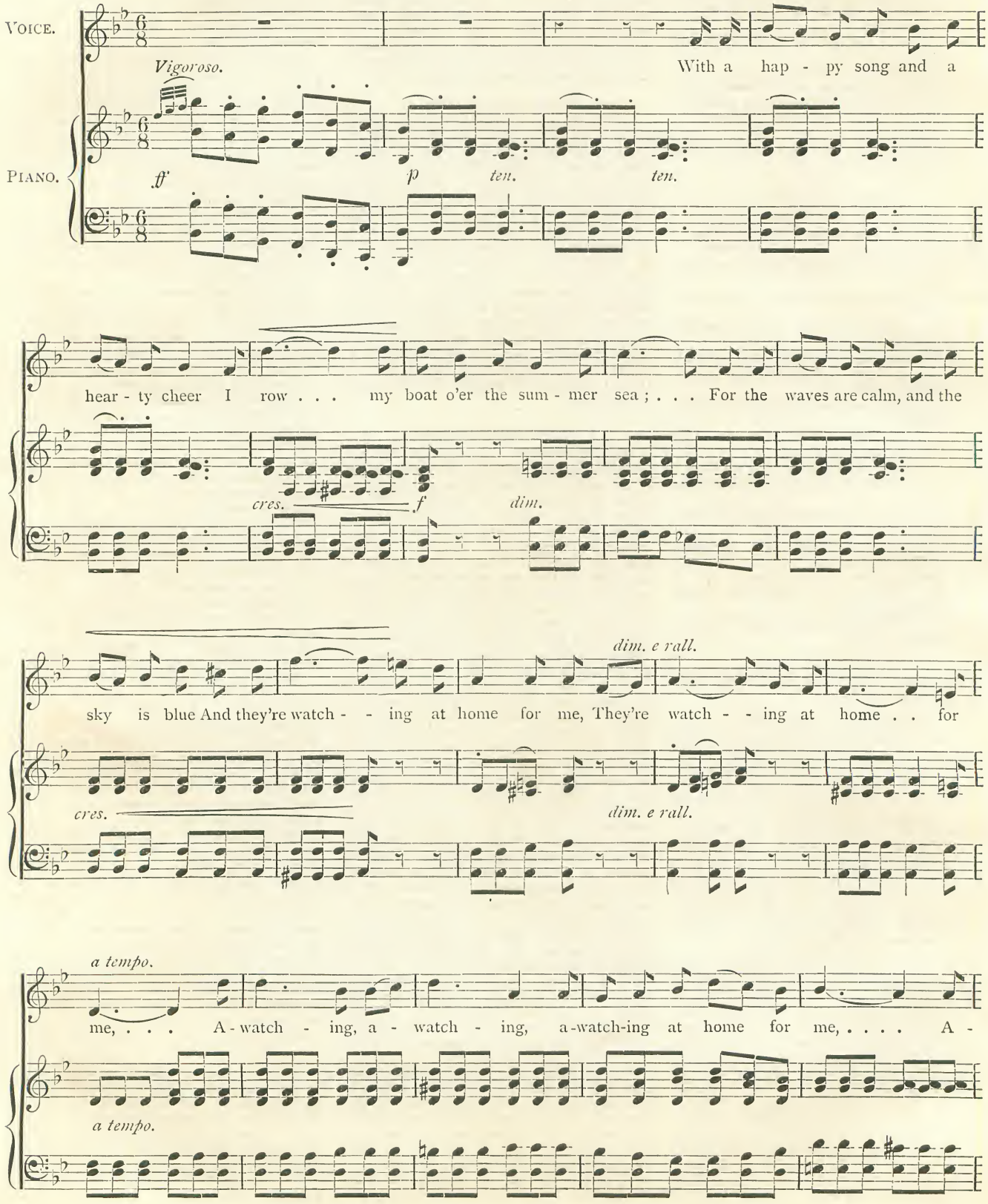
At last the letters begging us to continue the puzzles are beginning to come in. All express appreciation in the most kindly manner, and some are almost overwhelming. But when our readers write about the puzzles they should not ask for information about all sorts of things. How do we know which is the best time for planting parsley, or the best soap for a delicate complexion, or the best camera, or the right way to address "a Bishop who is not Lord?" As to the last, we suppose that, as Lewis Carroll affirmed of one who was not a Bishop,

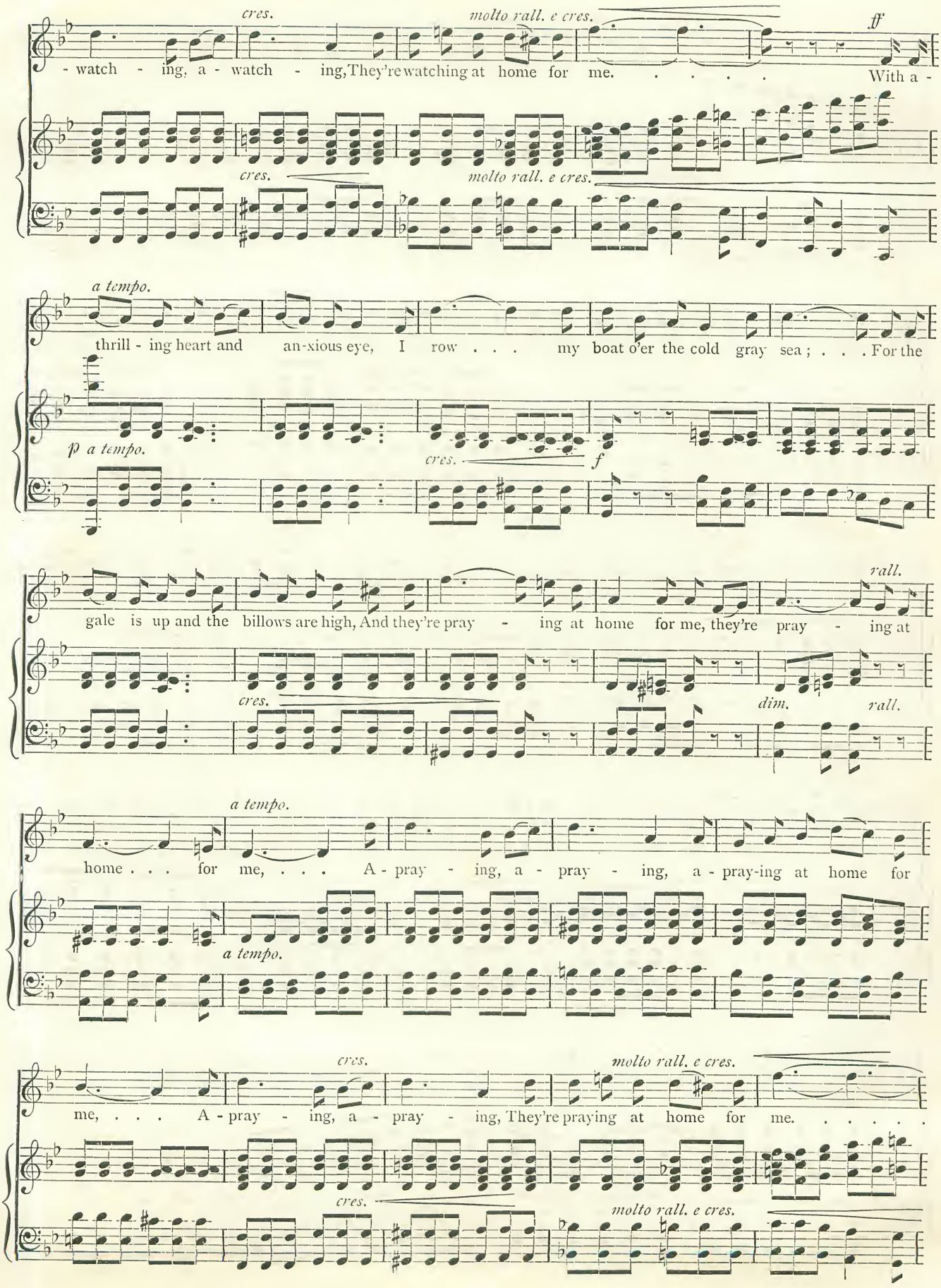
> "He would answer to 'Hi!' or to any loud cry,"

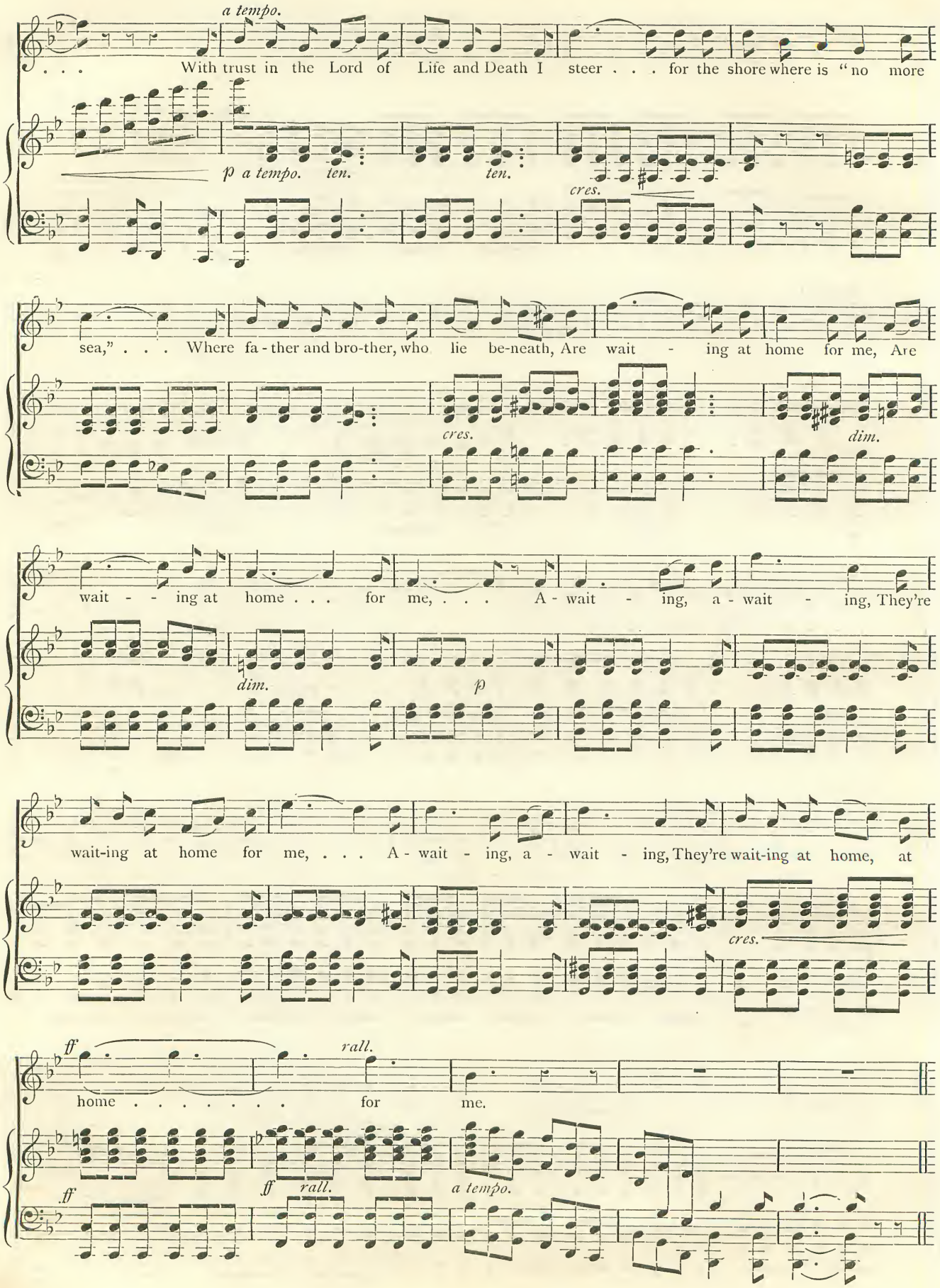
but a milder form of address would probably be more suitable. But all such things are quite beyond us, and though we treasure up the questions we dare not attempt to answer them. Questioners should write each question on a separate sheet of paper, and should not bury one or more in a letter about any other subject. And with this final instruction we will say "good-bye."

THE SEA-BOY'S SONG.

Words by Rev. H. C. SHUTTLEWORTH. *Music by* Sir GEORGE C. MARTIN, Mus. Doc.




cres.
molto rall. e cres.
ff
- watch - ing, a - watch - ing, They're watching at home for me. . . . . With a -
cres.
molto rall. e cres.
a tempo.
thrill - ing heart and an-xious eye, I row . . . my boat o'er the cold gray sea; . . . For the
p a tempo.
cres.
f
rall.
gale is up and the billows are high, And they're pray - ing at home for me, they're pray - ing at
cres.
dim.
rall.
a tempo.
home . . . for me, . . . A - pray - ing, a - pray - ing, a - pray-ing at home for
a tempo.
cres.
molto rall. e cres.
me, . . . A - pray - ing, a - pray - ing, They're praying at home for me. . . . . .
cres.
molto rall. e cres.


a tempo.
. . . With trust in the Lord of Life and Death I steer . . . for the shore where is "no more
p a tempo. ten. ten.
cres.
sea," . . . Where fa - ther and bro-ther, who lie be-neath, Are wait - ing at home for me, Are
cres.
dim.
wait - - ing at home . . . for me, . . . A - wait - ing, a - wait - ing, They're
dim.
p
wait-ing at home for me, . . . A - wait - ing, a - wait - ing, They're wait-ing at home, at
cres.
ff
rall.
home . . . . . for me.
ff
ff rall.
a tempo.



Girl's Own Paper.] [*From the Painting by W. A. Menzies.*

KATE DOUGLASS.

"THEY TRIED THE DOOR; BUT KATE, WITH CLENCHED TEETH, CLUNG TO HER POST."

KATE DOUGLAS.

FEW monarchs have left behind them a fairer fame than James I. of Scotland. Generous, high-souled, magnanimous, a scholar and a poet of no mean order, he sought to govern in accordance with the principles of justice—principles which hitherto had met with scant recognition from his subjects. For up to the date of his accession, might had been right in Scotland. The strong plundered the weak; the weak robbed the helpless; the nobles fell to fighting whenever the spirit moved them, and at a whim plunged the country in the horrors of civil war.

To a man of the king's character this lawlessness and barbarity was intolerable. The cruelty of the tyrants fired his indignation, while the sufferings of their victims cut him to the heart. He resolved to put an end to this chaos and savagery, to curb the turbulence of his unruly chiefs, and to give equal laws to all.

During the whole of his all too brief career (for, unhappily for Scotland, he was king for only fourteen years) he laboured incessantly to this high end; but in so doing he could not escape the penalty of all great reformers, for if, on the one hand, he gained the loving regard of the more thoughtful of his people, on the other hand, he incurred the undying hate of those who had profited by the old order of things. The freebooting chieftains realised that they were being gradually shorn of their ancient privileges. The right of levying war was theirs no longer. Instead of being a law unto themselves, they found, to their unspeakable disgust, that they were to be bound by the same statutes as the common people! This last was an indignity that no self-respecting chief could endure, and therefore it came about that a number of the nobles grew bitterly hostile to the king and set themselves more or less secretly to compass his death.

Foremost amongst his enemies was a certain Sir Robert Graham, whom James had once mortally offended by committing him to prison for a breach of the law. So deeply had the pride of the Graham been wounded by this indignity that he openly renounced his allegiance, and, flying to the highlands, vowed that he would kill the king with his own hand. Thus forewarned, James should, of course, have been forearmed; but, like many another honest man, so confident was he in the integrity of his own motive, that he scorned the precautions which one less innocent would have taken.

It was the winter of 1437, and the royal court had travelled north to celebrate the Christmas festival in Perth. There being no palace nor castle in the city, the King and Queen and their immediate attendants had taken up their residence in the Abbey of Black Friars, while the guard were quartered in the neighbouring town. The King and Queen were thus left almost unprotected, and seeing that Perth lies within sight of the Grampians, where it was known that the Graham lay, biding his time, it must be admitted that the prudence of the King was no match for his magnanimity.

The 20th of February was a gala day in Perth, and the Court had spent it in hunting and feasting. During their absence the conspirators had gained access to the abbey, where they broke the locks and removed the bars from the doors of the royal chambers. This was unhappily unnoticed by the hunting-party, who, on their return from the chase, sat down to a sumptuous banquet and passed the evening in mirth and gaiety.

It was just midnight. The last of the guests had departed, and the King was chatting gaily with the Queen and her women before retiring to rest. Suddenly the chamber was lit up by a lurid red glare from without. The women fell silent and looked at each other terrified. The King sprang to the window. The garden below was ablaze with torches and full of armed men. James knew his danger in an instant. "The Graham!" he cried, and he called to the women to keep the door while he sought means of escape. He tried the windows, but they were barred; the doors—they only led him to the enemy. Escape there was none. He was caught like a rat in a pit, with never so much as a dagger to defend him.

As he stood thus baffled, looking on all sides for a chance of safety, one of the women remembered that there was an old, disused vault under the chamber. James seized the fire-tongs, and by dint of superhuman exertions succeeded in wrenching up some planks in the flooring. He disappeared just as the clang of armed men was heard hurrying down the passage. Keep them out! At any cost, keep them out till the planks were in their place again! The Queen smote at them with all her strength, but they would not sink level with the floor, and every instant those dreadful feet were hurrying nearer and nearer. "Bar the door!" she cried, and the women sprang to obey her, but—treachery! the bars had been removed, and the locks were all broken. What was to be done? Time was everything. A King's life hung on a second.

The assassins were at the door. Was there nothing to stop them? Yes, there was this. Kate Douglas, the Queen's favourite maid, had thrust her arm through the staples—a bar of flesh and blood. The conspirators were checked. They tried the door, but Kate, with clenched teeth, clung to her post. The Queen toiled on with the frenzy of love and despair, and the planks were at last driven back to their place as the assassins burst into the chamber, and Kate with her arm broken fell fainting to the floor.

* * * *

It is a thousand pities that this is not the end of the story. But alas, Kate's heroism was only temporarily successful. At first indeed, the murderers were baffled, and they searched the Abbey in vain; but the secret vault was known to some of them, and they, returning to the chamber, wrenched up the floor, discovered the King and barbarously butchered him before the eyes of his Queen.

These were dark days in Scotland, but even at their blackest they were from time to time illuminated by bright deeds of love and loyalty. Kate's devotion has been the theme of poets and historians, and such was the people's pride in their heroine that they gave her a name of honour, and knew her henceforth as Kate Barlass.

G. K. M.

"MY ROOM": OUR ESSAY COMPETITION (FOREIGN).

PRIZE WINNERS AND REPORT.

One Guinea Each.

Helen Jackson, Mozzuttarpore, Tirhoot, Bengal, India.
Muriel F. Carrall, Chefoo, China.
"Armenian Sweet Seventeen," c/o British Post-Office, Smyrna, Asia Minor.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

Margarida, Pinewood Villa, Portugal.
Cécile Rahier, Rampe 5, Brest, France.
Baroness Rosa Teschenberg IV. Gusshausstrasse No. 12, Vienna.

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. A. Tooth, Ingleside, P.O. Manitoba, Canada.
"Arrow," Ottawa, Canada.
"Wattleblossom," Elonera, Wheatland Road, Malvern, Victoria, Australia.
"Trinidad Heliotrope," Duke Street, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.
Lucie Nathan, Avenue des Champs Elysees, Paris.
Agnes Young Gemmell, c/o Freifrau von Masschall, Neisse, Schlesien, Germany.

REPORT.

The Foreign Competition Papers, describing "My Room," which have just arrived, have afforded the Editor unusual pleasure and encouragement; for not only have English girls dwelling in all parts of the world competed, but foreigners, including Armenians, Germans, French, Spanish and Portuguese, have done the same, and have sent in papers graphically described and exceedingly well-written in English, which to them is a foreign tongue; and to add to his pleasure one and all speak of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as a friend who has elevated their tastes and helped them to live higher and nobler lives.

A Portuguese married woman, twenty-nine years of age, says: "I am a reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from its very beginning, and it has taught me many a useful lesson both as a single and as a married woman. I do not know any other publication so complete and so thoroughly good as this one; and one of my objects in teaching my children English is that they may read it and learn by it the many lessons of usefulness, kindness and helpfulness that I have myself learnt of it."

A reader from New Zealand says: "I look upon THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as having been a very valuable friend to myself and family, and I thank you with all my heart for the way in which it has helped me. I trust the Paper may long live to be a comfort and help to many more busy mothers and make the young folk of sterling worth, and pure and beautiful minds."

This is exactly what the Editor has aimed at from its very commencement, and he is deeply thankful that up to this time it should have fulfilled its mission, and with God's blessing he hopes to increase its usefulness and comfort to the girls all over the world.

If, as has been said, there is an atmosphere about houses, there certainly is about the rooms of individuals, and the Editor feels it possible, from the descriptions given, to picture the owners of the rooms as they sit reading THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, whether in the log houses of Canada or Australia, or in the sunny rooms of India, China or Armenia, and it is a special satisfaction to him to hear that in all the rooms THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER holds an honoured place.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

SLEEPLESSNESS (an answer to "AMY" and others).—Sleeplessness is one of the most important symptoms which a physician is called upon to treat. Not only is it the most distressing of all forms of suffering to which we are liable, but its causation is of a most varied character, and its results are often of the gravest possible kind. We therefore deem it advisable to discuss at full length this important subject, for we have received many letters from correspondents about this condition, and it is useless to give a brief account of so mysterious and complex a complaint. Before we enter upon the subject of insomnia itself, we must first have a clear knowledge as to what is natural sleep and what is its cause. Sleep is the temporary cessation of the vital activity of the higher centres of the mind together with a partial dulling of the excitability of the whole nervous system. For sleep to occur two factors are necessary—the higher centres of the mind must be tired and all sources of reflex irritation of the centres must be removed. The mind is excited by impressions received through the special senses, and also by irritation of any part of the nervous system. When we go to bed we darken the room, we do our best to prevent our being disturbed by noise, and we lay perfectly still to prevent any impressions from reaching the brain. We have done a day's work, therefore our minds are tired; and we have removed all sources of irritation therefore we sleep. Now you ask us the very pertinent question, "Why do we ever wake up?" We said that the higher centres must be tired in order to sleep, and it is the recovery of these centres which causes our awakening. There are few of us who can go to sleep at a minute's notice, during the daytime, however carefully we prevent impression from reaching the brain through the senses. This is because our minds are not tired and do not need sleep. We do not go to sleep or wake up suddenly, but we pass from full consciousness to diminished mental power, then to a state in which the imagination is still retained, but the control of the will is gone, then deeper to a dreamy state, and then deeper and deeper still to total unconsciousness and mental inaction. This is normal sleep. We awaken in the reverse order, but each stage is more prolonged than in the converse state. This is the reason that dreams are most frequent in the early morning hours. As we said, all the nervous system partakes, to a certain extent, in the inaction of sleep. If the whole nervous system slept death would result, for the heart and respiration would stop. But both these two bodily functions are depressed, and we are all familiar with the peculiar deep, infrequent breathing of a sleeping person. Impressions are received more slowly and less distinctly than when awake. A slight stimulus, such as a faint light, or gently touching the skin, produces no reaction; but a more severe stimulus, as a shout, or a pin prick, produces a reaction slowly, and if sufficiently intense will awaken the sleeper. Here you will give us a very hard nut to crack. "If, as you say, it is necessary for the mind to be tired before sleep can occur, how comes it that after working excessively hard one goes to bed worn out, and yet sleep does not come, but the unfortunate person lies tossing about in a most unpleasant condition between sleep and waking?" The answer to this is that here the mental centres are exhausted. Now, the first sign of nervous exhaustion is irritability, consequently these centres become irritable and react violently to impressions which would have no effect on the normally waking mind. Having described the process of normal sleep, let us now consider the various ways in which sleep may be modified; but as this answer is already of inordinate length, we will only be able to consider the causes of diminished or abolished power of sleeping. Sleep may be interfered with in three ways—either the person does not go to sleep at all, but remains fully awake; or she lies in an intermediate condition in which the imagination runs on unchecked by the mind, and she is haunted by ideas of falling down precipices, or out of window, or being pursued by villains or other such thoughts; or, thirdly, and this is the most common, she may dream. These three are phases of the same condition—insomnia. From what we have said before it will be easy to understand that the causes of insomnia may be divided into two classes those due to interference with the higher centres of the brain; and those due to excessive irritation received through the senses, preventing the brain from sleeping. Now, the former class of cases is the less numerous and consist of three causes—the centre may not be tired; the centre may be exhausted; the powers of the centre may be perverted, as in insanity. Of these, the first needs no comment, sleep is not needed and does not occur. The third cause, insanity, depression, etc., need not trouble us here, though it is of vast importance. The second of these three causes is a very important cause of insomnia, and one that we must fully discuss. If you work too hard or too late in the evening you will not sleep. Your centres have been overworked, they have become partly exhausted, and, moreover, your brain has become full of blood and is altogether in too excitable a state to sleep. The second class of causes of insomnia contains all causes of irritation—practically every disease and pain in any form; also such exciting causes as noise, bright lights, etc., and fleas (not by any means an uncommon cause of sleeplessness during the first few days of a summer holiday at the sea-side). In this list the most important items are indigestion, pain, and bright lights. As our space is rapidly coming to an end, we must leave this part of the subject and pass on to the treatment of insomnia. First, find out the cause, and if possible, remove it. Thus, if you suffer from indigestion, constipation, neuralgia or any other disease, this must be cured if possible. Not an uncommon cause of insomnia is eating a large supper. If you have been doing this, discontinue the habit and take nothing but a glass of warm milk at bedtime. Another cause is *not* taking a supper. Many people who suffer from sleeplessness find taking a light supper very efficacious for producing sleep. If you work too hard in the evening, bathing your feet in hot or very cold water immediately before getting into bed is often very useful. Let your room be absolutely quiet and dark. Avoid tea and coffee at bedtime as these of themselves produce insomnia. *Never* take hypnotics unless you are daily attended by a physician. Insomnia is bad, but the habit of taking hypnotics is far worse. The subject of dreams and night terrors we will attack at another time. If we have not made ourselves clear to anyone we will be pleased to answer any questions on this subject, for of course you must understand that we have not by any means exhausted the subject.

ACUSHLA-MA-CHREE.—We discussed at great length the nature, cause, and treatment of blackheads or skinworms some weeks ago.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

LENA.—1. Your difficulty as to where to find recitations that are amusing and appropriate is a very common one. You will find several that are humorous in *What to Read at Winter Entertainments* (56, Paternoster Row), compiled by the Rev. F. Langbridge. *The American Reciter*, by Alfred H. Miles, price 6d., is also useful.—2. We do not know the piece entitled "How three Bachelors kept House." Perhaps some of our readers will help you.

AMELIA.—We are struck by the poem you send us. There is force and passion in it, and music of expression in sufficient degree to make us think that some day you may be able to do good work. The third verse is decidedly the best. You speak of "his" having been away "nine long years," and still describe him as quite young. Is this consistent with what you suggest of the story? The chief defect, from a literary point of view, is the interchange of "thou" and "you" in addressing the same person. We should caution you to be on your guard against a morbid tendency, and should strongly dissuade you from attempting, as yet, to publish a volume. Store your mind with good poetry, and study as much as you can, to lay up treasure that you may possibly use in after years.

A. H. L. B.—1. If your friends like to read your verses, and you enjoy writing them, there seems no reason why you should not exercise your pen in this way. The two poems you enclose contain nothing original. "Own" and "home" are incorrect rhymes. We think the first specimen, "Love," is the better of the two.—2. Your writing is fairly good, but it appears to us that you use too fine or "scratchy" a pen. Many thanks for your kind note.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"LYS DE FRANCE," aged fifteen, wishes for an English girl correspondent, if one will send us her name and address for publication.

MADEMOISELLE MARIE ANNE CERNESSON, Sens (Yonne), France, 14 ans, désire correspondre avec une jeune fille anglaise; elle écrirait en anglais, et sa correspondante en français. Adresse—chez M. Cernesson, professeur au lycée de Sens (Yonne), France, 1, rue de Montpézat.

MISS FLORA BOWMAN, 6, Granville Road, Yesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, aged 15, with a fair knowledge of French, would like to correspond with a French girl.

QUEENIE (Jersey), aged 18, would like to correspond with a French or German girl, or both, of about her own age.

MISS A. S. MILLAR, Lynville, Dunblane, Scotland, having observed our reply to "Friend Studio" (Budapesth), offers to correspond with her in English.

MISS MABEL ENTWISLE, of 1, William Street, Darwen, Lancashire, aged 19, would like to correspond with a well-educated, refined French young lady of about the same age.

PANSY IN A HUMBLE EDINBURGH PLOT would be glad to correspond with a French girl of about her own age (18).



VOL. XIX.—NO. 957.] APRIL 30, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART VII.

SUFFOLK.

IN our last paper we described the characteristics of the Essex church towers and their somewhat humble and unpretentious architecture and dimensions. Now the moment we cross the boundaries of the adjoining county of Suffolk a most remarkable contrast is to be noticed in the churches; instead of small buildings with quaint wooden spires, or low towers, we find singularly noble edifices with elegant and stately towers. So marked is this that several of the grandest of the Suffolk examples are within four or five miles of the border, and even the two parishes which we first enter when crossing the latter possess remarkably fine churches—Clare and Cavendish—buildings totally distinct from anything to be seen in Essex. They are, however, far surpassed by the stately minsters of two adjoining parishes—Long-Melford and Lavenham. Unfortunately the former has lost its tower, which was rebuilt about a century back, and so it must yield the palm to Lavenham, though its nave and aisles, lady chapel and magnificent flint decoration, are perhaps even finer than those of the latter church.

The people of Lavenham are most justly proud of their church, and we recollect once hearing a very warm dispute between a local stonemason and an Ipswich plumber. The stonemason declared that Lavenham was the finest parish church in England.

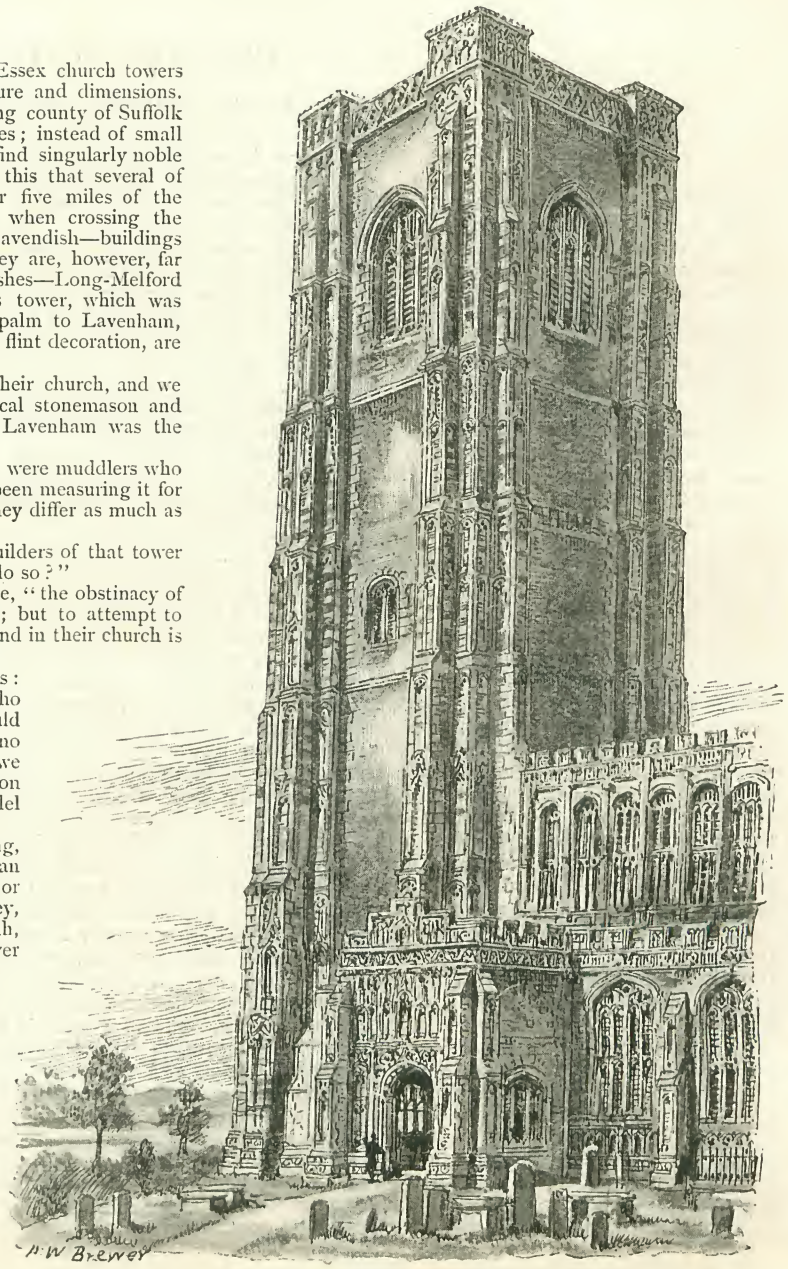
"But," said the Ipswich man, "the men who built it were muddlers who did not know how to erect a square tower. I have just been measuring it for some new lead, and find none of the sides are equal; they differ as much as nine inches!"

The Lavenham man said, "Do you suppose that the builders of that tower could not have made it square if they had had a mind to do so?"

The Ipswich man appealed to us. "You see," said he, "the obstinacy of these Lavenham folks. Of course they have a fine church; but to attempt to defend the blunders of a builder simply because it is found in their church is too ridiculous!"

We pointed out the fallacy of this argument as follows: "You have yet to prove that it is a blunder. The men who built such an exquisite structure as Lavenham tower could not have been in the habit of making 'blunders.' And no doubt there was some reason for this irregularity which we are unable to discover just as there must be some reason why the sides of the Parthenon at Athens are not parallel and its angles not right angles."

The church at Lavenham is a large and stately building, and from its very favourable position looks even larger than it really is. It stands at the extreme limit of the village, or town, upon a gentle eminence, overlooking a pretty valley, and its lofty tower is thus seen for miles round. The length, including the tower, is close upon 200 feet, the width over nave and aisles 68 feet, and the tower is 141 feet high. The walls are adorned externally with stone panelling and inlaid flint work of a very elaborate description. The chancel is earlier than the rest of the building, and is excellent fourteenth-century "Decorated" work. The porch is extremely elaborate. The tower, though plainer than the rest of the building, is perhaps the noblest portion of the whole, and presents just that combination of massive solidity and grace of proportion which is so very pleasing and striking. Though far less elaborate than the Somerset examples, and devoid of that exquisite feature the spire, so common in Northampton, yet it has so much dignity and boldness that it is impossible to wish it otherwise than it really is. Few architectural works we have ever seen are so eminently satisfactory



LAVENHAM CHURCH.

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from every point of view, yet when we come to examine it we are astonished at its simplicity. There are no pinnacles, turrets, open parapets, or niches; there is only one belfry window on each side. The corners are accentuated by solid square projections, from which the buttresses are set off—a most striking arrangement. No description can account for its peculiar charm. All we can say is, that its architect must have been an extraordinary genius.

The interior of the church is worthy of the noble exterior. The lofty nave with its rich clerestory and elaborately-carved roof, the deep chancel with its elegant rood-screen, carved stalls, chantries, parcloses, etc., produce an effect of richness and solemnity rarely met with in country parish churches.

Unfortunately little of the old stained glass which formerly filled every window now remains, and its absence is not compensated for by the discordant modern painted glass of the east window—the one blot upon this most noble interior.

This stately church was erected (except the chancel) by the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, and a wealthy family of the name of Spring, who were clothiers of the place, for Lavenham in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was an industrious cloth-weaving village in addition to a rich agricultural parish.

The whole neighbourhood shows marks of former prosperity, chiefly now attested by noble churches. We have already alluded to Long-Melford and Cavendish, both splendid churches remarkable for their elaborate cut and inlaid flint-work and rich tracery. The former of these is said to be the largest village in England, and the present Duke of Devonshire derives his name from the latter. Near at hand are Neyland, Stoke, Hadleigh, Cockfield, Denston, Elmswell, Lawshall, Rattlesden; all remarkably handsome village churches with stately towers.

The whole county, however, abounds in fine churches, amongst which we must not neglect to mention Southwold, Blithborough, Covehithe—now, alas! in ruins—Beccles, Stowmarket, and St. Mary's Bury.

The monastic remains are numerous and interesting, especially at Bury St. Edmunds, Thetford and Butley. There are several old castles—Framlingham is especially noble—and perhaps no county in England is so rich in ancient mansions. Two of the finest are Giffards, Hengrave, the old seat of the Gages—now to be sold!—and Beddingfield.

As the country is picturesque and, for the most part pretty, Suffolk is an agreeable county in which to take a holiday. Everywhere one meets sights of former opulence and well-being, not only of the upper classes, but of those in humbler walks of life.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY was always a quiet grave day at the Maison Féraudy, no cooking was done that day by mistress or servants. *Locataires* were warned beforehand, so they could not complain; all was done the day before. The whole party started on foot for Poinville to attend their little temple, about nine o'clock in the morning. Madame Féraudy and Génie walked together both dressed in black according to ancient Huguenot tradition.

Génie dearly loved that walk in the sweet fresh mornings. The road after passing through wide fields of corn and colza came out on the top of a low broken cliff over-hanging the sea. Here a picturesque flight of rugged steps cut in the rocks led down to the shining sands below. But on Sunday they turned away from these inviting steps and pursued a pleasant path on the top of the cliff for some way. About half-way to Poinville the sea broke in a long narrow ravine far into the land, a beautiful and wild spot. For the sea rushed through the fissure with the impetuous force of wild power constrained. It burst on the black jagged rocks, throwing sheets of snowy spray high into the air, and the roar of the tormented water reverberated from side to side. Over the ravine at a place where for a space an overhanging mass of rock narrowed the width, a slender bridge had been thrown for foot-passengers; the sides were furnished with strong wooden railings.

About half-way across, while Madame Féraudy would hurry on trying not to feel giddy and confused, Génie would linger in intense enjoyment, looking down on the tossing water below, rejoicing when a larger wave than usual broke violently and sent a sheet of spray upwards, the salt drops cool and fresh on her cheeks.

Génie's eyes would dance and shine with the keenness of her enjoyment, and she would pine for a storm, a great storm in which for once she would see the great waves mad with fury, beating themselves in a wild combat with the forces of the earth.

"It must be a grand sight to see earth and sea at war!" she exclaimed, but Madame Féraudy shook her head. "It is more beautiful to see them at play," she said as she pointed to the sands below. The sea was sapphire blue, and the gentle waves broke softly into shining silver on the shore. In the distance little boats with sails white as the uplifted wings of the swan, scudded along, betraying that out at sea a fresh sweet breeze was dancing on the surface of the waves.

"How beautiful! how exquisitely peaceful!" murmured Génie.

Madame Féraudy gave a little shiver. "I do not love the sea," she said. "It is blue, it is fair, but oh, how treacherous! The young strong lives, the lost hopes, the bitter suspense, the broken hearts which can never be cured till 'the sea gives up her dead.' For all these she has to account!"

Génie looked up at her startled. The stern face was white and drawn, the brows contracted and raised as if the shadow of an old agony had passed over and withered her anew.

Madame Féraudy went on speaking. "You do not know, *mignonne*," she said. "You have never heard that my husband, Alain Féraudy, was a sailor. We had been married five years. It was not very long, looking back on it through the mist of years, it seems to me a little, little time. He was twenty-eight, and I was twenty-five when he was made captain of the *Cygne*, and we went to Brest together to say good-bye. She was a fine ship, she looked very beautiful and Alain was proud of her. I saw her start. A little steam-tug towed her out of the harbour, and I stood on the ramparts and watched her go. It was much such a day as this is to-day, a little rougher perhaps, for the white foam horses were riding on the waves. The little steam-tug took her out very fast. The sun was in my eyes and the salt mist, it was high tide. When I had cleared my sight, the little steam-tug was ploughing her way home again, and far away the *Cygne* was shaking out all her canvas, brilliantly white in the dazzle of the sun. She caught the wind and scudded before it away into the blue. I think, Génie, I should always tell sailors' women-folk not to watch their ship go out; it takes long, and the picture haunts you ever after. *Mignonne*, your eyes are wet, why? It is all so long ago. Well, they told me the *Cygne* would be home in the late autumn, so I came back to Féraudy and waited till the leaves grew red and brown and fell, and then I knew it was autumn and I went to Brest. I stayed there, and the autumn merged into winter, and the winter into the spring of a new year, and ships came in and ships went out. Time after time, from the stone seat on the ramparts on which I sat every day and watched, I used to see white sails on the horizon, white sails filling out to the breeze which was sweeping them homewards joyously over the waves. Nearer and nearer till the black steam-tugs rushed out to bring them in.

"I was so happy, so joyous, so wild with hope! But at last they would no longer allow me to rush down to see the ships come in, for every time it was the same. Other wives met their husbands, other mothers met their sons, other girls met their young sweethearts, but for me it was otherwise; the *Cygne* never came home."

"My dear, dear madame," faltered Génie, choking with tears.

Madame Féraudy walked slowly on, her eyes were fixed on the far horizon. She went on speaking.

"It is best to know. In those days I used to envy those who had, at least, certainty, who knelt by death-beds and left their farewell kiss in the silent coffin, but when the certainty came,

then I knew that the loss of that small ray of hope meant utter darkness. I was only twenty-five when my ship went down, and now I am past seventy. Alain was very handsome, *mignonne*, he had the Breton's blue eyes and fair hair and tall stature."

"But how—how was it? Did you wait long?"

"Two years on the ramparts; two years in spite of all they said, for they could not prove it, so why should I go when any day, any hour of the day or night the *Cygne* might come home. But at last we knew. They brought home a sealed bottle, some homeward-bound ship had picked it up and opened it. There was a message in it—a paper headed by the name—the *Cygne* and the latitude and longitude in which she foundered; then—'We are sinking fast. God help us. If this reaches the hands of any Christian, for the love of God let him convey the news to Brest. We sailed the 1st of February, 1848, for St. Pierre in the Terre-neuve.'

"It was signed by all the boat's crew, and just under the signatures I found what was meant for me, a few words roughly traced of an old Breton song he loved and used to sing to me:

"'Mon âme à Dieu, mon cœur à toi.'"

"And that was all? all you ever heard or saw?" murmured Génie.

"That was all? Surely it was a most perfect will—'Mon âme à Dieu, mon cœur à toi!' And some day, *mignonne*, some day——"

"But life is so long!"

"It will not seem long when we look back from the further shore. It does not seem long to Alain, *ma chérie*. Come, dry your eyes, Génie. See, we are almost at the door. My child, I did not mean to upset you thus. Sit down on this low grey wall and compose yourself."

Génie sat down and fought hard to recover her self-command. The pathos of the simple story had gone into her very heart. When she could look up she saw that Madame Féraudy's face was quite calm and had resumed the rather stern expression which her firm features habitually wore.

The village of Poinville was built on the side of a hill which sloped down in rocky terraces to the sands. It was very picturesque, with narrow stony streets and over-hanging eaves. The little Protestant temple stood back from the street in a rough bit of ground where heather and gorse and coarse grass made a pleasant tangle of colour. Some pious hand had planted *noisette* and briar roses against the rough-hewn walls, and these clambered over the plain unornamented building in profusion.

Inside all was rigidly plain and stony; strong as the strong faith which in this handful of men had survived the persecutions of ages.

Madame Féraudy and Génie seated themselves on a hard bench without cushion or back, and the worshippers strolled in; they were mostly fishermen, many of whom had curiously illustrious names, half forgotten under the universal habit of the use of *sobriquets*, but nevertheless a subject of pride, for men of their race had perished in the St. Bartholomew, and were written in golden letters in the book of martyrs.

The service was taken by a stranger, a young Pasteur Lamotte, who had exchanged with the old pastor of Poinville for the sake of the change and holiday. He was a good preacher, and the sight of the rugged faces of the hard-living fisher-folk touched him.

He preached on the "Light of the world," and with vivid heart-stirring words he described the storm on the lake, the danger, the terror as "they began to sink," while throughout the Saviour slept.

Génie listened with rapt attention. Those words brought back to her the vivid picture that her old friend's story had called up. The ship with its living freight of young, eager happy lives going down, down fast. The gurgling sound of the cruel water as she settled. She covered her face with her hands.

But the Saviour was in the boat. When the deep voice of the preacher thrilled through the temple uttering the "Peace, be still!" a profound sigh broke from many of the listeners.

Presently it was over, and the *pasteur* gave out the glorious old hymn, "O God Our Help in Ages Past!" and began to sing it himself in a great bass voice which rolled through the narrow windows and which gave them courage to sing their very best and loudest.

After the service was over the *pasteur* came up to Madame Féraudy and Génie and introduced himself. He had brought his wife and little children to Poinville with him, and promised to bring them all over to Féraudy the following day, at Madame Féraudy's hospitable invitation.

(To be continued.)



ALL ABOUT WATER.

WATER for domestic purposes is obtained from the following sources—rain, springs, wells, streams and rivers. In mountainous countries it is also obtained by melting snow.

Waters may be divided into hard and soft. If you have ever tried to wash with soap in sea-water you will have noticed that the soap will not lather, but as soon as it is dissolved it floats to the top as a greasy scum. It is a typically hard water. When washing in rain-water the soap lathers beautifully, therefore rain-water is a soft water. The degree of hardness of water is estimated by the amount of soap which is required to make a fine lather.

The hardness of water is of two kinds, temporary and permanent. Temporary hardness is removed by boiling and is due to the presence of bicarbonate of lime and magnesia. When water containing these ingredients is boiled, the soluble bicarbonates are changed into the insoluble carbonates, which deposit as the "fur" in kettles and boilers.

Permanent hardness of water is not removed by boiling. It is due to the presence of either sulphates and chlorides of lime (which are precipitated by adding washing soda to the water) or of chloride of soda (common salt), in which case nothing short of distillation will render the water soft. Such water is only found near the sea.

For drinking purposes a hard is preferable to a soft water, because it is more sparkling; soft water is very flat and unpalatable. If the water has to flow through lead pipes it will take up less lead if it be hard than if it is soft.

As I have said, boiling destroys the hardness of water, and in consequence boiled water has a very flat taste. In times of epidemics it is better to boil all water used for drinking, however much it may spoil its taste; but in cities it is usually unnecessary to boil water used for drinking when no diseases are epidemic.

If you live in the country and take your water-supply from wells or springs, always boil it, as you cannot be certain of its purity. This is really important—boil your water in the country, have nothing to do with filters.

For washing purposes a soft water is most desirable, as it very materially saves the soap. A large factory in the north used formerly to use a hard water, but for some years it has been supplied with soft water. I forget what was the exact number of pounds saved per annum in soap since the change, but I know that it ran into thousands.

Rain-water is a very soft water, and though pre-eminently suitable for washing in is totally unsuitable for drinking.

Do not think that because a water is sparkling, clear, and has a pleasant taste that it is necessarily free from disease germs; a minute admixture of sewage with drinking water is said by some to improve its flavour! Whether this is true or not I do not know, as I hope that I have never partaken of such water; but sewage certainly does not give any unpleasant odour or taste if mixed in minute quantities with water.

As regards the cistern I will only say that it should be made of earthenware if possible. If this is impracticable, owing to its enormous weight or to any other reason, galvanised iron is the best substitute, not lead or zinc, and above all not wood.

The cistern must have a cover. London cisterns usually promptly lose their lids and become the watery graves of defunct cats, not to mention mice, birds and other such trifles.

T. N. D.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

Honey Guides.

It is interesting to observe the markings upon the petals of flowers which serve as honey guides for the bees. For instance, in the rhododendron the stamens all curl upwards and the richly coloured spots are placed on



RHODODENDRON.

the upper petals to direct the bee where to alight. As it passes down into the flower to obtain the honey it is seeking, it cannot help brushing pollen off the anthers, and thus, its hairy body becoming covered with the powder, it carries it to the next flower it enters and ensures what is called cross fertilisation, that is the pollen of one blossom being placed on the stigma of another.

In the gladiolus the stamens are differently arranged, and the bee is required to enter below instead of above the stamens; there are therefore three honey guides on the lower petals, and the bee, all unconsciously, bears a load of pollen on its back and performs its useful office of fertiliser to each flower in succession.



GLADIOLUS.

In the iris the lower petal is usually covered with a rich pattern of coloured stripes, which all lead up to the narrow passage where the bee must enter and push its way, necessarily brushing pollen off the anther in its progress to reach the honey at the base of the petal; as it enters the next flower it cannot fail to leave the pollen on the stigma at the entrance, and this wonderful contrivance can be traced in the delicate stripes of the wood-sorrel and very many other flowers where distinct way-marks are afforded to guide the bees in their most useful work of fertilisation.

It adds an interest to our walks to know that the infinitely varied beauty of flower-tints and markings have this useful purpose in view.

The close connection that exists between insects and flowers has been much studied of late, and it has been ascertained that many plants cannot produce seed unless their flowers are visited by insects.

When orchard-houses were first built and stocked with peach, nectarine and other trees scarcely any fruit was produced, because no provision had been made for allowing bees to enter and do their useful work.

This was the case in my own peach-house years ago, so a bee-hive was introduced when the blossoms were ready for fertilisation, the busy insects did their work effectually, and a good crop of fruit was the result, but the poor bees could not find their way back to the hive and they nearly all died.

To obviate this sad disaster the gardener has learned to fertilise the peach-flowers by brushing them lightly with a hare's foot, which detaches the pollen and conveys it to the anthers without injuring the blossom.

The Common House-Fly
(*Musca Domestica*).

It is rather surprising that, as a rule, so little is known about the life history of the common house-fly.

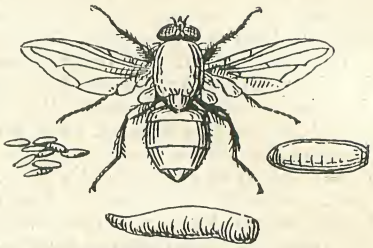
The creatures abound in our houses, we have been familiar with them from childhood, but, where they come from, how they propagate, and what are the stages of their life-history, who can tell us?

Perhaps it may be interesting to throw some light upon this domestic plague, and more especially will this be useful because a little knowledge about flies will enable us greatly to reduce their numbers.

The common house-fly lays its eggs in vegetable refuse, decaying cabbage stalks and such like; it is therefore important that such matters should be burnt instead of being thrown into the dust-bin.



LARDER FLY. (*Magnified.*)



BLUEBOTTLE. (*Magnified.*)

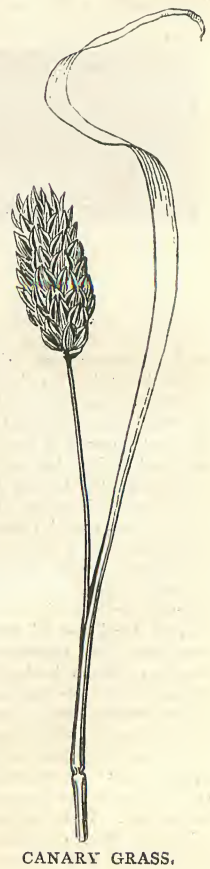
The eggs hatch into small white grubs; these, when full grown become chrysalides and the flies emerge in due time.

The blue-bottle fly is only attracted by a meat diet. These flies find out any dead animal or bird and quickly deposit dozens of very small white eggs upon it. The eggs hatch out in a few hours into small white maggots (known to fishermen as "gentles") of a peculiar shape, being pointed at one end and flat at the other.

These creatures devour any kind of flesh with wonderful rapidity, so that Linnæus declared that "Three bluebottles could eat an ox as fast as a lion could." The bluebottle is a very determined character. Even when meat is covered by a wire sieve this insect will often drop its eggs upon the joint through the interstices of the wirework, so that to make a larder really fly-proof the windows should be protected by fine wire gauze. The smaller green-bottle fly has the same habits, and spends its life in laying eggs on dead or decaying substances or else basking on leaves in the sunshine. When seen through a magnifying glass its body glistens like a precious stone, or like burnished golden-green metal; although this insect is so common it is well worth examination for its beauty really baffles description. Its many facetted eyes and the formation of its feet should also be observed by the student.

The larder-fly (*Sarcophaga carnaria*) is the largest of the genus, being half an inch in length; it differs from the other flies in depositing its young alive upon decaying animal and vegetable matter, and, sad to say, it sometimes places its grubs upon living animals.

Réaumur calculated the number of young produced by one fly of this species to be about 20,000, we may therefore imagine how valuable such an insect is in speedily



CANARY GRASS.

removing decaying substances which would otherwise tend to pollute the air.

CANARY GRASS (*Phalaris Canariensis*).

Although bird-keepers are familiar with the canary-seed with which they feed so many of their pets, yet comparatively few people see the canary-grass growing or even know that there is such a grass.

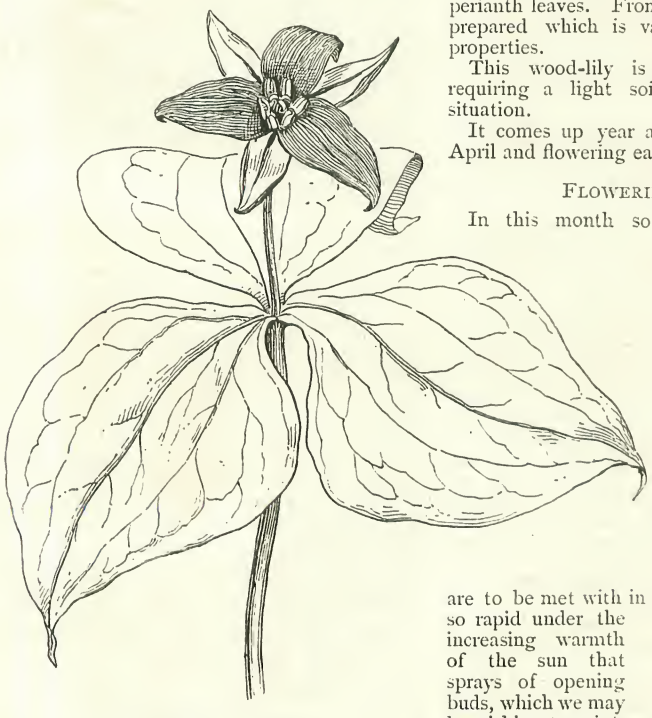
I am apt to have a patch of it sown in some of the garden beds every year, as it is a beautiful sea green colour and makes a charming variety with other flowers. The stems are about two feet high, the leaves lance-shaped and the soft round heads of flower are pale green streaked with darker markings.

If we have but a few pots on a window-ledge canary grass can be grown. About a dozen seeds sown in good soil and kept watered and sheltered from frost will result in our seeing the pretty flower heads in due time. April or May would be the best time to sow the seed either in a pot or in the ground.

Canary grass is said to have been cultivated in this country in order to supply singing-birds with food ever since the days of Queen Elizabeth. It was introduced from Central Asia. It is largely grown in Kent and in the Isle of Thanet.

THE TRINITY FLOWER (*Trillium erectum*).

This plant rejoices in a variety of names. In North America it is known as the wood-lily, three-leaved nightshade and Indian shamrock; its Latin name is *Trillium*, the number



THE TRINITY FLOWER.

three seeming to be the order of its being. It possesses three leaves, three green bracts which look very much like the sepals of a calyx, and three perianth leaves differing from petals only in that those terms petal and sepal are never used in describing plants of the lily family.

I watch for the flowering of my *trilliums* each spring with keen interest, not only for their own exquisite beauty but also on account of the halo of poetic charm woven around this flower by Mrs. Ewing in her sweet legend of *The Trinity Flower*. I will not attempt to quote from it, but would advise my readers to obtain the little book * in which it may be found, and then they will be able to understand my reverent love for this charming flower.

My plants were imported some years ago from Massachusetts, but they now can easily be obtained from dealers in herbaceous plants at home.

Trillium grandiflorum has large snow-white flowers and is the most beautiful of the sixteen species.

The illustration is drawn from *Trillium erectum*, which is called in America beth-root,



BEECH CATKINS.

Indian balm and lamb's quarters. It has green bracts striped with purple and reddish-purple perianth leaves. From its root a medicine is prepared which is valued for its curative properties.

This wood-lily is perfectly hardy, only requiring a light soil and a shady damp situation.

It comes up year after year, appearing in April and flowering early in May.

FLOWERING TREES.

In this month so many different trees produce their flowers or catkins that we must be on the alert to study them before they fall to the ground or are blown away by the wind.

Nature keeps us almost breathless in the attempt to overtake her marvellous energy. Every day something fresh appears; wild flowers are springing up, buds are opening, even early horse-chestnuts are to be met with in full leaf, and growth is so rapid under the increasing warmth of the sun that sprays of opening buds, which we may be wishing to paint, are expanded into leaves before we have time to record their beauty in an early stage. Amongst other trees we must not fail to notice the hanging sprays of larch with their yellow stamen-bearing flowers, the pollen from which falling upon the delicate crimson blossoms on the same spray will enable them to become the cones of next autumn, the wind being the agent in this process.

Many years ago, before the cultivation of the larch was understood, two seedling plants were sent to the Duke of Athole, and his gardener, with the best intentions, treated them as hothouse plants, which speedily brought them to such a dying condition that they were thrown away upon a rubbish heap. Hardly had they taken up this ignominious station than they revived and began to grow. When I visited Dunkeld many years ago the guide pointed out with pride two magnificent larches which were the aforesaid specimens now flourishing under favourable conditions.

The larch is a native of the Alps, and the roofs of the picturesque *châlets* in Switzerland are covered with shingles cut from this tree, the turpentine which exudes from the wood tending to make these roofs impenetrable to rain.



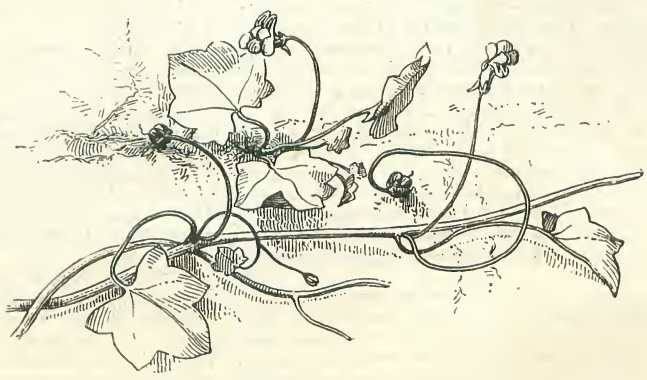
LARCH BLOSSOM.

No one can fail to be struck with the curious catkins on the beech. The female blossom, which will become the beech-nut, is seated on the spray, whilst the male catkins hang down in clusters shedding out their pollen upon every passing breeze.

The beech-tree usually flowers every alternate year, so that possibly we may light upon a tree with leaf-buds only, and must then search further for another specimen bearing its catkins.

The limits of space will not admit of a special notice here of other trees, but knowledge of the fact that this is the flowering season will lead to some enjoyable study in hedgerows and woodlands.

Let us not grudge some time and trouble spent in becoming acquainted with the inconspicuous, but always interesting blossoms of our common trees.



IVY-LEAVED TOAD-FLAX.

* *Dandelion Clocks*, by Mrs. J. H. Ewing. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (one shilling).

Ivy-Leaved Toad-Flax

(*Linaria cymbalaria*).

At this season the charming little ivy-leaved toad-flax may be found in the crevices of old walls, where its thread-like roots feed upon the decaying mortar. Penetrating deeply into the fissures of the brickwork they both keep the plant firmly in its place and render it independent of cold, heat and dryness. The cheery little plant holds its own and looks green and flourishing when prolonged drought is making other vegetation appear faded.

The winter and spring rains soak into the mortar of an old wall, and the horizontal roots of the toad-flax, protected as they are between the layers of bricks, have their store of moisture to draw upon and keep the plant in health and vigour.

If a root of this small creeper can be found within easy reach, it will repay a little careful observation through the summer. It possesses several points of interest besides the delicate beauty of its tiny lavender and yellow flowers. It is closely related to the large snapdragons, but differs from them in having a spurred flower.

From its wonderfully prolific growth, this plant is popularly known as mother of thousands, and its drooping slender stems throwing a sort of veil over crumbling masonry must have given rise to its other familiar name of maiden hair.

The leaves are like miniature ivy, and when young are of a purple colour on the under side.

The chief interest in watching this plant is to observe its remarkable mode of sowing its seed.

As soon as the small capsule is formed it begins to turn towards the wall until it finds a crevice, and in that it places itself, just as we should put a small parcel on a shelf, and it remains secreted there until ripened by the warmth of sunlight, when the capsules split open, the seeds are shed out and lie upon the crumbling mortar ready to germinate as soon as rain shall fall and afford them the needed moisture.

I often show this plant to my young friends as affording a remarkable instance of vegetable instinct and adaptation.

I am tempted to quote from Miss Ann Pratt's *Flowering Plants of Great Britain* an interesting incident connected with this humble flower.

In 1850 a deputation waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer respecting the abolition of the window tax.

A spray of *Linaria*, which had grown in the dark and produced only dwarfed and blanched leaves, was shown in contrast with another spray gathered from the same plant which, on its sunlighted side was of a rich green and covered with flowers; this mute appeal was well calculated to show the evil and depressing effect of darkened dwellings and the consequent cruelty of the window tax.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART VII.

AN OPEN EVENING.

"Fight the good fight of faith" (1 Timothy vi. 12).

"Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9).

HITHERTO, my dear girls, I have done all the talking at our twilight gatherings and you have been only listeners. I came to the conclusion some time ago that we ought to have an "open night," so that such of you as chose to speak might give the rest the benefit of your experience.

I think I hear you ask "How can this be done? Is it likely that any one of us would care to open her heart to all the rest? When we last met, did you not say how hard girls find it to speak even to their mothers about the most important subject of all?"

True. But many of you have written unreservedly to me, and, as I believe it will be equally interesting and beneficial for us all to exchange thoughts about the subjects considered at our twilight sittings, I am going to make portions of your letters the text for our talk this evening. Be assured, however, that in doing this I shall be guilty of no breach of confidence, or give one moment's anxiety to any of you who have honoured by trusting me.

In most cases your heart-to-heart revelations have been accompanied neither by real names nor addresses. If all of you, who have met with me for eighteen months past, were to pass singly before my eyes, I should not recognise one of my correspondents.

As to hand-writings! They tell me nothing. They are all strange to me. Thus our connection is a dual one. We are at the same time dear friends, who love and sympathise with each other, and, in a personal sense, absolute strangers.

I cannot express to you how deeply I have been stirred by your letters. Stirred with truest motherly sympathy by your troubles; regret at what you tell me of your failures and disappointments; joy and thankfulness when you have been able to report even a temporary victory over a besetting sin or an oft-recurring temptation.

Have not I had the same experiences, and gone through the same temptations, and grieved over similar failures? In reading your words, I have seemed to live over again many an incident in my own past life, and to walk beside you on the path you find so rugged and thorny.

If you, in writing to me, have yielded to that natural longing of which we spoke when last together, you may be assured I have found it terribly hard not to be able to answer you individually. This is impossible, but I want each and all of you who have written to me, to believe that I feel for and with you. I am deeply grateful for the many sweet words of appreciation which prove that our twilight meetings have not been in vain, but that, by God's blessing, they have been helpful to so many friends, and of such varying ages and positions in life.

Often the reading of a few simple lines from a young "general servant" or an equally hard worker in some other daily round of toil, has brought a song of thanksgiving from my heart to God, and tears of joy to my eyes. You, who have written the glad tidings of the blessings which have come to you through our gatherings, can hardly imagine how rich I have felt as I read your words.

There was one sweet sentence which has often recurred to my mind. "I am only a young girl and have not many Christian friends, so that every crumb seems to cheer and help me. Before writing this, I knelt down and asked God to help you very, very much, and also to bless all you have written both to others and myself."

What a sweet, unselfish spirit is manifested in such a prayer. What blessings might we look for if only each heart and voice amongst us were uplifted in like manner. Yet the writer, whilst owning her desire to be a true and consistent follower of Christ, grieves over the fact that old sins and failings still have a strong influence over her.

"Utter selfishness is the worst of them all, and I don't think I could have a worse, could I?" she asks.

In looking over other letters, I find the same complaints and regrets about hasty tempers and words, selfishness, want of perseverance, good resolutions and scanty fulfilments, the yielding easily to temptation and gradually going back to the old ways, after a brief struggle to lead the "higher life," in other words the Christ life, though at best, the imitation might bear only a very shadowy resemblance to the perfect pattern given for our imitation.

I shall quote passages from several letters, because I attach a very great value to such glimpses of the inner self as are given by them. I know how they touched responsive chords in my own heart, and I doubt not they will in like manner stir you to whom I speak. They will make us all feel that our meetings have been the seeds from which have sprung golden harvests.

You know it is always said there is no teacher like experience, and we never fully understand a thing unless it has, in a manner, become part of our own lives. But we may learn most valuable lessons from the experience of others, and the misfortune is, that we are too often unwilling to be taught by anything which does not concern us personally. Still, I feel sure that you, dear girls, listening, as I tell you the actual words of other girls, will acknowledge to yourselves, "I too have felt the same longings, grieved over the same failures, experienced the same difficulties and need for guidance and strength. Yet I have kept silence to all around me, and alas! I have not gone to Him who has said, 'Come unto me,' and promised, 'Ye shall find rest unto your souls.'"

Now listen whilst I read a few passages for the benefit of us all—of myself, as much as any.

"I am only just starting in the 'narrow way,' and feel very much to need help in many things, or rather to have them explained, but I could not possibly speak to anyone. I long to tell a dear, Christian friend of God's goodness to me, but I cannot. Is it wrong of me not to speak? I do love God and I want to be a true follower. Will you explain that verse—'Do all to the glory of God.' It seems by it that we must not do anything unless we glorify God by doing it. I suppose one can hardly do that at a dance or a play—can they? Yet these seem very harmless things if not carried to excess. I am very fond of dancing, but if I could really see that it is unfitting a Christian I would give both up.

"The talk on 'He that is slow to anger' was a great help, as I have a very quick temper. I believe that God has helped me to control it lately, but it is dreadfully hard to keep back the sharp words when provoked."

In regard to that same talk, the correspondent whose first anxious letter suggested it, writing again tells me: "What you said kept me from getting angry for the rest of the day, and has helped me since a great deal. I feel sure you will pray for me every day, and the feeling that you do so, will, I think, often help me to gain a victory over myself. I shall also pray that I may give less love to self and more to others. I shall 'strive on, work on, fight on,' and pray that not only I but all who unite in spirit in the Twilight Talks, may have strength to persevere and in the end to conquer, and that I may be able to tell you that my victories are more in number than my defeats."

Another of you tells me the usual story of the soul's first awaking, followed by alternate happiness and almost despair at the little progress made; the falling back into old ways and of the temper which "becomes unbearable" when daily tasks press too heavily upon you. "Temper and day-dreams are my greatest troubles. I am not earnest enough in prayer, and I do not love my Bible as I ought. I have a brother and I am leading him anything but a good example. I have tried lots of times to get help in various ways and have failed. The Twilight Talks from time to time have helped me. I hope you will not mind me writing, but I feel sure you can help me, if you will."

Let us listen together to one or two others before we answer or comment on what we have already heard.

"I have never seen you or even known your dwelling-place," writes another, "but I feel in you a very dear friend, helping me by your 'talks' to live more and more Christlike. I am sure a good many more like me have the same help. It will be encouraging to you to think that some of us 'dear girls' are being influenced for higher things.

"It is a grand thing to feel you are influencing somebody for good; because there are so many bad influences for us young girls especially.

"I have been brought up to attend church regularly, and have had plenty of outside Christian influences; but until your talks began, I never really felt the need of God; but I will never regret that I have come to Jesus and asked Him to take me for His service. My chief fault that causes me often a great deal of sorrow, is my want of courage in speaking a word for Jesus. I am naturally nervous and sensitive, and too much afraid that my companions will think that I am calling myself a saint and scoff at me. I am longing and praying earnestly that I may be made strong and not afraid to speak of Christ to any one.

"I would like you to take this subject next month, as it may help others as well as me."

I am almost bewildered with the number of such confidences as I have quoted from, and I feel quite anxious that each of you should speak to all the rest through your written words to me. Here one tells me:—

"It is quite true what you say about passages from God's word coming to mind just at the time we need them most, and I will tell you of one instance of mine. It had been an unusually trying day. I felt very tired when I found there was more to be done than I had thought, and the idea came into my mind 'It is too bad.' I had not given expression to it, when I thought I heard the words 'Do all things without murmuring. . . .'"

The dear writer realised that the passage of Scripture committed to memory, perhaps long before, had been brought home to her just when she wanted it, by the unseen power of the Holy Spirit.

Only bits here and there can be quoted, but as I glance from letter to letter I see a sentence in one which bears a Jamaica post-mark, telling how the writer, a married lady, is always with us in spirit as we sit "In the Twilight Side by Side," and how she rejoiced that the talks, which she calls "To me helpful and loving bits of counsel," were to be continued.

The Antipodes has furnished its contribution towards this open night, in sweet words of thankfulness from one who writes that when joining in our Twilight Talks she seemed to hear again the voice and words of her own beloved mother.

Could any testimony be more precious than this? It was a sweet answer to the desire of my heart when we began our gatherings, that in speaking to you, dear girl-friends, I might be regarded as a sort of deputy mother; that thoughts of home and of the real mothers who loved you and cared for you, might make you the more willing to listen to me and to believe that, because I had daughters of my own, you would think it possible I could sympathise with you.

One, who in writing to me, said, "I am a motherless bairn, and I have no one down here to tell my secret thoughts to," hardly realised how that word "motherless" impelled me to sit down and straightway answer the letter which gave her real name and address—a very rare thing for my correspondents to do.

My heart fairly glows with happiness as I recall the words of another amongst you, not an English girl, but the writer of a letter which I shall treasure always, and the contents of which call forth a thanksgiving whenever they recur to my mind. She will forgive my quoting a portion of them and calling upon you all to join me in thanking God for this and every other instance of blessings which have resulted from our talks together.

"Allow me to tell you that amongst your many girl friends whom you gladden every month with your 'Twilight Talks,' there is an Austrian girl too, who is ever so much thankful. . . . I cannot tell you how intensely grateful I feel for your motherly advice, and I am indebted to you for some progress in my poor, weak character, and much sweet comfort in a great cross which our Lord has put upon my shoulders."

The dear writer adds words that are a little poem—a song from a pure and loving heart—written in what is to her a foreign tongue, but charmingly expressed.

"I am," she adds, "a Roman Catholic, but we are nevertheless brothers in the love for our Saviour Jesus Christ; we are equals in the essentials of our faith in His goodness. May He grant us the same love in work and deed."

By a further expression the dear writer shows that she considers English girls have special opportunities for usefulness. I trust that all of you to whom I speak will justify, by your lives, the good opinion formed by her of my young countrywomen, and endeavour to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

So far we have listened to the words of those, who, despite discouragements and failures, have had something to say which has suggested a feeling of thankfulness that we were ever led to confide in each other.

The last letter from which I shall quote has no bright side to it. It is a cry for help, a sort of despairing cry, and a confession of faults, so serious and so many, that it is pitiful to read. The writer says—

"I am selfish, vain, self-conscious in every act, look and thought, indolent gluttonous, with no strength of will and not a particle of honest, unselfish love in my heart for anybody. I know the fault is in myself, and the remedy is to have love—which is one of the fruits of the Spirit—in my heart, but how shall I get it? I have prayed for it for three years, but I am no better. Once I started to be a Christian, and was happier for a little while, but——" I will not quote the rest. It is one list of self-accusations and petitions for help, soon, for "One who is miserable."

What can we do to help this despairing member of our meeting? Her whole appeal, of which I have given only a short extract, shows that she knows where the only true help is to be found, as well as any of us do. She is only twenty-three years of age, and lest we should imagine that illness has to do with her unsatisfactory condition, she says that she is in perfect health.

If only any of us knew her personally, and could induce her to throw off her indolence, and share in some useful work, that would be a good beginning and take her off the perpetual self-seeking of which she complains. Nothing helps us to forget self like work for others. Failing the ability to aid her by example, partnership in good doing and cheering, spoken words, we can only send her a united message, begging her to put forth the strength that is in her, to try and look at the brighter side of things, to read persistently the invitations, promises and encouragements contained in God's word, and to pray, not hopelessly and despairingly as she seems to have done, but trustingly and as if expecting to get the help she needs.

All we can do, is to ask God to answer, strengthen and guide her into paths of usefulness, happiness, and spiritual peace. Dear girls, whom God has blessed and whose lives are brightened by the thought of His love in Christ, His faithfulness and the words, "Lo I am with you alway," ask like gifts for this despairing sister. "It is not the will of your Father, which is in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

Before we part, I must say a few words to these whose words we listened to early in the evening. To you who grieve over failures, efforts at self-conquest and poor results, victories at one time and defeats at another, let me answer, "Yours is the experience of every one who wishes to be a true servant of God. Our spiritual life here is one of warfare and we have to fight the same enemies, again and again, and not always successfully. But what would you think of a soldier who had fought under a great leader and shared his triumphs again and again, yet ran away when called upon to face the foe once more? His would be a poor record to leave. How much more would it be so for the soldier who follows the great "Captain of our Salvation, Jesus Christ"?

In one of our earliest talks, December 26, 1890, we entered into this subject of good resolutions, failures and new beginnings. I should like you to recall it to mind, as I think it will be helpful, especially to those of you who did not meet with us at that time. Better still, read the testimony of St. Paul as to the Christian warfare. "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. When I would do good, evil is present with me."

From the heart of that brave, strong soldier of Christ went up the cry to God, "Who shall deliver me?" and the answer follows instantly, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Later he says, "I can do all through Christ which strengtheneth me."

St. Paul did not fight in vain. A prisoner at Rome, and daily expecting a martyr's death, he wrote to his young friend, Timothy, whom he had known from a child, "I am now ready to be offered. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

Do you ask "How can a weak girl's strength be compared to that of the great apostle—so strong, so brave, so wise?" In a sense it cannot, but neither can your needs be compared to his. He lived and worked amidst distress, persecution, tribulation, famine, and with the sword of martyrdom hanging over his head at all times.

You have just to meet and battle with the common difficulties and temptations of daily life, in a land where Christ's name is honoured; and you can worship and serve Him in public and private, none making you afraid. Best of all, you have the same God who is as ready to hear and answer you as St. Paul found Him to be, and of whom you can say with confidence, if you are a disciple of Christ, He is "a very present help in trouble."

When we next meet, I hope we shall be able to talk of some of the other subjects you have named in your letters.



POINTED OVER-SKIRT, AND GOWN TRIMMED WITH ROULEAUX.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

On all sides I hear that there is to be a great revival of those fashions of the "forties," in which flounces and pelerines and mantles all flourished together; and I have no doubt that those who go in for extremes will find plenty of them. It seems likely, however, that we shall all have a choice, and that plain skirts will flourish beside those covered with flounces. The tightness of the upper part of the skirts is something wonderful to see, but round the feet they run to four or even five yards round. And, after all, they are not ungraceful, and the flounces even may be arranged to make us look slight and tall, for they are not as those of old, gathered on the skirt, and so rendered bunchy and ugly; they are in general cut so that they are of the same width, and so can be put on with no fulness at all. The number of trimmed and tucked skirts is very great, and the trimmings follow no special rule, but run vertically, horizontally, or across, just at their own sweet will, or rather that of the dressmaker who put them on. One of the new styles of trimming is seen in the *rouleaux*, which are either gathered, or plain, over cord. Folds of material and tucks are generally worn, and braiding of all kinds. Some of the tucks are quite astonishing; they are so very tiny, and so beautifully done, especially where the new blouses are concerned. The folds of material vary in width, from half-an-inch to three or four inches.

The French circular flounces, about which I have spoken, require very exact putting on the foundation, and should be pinned at every quarter, and even half-quarter, so that they may not be stretched out of shape, but lie flatly on the under portion. It is best to have a pattern to cut by, and the seven-gored under-skirt is thought to be the best to use for the foundation-skirt. These flounces are put on in all ways, even in a sharply-accentuated point at the front, the back being set in to the band of the gown, quite as full as the skirt itself. One of these pointed skirts is illustrated; only in this case it is not a flounce, but a kind of small over-skirt, while the flounce is below. This gown is of fine summer ladies'-cloth, the bodice is made with a basque, and an under-waistcoat of white satin, with cream-coloured lace over it, and the usual large bow of lace and *chiffon* finishes it at the neck. The edges of the skirt and *revers* are trimmed with very narrow velvet bands. The figuré at the back wears one of those dresses which are so popular at present, trimmed down the fronts in a straight line, the trimming being continued round the edge of the skirt. The bodice is also one of the season's novelties. It is cut down low over a yoke of white or a contrasting colour. In the present instance, the dress was made of one of the new *crêpons*, and the trimmings were of blue silk, to match that in shade. This style of trimming is very dressy, and is used nearly always for the princess gowns with much advantage, as it takes off from their plain effect, which is generally most trying, save to those who rejoice in very good figures.

With regard to colours in dress, I think I am not mistaken in saying, that one person in ten appears to me to wear a mauve or heliotrope gown. Next to it in favour comes green, which is generally trimmed with black, while much of the heliotrope is trimmed with white. I have also noticed an increase in the popularity of blue; the new blue being almost of a corn-flower shade, which seems to go best with black as a trimming. For millinery, there is a lovely shade of *vieux rose*, and also some young greens, of the exact colour of the shoots on the trees. White hats will be much in favour, and I think, when the summer fashions are really here, we shall not find the hats so vivid in their colouring as they are just at present. The straw hats, especially, are a perfect feast of gay hues to the eye, after the dulness of the winter. Green straw hats with black trimming, and pale blue straws with mauve,



TWO NEW CAPES.



A DOUBLE SKIRT.

and dark blue velvet, are the prettiest combinations I have seen this year.

The effect of the new double skirt is seen in our illustration, which is made of striped taffetas, the silk which is to take the place of foulards. This gown has a saddle-shaped yoke of lace at the neck, which has lines of black velvet at the edges. It will be noticed that the sleeves where they fall over the hands are pointed, and at the top, below the puffs, are trimmed with bands of velvet.

There is not much change in the shape of skirts made of washing materials; and the white linen collars will be used as much as ever. The tie bows are much smaller however. There are quite as many blouses as ever, and some of the prettiest of them are made of lace, in the same style as the French one illustrated in a recent number. The only change is that, in some cases, while the blouse itself is made of lace, the sleeves may match the gown. A striped black and white silk was made in this manner, and the effect was excellent. This idea would be a very good one to apply to the re-making of one of last year's gowns, where the bodice was worn out.

If we any of us thought that capes were going out of fashion, we must have discovered our mistake before this; for they seem to be as much worn as ever. Our illustration gives two of the new ones; the first being of velvet with an *appliqué* of white and black *passementerie*. It is lined with white satin. The other cape is of drab cloth, and forms a pretty spring wrap, which is light enough to be useful during the summer, when everyone needs a smart little one of the sort. Perhaps the prettiest thing just at present is the little blue cloth coat with rather a short basque, braided in black, with a Medicis collar, and rather wide lapels lined with white satin, and covered with *guipure* lace. These little jackets are worn with any coloured skirt, and are made by the best West End tailors. Blue is a favourite colour, but they are worn in white, fawn, and greys. There are plenty of black capes trimmed with *chiffon* frills and ruffles, and some of these are pointed at back and front, and have a double ruffle.

The hat of the most recent shape is rather like an umbrella in style, and droops like the old mushroom shape; but the toque seems to be quite the most popular thing, as it is so universally becoming to people of all ages. They are also very easy to make, and so are acceptable to those who manufacture their headgear at home. One is sorry to see that the wings and feathers of the poor little birds are more used than ever they were, in spite of all appeals to the kind-hearted to spare them. I have seen hats with, at least, half-a-dozen wings to decorate them, and on some of the French hats entire birds are placed. The rosette bow, and the full *choux* (or cabbage) as the French call it, are the two popular bows for hats; and the use of the silk *chiffon* seems to supersede flowers at present. I am told that the popular flower for this summer will be the rose, and that roses of every shade of pink and red will be worn on one hat. The newest hats on which violets are used, have them arranged in bunches, and the leaves are placed regularly round just like the bunches sold in the streets. They seem rather formal, perhaps, but look very well, and form a pleasant change.

Very wide sashes are worn on many of the new dresses, for day wear, as well as for the evening. The ends are often handsomely embroidered and ruffled; and there are some handsome wide lace ones on the more expensive gowns. Scarves of lace *chiffon* and silk are used, tied with a large bow in front, and we are promised a revival of the old-fashioned shoulder scarf, as worn in the early Victorian times.

A great deal of jewellery is worn; chains of all kinds, with or without the everlasting heart. Bracelets with all sorts of things hanging from them. Charms, seals, coins, and lockets jingling together as the wearers move their hands, are universally worn, and more rings grace the fingers than I have seen for some years past.

I suppose my readers have heard much of the rather heated discussion, which has been going on in the papers, about the prevalence of smoking among women and girls, and many good people have been much distressed by the idea of its being a universal fashion. But I have not found it so personally; and I do not feel obliged to put smoking into my chronicle of the last fashions. I do not find that the best class of women smoke; and, indeed, I have only seen one or two do it; and those appeared much more in fun than earnest. I do not think that Englishwomen will adopt the habit at all, and I am sure that all fears of it are quite groundless. It is not a nice habit, to say the least of it; and most women consider it rather fast, and quite unfit for a gentlewoman to adopt.

VARIETIES.

CHARACTER READ IN THE EYES.—Restless eyes, says a writer on physiognomy, denote a deceitful, designing disposition; greenish eyes mean falsehood, malice, and a love of scandal; blue eyes tell of a tendency to coquetry; black eyes mean a lively, passionate, and sometimes deceitful character; eyes with a yellowish bloodshot white usually betoken strong passions and hot temper; grey eyes mean dignity and intelligence; and brown eyes a tender, true, kind and happy nature.

SELF-CONFIDENCE.—There are a good number of men and women who always feel certain they could do anything they have never tried to.

UNDER GOOD GUIDANCE.—Nothing in the world is more pleasing than a mind under the guidance of reason and conscience.

MELTING AWAY.—Riches and honour acquired by unrighteousness are as a floating cloud.

BE THANKFUL.—"We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres or a little money; and yet, for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation."—*Seneca.*

WHO HAS THE GREATEST COMMAND OF LANGUAGE?—The girl who has the greatest command of language is she who can say "yes" and "no" at the right time.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER III.

SOME one was singing when Beattie was brought to the drawing-room door, so that not to interrupt the song she came in quietly unannounced and stood just within the *portière* till it should be finished. In those five minutes Michael Anstruther lost his heart to her.

There were not many people in the room, and, as Mrs. Gilman had said, they were all young. The cessation of the song was the signal for a buzz of lively talk and bright laughter. Mrs. Gilman greeted Beattie and then led her up to the singer.

"This is Miss Margetson, Norah," she said, and Beattie found herself face to face with a girl to whom she was at once attracted. She looked older than her eighteen years, and she was not exactly pretty, but she had a wonderfully sweet and pure expression and a charming voice.

"I have heard so much of you from cousin Alice," she said. "And Eva is always talking about you."

Mrs. Gilman left the two girls together, and very soon they were talking with ease to one another. To Beattie every new person was interesting, and Norah, whose experience of life had been deeper and sadder than Beattie's, could appreciate the spontaneous and unaffected manners of the latter. Michael Anstruther from his corner watched the two girls. Presently, drawn by the magnetism of his gaze, Beattie turned towards him "those eyes," and completed the conquest. But it was not till much later in the evening that he spoke to her. Everybody wanted to talk to Beattie, and Mr. Gilman was rather disposed to monopolise her. She was only a child to him, but he was very fond of her and Beattie liked him too. He was a solicitor, a clever man, somewhat cynical, as one of his profession may be pardoned for being, and yet genuinely kind and good-hearted. He had a great many friends and was thought highly of. Mrs. Swannington was right in saying it was he who attracted interesting people to his house, though Mrs. Gilman's gentle and gracious manner was perhaps not without power to draw them there again.

"Mr. Gilman," said Beattie presently, "who is that gentleman sitting all alone? No one seems to talk to him."

"Why, it's Anstruther. Hasn't my wife been looking after him? Poor fellow! Suppose we move across to his corner. He has hurt his leg, and that is why he keeps in one place. I am afraid he is finding it rather dull."

To Anstruther's joy, and somewhat to his embarrassment he saw his host and the young girl move towards him. Mr. Gilman introduced them. And that very moment his wife called him away to sing. When the song was over he did not return to Beattie.

"I am so sorry to hear you have hurt yourself. I was wondering why you did not move about at all," said Beattie. And she regarded her companion with a sympathetic gaze.

"It was very good of you to think of me," he said. "I only sprained my foot at tennis. But I can't get about much. I shouldn't have come this evening to be a nuisance, only I wanted to see Norah Gilman. Her father is the parson in my old home, and I was anxious to hear all the news."

"But she isn't talking to you at all, is she?" said Beattie, prepared to be indignant at his disappointment.

"Oh, yes," he said laughing. "It is all right. I dined here."

Beattie looked relieved.

"Don't you live at home, then?" she asked.

"No. I am studying to be a doctor. I am at Guy's now, but I am going to Paris in two months' time. My father has a friend there who is a great doctor, and I shall live with him. I want to see the Paris hospitals and learn all I can."

He spoke quietly, but his eyes kindled, and Beattie saw he was enthusiastic about his profession. She thought of Margaret and said: "I have a friend who is going to Paris too. She intends to study painting."

And then she began to talk to him about Margaret, and of how clever she was and how ambitious, and how she cared for nothing in comparison with her art. Anstruther listened with interest, but all the time he was thinking not of Margaret, but of Beattie. He thought he had never seen anyone so pretty and apparently so lacking in self-consciousness. Her sympathetic manner and ready talk set him at his ease, and he found himself answering her confidence with his own. In half-an-hour they seemed to have become old acquaintances. Mutual knowledge of this kind is an intuition as often as an acquirement.

A little stir in the room reminded him that he might lose his pleasant companion, and he said—

"If you don't mind a limping partner may I take you down to supper?"

And so the interview was prolonged.

When he stood up Beattie saw that he was a very tall man. His face was still boyish, but it wore a look of determination. He had a large chin of the type that denotes obstinacy, kind brown eyes, and dark smooth hair. He was plain, but his face was redeemed from ugliness by its indications of intellect and goodness. There was nothing mean or ignoble in its development.

Not that Beattie analysed his appearance. She was not very observant, and seldom criticised. But she had strong instincts, and what she liked was generally worthy of her liking. Where she could exercise a choice, as with friends, she chose wisely.

The time passed quickly, and though Anstruther lingered in the supper-room as long as he could, he had to take Beattie back to the drawing-room at last. And almost directly her carriage was announced.

"I wonder when I shall see you again?" he said, as she held out her hand to him.

"I am afraid it won't be for a long while," Beattie answered simply. "We are going to Crabsley in a day or two, and when we return you will be starting for Paris, I expect."

Anstruther's eyes flashed. He was thankful he had not yet made any plans for the beginning of his summer holiday.

Before she left Beattie invited Norah and her cousin to tea the following afternoon. Mrs. Gilman refused for herself, but said she would send Norah. She wanted the girls to be friends with each other, and was glad they seemed mutually attracted.

Beattie did not see her aunt when she got home. Mrs. Swannington always retired early when possible. It was to this excellent habit she attributed the youthful appearance on which people sometimes congratulated her. At breakfast she asked a few questions of her niece, but though she had no reason for concealing his name, nothing was said that caused Beattie to allude to Michael Anstruther.

"Amateur singing and playing and chatter! it sounds dull enough," said Aunt Ella. "I wonder Mrs. Gilman did not get up a little dance, but after all Mr. Gilman's friends use their heads better than their feet, I fancy. But it is absurd to think young people care to hear each other's performances."

"I enjoyed myself very much," said Beattie. And her uncle looking at her bright eyes and fresh complexion said—

"Dissipation will agree with Miss Beattie, I expect. You will have to do a vast amount of chaperoning, Ella."

Aunt Ella shrugged her shoulders.

"I shall not over-exert myself, even for Beattie," she said.

In the afternoon Norah came. Mrs. Swannington was out driving, and the visitor was shown into Beattie's room.

Beattie's room had been nursery, then schoolroom, and was now to be her sanctum. In the great cupboard were many of the discarded toys, and on the shelves the now discarded school-books; a few story-books lay there also, but these were not often read. Beattie was not very fond of literature in any form. She had several pets which Aunt Ella permitted on condition that they were not brought near her. A cat and a family of kittens lay on the hearthrug. Two or three cages were hanging on

the walls, and when Beattie practised on the old piano their occupants added trills and turns to the scales. There had been white rats, but when one of them escaped Aunt Ella forbade them ever after. There was a parrot which a friend of her father's had brought to Beattie, and which had learnt to use bad language on the voyage; and last, but not least, there was a stuffed monkey which Beattie loved as if it had been alive. The poor monkey had been a great joy to her. She had made a little hat and jacket for it, and petted it like a child, but Jacko had gone into consumption and coughed distressingly till finally death overtook him. No one grieved except Beattie and James, the footman, who helped to look after all the creatures, and he it was who had suggested that the form of their favourite should be preserved to them. A Christmas present from her uncle had enabled Beattie to pay for it, and often afterwards she prepared her lessons with Jacko sitting on the table before her, his comical red-capped head on one side, and his glass eyes watching her face.

The room was shabby. Aunt Ella had proposed its being done up next spring and being made more fit for a grown-up young lady, but Beattie loved it as it was. There were marks on the table-cloth which had been made with spilt ink, and saucepans containing hot toffee, and fruit which had been given to the animals; there were also sundry stains on the carpet, and beaks and claws and paws had left their impressions on various articles in the room, but yet somehow its untidiness was cheering rather than depressing, and as Norah looked round her she exclaimed heartily, "Oh, Miss Margetson, what a delightful room."

Beattie had ensconced her in the arm-chair and perched herself on the rocking-horse which was her favourite seat.

"I am glad you like it," she said, "I prefer it to any room in the house. But Aunt Ella never comes in if she can help it. She says it is like a boy's room, but then she is not fond of animals. Are you?"

"I like horses," said Norah.

"Oh, so do I; I just love riding. You ought to see Queen Bess. My uncle gave her to me when I was fifteen. She is a perfect beauty. I wonder if we could ride together."

"I don't ride," said Norah quietly. "I love horses, but we can't afford to keep them. My father is a clergyman, you know, and we are very poor."

Beattie blushed.

"We keep a pony for driving though," went on Norah, smiling at her reassuringly, "a quiet old thing that is nobody knows how old. But she is safe, and that is a good thing, for father himself drives very often, and he is absent-minded and near-sighted so I should be afraid if he had a spirited creature."

"Mr. Anstruther lives in your father's parish, he said," remarked Beattie.

It was now Norah's turn to blush, a slight pink blush that Beattie did not observe.

"Yes, his father is the squire."

"Tell me about him," said Beattie. "He seemed very nice."

"There isn't much to tell," said Norah. But nevertheless she began to talk about him, and he was the subject of conversation for quite twenty minutes.

"Lady Anstruther is very sweet," said Norah. "She has been like a mother to me. My own mother is dead, you know. She is not pretty, but she has eyes like—like Michael, and she has such a gentle manner. Sir John never comes to church. He doesn't believe in—things. He is rather bitter sometimes. The eldest son turned out badly. But he is dead now. And then there is Geoffrey who will come into the property. He is a soldier. Some people like Geoffrey best, but I—we are all fondest of Mike."

"Is that what you call him? It sounds like a dog," said Beattie laughing. "Well."

"Well, he is going to be a doctor, as perhaps he told you. The property is heavily mortgaged, and there isn't much money, so it was much better for Mike to be quite independent of the estate. Sir John will buy him a practice when he wants one."

"I should think he would be a nice doctor," said Beattie. "Aren't there any girls?"

Norah shook her head.

"There was one, Evelyn. She died when she was sixteen. That is what changed Sir John, I think. He is never very nice to me when I go to the Hall. He gets out of my way if he can. I am not in the least like Evelyn, but I suppose I remind him of what he has lost. She and I were almost the only girls in Woodfield. The doctor's wife is young, but she is married and of course that makes a difference. Evelyn and I were often together. I haven't made any friend since."

"Didn't you go to a school?" asked Beattie, thinking of some twenty young women who all counted themselves her friends.

"No, father taught me. The boys have to be educated at school though."

"Oh, have you any brothers? That must be nice. I often wish I had How many are there?"

"Two, Cyril and Walter. They are both younger than I am. I have to be their mother, you know, as well as their sister."

"I suppose that is what makes you seem so much more grown up than I do," said Beattie. "I can't feel as if we are almost the same age."

"Yes, that is what makes me rather lonely, I suppose," said Norah with a sigh which she stifled. "I am too old for my age."

"I wish you could come and stay with me some time," said Beattie impulsively. "I know lots of nice girls, and I could introduce you to some of them."

Norah looked pleased.

"It is sweet of you to think of that. But I don't want any other girl-friends if you would be one."

"I," said Beattie. "Why, of course I will gladly. Shall I write to you sometimes?"

"Oh, would you?" said Norah eagerly.

She was generally very reserved, but few people maintained their reserve long with Beattie.

"Perhaps some day," said Norah, "you will be able to come to Woodfield."

"I daresay Aunt Ella would let me," said Beattie, "as she knows Mrs. Gilman so well. But speaking of Aunt Ella, I had forgotten all about tea. It will have been in the drawing-room ever so long. Let us go down."

Mrs. Swannington had had her tea, but she was still in the drawing-room reading a novel. She looked with some envy at the two young girls able to eat chocolate cake and almond biscuits without any ulterior thought as to their fattening or indigestible properties. Her tea had consisted of dry toast, very thin and crisp. She found her novel, which was in her native tongue, more interesting than the girls' chatter, but she laid it aside for a little while, and talked to Norah.

Norah had a pretty and somewhat deferential manner, not too common in these days. Aunt Ella liked to be treated with respect, and she was more favourably impressed by Norah than with most of the young ladies Beattie had brought home from school. These latter generally showed their relief when Aunt Ella left them and their chagrin when she appeared, but Norah talked to Beattie as naturally as if they had been alone, and answered all Aunt Ella's questions without resenting them.

She was not consciously anxious to ingratiate herself with Mrs. Swannington, though she did want to see more of Beattie. She succeeded in doing the former however, and Aunt Ella was quite affable to her.

"I like that Norah," she said to Beattie when the girl had gone. "She has manners. That *gauche* Margaret is far less pleasing to me. She has no respect for her elders. But she is dowdy, this Norah. Did you observe her sleeves? And the way her hair is done! It grieves me to see a girl not make the best of herself."

"She is poor," said Beattie.

Aunt Ella shrugged her shoulders.

"But no. She is English. The feet of an Englishwoman alone spoil her." And Aunt Ella regarded her dainty Pinet shoes with evident satisfaction. "No Englishwoman has pretty feet or good taste."

"I am English," said Beattie laughing.

And Aunt Ella answered—

"Yes, but I help you to conquer the fact. When you are older you will better appreciate my aid. Besides your uncle has assured me there is Irish blood in the Swanningtons. That has saved you, Beattie. For your Englishwoman undiluted I have a detestation, so dull, so heavy, and so insular. Still, what would you? One must have acquaintances, even if they bore one. But oh! the British matron!" And with a sigh Mrs. Swannington resettled herself in her low chair, and returned to the perusal of her French novel.

(*To be continued.*)

INFLUENZA: DIET AND TREATMENT.

By W. GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

My Girton girls must not be shocked, when I tell them that down here, in bonnie Berks, influenza is familiarly though not affectionately called "The flue." The word influenza is of course Italian, the symptoms of the horrible complaint having been supposed to be caused by the influence of the stars. I don't say, mind, that there may not be a grain of truth in the notion, for scientists have discovered that when there are but few spots on the sun, deaths from colds and coughs are more rife in this wee morsel of a world of ours, and *vice versâ*.

Influenza is well named epidemic catarrhal fever, and the French call it la grippe.

But what's in a name, after all?

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." The bother of it is that when you have got la grippe, or rather when la grippe has gripped you, you cannot smell at all.

In my county, and in my own little village, the epidemic has been raging fearfully and many have died.

Symptoms.—A well-known medical authority in one of his books gives the symptoms somewhat as follows:—Shivering or sense of chilliness down the back, followed by heat and dryness of skin; urgent frontal headache; aching pain about the eyes; coryza and sneezing; tenderness in the back of the throat; harassing cough and shortness of breath; pains in back and limbs; perverted taste with disordered stomach; nervousness and muscular debility.

Now influenza has been epidemic among us off and on for many years; but this time it seems to have changed its tactics somewhat. I believe I was at sea when it was last raging, but anyhow, I am told that it then attacked the lungs with greater vigour than now, for in this epidemic it seems to divide its attentions impartially between the bronchial tubes and the organs of digestion. The appetite flies and takes its own time in returning, and there isn't the slightest use in forcing food.

In a paragraph to a local paper, I described my own experience as follows: (It must be remembered, however, that the symptoms are never precisely the same in any two individuals, so much depends on idiosyncrasy and condition of body).

"Briefly speaking, my own symptoms were these: A kind of mixture of rheumatic and neuralgic pain in every limb, with a general tired feeling, so that, after sitting for a short time, I found it somewhat difficult to stand up again; loss of appetite; running at the nose, followed by bronchitis; frontal headache, and terrible coldness of body and feet. This was followed by diarrhœa, which I did not check, as it seemed to relieve the headache. The worst feature of the cough was that it kept me from sleeping. I may say, however, that the coldness of the skin is not an invariable symptom, but when it is there, why, it is there; no fire-coddling and no amount of clothing can banish it, and one feels as if sitting all the while in a tub of iced water."

I may add that I think the pains in the limbs were the first symptoms, and I feared I was going to have another attack of the rheumatism from which I was invalided from the Royal Navy. It was a sort of tired feeling at first. If I knelt down to stoke my wigwam fire, I had to put my hands on my knees to get up again. Cycling was impossible. Soon the tiredness amounted to actual pain. Then came the other symptoms.

The frontal headache was terrible, and has only left me for a week, so I have been a whole month ill. As to sneezing, I really thought I should sneeze my head off. And a splendid head it is, you know. N.B. That last little sentence is "wrote ironic." Well, or rather "ill," my tongue was very white, and my heart seemed to do very much as it pleased without consulting me. For an hour or two it would laze along, as if it had half a mind to stop altogether, then make up for lost time by rattling on as quickly as the Scotch express. When it did so, my face flushed and my eyelids felt as big as Spanish onions and as hot as curried kidneys.

Well, now, the treatment usually laid down by the best authorities is somewhat as follows: You are to keep to bed in a fresh, well-ventilated room for three or four days, and drink plenty of barley water, which will quench the thirst and support the system also. But raspberry vinegar in effervescing lithia water—which you can buy in syphons—is also good. So is tea with milk in it. It will not do to eat solid food. I should just allow chicken broth or barley broth with a morsel of toast, because, mind you, the stomach is in a bad state, and so weak that it *must* have a rest.

As a rule medicine is hardly necessary, unless the cold is very bad, when a mixture containing conium and ipecacuanha, which any chemist can prepare, will do good, or ten grains of Dover's powder at bed-time, but you must keep your bed next day. Sometimes there is constipation and the liver goes on strike. In this case I think a dose of Apenta water will put things straight.

A friend of mine wrote me, saying, he did not wonder at me catching the "flue," as I sat all day at the open window. But he is wrong; you must inhale the specific poison before you get down with influenza. But I must confess that I myself did not give in to the trouble, and in this I was very foolish. Though pretty prostrate, I just kept kicking about round the garden and among the dogs, until one bitterly cold day, when I caught what is called a second chill, and my bronchitis was increased tenfold. As Artemus Ward said, I just let things slide. Well, warmth in bed, if the sufferer is one of those contented beings who can lie in bed, is very serviceable. I cannot say that doing so can kill the bacilli, but it helps to prevent secondary symptoms. Warmer clothing when out of doors; as much light, nutritious food as can be taken; aperients; stimulants only if ordered by the physician, because their action is only temporary—they are merely cheques drawn upon the bank of health, and they have got to be paid for, as reaction is certain to follow. If they seem to warm the blood they in reality cool it. As to medicine proper, some find great benefit from quinine, while it increases the headache in others. Of course, the patient should let the doctor see to the prescribing. Nevertheless, the medicine called antipyrrhine, taken by itself, generally relieves the headache in a few hours. At the same time, a mixture of salicylate of soda and bromide of potassium does much good.

I don't want my readers to do as I do, but to do what I advise them to do. I myself am a headstrong Highlander, a son of the heather, and though far indeed from fat, as hardy as the heather, though no one should boast of his strength.

Now the debility that follows influenza is very bad, even if you have been ill but three days. Though it is nearly a fortnight since I rounded the corner (this is the 12th of March) I am far from strong yet, and, with stooping to write, my back aches most wearily.

I am taking real Scotch porridge and milk every day, however, and can highly recommend this. It must be thick, and medium oatmeal, not the Irish pin-head stuff, should be used. I do pity the English bodies at my hotel, whom I see sitting shivering of a morning over a saucerful of thin, unsalted stuff, imagining they are having porridge. Well, before I took to my porridge, I took beef-tea or Bovril, eggs switched up with milk, raw eggs alone. I tried wine and spirits, champagne and Scotch. They only flushed my face and made me uncomfortable. So I gave them up. When sleepless, I found fifteen grains of the bromide of potassium in water soothed me.

Though eating solid food now, I am using plenty of fruit and drinking coffee. Fruit is highly to be recommended. I use sweet oranges, English grapes, tomatoes, and bananas eaten with a glass of milk.

Now here is a curious experience. I determined a week ago to take my cold bath again, which I had been obliged to omit for about a month. It was only six in the morning, and the frontal headache was pretty bad. "It is kill or cure," I said to myself. So I stripped and entered my dressing-room. The windows were hard-frozen, but I wouldn't look at them for fear of lessening my courage. Well, I took the bath, using a sponge that holds about a gallon of water. I shan't say it was not cold, but as soon as I had done towelling and had dressed, I found myself marvellously better, and the headache had flown up to the moon.

Frost or not frost I have taken the bath every morning early since then.

By-the-way, every week I receive letters from people thanking me for having recommended the cold morning tub, in my usual journalistic columns.

"It has made quite a new man of me," writes one correspondent.

"I would not miss it now for all the world," writes another.

"I feel so cheerful and clear-minded after it," says a third.

Well, that is just what I myself do. I am fond of music, and I am no sooner dressed than I begin to sing. I can no more help singing than the mavis or blackbird can, when I am fit and in good form. Alas, when the influenza was at its worst, there was precious little music in me, and so weak was I that, had I played a plaintive air on my violin, tears would have fallen from my eyes, and that would have spoiled the varnish.

As regards food during the debility of convalescence, you cannot be too cautious. Do not venture to eat meat until the appetite is quite restored, and even then, but little for a time. Cod or haddock, or any non-oily fish is far better. Soup is good, but it must not be too strong. Really well-made Scotch barley broth is best; the fish with mashed potatoes to follow. But the potatoes should be really mashed, not the tiniest lump should be left in them. They should then be well stirred with a little cream and salt and put on the range again to get thoroughly hot. A good tomato may be taken, and then some white pudding with good jelly or jam, blancmange, rice or tapioca pudding.

After this go and rest for an hour on bed or sofa, and you may have tea at four, but unless really hungry do not eat anything with it.

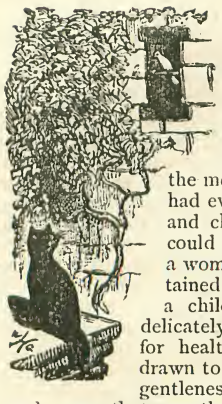
Get out all you can into the fresh air. Do not drive, nor ride either, but walk.

It is very wrong and deleterious to attempt to excite an appetite by condiments or stimulants. Beware of eating too much. The food that is unnecessary is simply poison.

HAUNTED.

By NORMA LORIMER, Author of "A Sweet Disorder."

CHAPTER II.



DID not see Lucille Ivory until dinner-time; and even now, all these long years since, I can recall the surprise her beauty gave me. She was the most exquisite creature I had ever seen, but so fragile and childish for her years I could scarcely think of her as a woman. Her eyes had retained the pure expression of a child's, and her skin was delicately veined, but too clear for health. I was irresistibly drawn to her, for goodness and gentleness radiated from her in such a way that even the rough boys who were inclined to class such girls as 'muffs,' looked up to her with almost reverence. Of course no one expected much from Lucille but passive gentleness.

"After dinner she fluttered over to where I was sitting in a deep recess in the window and sat down beside me. 'You know my Robin,' she said, 'so we must be friends, and of course you are clever, for Robin always likes clever people, and I am so stupid.' She smiled with the shadow of a sadness in her great childish eyes, and sighed. 'I don't know why he wants to marry me, for I can't enter into any of the things he takes most interest in, and I sometimes feel jealous of girls I hear talking to him about things I don't understand; but perhaps love has nothing to do with that sort of thing, for I should love Robin just as much if he were deaf and dumb. Do you think men like clever women for their wives?' She said this with an expression in her voice which asked for a denial. 'No man could want anything better than you for a wife,' I said, 'your beauty would make up for everything.'

"We were almost strangers to one another, but here we were conversing as old friends, and, Lal dear, my heart had gone out to her, so that I scarcely grudged her the happiness that might have been mine. I made up my mind to write to Robin and implore him to forget all I had ever asked him. I could not be the means of breaking her poor simple heart, and so we sat and talked with the sympathy of old friends until the post came.

"In that out-of-the-world old place the daily post which did not come in until nine o'clock at night was the most important event of the day. Ah! how well I remember all the bright faces eagerly questioning my hostess as she unlocked the old leather bag and distributed the letters round to the different members of the household. That night there were only two letters, and some papers. One letter was for Lucille Ivory, and the other was for me. I little thought at that moment that they were both from Robin. I slipped mine into my pocket in case she should notice the handwriting, and I saw Lucille hold hers in both her hands like a child with a precious toy.

"'I know you want to go to bed now, Lucille,' my hostess said, smiling tenderly at the girl's happy face. 'That letter is much too precious to be read in public.'

"Lucille at once said good-night all round, like a child that has been sent to bed with something sweet to comfort it. And from the open door I watched her going slowly up the stairs, halting now and then to look at the dear hand-writing; her beauty as the candle threw a bright glow over her face sent a cold thrill to my heart. Mine was nothing compared to hers, and Robin's admiration of it had taught me how much men love a beautiful woman. I looked at myself in a glass as I passed; how proud and cold I looked beside her, and my eyes had deepened into grey beside hers which were so rarely blue.

"When she had left her room my hostess said, half aloud, and half to herself, 'What a dainty thing it is to be sure, and yet I can quite understand.' She never said what, but I knew by the expression in her eyes.

"Then she turned to me—I was waiting to bid her good-night. 'Mind what I said, children, no one is to mention a word about the stupid ghost to Lucille. I had a letter from her doctor when she arrived, and he does not speak very hopefully about her health.'

"I started, for I had forgotten about the ghost, and my promise to sleep in the room. My hostess saw this, and asked me if I repented of my promise.

"There was an exclamation from the boys. 'No, you don't, do you? We know a promise from you is "plumb straight," you won't back out?' 'No, I won't back out,' I said, 'I don't care a rap for the ghost. I'll let it in if it knocks, and take a photograph of it for you.' Ah, my proud boast, when that awful moment came, how did I keep it? Not 'plumb straight' as Jack said, I'm afraid.

"When I said good-night the boys escorted me to my room. It was not a very inviting room, I must confess, for it was panelled with dark oak, and the light from the candles only gleamed up in the centre of the room, and left the corners in shadowy darkness. There was nothing modern in any way about the room, and I thought longingly of the brightly upholstered light little room I had vacated at the other end of the wing.

"The richly-carved four-poster looked like an ancient Gothic tomb in some side chapel of a cathedral. It was just the sort of room where an army of ghosts might lurk in every corner."

"Aunt Net," I interrupted, holding both her hands in mine, "I hate corners, I think round rooms are best for women, don't you?"

"Don't be nervous, child," she said, "what would Ned say?" And then with a deep sigh she went on. "After whispering a good deal so that Lucille should not hear what we were saying—I knew she would not, for I could picture her with her bright head bent near to the candle devouring Robin's letter—I put my hand in my pocket and touched mine, and then I grew impatient to be left with it alone. How I envied Lucille with her proud right to show her joy in receiving his letter. I said good-night.

"At last I was alone. The old oak-door shut so closely and so well did it fit, that it was difficult but for the bolt to find it in the panelling. I sat down to read Robin's letter, and, Lal dear, I shall never forget the agony of that moment. He had written to me not knowing that I was visiting at the old manor, and his letter had been forwarded to me.

"It was to tell me that he was going to write to Lucille to tell her that he could not marry her without first confessing to her that he had only a brotherly affection for her, and that he had given his heart to another woman. 'For it is impossible,' he said, 'to make love obey one's commands. I will not marry any other woman but you, Lucille, for even if I wished to do so, she whom I love is too honourable for that, but I feel that it is my duty to tell you that my love for you has never been the love of a passionate lover.'

"That is almost word for word of what he told her, and I had urged him to say, 'I am willing to marry you and I will make you a good and true husband if you are still ready to be my wife.' There was little else in his letter to me except to bid me good-bye for ever. If Lucille gave him up, he was going out to X——. There was not one word of love in the letter, but, dear heart, I knew what suffering it had cost him to write it."

Tears were streaming down Aunt Netta's cheeks, and a bright flush had gathered on her cheeks.

"Don't tell me any more, sweet," I said, "if it grieves you so much; let me light the candles and I will play you something."

"No, Lal. It will do me good to tell it to some one, for the memory of it has been for me alone to bear all these years. I put the candle and the matches near my bed, and as I blew out the light I noticed how the moonlight filled the old room with weird shadows; but Robin's letter had driven the ghost almost out of my memory, and as I lay down to sleep I scarcely gave it a second thought. But I found it hard to sleep; I thought of Lucille and what misery Robin's letter must have caused her. No doubt now her pillow was wet with tears; then I wondered how long she would sorrow for him, and if her nature was capable of a lasting grief, or if like a child, she would turn over a new leaf in her life's scrap-book and smile sweetly at the next picture.

"And then at last I fell asleep and dreamt that Robin and I were floating down a rapid stream in a frail canoe, and that Lucille was left standing on the bank weeping and wringing her hands.

"I must have slept for more than two hours, for it was past eleven before I dozed off, and I was awaked suddenly by the church clock striking two. It was strange that the striking should have waked me that night, for my other room was much nearer the church, and the clock had never waked me before.

"My dream had made me nervous, and I woke with a disagreeable alertness, as if I was expecting something to happen. The moon had gone down and the sky was at its darkest before dawn. I had almost forced myself back into calmness, when I heard a gentle tap-tap-tapping at the door. My heart for that moment stood still, and the next second began beating so violently I could almost hear it in the horrible stillness of the room. Then the second clear tap-tapping came, and my heart almost leapt out of my mouth. I had no power left to speak, and a deadly sweat was trickling over me; and now the third tap-tapping came, and an imploring voice said, 'It's only me, please let me in.' Then, child, I plunged below the clothes, far down in the big, carved bed, and stayed there panting like a frightened hare. Where had my courage flown? I could not think nor breathe. I almost suffocated, and yet I could not help listening. Gradually I calmed down, and shrinking with fear I put out my head to get some air, dreading at the same time to meet the sound of the tap, tap, as to hear the pleading, gentle voice. But all was still, there was not a sound to be heard, and I turned heavily in the bed to make it creak, for I felt I must do something to break the stillness, or in my

imagination, if not in reality, the tap-tapping would begin again. Then I suppose nature came to my rescue and I fell asleep; but I did not sleep soundly, and I was awake before daylight had quite come in. And I lay waiting impatiently until I thought it was time to get up and go out, for I was feverish and restless. I thought that if I was out I could think more connectedly and write a letter to Robin before the morning post went out. Before six o'clock I rose and dressed quietly and unbolted my door. The servants were sure to be up and about soon, so I could go down and wait until the front door was opened. I tried to open the door cautiously, almost wondering at my fear of the night before. Daylight brings such courage, Lal. I pushed it gently but it refused to open. All the doors in the old part of the house opened outwards, and I pushed it still more firmly. Something had caught it, I supposed, perhaps it was the mat. Then I tried to shove my way out, and almost fell over something heavy on the mat. I righted myself by catching hold of the lintel of the door, and looked down at the bundle that had caused my fall—it was Lucille Ivory. She was lying there, all huddled up in a pitiful heap, with her great mass of shining hair spread over her like a golden crown. I lifted up her head and threw her hair back from her face; thrice I looked in horror. Ah, Lal, there was no mistaking the expression on the cold drawn features. Death was written there as plainly now as life had glowed on it so proudly the night before. I moved her poor lifeless body out of the crushed heap in which she had fallen, and covered it reverently with the soft, white nightgown. I could not speak or cry out. Something like a nightmare held my tongue. But in a moment a complete understanding came to me of why she was lying there crushed against my door. Her candle, which had fallen from her hand, had rolled some distance along the passage, and so my ghost of the night before had been Lucille. She had felt ill and come to my door for help. Three times she had knocked in vain, and then she must have fainted, and I in my cowardice had not heard the fall; after the third tap-tap I had plunged beneath the clothes. Then I remembered her weak heart and the doctor's warning. But what had disturbed her? My thoughts flew to Robin's letter; she had read it and the shock had killed her. Feeling one of her attacks coming on, she had come to my room just as she was, in her nightdress and bare feet. I had never seen death before, and here I stood alone in the early summer morning with the sweet, cool air blowing in from a high lattice window, which stood open to ventilate the corridor. How the birds sang and chirped and disturbed the trees in the Nun's Walk below, as if to assert their joy that a new day had begun, and I was there alone with the dead. There was plenty of assistance near at hand, for three members of the household slept only a few yards off, but I stood as if rooted to the spot. I could neither call out nor leave the poor chilled body, that looked so fair and fragile, stretched out on the dark oak floor, and although death had been a stranger to me till now, for I was too ill to see my father when he died, I knew by instinct that Lucille had been dead some hours. She was so far removed from things earthly; it was strange how utterly severed she was, and yet it had all happened between the dawn and the daylight. If you have never seen death, Lal, and the one who is dead was something beautiful and pure, you can never realise the intensity of separation. No oceans or continents can really separate those who love and live, but the great master, death, had taken Lucille at the first hour of the new day into that infinite space where thought cannot travel nor mind transmit sympathy, and he had left lying at my door an awesome thing, with all colour and meaning and humanity gone.

"Suddenly I heard a noise in the house below; how welcome at that moment was the sound of active life, for I was still watching on the floor by Lucille. Soon I heard the great house-door open; the butler must be down, and then a great flood of cool fresh air came wafting up the stair and swept over the pale thing by my side for a moment and surrounded me. Softly I went downstairs; the man started when he saw me at that early hour dressed and ready to go out, and when he looked at my white face and staring eyes, he thought I had lost my reason.

"'Nash,' I said in a miserable dazed way, 'Come with me, don't make a noise, for Miss Ivory is dead. Quick, don't you hear me, Nash, why don't you come?' I implored, for he stood staring as if he was afraid to come near me. 'Go to your room, miss, you've been dreaming,' he managed to say. 'Miss Ivory's all right. I'll send you up a cup of tea directly.'

"'Nash,' I said, 'for pity's sake come or I must call for help.' My senses were beginning to act, I suppose Nash saw this, for he went upstairs in front of me."

Here Aunt Netta paused and her poor pale face which had been so drawn and pained, relaxed and a flood of tears broke the strain. I let her weep for I could not comfort her, my mind was too full of the story she had just told me, beside the dusk which had deepened into darkness seemed to hold my voice.

At last I whispered, "And did you never see Robin again, Aunt Net?"

"Yes, child, but only once, and that was at her funeral. He and I alone knew the true cause of her death, he and I standing by her grave knew that we had killed her, for they gave him the letter she had written that night in answer to his."

"And did she give him up?" I said. "Oh, poor, proud Lucille!"

"Yes, Lal, she implored him to marry the girl he loved. 'Even if it should break my heart,' she said, 'my love is so great that I can spare you to her.'"

"And it did break, Aunt Netta," I said, "but that was God's way of solving the problem. There is one more angel in heaven instead of one more broken heart below."

Aunt Net sighed gently as if the thought comforted her and answered, "Now, Lal, you will know never to call me courageous again."

"You have been courageous to live, Aunt Net, and not accept what Lucille died to give you."

"No, Lal, we could not do that. Robin and I are true to her memory with a continent and sea dividing us. Neither of us could have known happiness at such a price."

"Hark," I said, "that's Ned." And I listened for a familiar footstep on the stone stair that led into the great hall. The door was flung open and Ned stood there blinking into the darkness.

"What two brave women," he said, "sitting in this great place alone in the dark, but I wouldn't mind betting that Lal has got tight hold on you, Aunt Net?" The next moment he tripped and nearly fell over the heavy abbot's chair. More cautiously he groped his way towards us. "Have you heard the patter of the little goody-two-shoes, or felt the draught that blows from behind the tapestry, or seen any other form of ghost? for you two seem to have been inviting the presence of spirits to-night." Laughing he flung himself down beside us in the old oak settle and folded us both in his arms.

"I think I'm the luckiest fellow in the world," he said, "to have the two nicest women in the world for my sweethearts. Have you fixed the day for our wedding, Aunt Netta?"

"Which of us is to be the bride?" I asked, pushing more closely up to his side.

"Both of you if the parson will allow it, but I'm afraid they are very mean about such matters. And surely no one man was ever lucky enough to have two beautiful women ready to marry him?"

I felt for Aunt Netta's hand, and she pressed mine closely on hers, for again our spirits had met, this time more truly than before.

"Yes, two women love you, Ned," she said, "but only one is ready to be your wife; the other rests content to look on."

"Onlookers see most of the game, Aunt Net, so you'll have to act as umpire for Lal and me in the great game of love and life."

Then the candles were lit, and I knew by Aunt Netta's face that what had passed was sealed for ever, to live only in her memory and in mine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IRISH GIRL.—We do not think it would be well to write to people for their crests and escutcheons. You could obtain a good many through a stationer printed—as specimens of the engraving—on cards. We will keep your envelope and send you a few shortly.

MUREX should get a small bottle of muriatic acid and a small flat camel's hair brush and sweep the acid over the outer crust of the shell, washing it off continually, to see that the burning be effectual, though not excessive. Mark the bottle "Poison."

IVY.—You had better show the description of the slipper-stand for a flat-iron at a first-class ironmonger's shop, and simply give an order for one. If they have not got any, they could write to London, Birmingham, Manchester, or Liverpool, whichever may be the place whence they get their supplies.

J. L.—We cannot undertake to alter your face, although we can help you as regards the roughness and chapping of both face and hands. For this trouble, by far the best thing to get is a little tube of glycerine, honey-jelly and cucumber. As to the shape of your nose, we do not endorse the plan once suggested by a reader of ours, to confine the broad tip within the grip of glove-stretchers or a stiff hair-pin during the night. Leave it alone, a sweet expression will amply correct all defects in form. Be assured of that.

MIRABEL.—We never heard of any special cause or reason for removing a ring from one hand to the other, by either man or woman, excepting to place it where it may fit the best, or suit better with, or make place for other rings.

SNOWDROP should go to a hairdresser and have her hair dressed in the newest way. She can then adapt it to herself and find out whether it will be becoming to her.

MISS PRYLE.—We have no guild for the sale of decorative art work, nor work of any description, in connection with our magazine, but there are such societies to be found. For example, there is such an institution at 17, Sloane Street, S.W.; also Messrs. Simpson, 100, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., employ ladies in various branches of decorative work, including china and glass painting. We fancy that there is probably a greater demand for such work than for that of the needle.

ERA.—You read to improve yourself, and if, in reading, you find any book exercising an evil influence over you, or causing you to think lightly of holy things, do not continue it. This is the test, and it lies with you to apply it.

PANSY.—A knowledge of fine needlework is necessary for anyone who intends to undertake the work of making children's clothes. You would have to apply at some shop where there is a vacancy, or else advertise.

NOW READY.

No. 7. **PRICE THREEPENCE.**

MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT
TO
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A FLOWER OF LIGHT

BY

SARAH DOUDNEY.

AUTHOR OF
"A Cluster of Roses," "Pilgrims of the Night," etc.

LONDON:
"GIRL'S OWN PAPER" OFFICE,
56, PATERNOSTER ROW.

OUR NEW STORY COMPETITION.

SUBJECT: {"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR MAY."

Examiners: MISS SARAH DOUDNEY AND THE EDITOR.

We are, so far, much pleased with the care and interest taken in making Miniature Stories from our Supplements, and each month we expect to find greater merit in the work and to be conscious of more and more of this interest.

Miss Sarah Doudney and the Editor hope to have great numbers of essays on "A Flower of Light," which is a story in the writer's best method, and which will afford ample material for writing charming one-foolscap-page "Stories in Miniature." In fact, what to leave out will be the chief difficulty in writing the essays.

On deciding with the writer which Miniature Stories are best, the Editor will forward TWO GUINEAS to the very best one, ONE GUINEA to the second best, and HALF-A-GUINEA to No. 3.

In addition to this a card bearing the signatures of the Author and Editor will be sent to the Prize Winners, and also to all receiving Honourable Mention.

Each essay must be signed by the writer, followed by her full address; but a *nom-de-plume* may be added by those who do not wish their real names to be printed. Post to the Editor of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," 56, Paternoster Row, London. The last day for receiving the papers is May 20. Papers cannot in any case be returned to the writers.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be June 16, 1898; from Abroad, August 18, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.



CROQUET.

From the Painting by C. LEROY SAINT-AUBERT.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 958.] MAY 7, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.



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"AND THERE MR. SWANNINGTON SAW THEM."

CHAPTER IV.



CRABSLEY is a small straggling seaside place, with narrow streets and high cliffs. It has bracing air and a fine stretch of sea, and is reputed marvellously healthy. Of late years it has become popular, and two excellent hotels have been built. It is expensive and fashionable and has no attractions for the "lower classes." A select coterie of rich people who own land in the neighbourhood have used all their influence to prevent its degradation. There are no niggers on the beach, no vendors of sweets, no shows of any sort. A band plays on the pier twice a week, but there is no other sort of entertainment there. The bathing is conducted without any of the "abandon" that distinguishes some watering places. There is very little shrieking or laughing, and the bathing dresses are far removed in style from the blue serge garment usually dealt out by the owners of bathing machines. In the morning children paddle and dig on the sands, but in the afternoon the latter are almost deserted. Nurses walk up and down the front with their well-dressed charges and ladies and gentlemen sit on the benches with their books or work. There is a golf club and a tennis club and a library. The post comes in twice a day. There is a large church, the rector of which has a hard time during the brief season, for the views of the visitors are apt to be widely different in the matter of ritual from that of his parishioners, and the visitors having little to interest them are apt to air their criticisms pretty freely. If he accommodated the wishes of the majority of the visitors the parish would be up in arms in no time, and unfortunately he cannot have one set of practices for three months and another for the remaining nine. He is a good earnest man, and he does his best for the spiritual welfare of the stylish ladies and irreproachably-attired gentlemen who fill the pews before him; and who idly discuss his sermon presently over lobster mayonnaise and cold fowl.

Energetic people bicycle and take long walks. The country round is singularly beautiful, and there are one or two show places within a few miles. The kodak is much in evidence, and there is a dark room in the place for the accommodation of earnest photographers.

Crabsley is an ideal place for resting. Those who are jaded by the London season are content to do nothing there for a week or two, but gradually the tonic air does its work and they begin to bestir themselves. When they are thoroughly recruited they are glad to go away. There is not much vent for their powers in Crabsley. It is pre-eminently a place for Saturday to Monday visitors.

Mrs. Swannington, who had few resources, would never have selected Crabsley but for her devotion to her health. Mr. Swannington was an enthusiastic golfer, and the Crabsley links are perfection, so that he cheerfully fell in with her choice, and Beattie was at an age when enjoyment was found in any change. Aunt Ella was tired of it first. She had no taste for natural scenery, the beauties of the sunset palled, nor did she get any pleasure from watching the changing sea. She bathed, gossiped with her hotel acquaintances (but the people who go to Crabsley are somewhat exclusive and not in haste to make friends), criticised their costumes, and did her regulation walk so many times up and down the pier, the exact dimensions of which she had been careful to ascertain. But she was beginning to get bored, and was ready to welcome any diversion.

One afternoon when Beattie had come into the hall of the hotel to see if any letters were awaiting her uncle, whom she had left promenading with his wife, she was aware of a tall young man who had risen from an arm-chair and was regarding her rather wistfully. She did not take any notice of him. She was accustomed to being stared at. But as she was about to leave with the letters he made a step in her direction, and then she looked at him. For a minute she had a feeling that she had seen his face before, then suddenly her own brightened, and she bowed. He came forward and shook hands with her. It was Mr. Anstruther.

"Are you staying here?" said Beattie. "I am glad."

"Yes. I came down this morning for a few days. What a beautiful little place it is; the air is like champagne."

"Better," said Beattie, who had not much appreciation of the exhilarating wine. "It will do you good after London. Is your sprain better?"

He looked pleased at her remembering it.

"Yes, thank you. I scarcely limp at all now. This place will soon set me up. You are staying at this hotel, I suppose?"

He had consulted the visitors' list and knew the fact perfectly well, but his remark was scarcely in the form of a question.

"Yes—and you too? That is nice! We don't know anybody, though Uncle Arthur has made some friends at the golf club. Do you play?"

"Rather," said Michael expressively. "But I mustn't keep you now. I see you are wanting to read your letters."

"They are not mine," said Beattie. "But Uncle Arthur will be impatient. Good-bye now; I shall see you again presently, and then I will introduce you to him."

She nodded brightly and tripped away. Michael followed her with his eyes. In her fresh white cotton blouse and serge skirt, with her skin a little tanned by the sea breezes, and her look of youth and health and happiness, his second impression of her was no less delightful than the first. If he had not fallen in love with her already he would have done so now, he told himself. His own heart was singing with joy. A very little feeds the flame of love, and he remembered with delight that she had inquired after his injury and expressed her pleasure at seeing him. Both natural enough, the second especially, for the barest acquaintance who would be scarcely noticed in London is eagerly welcomed in the monotony of the country; but he was glad notwithstanding.

Beattie went back to her aunt and uncle.

"There is a friend of Mrs. Gilman's staying at the hotel," she said. "I met him the evening I spent there, and I have just seen him again."

"Oh," said Mrs. Swannington, with interest. "Did he know you again?"

"Yes," said Beattie innocently, suspecting as little as Aunt Ella herself that he had come to Crabsley on purpose to see her. "And I told him I would introduce him to uncle."

Mr. Swannington grunted. He was not eager for new acquaintances, but Mrs. Swannington was pleased. She liked society, especially that of young men. When she found that he was a person with whom one would not be ashamed to be seen walking on the parade, she was more than willing to be introduced to him. "He has an air of distinction," she said, with approval.

Mr. Anstruther was glad, when Beattie had conducted him to the fashionable little lady, that she was not her mother. He was by no means so attracted to Mrs. Swannington as she was to him. He thought she looked vulgar, and she was not at all his ideal of the lady who should be the companion of her whom he had already placed upon a pedestal. Still, he had the sense to see it would never do to begin by offending Beattie's relations, and if he did not exert himself to be amiable he was scrupulously polite, and accepted Mrs. Swannington's offer that he should accompany them on their after-dinner stroll.

Aunt Ella monopolised him. Beattie and Mr. Swannington walked in front, and the only satisfaction he had was that he could at any rate keep the former in his sight. But he was not badly entertained. If he had not the consciousness that he was being defrauded of something better he might have been flattered by Mrs. Swannington's graciousness. He was not a young man who had had much experience of women. Since he had grown up his work had been the chief object of his thoughts. The only women he had known intimately were his mother and Norah Gilman, and a little invalid lady for whom he had an almost reverential respect—his godmother. None of these had taught him much that would help him to understand Mrs. Swannington. That his society could gratify her he did not imagine.

But it did, under the circumstances. She thought him rather heavy and inexperienced and not particularly amusing,

but she preferred his company to that of herself, her husband or her niece. At any rate he had some topics of conversation not, as in their case, already exhausted by constant intercourse. She felt too that it would be nice during her stay to attach this young man to herself, so that she might have some one to walk with her and talk to her when Mr. Swannington was at the club, and to change her books at the library, and fetch and carry for her at her desire. And yet Aunt Ella had her wits about her.

"You must not wonder, my dear," she said to her husband, "if you see me much with that young Anstruther. It is necessary that I should not let him choose Beattie for a companion, and he says he knows no one else here. I have ascertained that he is but a younger son, with no special prospects. He seems however very simple and straightforward, and I think I can keep him sufficiently well amused."

"My dear," said the easy-going gentleman, "you understand these things better than I."

But Mr. Anstruther was a determined young man, and he meant to see more of Beattie. Fortune favoured him. There had been a touch of east in the wind during the evening, and perhaps Aunt Ella had got a little chill. At any rate she complained of feeling poorly the next day, and decided to keep her room till luncheon. Mr. Swannington bathed and breakfasted and went off on his bicycle, and Beattie strolled down to the beach for amusement. There Michael found her. And there Mr. Swannington saw them when he came back from his ride two hours later. During those two hours they had talked as people can only talk to each other before they have learnt by life's experience distrust and caution and worldly wisdom. Older people doubt the interest of their listeners in their hopes and aspirations, in the simple details of their past, and their plans for the future. But the sympathy of a young man and a young woman mutually attracted, and knowing nothing of disillusionment, is like a foretaste of that intercourse which will exist in a world where selfishness and hardness and doubt are known no longer. Neither of the two was wearied—to both it seemed as if something fresh had come into life. Michael knew why he was so contented, but Beattie only felt she had found a new friend.

But for Aunt Ella's words on the previous evening, Mr. Swannington might not have noticed their apparent absorption in each other Men are not so observant in these matters as women. As it was he was not disposed to interfere with them; but he joined them, and the three strolled about till lunch time. Mrs. Swannington was in the room when the two men entered and Anstruther inquired after her health.

"We have been down on the beach," said Mr. Swannington. Beattie had gone to remove her hat. The lady supposed that there had been a trio, she certainly did not imagine that there had been a *tête-à-tête*. Not that Beattie would for one moment have deceived her; she did not even think there was anything to conceal.

Anstruther stayed for a week, the greater part of which time he spent with the Swanningtons. He began to like Mr. Swannington, who, if he did not respond to the intellectual side of him, commanded his respect in other ways. He soon saw he was a sensible man, well-informed in practical subjects, and proficient in all manly sports; his dislike for Mrs. Swannington too lessened as their intimacy progressed, but though she was unfailingly kind to him herself, her undisguised worldliness, and the hints she gave him as to her respect for wealth and her ambitions for Beattie, made him well understand that she would not favour his suit. But he was hopeful notwithstanding. If Beattie cared for him she would be true to him. They were both young, and he would work very hard to make a position for himself. Many men had to conquer far greater obstacles than one woman's opposition. And Aunt Ella had not openly declared it. But as the days passed she was beginning to see that, in spite of all her vigilance, Michael managed to be beside her niece more often than she approved of, and that Beattie's eyes brightened as he drew near.

"If it was not that young Anstruther is going abroad so soon," she said to her husband, "I should discourage this intimacy."

"There doesn't seem much harm in it," said Mr. Swannington. "He is a nice young fellow enough, and I think she likes him."

"My dear!" cried Mrs. Swannington with upraised hands. "Nice! But he has nothing a year — positively nothing! And as for her, girls of that age like any man who is polite to them. She has seen no one yet with whom to compare him."

At the end of the week however a sudden stop was put to their intercourse. Michael received a telegram stating that his mother had been taken ill and bidding him hasten home.

The Swanningtons were out when he got it and the train which he would take left Crabsley in less than an hour. He was stunned by the sudden news which might be even more serious than it seemed. But there was no time to waste. He packed his portmanteau, called for his bill, and ordered a conveyance. While he was waiting for it his thoughts turned momentarily to Beattie. There was no time to go in search of his friends, but he would like to leave a message. He enclosed the telegram in an envelope and gave it to the hall-porter to deliver to Mrs. Swannington. That would be sufficient explanation of his sudden departure.

As for Beattie he could not leave her, to meet again he knew not when, without some word. He rapidly wrote—

"DEAR MISS MARGETSON,

"I hope you will forgive my writing to you. I must say good-bye. This week, thanks to you, has been the happiest in my life. It is my earnest hope that I may see you again before long. "Yours sincerely,

"MICHAEL ANSTRUTHER."

This note, after a momentary hesitation, he also gave to the porter. He would have preferred some method of delivery less likely to attract Aunt Ella's attention, but he had no choice; and anything underhand was as distasteful to him as it would have been to Beattie.

He caught a momentary glimpse of her as he drove away. She was just returning to the hotel. Mrs. Swannington was panting along a few steps behind her, but he did not notice the elder lady, so earnestly was his gaze directed after her niece. He had caught the look of sorrow and dismay on her face when she saw he was going away. Mrs. Swannington turned and stared after the carriage. Then foreseeing there might be an explanation at the hotel she hurried on. Beattie was waiting for her.

"Mr. Anstruther seems to be leaving," she said, and Aunt Ella saw she was genuinely distressed.

"Oh, well," she said, "it is not much matter. We should have all bored each other had he stayed much longer. But I wonder at the suddenness of his flight."

The porter delivered his notes.

Aunt Ella opened hers at once, and seeing the telegram quickly read it. Then she handed it to her niece. Beattie had not yet opened her note. Some instinct told her it was for her eyes alone and she slipped it into her pocket. She read the telegram with dismay.

"Oh, auntie," she said, "I hope his mother is not dying."

"Dying? Not likely!" said Aunt Ella, with some asperity in her voice. She too was sorry in her own way for Michael, but Beattie's evident sorrow annoyed her. She would be angry with herself if Beattie had already engaged her affections. Not that she would let that interfere with her plans for her, but it would make things more difficult. Besides, it would reflect upon her own wisdom in the management of affairs. "I expect," she said, "the young man ought to be spending his holidays at home, and his people are getting jealous."

Beattie did not hear this last remark. Her eyes were full of tears and she did not want Aunt Ella to see them. She felt heavy-hearted indeed when she closed the door of her room. Then she tore open her letter.

The few lines soothed and comforted her. The sudden parting seemed less final. But they did not convey to her all that Michael meant they should. Beattie did not realise that he was in love with her. She had had no experience in these matters and in some things she was singularly childish. Many girls of her age acquire a knowledge of life from books which antedates their own experience, but Beattie seldom read any but schoolgirls' stories or such books as do not deal with love

affairs. She thought that Michael meant exactly what he said and no more. She was very glad that she had given him this happiness, and that he hoped to see her again before long. And she looked forward to this time also.

She ate little at luncheon—a fact which Aunt Ella observed.

"I hope no mischief has been done," she thought. "But if she has any fancies she will lose them when we get back to London."

After luncheon she asked her what her letter had been about.

Beattie blushed.

"He only wrote to say good-bye," she said.

"I should like to see the note, my dear," said Aunt Ella. And Beattie handed it to her.

Mrs. Swannington glanced at it.

"Perhaps it is as well he has gone," she said. "You mustn't believe that nonsense about his happiness. Besides, now he has gone away he won't think any more about us, you will see. But mind, if he does, I will have no correspondence. Of course your writing to him is out of the question, and if he should presume to write to you again, I must insist on your showing me the letter at once."

(*To be continued.*)

GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

PART II.

THE MISSES SKINNER, FRIENDS OF GIRLS IN BUSINESS.

THE women workers who form the subject of this sketch are two sisters, gentlewomen of independent fortune and high culture, and the work they have devoted themselves to during the last quarter of a century is the giving of joy and rest to the overworked and weary girls who toil for daily bread in the shops of London and other great cities.

I will tell you what induced them to undertake such an important task.

It is now a quarter of a century ago that these two ladies paid a visit to London during the hottest month of the year, and on going back to their pretty home in Babbacombe, Devonshire, they were haunted by the wan, weary faces of the girls in the various houses of business at which they had been shopping.

They set themselves resolutely to consider whether anything could be done to render the lives of these girls healthier and brighter by breaking through the dulness and monotony of their "daily round," and the longing that sprang up in their hearts was, "Oh, if we could give some of these girls a breath of our sea air and a run on Babbacombe Downs!"

Regarding this longing as an inspiration, they at once looked about for a way in which it could be made practical, and the result was that they took a cottage close to the Downs and secured a matron; they made the house pretty and home-like and fitted up six beds; they made the purpose of the cottage known in several journals together with a sketch of their plans: for example, a subscriber of one guinea would have the privilege of giving a recommendation ticket to any business girl of good character in whom she was interested, and thus reduce the girl's payment from twelve shillings to five shillings a week, and enable her to get a fortnight's holiday for £1 6s. 9d., including the railway journey there and back at single fare.

Without a subscriber's "recommendation ticket" the cost would be two guineas. The payment by the girls themselves of a certain sum was considered by these ladies a necessity, in order not only to prevent its being looked upon as a charity, which would have spoiled the whole, but to keep up the girls' self-respect and soothe their sensitive pride, for they possess largely both these qualities.

As a rule neither sick people nor convalescents are received at the home of rest, which is meant to be a real holiday home to prevent illness, not to cure it.

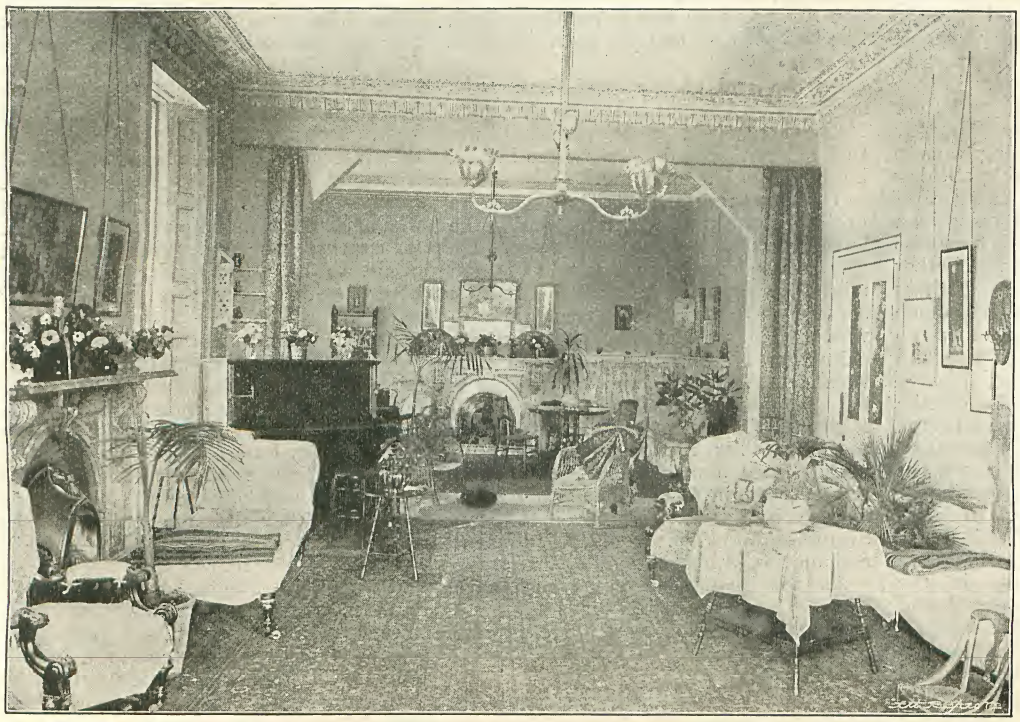
The establishment of this home was the first attempt in England to brighten the lives of shop girls, by giving them a chance of recruiting their strength and teaching them the effect of happiness and rest in a beautiful climate.

It was scarcely less a blessing to many rich people, for it opened out a means of being useful to girls toiling for daily bread without hurting their self-respect.

The arrival of the first guests was naturally looked forward to as an event of great importance, and Miss Skinner and the matron were at the door to receive and welcome them; they were five girls from a house of business in Regent Street.

From that day to this the work has gone on without a single check to its success. After two years the home was removed to one with fifteen beds, and this proving too small the house next door was taken, and for several years they worked with what Miss Skinner calls "a thirty bed power." To-day the home consists of two beautiful houses standing side by side in the same grounds on Babbacombe Downs, with a magnificent view over the bay, and capable of accommodating a hundred guests or visitors as they are called; one house is known as Ferny Bank, the other as Ferny Combe.

The Misses Skinner are anxious to make it known that the aim of their work is not to provide a superior boarding house with merely improved physical comforts for business girls, though these are scrupulously attended to, but that it is an effort to put beauty, joy, colour, warmth and light into their lives, to create varied interests, to rouse up dormant energies and to stir up hope within them.



"THE DRAWING-ROOM OVERLOOKING THE SEA."

It is with this distinct object that every detail has been made as beautiful as possible, and books, pictures and music all pressed into service.

Miss Skinner says that the lives of girls working for their bread are often stunted and monotonous, and this is why she and her sister desire to help them out of the dull routine and lift their lives to a higher level. The perfect beauty of the place with its freedom from the vulgarity of many other seaside resorts helps to effect this in a very marked degree.

It is not easy to imagine what a holiday of two or three weeks in this beautiful place is to a girl whose life in London or other great towns is one fierce struggle in more ways than one. How it rests her tired eyes and wearied

limbs; how it strengthens and cheers her both in body and mind!

Of course it is something more than the charming houses, beautiful climate and scenery that makes the holiday at Babbacombe the desire of the heart to so many. It is the comfort, care, love, restfulness and consideration which each one experiences the moment she enters the home.

It is by personal intercourse and sympathy with the girls, and by advising them what to read and what to see, that the Misses Skinner help them to change mere existence into life; it is their influence which teaches them to discern the beautiful and true, as well as how to make life richer, fuller and sweeter both for themselves and others.

These ladies live close to the home and visit it every day and at all hours and if, for example, they find a girl regarding with interest any of the pictures and engravings which hang on the walls, one of the sisters will pause by her side and tell her something about the artist and his work; or if she finds a girl depressed and out of sorts she will sit down by her and listen to the troubles of her "daily round," and encourage her to make the most of life, begging her not to drift or be crushed by sorrow; and when, as sometimes happens, a girl says, "I don't care for myself; life is over for me," she will say, "Life is not over as long as you live in it. Pick it up again and force something out of it."

To women who have grown out of their first youth she has an occasional word to say. "Make the most of middle life; make it pleasant; dress as well as you can; don't get dowdy; keep up your courage and be bright; the time of personal beauty may have gone, but after all that is not everything, there are a lot of things left to enjoy; for example, work, books, scenery, pictures, and best of all, love still belong to you. Don't make the girls afraid of middle life, for it is to some the very happiest part of life, the fullest, the richest, the brightest."

In this way the sisters move about among their guests, spreading cheerfulness, sowing seeds of kindness and leading them without ostentation to the highest life of all.

The girls and women who make use of this beautiful home for their annual holiday are mostly shop assistants, dressmakers and milliners, post office and telegraph clerks, cashiers and type-writers. The home is expressly for business girls; neither governesses on the one hand nor domestic servants on the other are admitted. I asked why this rule had been made and so rigidly adhered to; the answer was that the home had been established expressly for the rest and joy of business girls, and that being so they, the Misses Skinner, could not allow the holiday to be spoiled by class prejudices; for example, a governess would have but little in common with a shop girl or needlewoman, and although domestic servants are often very superior to some dressmakers, yet the former would be looked down upon by the latter and there certainly could be no harmony where these prejudices existed.

These ladies have made as few rules as possible, but where they exist they must be kept; they are intensely gentle in their dealings with the girl visitors, but they hold the reins of government with a very firm hand.

Socially the laws laid down are those of cultured society; there are books, piano, games; every girl is expected to be neatly dressed and to conduct herself with good manners such as would obtain in good society. The home knows neither creeds nor politics; Church people, Dissenters and Roman Catholics are alike admitted, but all visitors are expected to attend their respective places of worship and family prayers in the home if there be no conscientious scruples.

A pleasing feature of the home is that a clear and simple report embodying income and expenditure is issued annually and audited by a well known man.

Of course it is essential that each visitor should bear a respectable character; this being so, there is no distinction made between those who are sufficiently well off to pay for themselves and those who are poor and come with help from subscribers; indeed I believe that no person in the home, save the Misses Skinner, knows to which class each girl belongs.

I have seen the home both in summer and winter; those who visit it in the former are able to indulge in boating, bathing, swimming, excursions and picnics; it does one's heart good to see the girls resting for once lazily in the hammocks under the trees with a book, or drinking tea out of doors.



THE MISSES SKINNER.

The residents of Torquay show their sympathy with the purpose of the home by inviting the visitors to their beautiful houses and grounds. I was present at one of these gatherings a week or two since and had long talks with the girls who spoke to me of their "daily round," their struggles and the intense enjoyment of the holiday at Babbacombe.

Everything in the home bears witness to the taste and care of the two sisters, who have left nothing undone that could comfort and rest the girls who come to them after their long months of weary, monotonous toil.

Every detail shows their love and consideration for the tired ones.

The drawing-room overlooking the sea is beautiful and the bedrooms are extremely pretty and comfortable. Each room is called after a flower and painted and furnished to match. The sanitary arrangements are excellent.

There is a reading and writing room and an excellent library which, with its catalogue and contents, is an example of the infinite care and trouble taken by the Misses Skinner to render the holiday spent in this home a rest for mind as well as body.

None know better than they the effect upon girls of reading intelligently good, well selected books, and one is not surprised to find that great attention and intelligent, loving care have been bestowed on this department of the home.

There are now over a thousand volumes, and the catalogue in which they are arranged and registered is in itself unique and well worth a study. First the books are arranged in sections; for example, poetry, biography, novels, theology, essays, science, history, hygiene, domestic economy, French books and magazines.

Each section is prefaced by remarks for the benefit of the guests and to guide them as to what to read and how to make the most of what they read. These remarks are so good that I should like to give them all, but space will only allow me to give a very few of them.

Poetry.

Poetry is the most perfect expression of the highest thoughts of the greatest men.

Try to like the best poetry. Don't say, "I don't care for poetry" as if it were something to be proud of; try to cultivate a liking for it. Ruskin says, "I do not wonder at what men suffer but at what they lose."

Don't lose poetry out of your life; climb the Alps when the valleys suffocate you; get out of the dust into the fresh, pure air; out of the grey into the blue; you will do your work all the better for it. Read the best poetry. For better appreciation of the poets read *With the Poets*, Dean Farrar, and *Theology in the English Poets* by Amy Sharpe. Those who wish to understand Browning's poems should read Browning's *Message to the Times* by Dr. Bardoe. Read *Aurora Leigh* by Mrs. Barrett-Browning for a noble ideal of what women can be and do.

If you have but little time use that little for the very best. If you read the best you will like the best; as Tennyson says, "We needs must love the highest when we see it."

Spare half an hour a day to be a man or woman as well as a worker; your work will be the fresher for it. When the noise of the Strand or the whirr of the machines deafens you take ten minutes each day resolutely out of the dinner hour to go into green meadows with Matthew Arnold in the *Scholar Gipsey*. I do, and go back cooled and refreshed, as if I had rested under the shadow of a spreading tree on a sunny lawn.

The drama or plays come next in literature to poetry.

Read Shakespeare's plays, especially *Macbeth*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and afterwards you will wish to read the historical plays. Read Donder's Primer on Shakespeare and the notes to the plays and you will not care for inferior ones.

Biography.

Lives of good or great men and women. Read them to stimulate and lift up your own life, to enable you to conquer difficulties and to be brave and strong as those men and women were to stand up and not lie down in life.

To see what men and women like ourselves have been and have done; how they have fought with life and gained the victory; how they have gained strength out of suffering and learnt sympathy from sorrow; how they have helped other people and done good to the world.

Read *Kingsley's Life*, *Dr. Arnold's Life*, *Sister Dora's Life*, *Father Damien's Life*, *Mary Carpenter's Life*, and *Father Matthew's Life* to see what good work for the world they have done, and to stir us up to do our part in making God's world what He intended it to be.

Women are inclined to be narrow, to care only for what belongs to their own families. Lives such as these help to broaden them and make them feel that they are citizens of the world as well as members of a family; the world belongs to them because it belongs to God, and they must do their part in it as Lord Shaftesbury, Charles Kingsley, Dr. Arnold and Mary Carpenter did.

In ourselves we can only live one life. In biography we can enter into the lives of many. Our own life is often dull because we have to do the same thing over and over again. Get out of your own life by getting into the lives of others. Dulness is being shut in; get out. You are sitting in a dreary London room with no outlook but chimney pots. Look out with Charles Kingsley's eyes on to the Devonshire moors; with Tyndall on the Alps; with Ruskin up into the sky.

Look over the list of people's lives in the catalogue and see how many acquaintances you can make.

You would have liked to know Charles Dickens. Well, make his acquaintance in his life in the library.

Every one who enjoyed reading *Westward Ho! Hypatia*, and *Two Years Ago*, would like to know the author, Charles Kingsley. Read his life; it is most interesting. You would have thought it an honour to have a letter from him, read his tender loving letters which might have been addressed to you or me and see with his eyes the beautiful scenery he describes.

Read Charlotte Brontë's life to learn what difficulties a woman can struggle with and overcome; how genius can be combined with a stern sense of duty, not as some foolishly think that genius is an excuse for neglect of duty.

The higher the mind the keener should be the sense of duty, for brains help us to discern it. Intellect is a help to goodness; goodness is strength. It is a poor thing to be overcome by the lowest part of you. Goodness is victory; wickedness is defeat. The lesson of biography is fight and conquer.

Fiction.

"Novels! When I read at all I read novels to amuse me."

Yes, only read the best novels—those that tell you about different kinds of life.

Novels are of real use in showing different kinds of life in different ranks; they also enlarge our sympathies by depicting various kinds of suffering which you have not experienced and this enables you to help other people better. Use novels that way, to help you to make other lives brighter. Novels are like society. Choose the best society, it is the most interesting. It is not a bit of good tacking a good moral on to the last page of a book if you have been wading in dirt for three volumes.

Never read a novel after which you have to wash your mind or which weakens you for the battle of life or which makes you discontented with ordinary healthy life.

Don't read any book which makes you feel as though you were in low society. Choose novels which depict different sides of life. Read historical novels, for they teach you of other times and of foreign countries, for example, *On the Edge of the Storm*, *Richelieu*, and others like them. Read, however, something beside novels. It is not good to live upon even wholesome sweets; always have another book going as well as a novel—meat and pudding I call it.

Theology.

"I do not wish so much for religious books as books written in a religious spirit."—*Dr. Arnold.*

All good books are religious, for it is God who helps the poet to see the beauty of life, the historian to see facts, the scientific man to search out the secrets of Nature and the novelist to put forth a high ideal.

Some books are specially about God and His action in the world. This is theology; and we have set apart a section of the library for theology.

Books which give us high and noble and generous ideas of the kind of life we ought to live, not poor, mean and grasping notions of what we can get for ourselves. Books which show that religion includes all good things, not only sacraments and prayers for the soul, but education for the body and training for the mind.

Read *Kingsley's Sermons*, and don't set yourselves against them because they are called sermons; read *The Good News of God*. *From Death to Life*, *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen*, and *Religions of the World and Their Relation to Christianity*, not an easy book but deeply interesting to the thoughtful. For hymns choose strong vigorous ones that stir you up to action, not lull you into repose. Lift yourself up to your religion, don't lower your religion to yourself.

Your religion is your life, your life and nothing less.

Science and Natural History.

"Science? Oh, it is so dull and one wants something amusing."

Dull, nothing of the kind! It's the most interesting thing in the world if you get into it; geology especially; it means understanding something of the world we live in. Doesn't it seem rather stupid to know nothing about the earth we are treading every day?

Science opens our eyes. God meant us not to be blind but to see. Science is one of God's teachers.

Science, even a little knowledge of it, removes many difficulties. Science teaches us that the world is governed by law; the laws of storms for instance. Captains of ships learn them and avoid certain currents, etc. It teaches also that pestilence follows dirt. Science is a true friend to religion. It has swept away many wicked superstitions. It is God and man working together. It is a great pity so many women do not care for science. A knowledge of science enlarges your minds, gives you another world, many other worlds to live in.

Don't sit down before the doors of science, enter in. The harder you work the more you need change of thought. Read Sir John Lubbock's *Beauties of Nature*, and *Pleasures of Life*.

Astronomy.

It is strange how little people know about the sky.

Ruskin says, "It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man and more for the sole purpose of talking to him than in any part of her works."

The sky is intended for our perpetual pleasure, therefore look at it. Study the sky and learn something of the countries in the firmament. Learn the difference between the stars which do not move and the planets or wanderers which appear from time to time.

Botany.

If you know nothing of botany the flowers are strangers to you. Even a little knowledge makes them into friends.

Botany is about the flowers you see in the lanes, the plants and ferns, mosses, and lichens. When you go into the lanes bring in all the flowers you can find and look them out

in Anne Pratt's coloured pictures and learn their names. Read Anne Pratt's *Rambles in Search of Wild Flowers, Ferny Combes,* and *Common Objects of the Country.*"

HISTORY.

"History is the record of God's dealings with mankind."—*Dean Stanley.*

History means—How men and women came to be what they are now. Books about England, the infancy of England, the children of England, the manhood of England.

Try to understand something about your own country. Isn't it a pity that all the past of your own country should be a blank to you? Read Green's *History of the English People,* and Macaulay's *History of England.* History is the record of the education of the world. Read English history to see how England grew up, to see how it became more and more and more free and how we ought to use our freedom.

What a pity it is not to know about history when you go to old castles, towns and cathedrals. I advise you whenever you go to see an old place to look out first in an English History the stories about it; it will double the interest. If you know the stories belonging to the places you can fancy the ladies of the castles looking out of the slits in the towers for the men returning from the wars, and so on. The places will seem peopled instead of empty. This will make your mind richer. Knowledge of history doubles your interest in life. When you read any period in history try to read an historical novel at the same time. If you are studying the French revolution read the *Atelier du Lys,* and *On the Edge of the Storm.*

These are some of the remarks which preface the various sections of books. As I said before I wish I could give them in their entirety; they form such an excellent guide in the selection of books. The care shown in the library is a sample of that displayed in every part of the Home of Rest. A holiday spent here strengthens the girls in mind and body, and it is no small thing that we, by giving a yearly subscription, may help this good work and strengthen the hands of those ladies who devote their lives to it.

I only wish that all who read this paper could see the home and the guests and the gentlewomen whose lives are spent in giving rest and joy and strength to shop girls. It is a Christ-like work done in the quietest manner possible. One can only give the barest outline of what is done here, but I beg of you, who can, to go and see it, and you will understand better what women workers are doing.



"THAT PECULIAR MISS ARTLETON."

By FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU won't wear that old dust-cloak, Miss Joan?"

"Yes, I shall, Rendel; it is such a splendid cover-all."

"But it is so terribly shabby and old-fashioned."

"Now, Rendel, you have enlarged upon its defects for the last five summers. I know them by heart. With all its faults, I love it still."

"There is this lovely velvet cape—I am sure it is comfortable," ventured Rendel respectfully.

"All bugles, and dangles, and lace! Yes; and there is that silk atrocity you persuaded me to purchase in Paris; and there are several other garments equally as useless. I shall wear my old dust-cloak—do you hear, Rendel?"

"Yes, ma'am. But suppose you meet the De Quincey Joneses or Lady Anne Ponsonby?"

"What shall I do?" cried Miss Artleton in tragic tones. "I shall rush into the nearest shop and cry, 'Hide me, oh, hide me, for Rendel's sake!'" And the little old lady broke into a merry laugh. "Don't look so disappointed! My friends will not blame you; they know you are a jewel."

"It is not for my sake, ma'am; they might think it strange——" Rendel stopped in confusion.

"That a person of my position should wear such an antiquated garment," concluded Miss Artleton gaily. "They can think what they like—I shall wear my dear old dust-cloak. I have made up my mind, Rendel, and you know what that means; you have lived with me nearly thirty years."

"Only twenty-six, ma'am," ventured the maid.

"Don't blush! We are both growing old—I am not ashamed of the fact. Reach that black sailor hat; it will be so useful. Now I can see a look of horror in your eyes. You thought I bought it merely from pity for that poor half-starved milliner. I bought it to wear, Rendel—understand that! Her Majesty wears a common or garden hat, and she is ten years older than I am, so I follow her example. When she rides a bicycle, I shall ride one also. I am truly loyal." And with a laugh, Miss Artleton perched a girlish sailor hat upon her grey curls.

"I am going by train to Sandrington, Rendel. There is a pretty girl in a fancy shop there in whom I am interested. Yes, I have a fad for shop-girls at present. That little vulgar boy who stole my diamond brooch rather damped my ardour for shoeblacks. But I have faith in human nature. He will return it to me, I feel sure he will. Now I am ready. No, you need not accompany me; you suffer such agonies when I disgrace the noble name of Artleton. You ought to have been an aristocrat, Rendel!" And, waving her tiny gloved hand, Miss Artleton left the room, tripped down the broad oaken staircase, and went out into the open air.

With a despairing sigh, Rendel walked to a window and watched her mistress out of sight.

Among her lady acquaintances, Miss Artleton was generally described as "a good old soul, but slightly peculiar—a love affair when she was a young girl, you know," the latter part of the sentence being accompanied by a significant tap of the forehead. Only a favoured few saw the priceless jewel that lay hidden behind the little lady's odd exterior.

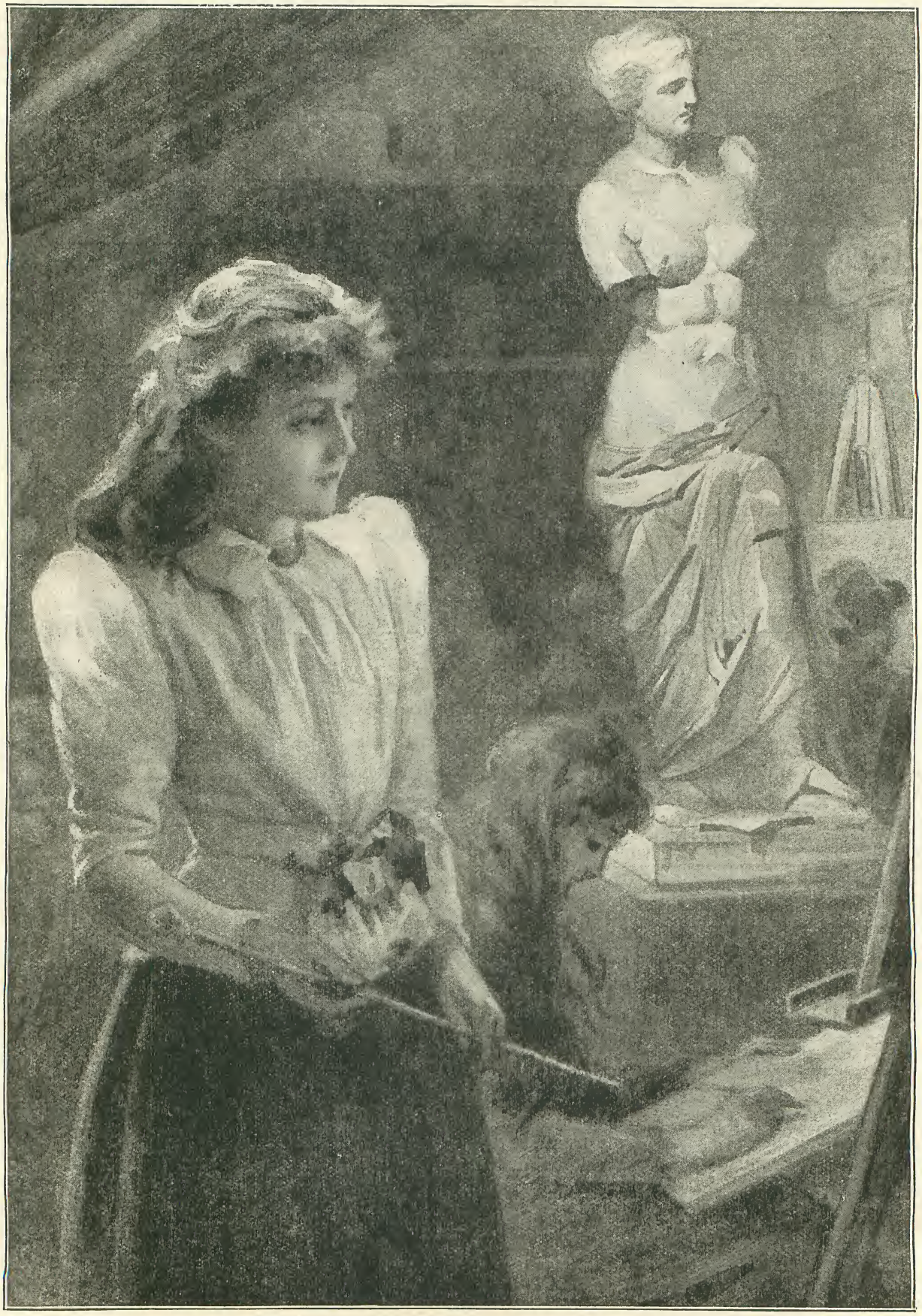
Years ago, when she was young and pretty, she became engaged to a noble but penniless young fellow, who, to make for himself a position in life, set sail for India. The outward-bound vessel was lost and with it Miss Artleton's lover.

For months the poor girl went about a mere shadow of her former self; then she suddenly aroused all her energies, and her fashionable friends began to shake their worldly-wise heads and say that she was peculiar. The visible form her peculiarity took was vaguely hinted at. It was a form unknown to the idlers who lounged their lives away in heated drawing-rooms or raced across the Continent in search of happiness.

Many a young couple happily married blessed the name of the "peculiar" Miss Artleton. A few pounds here, a little influence there, and many a bright home sprang into existence where, without her assistance, there would have been long years of weary waiting, until, as the little lady herself put it, "The poor young folk would be too tired to enjoy each other's society."

Purchasing a few yards of ribbon in a fancy shop one day, Miss Artleton's attention was arrested by the fair, open countenance of a young assistant. Her romantic fancy was immediately captured, and, without knowing it, Clarice Day found a valuable friend. This visit was succeeded by several others, but only once did Clarice "serve" Miss Artleton. Still, the little lady kept her eyes and ears open. The result will be seen later.

(*To be continued.*)



"WITH LONGINGS VAGUE, AND HARDLY UNDERSTOOD."

DREAMS.

By E. NESBIT.

She looks on beauty, and it stirs her soul
With longings vague, and hardly understood;
Her timid fingers lack the large control
Wherewith her hopes endow her womanhood.
She dreams of days when she no more shall sigh
At strife of tremulous hand and eager eye,
When she, too, shall find grace her dreams to show
In such fair form as the immortals know.

Like some fair bud plucked ere it come to flower
The dream may fade, yet not be all in vain:
Though Time should give her for her utmost dower
The common gifts of common joy and pain;
Though Art and all her visions fade away
From eyes that watch her children at their play,
And all the skill that was to give dreams life
Makes wise the hands of mother and of wife.

Not vain the golden dream, the radiant fire
That kindled once the innocent brave heart:
Man's soul grows nobler by a pure desire,
And Life, thank God, has nobler ends than Art!
Yet in her home, where Love's wings only stir,
Whence Art has flown—shall it not profit her
To have loved beauty in her maiden youth,
To have kissed the feet of beauty's sister, truth?



"GLORIFIED" WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.

PART I.

Dear Elsie and Annie, Miss —— tells me that you have made up your mind to "housekeep" in London on your own account, and to try a flat. She also says your dear mother is anxious about the experiment, having heard dreadful tales of the discomfort and miscellaneous company you might encounter in the sort of flat you propose to take.

As I have tried the plan myself and as I know you two girls are practical and ready to take useful hints, I must give you some, and hope they may be of use.

First of all, I should never recommend any but steady, "level-headed" girls to go to live in a flat. Only, nowadays, when all women must work to live, and must often live alone or in lodgings, the question is, how to make life as easy as hard daily work will allow. Boarding is one plan, for girls who are out all day, but it is expensive, unless they are prepared to "rough it" very considerably, and the mixed company and want of privacy is often uncongenial. Then comes the plan of lodgings, furnished, or unfurnished: the former leaves you very much at the mercy of the landlady, and the latter is even worse, for it is all but impossible to get unfurnished rooms in a nice house, and here again, a good or bad landlady makes or mars your comfort to no small extent, so, given two sensible girls like you, I should recommend your giving the "flat" a fair trial.

On the principle of "first catch your hare" you will have to look about for a flat, and this is not quite so difficult as it seems, if you are willing, as so many working women of all classes do now, to try "workmen's dwellings." Of these, there are many, in the various districts of London, but naturally you will wish to be fairly central and within easy, i.e., walking, reach of your work. I should strongly advise your making full inquiries before you settle. Supposing you do hear of desirable rooms, at a weekly rental, you will be asked to give references, and to sign an agreement, and here you had better consult a man friend. Mr. —— will be the best, as he knows so much about these dwellings. Do not take rooms with a gloomy aspect, but be sure that on one side or other you have sunlight.

Now as to rental, etc. You ought to get two rooms varying in size from 16 feet by 14 to 17 feet, with a scullery from 9s. 6d. per week to 10s. 6d. Two smaller ones, without scullery, would be cheaper, 8s. to 8s. 6d. Your landlord, or the agent acting for him, will see to the papering and painting of these, but will probably leave the choice of paper, etc., to you. You can now have very lovely shades of plain paper, with no design on it, and unless your rooms are very sunny, I strongly recommend a lemon yellow for both paint and paper. It is cheerful by day and lights up so well at night.

In your "flat" you will find that one of the two rooms is fitted as a kitchen, that is, with a cooking range and dresser. If you have a scullery, the copper will be in that, so I need not trouble you as to contrivances for utilising and ornamenting it, till I hear more from you. But, perhaps you may feel alarmed at the dresser and the cooking range. Well, here is a plan for both, which I think you will like.

First take the stove. That you will find necessary for cooking purposes, but not always necessary for heating. So your best plan will be to have a small oil cooking-stove, which can be placed on the top of the other, and which, if kept clean, will have no odour and will be quite sufficient for all you require. Round the top of the mantelshelf have an iron rod placed, and hang pretty curtains, to match those at the window. These can be drawn close directly your cooking is over, and will be rather ornamental than otherwise.

The dresser is comparatively easy to manage. You will not require it for plates or saucepans, if you have a scullery, and so you can make it as ornamental as you please. If your rooms are being painted, see that all unsightly hooks and nails are taken out before the painting is done. If not, then you will have to do that for yourselves. Remove the iron handles, and paint the dresser with whatever colour suits your hangings, carpet, etc. It will have to be gone over twice, and if a hard-drying, good enamel is used, it will look very well. Replace the drawer handles with brass ones, which you can often pick up at a furniture dealer's very cheaply, or can buy new for little more. The bottom shelf, where the saucepans usually live, is an excellent place for your typewriter and sewing-machine to stand when not in use. Also it makes a place of refuge for newspapers and magazines which will gather, whether one wishes or no. The drawers you will find invaluable for your tablecloths, serviettes, mats, and so on, and in one, the knives and cutlery and salt cellars can be stored away; also your duster, for the time being. The shelves hardly need any suggestion. Photographs, books, and all sorts of odds and ends will naturally find their home there, and your taste is sure to make the dresser a "thing of beauty." Should you be able to afford it, a strip of looking-glass inserted between two of the shelves, at the right height will be found very useful. This costs about 2s. 6d. per square foot and can very easily be fixed, so as to be removed when you move, if you should have to do so.

I do not think you will wish me to give you all my ideas as to furnishing, but perhaps one or two hints may come in useful. For floor covering for your sitting-room, I think you will find the cheapest and prettiest is a large square of Moonj matting. The red, blue and cream colours are bright and cheery, and the matting is easily kept clean and wears splendidly. You can stain the floor all round, dark, or light oak, as your fancy directs. For the bedroom floor a square of carpet is preferable, and this can now be had in very pretty artistic shades, and very cheap.

Your bedroom door will probably be placed in one corner of the room, which only leaves you three corners at disposal. Of these three, I would suggest making hanging dress-cupboards out of two, and a washstand of the remaining one. The dress-cupboards are made thus: get a good-sized shelf, fixed to the wall at a height of 7 feet from the floor, and just above the skirting-board have another of the same size fixed. Under this last, you can keep boots and shoes. From the top shelf a serge or plushette curtain should hang, which will effectually keep out the dust. The hooks for dresses are placed on the side supports of your bracket shelf. I daresay you will not have time to embellish your curtains, but I have seen very pretty art serge embroidered ones, which were the work of leisured fingers.

Now for the washstand. Get the same carpenter who puts up your other shelves to place at the right height for comfort, a strong shelf wide enough for one or two basins and ewers. The larger you can allow this to be, the more comfortable you will find it. A curtain ought to hang from this shelf too, in lieu of a cupboard door, and, if you are pressed for space, hang a looking-glass in the angle of the wall. Your toilet brush-bags can hang one on each side, and save the purpose of splashers as well.

I have left the beds to the last, for I think you know my views on that subject, and I cannot too strongly urge you each to have your own bed. You can get most comfortable ones at a very moderate cost from the Standard Folding Bedstead Co. They are easily fixed, well ventilated, and during the day, hook up on the wall, leaving plenty of space in the room. I have not mentioned the chest of drawers, as you will have to decide about that when you find what your funds will allow. But there is one necessity, namely a dressing-screen. This you will find such a comfort, and if you buy one of the pretty Japanese ones for 9s. to 10s., you can use it in either room as desired.

You will, by matting over the scullery, be able to make that your bathroom, and will find it very handy and much more convenient than having a bath in the bedroom. Your cooking utensils, I fear, I have not time to mention, but I know your mother will see that you have all you need, and so I will only finish my long letter with a few hints which you must take in good part, as beginners in your new and fascinating housekeeping.

1. Arrange to have your milk and bread brought regularly. You are sure to find a dairy near where they will serve you sufficiently early in the morning.

2. *Do not neglect your regular meals.* You will find it an excellent plan to take it in turns to "housekeep." In the morning, the one who makes the beds and does up the rooms, might prepare the breakfast while the other goes out to provide for the evening meal. I imagine you will lunch in the city, so that supper will be the meal required. And I trust you will always see to it that you have a substantial, but digestible supper, as soon as you can after returning home.

3. See that your lamps, candles, etc., are always clean and ready for use, and matches handy. There is nothing so dismal as to come home to a dark room or rooms and grope about for light. It is unlikely you will have gas, in a flat such as I have described, though you may have the "penny in the slot" arrangement, and this is a great convenience.

4. See that your drains, sink, etc., are always well flushed and kept perfectly sweet and clean. If anything seems out of order, go at once to the agent and have the matter seen to; it may be very easily remedied.

5. Be very careful to leave your sanitary dustbin ready, on the days when it is cleared, and see that all refuse is carried away. The most absolute cleanliness is needed in such close quarters, and by attention to this life may be as healthy and is certainly as pleasant in "your flat" as it could be in your own home.

P.S. I don't think I have been nearly emphatic enough about the need for care in arranging your meals. Be sure to take a good breakfast, and try by all means to have a good, wholesome evening meal. Never fall into the habit of living on sausage rolls and pork pies, and tinned meats. You both know something of cookery, therefore learn more, if you can, by practising for "each other's" benefit, which after all is the truest "altruism."

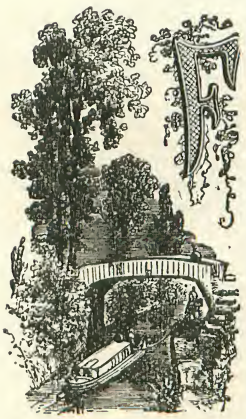
(*To be concluded.*)

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," etc.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE FENS.



FEW places, by way of contrast, as regards scenery, could have been greater than when I came straight back from the school where I was educated in lovely Lausanne to Anderby Hall, our home in the Lincolnshire fens. I had not been at home, even for the holidays, for three years, owing to my having measles or something or other that prevented my travelling. Two years ago I came back not to return, for my school-days ended on my nineteenth birthday. My mother had died quite suddenly two years before, and since then Aunt Elsie, father's eldest sister, kept house for him. Then she became very ill, and the doctors had little hope of her being anything but an invalid for the rest of her life, so my home-coming to be the active head of the house seemed just in time.

Our home is a very large, rambling old house, very much out of repair, and with large gardens stretching at the back, and a short lawn in front, the gate opening on to the village road. We are eleven miles from a railway station, five from anything that can be called a town, and beyond two or three families who live within a few miles of us, and about two in the village itself, there is no society at all. From my bed-room window I can see miles and miles of fenland stretching to the horizon. The fens are intersected by canals, and here and there are tiny villages and a church spire.

Dolly, who is thirteen, and Bess and Anne, who are twins of nine, go to a school kept by two maiden ladies in the village. The children of the doctor and clergyman go there, and, considering how remote we are from civilisation, it is fortunate to have a school at hand, for father says he doesn't wish them to be far away, and prefers this school, which, for the country, is wonderfully good.

It was my great wish to go and be trained for a nurse, and I think father would have let me do this later on had not mother died. But now, as he says, my duty is clearly to be at home. Perhaps, when Dolly is older and able to take my place, there may be a chance of my going.

Last week a very delightful thing happened. I had a letter from Maggie Anderson, who had been to stay at Lausanne once during the holidays. She was a sister of Madame Chaudet, whose school I was at, and it was her telling me a great deal about hospital life, where she had just begun her training, that gave me the wish to be a nurse. She wrote from her London home, for she had lately been ill, and the doctors wanted her to have six months' rest; and when I told father, he said that I could invite her to come and stay here if I liked, and that it would be company for me, for he had to go to America on business, a brother of his having died there lately, and he might be away three months or more.

"You would enjoy that, would you not, Nell?" he asked, for father always loves to please us.

"Yes, father, it would be lovely; I hope she can come," I answered, and, to my joy, I found she could, so the morning father sailed from Liverpool for New York, I went to meet her at the station, and was surprised to see how white and ill she looked.

She is several years older than I am, and a very delightful person. The children took to her, and Tom, our one brother, who is eleven, voted her a brick.

"Now, Maggie, while you are here I am going to pick your brains diligently," I said to her the day after her arrival, and she laughingly said she gave me full permission to do so.

"As there seems no chance whatever of my going to be trained as a nurse, and here, of course, there are never any ambulance or home-nursing classes, I don't see how I can get any practical knowledge of nursing," I remarked, "and I long to learn all I can on the subject."

"Every woman should know certain rules about nursing, and how to carry out a doctor's orders," said Maggie, "and I will tell you all I can."

"You know sometimes I go and see the poor people in the village, and often and often I have wished I knew how to make them more comfortable and give them hints about treating the sick; only I did not know what to say and do."

"If I am to help you practically, Nell, I may have to find fault," said Maggie.

"Yes—why, of course you must, but as you have not seen me trying my hand at nursing, I don't know how you can find fault."

Maggie smiled.

"There is your Aunt Elsie, see what an invalid she is."

"Oh, yes, of course, but her maid whom she has had all her life waits upon her, and I have very little to do with it."

"I know you are very attentive to her in reading to her and bringing her flowers," said Maggie, "and she told me yesterday you were her sunshine."

"Did she—how nice of her? Well, it's about the only sunshine she gets," I answered, "for her room seems always cold and dull."

"Now comes my first bit of fault-finding," said Maggie. "Why should she have that particular room?"

"I don't know, Maggie, excepting that it has always been hers ever since she came to live with us. Now I come to think of it, as she has to live in her room, perhaps a sunnier one would be better."

"Yes, and very much healthier. South or south-west are the best aspects. Do you know, Nell, that sunshine in itself is health-giving. The Romans had sun-baths two thousand years ago."

"Oh, and now I come to think of it, they have them at Lucerne."

"Yes, and sunlight has the power of checking the growth of germs, and burns up what is classed generally as effete matter."

"Certainly Aunt Elsie could have the room at the end of the west wing, only it is rather out of the way."

"All the quieter for her," said Maggie, "and if I remember rightly there is a room opening out of it."

"Yes, there is."

"Well, supposing we propose it to your aunt. Come, let us go up at once."

And we went.

It was a lovely afternoon—we are just at the end of October—but Aunt Elsie's room certainly struck me as cold and dark-looking, though it certainly was not chilly in other respects, for there was a big fire and the room was very hot. Aunt Elsie was not up, and lay quite sunk down in her feather bed, and her pillows did not look comfortable. She liked the idea of a change into another room very much, and Maggie quite won her heart by telling her that she was sure she would be better in her new quarters. It was great fun preparing the rooms for Aunt Elsie, and Maggie and I worked with a will.

"I wish we had a glazed paper on the walls!" said Maggie as we paused in our labours of staining a deep border of oak colour all round the room. "It can be kept clean so much more easily, as it can be wiped down with a damp cloth; however, this must do for the present. I am glad Joanna cleaned the rooms so well."

"She was astonished at your insisting upon the ceiling and walls being dusted," I said. "It would never have occurred to me."

"It is quite as important that they should be kept clean as any other part of the room. Now those pieces of carpet nicely bound will be ever so much better than having carpet all over the place, as they can be taken up and shaken. Tell me, Nell, do you think your aunt clings to that dreadful feather-bed?"

"I don't know. Why, what is the matter with it?"

"They are hot, unhealthy, and generally uncomfortable," said Maggie, "and the person is apt to get into the most uncomfortable holes. Of course, for sickness as for health, the best kind of bed——"

"Oh, wait a minute!" I said hurriedly. "I have started a note-book, and am going to write down things unless they are such that I am sure I can remember them."

"Very well, then."

The Bed.—An iron bedstead six feet six inches long and three feet wide is a good size. A wider bedstead gives the nurse a great deal of trouble in reaching over, and with the width named she can reach the patient easily from both sides of the bed.

Proper bedding should consist of two horse-hair mattresses, or one horse-hair mattress placed on a palliasse. The best of all, however, are spring mattresses, or chain-mail beds with a hair or wool and hair mattress on the top. If you have a feather bed which must be used, place it under the mattress.

The bed should never be placed with one side against the wall, and the light should not fall on the occupant's face, as that is very tiring to the eyes. If possible, the bedstead should stand between the fire-place and the door.

Cotton sheets, light warm blankets, and, for extra warmth, an eider-down quilt are required for a bed. The quilt should be one of the ventilated ones. Heavy cotton counterpanes are always objectionable.

If a bolster is used, it should be placed in a case by itself and not rolled up in the top of the sheet. Several pillows are necessary, the underneath ones not being too soft.

"I have written all that down," I said as Maggie paused. "I doubt very much if Aunt Elsie will submit to having the feather-bed placed under the mattress though it is a nice soft one."

"We must not worry her," said Maggie; "but see if we can't make alterations gradually. I am glad to see that hers is an iron bed and not a wooden one. We must hang up some pictures to-morrow, Nell; I noticed that her walls were very bare."

"Yes, so they are," I answered; "but I never heard her complain, and certainly I never noticed it."

"We might look about and see if we cannot find something that can brighten the walls and make the room pretty. It is nice for an invalid to have something cheerful to look at, and pictures often suggest good thoughts. Now I think the next thing for us to see about are the windows."

"Yes, the housemaid can clean them to-morrow morning," I remarked; "and then we can paste them up."

Maggie stared at me.

"I suppose you did not notice in Aunt Elsie's room that there was paper pasted over the crevices between the sashes and the woodwork? You see that she objects to draughts."

"But how can the windows be opened to air the room?" asked Maggie who looked thunderstruck.

"They never are opened through the winter. The pasted paper is washed off for the summer months," I said calmly.

"I don't wonder now at your aunt's complexion," said Maggie, and then she gave me a long discourse upon fresh air, and I entered her remarks in my note-book.

Ventilation.—The air of a sick-room should be always kept quite fresh, and by careful ventilation alone can this be secured. Ventilation really means fresh outer air replacing the inside air which has been made impure in many ways.

A Fire greatly contributes to the cheerfulness of a room and helps ventilation. If the temperature falls below 58° Fahr., it should always be lighted. A fire produces a diffused current of air in the direction of the chimney, and ensures the air of the room being often changed. At those seasons when you do not need a fire in a sick-room, a lamp kept burning in the fire-place very materially assists the ventilation of the room by drawing the bad air up the chimney.

Night Air.—With respect to night air, of course there are times during the night as well as the day when the outer atmosphere if damp, keen, or foggy, must not be allowed to enter; but that is not often the case, even in winter. As Miss Nightingale asked, years ago, very truly, "What air can we breathe at night except night air?"

"I wish you had some books that you could lend me," I said as I finished writing this down. "Have you any with you?"

"I am afraid I have not," said Maggie, "but as you only really need the very first principles of nursing, I think I can tell you all you want to know. But stay, I may have a note-book or two of my own with me, and I will go and see." And she went up-stairs and brought down a little manuscript book in which were notes and quotations from books she had studied and just what I wanted myself.

There was a paragraph on how to avoid draughts taken from a manual of nursing which I straightway copied into my book.

How to avoid Draughts.—It should be remembered that windows opened at the bottom are likely to create a draught on a level with the patient, and are, therefore, dangerous, unless carefully managed. An excellent plan of arranging an open window is to open the lower sash a few inches from the bottom, and to fasten a wooden board, eight to ten inches deep, across the lower opening, or to fit a piece of wood accurately in, and close the opening beneath the sash. The air thus enters at the middle, where the raised lower sash overlaps the lower end of the upper one, and the current is directed upwards towards the ceiling, and is thus gradually diffused through the room without draught. When the room does not admit of ventilation by this means, other substitutes must be employed. For example, the windows in adjoining rooms or passages may be opened and air admitted, or the door may be opened and a current of air created by shaking a clean towel or sheet about the room. In very cold or windy weather, when it is impossible to keep windows always open, the room should be aired several times a day, the patient being entirely covered up; the window may be thrown open and if necessary the door also for a few minutes, until the air has been changed and feels fresh. If the patient is able to leave the room, advantage should be taken of his absence to have it thoroughly aired and warmed again before his return. Amongst the poor, the nurse will find the greatest objection to having windows open, partly from ignorance and partly from dread of draughts, and she will have to be on her guard that the windows are not shut directly her back is turned. This is especially necessary at night, when it is of the utmost importance to keep the air fresh.

"I should not think this book of much use to you now," I said, as I handed it back to Maggie. "You are a trained nurse and must know all these things by heart."

"Yes, I do," said Maggie; "but I keep it because it is of use to me when I am lecturing on simple home-nursing as I sometimes do, and it refreshes my memory as to what it is needful to teach people. You see, once that we nurses have our regular hospital work, we are so much accustomed to everything being done on hygienic laws, that we are apt to forget that many people who come to lectures to learn about nursing do not know the very first principles of the laws of health. I mean of the value of cleanliness, fresh air, etc."

"And need to be told not to paste up the windows," I said. "To-morrow, Maggie, I am going to ask you a lot of questions and write down your answers."

"Very well," said Maggie. "I am willing."

(*To be continued.*)

DOCTOR ANDRÉ

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VI.



DURING the weeks that followed, Génie saw a good deal of the tenants upstairs. The invalid took a violent fancy for her, and Génie, whose heart was very tender, grew fond of the exacting lady, and by her constant kindness and attention to her won the intense gratitude of her son who was devoted to his mother.

One Sunday evening, a message came to Génie while she was eating her cold supper with Madame Féraudy—

"Madame Canière's compliments, and would she do her the honour of visiting her this evening, she was feeling far from well."

Génie was tired from her walk to church; like the majority of French girls she was not much of a pedestrian, but she could not refuse. She went upstairs rather slowly.

On the landing on the top of the staircase Monsieur Canière was waiting for her. He looked wistful, and the fresh colour had somewhat faded from his face.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "forgive my having asked you to come up, but my mother is restless and ill, and whenever you come you always do her so much good that I ventured to do so."

Génie looked and felt astonished. The last time that she had come to see Madame Canière she had scarcely spoken to her, had left all the conversation to her son, and had only sat staring at her with her uncanny, bead-like eyes.

She thought Monsieur Canière looking anxious, she believed that his life with his delicate and fanciful mother was a difficult one, and already she had learnt something of the patience and tenderness with which he always bore everything from her. So Génie only nodded kindly to him, accepted the pretty bouquet of wild ferns he offered her, and went in.

He did not follow; he was rather tired and dejected and he ran hastily downstairs, thinking that he would have time for a soothing cigarette before his mother wanted him again.

Génie came into the blue *salon*. Madame Canière was lying back in a large arm-chair by the table. She was a delicate-looking woman, who had evidently been once very elegant, and the elaborate arrangement of her dress, covered with lace and grey satin ribbons, betrayed that she still remembered the time when she had been a beautiful woman. Her face was very drawn and colourless now, and her abundant soft white hair was dressed and curled in the height of the fashion. She would have retained much of her former attraction had not her face been marred by an expression of pain and languor, and the sharp nervous glances of her black eyes.

"So you came! I did not think you would!" she exclaimed as Génie came forward and seated herself by her. "I do not see what attraction an invalid like myself could have to induce anyone young and gay to come near her."

"I want no attraction, madame," said Génie gently. "It is enough that you want me. I am glad to come."

"They say Protestants always tell the truth. My husband's family are all Protestants, and so is Jean; they never interfered with me. Is it the case? Do you think that they are so fond of truth?"

"At all events it is a noble reputation to have!" said Génie proudly. "There is nothing so strong, so precious as a friend whom you can absolutely trust, who is clear and true as fine crystal."

"Have you such a friend?" said Madame Canière quickly.

"Yes, I have two such friends."

"One is your Madame Féraudy, doubtless," said the invalid impatiently. "Who is the other?"

"The other is her nephew, Dr. André Féraudy," said Génie. "I cannot tell you what I owe to him."

"I have heard my son speak of him. He is much older, is he not? Doubtless almost as a father to you?" said Madame Canière.

"Oh no, Dr. André is quite young. Have you never seen him, madame? He is so clever, so wonderfully clever; they say he passed all the highest examinations that there are to pass, and might have any appointment he liked, but he devotes all his time and thoughts to the poor. I wish you could consult him. I think he might do you a great deal of good, and no doctor in Paris can compare with him in cleverness."

Madame Canière moved restlessly. "What is he like in appearance—this paragon?" she asked. "I cannot bear ugly people."

"But he is not ugly, madame. He is—perhaps not exactly handsome—but he is better than handsome. There is something about him that makes him beautiful."

"But what is he like?" said Madame Canière.

"He is tall and slight and active as a bird. He has thick dark hair cut short and standing up like a brush, and a black moustache, and a very thin young face with large, rather hollow eyes."

"Humph! that sounds half-starved. I suppose he has no fortune, this fine gentleman?"

"I do not know," said Génie. "I remember that Madame Manche (our landlady in the Rue St. Hilaire) once told me that he would be quite rich if he chose, but he gives all away—all—all to his poor."

"You say he is clever?"

"Indeed there is no one like him, madame, everyone says so."

"I wonder whether he could do me any good! Does he ever come here, Eugénie?" she said wearily.

"Yes, he comes sometimes to see his aunt. He will be coming again soon for a day."

"After all, a story like that generally means that a man has failed to secure a good practice and must do what he can with the poor. But I forgot! this gentleman is one of your crystal friends!"

"I believe in him as I believe in my Bible," said Génie earnestly.

"Well, well, we will see. I did not mean to say anything against him. Eugénie dear, I am becoming very fond of you," she went on plaintively. "I should like to have a daughter like you, but I never had a daughter, no blessings ever came to me."

"And yet, madame," said Génie indignantly, "the devotion of monsieur, your son, excites everyone's admiration."

"He is very good, my son," exclaimed Madame Canière. "I do not know what I should do without him. I think he is faultless."

"Then you cannot say that you have no blessings."

"No, no, but it does one good to grumble now and then. My son is very clever, he does very well in his profession; he makes a large income, he has a charming house in Paris. *I tell him* that there is only one thing wanting to him, and that is a wife."

"But, dear madame, what more can he want, when he has you?"

"What?" exclaimed Madame Canière starting upright and speaking shrilly. "What do you mean, child? Will you dare to say that I must be dead and buried before my son can marry?"

"You make a mistake, madame," exclaimed Génie boldly, though her heart beat fast. "I said nothing of the sort. I merely meant to observe that monsieur, your son, had enough happiness in you."

Madame Canière sank back; she looked faint. "Did I speak crossly, dear child. I am sorry. I did not mean it. I am faint to-day from starvation. I have had nothing to eat. I cannot touch cold meat, and these Protestants will not allow any cooking."

"Dear madame," exclaimed Génie. "You have really eaten nothing? This shall never happen again! I will fly downstairs and make you an omelet at once. Yes, yes, an *omelette au jambon*. I am shocked!"

"But the rules, Eugénie! I knew them before we came."

"Rules always relax for illness," said Génie decidedly.

"I don't like to let you go, child. I enjoy having you."

"I shall not be ten minutes, madame."

Génie ran downstairs. As she passed the door of the *salon*, which was a-jar, she looked in. It was a very peaceful picture on which her eyes fell.

Madame Féraudy had drawn a little table in front of her tall-backed arm-chair, on which was placed a large illustrated Bible. She had a soft white Indian shawl round her shoulders, and her fine old face looked calm and sweet as if the Sunday peace had settled on her heart as well as her home. She looked up as Génie passed, and called to her. She went in to make her explanation.

"In old days," said Madame Féraudy, "my parents would have made no exceptions for invalids; no cooking would have been allowed, but there, my child, André has taught me better."

"André always knows," murmured Génie.

Madame Féraudy looked after her a little anxiously and murmured to herself, "How will it all end? He will not allow himself to be happy, and she—God shield her, and save her from the bitter pang of unrequited love. I must take care of this child—this most dear child. At present it is all right. He is an ideal—a hero only. We must keep it so."

When she was ready Génie went upstairs again carrying a prettily arranged little supper, the omelet beautifully made, thin toast, honey and butter.

Monsieur Jean had come in when Génie returned to his mother's *salon*. He received her with rapturous gratitude.

"You are too good—too kind. This little impromptu supper is charming."

Madame Canière sat up, allowed her son to put a cushion behind her, and rewarded Génie by thoroughly enjoying the food she had prepared with so much care.

They would not let her leave them, but entreated her to remain at least until nine o'clock. The evening was delicious; Monsieur Canière set the casement wide open, the scent of the *noisette* roses floated in, a nightingale began to sing loudly in a neighbouring ilex tree. On the air came softly the sound of the plash of the waves as they fell on the beach, and drew away with a whispering sigh.

Downstairs Madame Féraudy gathered her little household together to sing the evening hymn.

Génie clasped her hands and sang it also very softly, almost under her breath, as the slow, solemn sound came through the open window.

Jean Canière sat looking at her delicate, clear profile, at the soft waves of her golden hair, at the tender light in her true grey eyes, and he knew that he loved this fair girl and would fain have her for his wife.

(To be continued.)

THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

PART V.

DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LIFE.



THE earliest form in which trouble intelligibly reveals itself, is usually that of disappointment. The griefs of childhood—and poignant griefs they are — clothe themselves in this garb. A pleasure has been eagerly anticipated, filling up all the little horizon, and lo, it vanishes, under the spell of bad weather, a trifling ailment, or some other adverse circumstance. For the moment—but fortunately only for the moment—life seems blank. A promised gift, perhaps through the forgetfulness of the would-be donor, is not forthcoming. A prize at school has been worked for and is not obtained. One smiles to think of the tears shed, the keen suffering endured, for reasons such as these.

The etymology of "disappoint" is simple—*dis* and *appoint*—properly speaking, to unfix, or unsettle, hence, to frustrate.

A warning may be uttered here to those who have the care of children, not lightly to allow their little plans to be demolished, their hopes crushed. Respect the innocent anticipations of a child! There is a passage in Miss Alcott's *Little Men*—a wise and tender book—which well expresses this. Space forbids quotation, but my readers may consult it for themselves, and observe how the same spirit runs through the story.

A very different view of things prevailed a generation or two ago. I can well remember in my childhood hearing with horror of a good man who, whenever he perceived his children were enjoying toy, or fruit, or picture-book, with special relish, came stealthily behind them and took it away. His aim was that of sound moral training, but the method was needlessly cruel. Life will do all that is necessary in such discipline, and even the life of a child must naturally furnish many such tests.

Of course, foolish and indiscriminate indulgence is also cruel. The child should be encouraged to meet inevitable disappointment cheerfully; but disappointments should not be lightly and carelessly caused or invented, as a feeling of injustice is then added to the sorrow.

My object in this paper, however, is not to deliver a lecture even to elder sisters on the training of children. I have to try and help my girl-readers, who by this time have probably found out for themselves that disappointment is a necessary part of life, in bearing their own troubles, rather than performing their duty towards the younger members of their family.

Among the disappointments of girlhood, those connected with friendship assume a prominent place. I do not of course imply that it is a common or a usual thing for friends to prove treacherous or unkind. But girl-friendships are very keen and eager, and, in schooldays especially, make up a great part of the joy of life. It is a proportionately bitter grief, then, to find one has been deceived in a friend who was adored; the shock of disappointment is so great it is very hard to bear. After schooldays are done, girls are also dependent on one another for love and sympathy, and how dreadful it is to own: "I have been disappointed in So-and-so; I could not have believed it of her!" Some confidence has been betrayed (and experience leads me to believe this is rather a frequent blow to girl-friendship), or some unkind thing has been said by the supposed dear friend, and is repeated by another "friend" to the subject of the remark; then there is indignant expostulation and recrimination, or else a haughty silence, and all is over. The charming precious flower of friendship is trampled in the dust and is dead. The light that was so cheering and helpful is put out for ever.

"When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed."

Some girls seem rather to enjoy dealing death and destruction to their cherished friendships. They forget, in the dread enjoyment of the excitement of "a scene," how beautiful and choice a thing they may be ruining by their silly proneness to take offence.

This ruthless behaviour is by all means to be avoided. We must not expect absolute perfection even from our friends; neither must we expect they will always speak *about* us exactly in the same way as they would speak *to* us. Sternly close your ears against any officious acquaintance, who is eager to inform you what So-and-so has said about you.

But, if it is obvious beyond all doubt that you have been mistaken in a girl who was like your second self, do not let the "disappointment," terrible though it is, sour you against other affections; make all the excuses for her you can in your own mind, and resolve to bestow your confidence more worthily next time. Perhaps you were too impulsive and rash in your choice, and prepared the way for your own disappointment by expecting what a shallow nature could not offer you; or perhaps in some other way you may have been to blame in the matter. At any rate, it is not a usual thing for a friendship that is born of mutual attraction and real congeniality of tastes, principles and dispositions, to come utterly to grief.

There is another form in which disappointment may stab with special keenness on the threshold of womanhood—that of baffled ambition, frustrated hopes of a career.

A girl wishes to be trained for the medical profession; she feels her powers qualify her for such work, and her heart is set upon it;

but her parents will not hear of a daughter of theirs being a doctor; it is altogether far too new and extraordinary an idea, and she must (as she thinks) fritter her life away at home in calls and letter-writing and dress and trivialities. Another has had from childhood dreams of being an author. She writes from her inmost heart, and sends her poems and articles, polished with loving care, to one editor after another, but back they unfailingly come "declined with thanks." A third was going to Newnham or Girton, but her brother runs into debt, so it cannot be afforded. A fourth is entering the teaching profession with bright hopes, but her health breaks down, and it is all over. One might multiply such cases without end. These are the disappointments that test a girl's strength of character, and one can hear in fancy the despairing cry, "What am I going to do with this life of mine, which seemed so full of promise, and is now such a barren, hopeless thing?"

The right answer must vary in each individual case; but if despair is kept at bay, and a cheerful, brave outlook is maintained over the opportunities still left, help will come.

Modern life, with all the new openings it has brought for women, has also entailed bitter trials upon many in the way of disappointment. When there was no thought of a gently-bred girl doing anything but lead a domestic life after her schooldays were done, hopes and ambitions were not excited. Now these are constantly around by the ever new possibilities opening before women, and of necessity they must be often frustrated. This trouble is one in which sympathy is by no means readily tendered. One hears people say, "I cannot think why So-and-so is not contented in her good home, and her sisters and parents all so kind and nice!"

Did the kind friend ever think what it must be like to try and live in an exhausted receiver, however "nice" it were to look at? Fortunately people are growing wiser year by year.

What is one to say by way of comfort to the disappointed girl who feels she is hindered by circumstances from fulfilling her true vocation?

First of all—change your circumstances if you can. Do everything, consistent with filial duty, to shape your life to the ends for which you sincerely believe it is most fitted. If your wish is not the result of mere impulse, if you are pleasant about it and above all do not sulk, you will in nine cases out of ten find that with patience you will succeed. Of course, I need hardly say that I am supposing the ambition to be a right and proper one. To see an only daughter deliberately neglecting her obvious duty, because she likes something else better than looking after her home and parents, is a far from edifying spectacle.

If you cannot change your circumstances, then submit with a good grace, and try to find in the immediate surroundings something that will serve as second-best.

Even in this way, many a girl has lived to acknowledge it was well for her that her earliest hopes were baffled. The compensations of life are marvellous, more so than can possibly in youth be understood.

This truth is specially applicable to the third form of disappointment I must notice.

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The girl in a happy home, as she draws near the threshold of womanhood, has a vague but beautiful future before her.

"I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be."

Nothing is more touching to elder people than this onward-looking vision. It is no shame to the girl if she

"Dreams with what eyes, and what a sweet insistence,
Lovers are waiting in the hidden years."

If she is a girl of good breeding and refinement, she will not talk about it, and certainly will not allow it to be manifest in her behaviour that her one desire is to "get engaged." If she does, she may bid a fond farewell to any such hopes. At the same time I can hardly believe that even "a model to her sex" is at one time or another without some private dreams of happiness, in which she is not alone.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong—
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist, and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again."

"A disappointment" in a certain style of parlance has come to mean a trouble connected with this side of a woman's experience.

That there must be such disappointments is perfectly evident when we face even one fact, that half-a-million women, whether they wish it or not, cannot marry because there are more women than men.

The work to be done by unmarried women in these days is daily growing in dignity and importance, and the scorn formerly cast at the "old maid" is now becoming vulgarly inappropriate as well as impertinent. But this is small comfort for the individual girl who has had some cherished dream roughly disturbed, and sees her bright visionary future fade away into "the light of common day."

"When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled,
To endure what it once possest.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?"

The exquisite words may be re-echoed in anguish of spirit.

How dreary life appears! how sad a lot it seems to have to awaken morning after morning to the same dull, slow-moving hours! and what a long, long future stretches onward before the end is reached! As Pierre Loti has said, "*Toujours se lever; toujours se coucher; toujours manger de la soupe qui n'est pas bonne.*"

Then the grief is all the harder to bear because it cannot be talked about. An arm is broken and friends crowd in with condolences and comfort; a heart is broken, and the victim cannot utter a complaint.

What are we to say? It *is* hard, and nothing can make it easy. But it is of no use to sit down and lament beside the sufferer.

To the girl who in her inmost heart is conscious of such a "disappointment," and must needs wear a smiling face, I will try and give a word or two of affectionate consolation. But to begin with, I must say, "Live it down!"

You may think this is impossible. It is not impossible at all. The human will is a wonderful power. Each day of resolute effort will make it just a little tiny bit easier to forget him, if "he" has proved unworthy, as alas "he" occasionally does. But some other interest and occupation, distasteful as it may seem at the time, must be brought into the life to fill the void; and of all such interests, occupation for the sake of others is the most healthful. You remember the sister of Sir Percivale in the "Holy Grail," who, as the allegory shows, had gained deep spiritual insight through her grief.

"A holy maid; tho' never maiden glowed,
But that was in her earlier maidenhood,
With such a fervent flame of human love,
Which, being rudely blunted, glanced and shot,
Only to holy things."

Much work for good; much tending of the poor and needy; much benefit to the world; has been the outcome of a "disappointment," and the woman may live to say, "It is far better as it is."

"But my heart is broken!" you say. My dear child, in all probability it is not broken at all. I could tell you (to look at another aspect of the case) of unhappy girls who have come to me to ask for comfort in some such "disappointment" as I have been speaking about, and who, a year or so afterwards, have written joyful letters to warn me I was going to be invited to their wedding breakfast. And I have known young people who could not be thankful enough that the first affair ended in disappointment.

"When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

There used to be an idea prevalent among high-toned women, and preached by the author of *John Halifax*, that love was love only once and for ever. The affinity, the twin soul was perceived, and from that instant whatever "his" response, love endured till the end of life.

Sometimes this may be so; as in the wonderful case of Isabel, Lady Burton. But it is not by any means the universal rule. Without incurring the odious reproach of fickleness, it may be possible for a girl, especially a young girl, to make mistakes and take for the love of a lifetime the fancy of a moment.

However this may prove, life in some way will bring comfort

It is hard to realise it when the heart is aching and sore, and the girl is miserably conscious she is out of harmony with her surroundings at every point; but come it will if life is rightly lived, either in the form of a new love on the ashes of the old, or new occupations to draw out all the forces of the inner nature. There are many loves in life; not, as the poets would have us believe, one only.

But it is fatal to collapse in a sentimental manner, and give oneself up to mourning for the past. I think girls are often very brave in troubles of this sort, and pride may lend a stimulus that is exceedingly wholesome.

Then the most ruthless disappointment in this, as in other forms, may turn out to be an angel in disguise, leading to another and a better way of life.

The sweetest of women-poets, Christina Rossetti, who herself knew the pang of hopes sacrificed, has written allegorical words that may be pondered; and in commending them to the notice of "disappointed" girls I bid such readers a reluctant farewell.

"The fruitless thought of what I might have been,
Haunting me ever, will not let me rest.
A cold North wind has withered all my green,
My sun is in the West.

But where my palace stood, with the same stone
I will uprear a shady hermitage,
And there my spirit shall keep house alone,
Accomplishing its age.

There other garden-beds shall lie around,
Full of sweet-briar and incense-bearing thyme;
There I will sit, and listen for the sound
Of the last lingering chime."

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "SAINT VALENTINE."

SOLUTION.

Saint Valentine.

Lamented Saint! in olden days,
Recurring spring proclaimed thy praise,
And plighted friendship, gifts of worth,
Thy birthday hailed with happy mirth.
Then paper off'rings, tinsel gold,
Replaced the costly gifts of old;
Yet, at the postman's loud appeal,
Maid, mistress flew in eager zeal!
Alas! no more the flimsy show
Gleams in shop windows all a-row,
And empty, lonely is the shrine
Of kindly old Saint Valentine.

Prize Winners.

Seven Shillings Each.

Rev. S. Bell, Grove Park, Chiswick, W.

Amy Briand, 47, Hanley Road, Finsbury Park, N.

Alice J. Chandler, 11, Spencer Square, West Cliff, Ramsgate.

Dr. R. Swan Coulthard, Clanricarde House, Coventry.

Mrs. Deane, Lismogle, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim.

Louie Drury, 27, Edith Road, West Kensington.

B. G. Fletcher, Glen Gordon, Colwyn Bay.

Edith M. Howard, 29, Beaconsfield Villas, Brighton.

Lizzie Peacock, 14, Hungerford Road, N.

A. Phillips, 15, South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.

Henzell G. Robson, 7, Oxford Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

R. M. Thomas, The Beeches, Uzmaston, Haverfordwest.

Mrs. Thompson, 14, Rutland Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

Mina Wallan, 68, Coatsworth Road, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

G. S. Wilkins, Westcroft, Trowbridge.

Special Mention.

Edith Ashworth, Edith K. Baxter, M. A. C. Crabb, Marie E. Hancock, J. Hunt, Ellen M. Price, Ellen C. Tarrant.

Most Highly Commended.

Mary Bolingbroke, Ellen Thurtell, George Wotherspoon.

Very Highly Commended.

M. S. Arnold, Mrs. Ashby, A. E. Ashton, Elsie Bayley, Lily Belling, Nanette Bewley, M. S. Bourne, Mrs. J. Brand, E. H. Brookfield, Edward Selby Bruhl, Agnes B. Chettle, E. H. Duncan, Mrs. E. L. Hamilton, Ada J. Harrison, Helen M. Hill, Elsie M. Jay, E. A. Knight, Carlina Leggett. W. McAllister, C. Y. MacGibbon, L. Masters, Nellie Meikle, "Morwenna," E. R. Oliver, Rev. A. B. Orr, Hilda Pickering, Mrs. Prestige, Elizabeth Rose, Annie Saunders, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, L. W. Siffken, Mildred M. Skrine, Gertrude Sterling, C. E. Thurgar, Camilla F. Walker, Annie Wheeler, Dorothy Wheeler, Louisa Whitcher, Emily C. Woodward, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, Emma Adcock, Annie Ainsworth, "Annette," Margaret Bailey, Adelaide G. Barnes, Albert H. Barnes, M. J. Champneys, F. Chute, Leonora E. L. Clark, Rebecca Clark, J. Clemens (admirably designed), Mrs. A. E. Coombs, Louisa Coxhead, Mrs. Crossman, Jessie K. Field, C. M. A. Fitzgerald, A. and F. Fooks, Winney Foster-Melliar, Henrietta French, Edith E. Grundy, Charlotte Hayward, Florence Hayward, Gertrude E. H. Hind, M. Hodgkinson, Miss Hogg, Elsie A. Hooper, Rose A. Hooppell, M. Innocent, J. Jackson, Florence Johnson, L. Laurence, Clare E. Law, Mrs. Lister, Mildred M. C. Little, E. Mastin, May Merrall, E. C. Milne, Chas. A. Murton, Henrietta M. Oldfield, Mary Packer, A. E. Payne, Hannah E. Powell, Edith M. Prentice, Janet M. Pugh, Louise B. Rake, Maude Rattray, Ada Rickards, J. Clarke Richards, Alexandrina A. Robertson, A. C. Sharp, A. B. Smith, Mrs. Snell, Mary Swidenbank, Constance Taylor, Bettie Temple, Violet C. Todd, Vera H. Walker, W. L. Wishart, Alice Woodhead.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

It is hardly possible to say anything new. This is unfortunate because we have arrived at the point where the reiteration of the old things becomes tiresome. Now it is obvious that if we cannot write anything new, and if we will not write anything old, there can be no report at all. Nothing could be clearer—or more unsatisfactory. Let us therefore review the situation with the calmness bred of despair.

When we were much younger we knew something about valentines, but if we ever received one it has long since been forgotten. It is even more pathetic to reflect that those we sent have shared the same fate. A wiser generation has learned not to scatter the evidences of affection abroad in such an impulsive manner. Indeed, the birthdays, the wedding-days, the Christmas days and the other ordinary present-giving days which cross the path of the average man are enough to satisfy his most generous instincts. So it comes to pass that, on the 14th of February, the postman arrives at the ordinary time. But all this has nothing to do with our report.

It really seems as if it were not at all easy now to make a difficult puzzle. (The cynically inclined will probably say that it seldom is easy to do a difficult thing, but cynicism is always cheap and generally very foolish too.) Certainly "Saint Valentine" was not difficult, and many almost perfect solutions were sent in. Still, mistakes were occasionally made, and some of the more common ones may be mentioned:—

"Gifts" and "showers" for *spring:* "proclaims" and "replace" for *proclaimed* and *replaced:* "offerings" for *off'rings* and "upstairs" for *mistress.* That this last error should have been possible says much for the ingenuity of the solvers. The man in the mist is staring up at the sign post. Hence is evolved "upstare;" add the res following and you obtain "upstareres," and if that is not the equivalent of *upstairs*, what is it the equivalent of? The obvious reading is, of course, "mistres" and the conversion of that into *mistress* is quite a simple matter as compared with the evolution of "upstareres." "Waitress" in the same connection is not good. A wait does not usually serenade a sign-post.

"Gleams in the windows all a-row"—not "arow"—was a common and natural rendering of the tenth line, but the more careful solvers noticed that the windows were shop windows.

In the last letter of the next line is a small r. At least it was a small r when it reached the printer's hands, but some ink in the wrong place quickly converted it into a capital P. Happily the accident did not matter much, for the solvers who failed to obtain *shrine* were in a very small minority.

Several solvers spoilt their chances of success in various unnecessary ways. Some omitted the title; some ignored rule 1; some transgressed rule 2 (one solver does so regularly!); some wrote "*of* olden days;" many wrote "friendship'*s*," and others, quite inexcusably, "*with* eager zeal." So long as such things can be, it will be possible to keep up the puzzle competitions in their present form. But, in spite of many urgent requests, we do not say it will be advisable, though it is hard to resist such an appeal as the following:—

"Dear Puzzle Editor, who's shy,
And forced from haunts of men to fly,
To dwell in lonely majesty.
Come back! come back! we loudly cry,
Again our feeble brains to ply
With pictures strange, and words awry;
We love your puzzles quaint to try
The shapes so strange and letters high.
Let us not in our sorrow die!
For puzzles still we, longing, sigh,
Come back! Come back! we loudly cry."

A. E. J.

FOREIGN AWARDS.

Coffee-Making.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Elizabeth MacPherson, Umbango, Tarcutta, New South Wales.

Mrs. J. Whitton, Little Oyster Cove, Hobart, Tasmania.

Very Highly Commended.

Effie Russell (Melbourne).

Highly Commended.

Elizabeth Lang (France), Katie A. Massey (Russia), Mrs. S. F. Moore (W. Australia), Helen Shilstone (Barbados), Mrs. Sprigg (Cape Colony).

Honourable Mention.

Bessie Alexander (Jamaica), Annie Barrow (Switzerland), Winifred Bizzey (Canada), Bertha Dyke (Buenos Aires), Mabel L. Hannington (Canada), Annie Jackson (Canada), Ina Michell (Cyprus), L. A. Russell (New South Wales), Annie G. Taylor (Brisbane), Jessie M. Ward (Switzerland).

Prospectus Puzzle.

Prize Winners (Half-a-Guinea Each).

Elizabeth Lang, 17, Rue Bayard, Paris.

E. Nina Reid, North Taieri, Dunedin, New Zealand.

Commended.

Mrs. Morison (Canada), A. Robertson (Canada), Mary Ruttonji (India).

Contentment.

Prize Winner (One Guinea).

Elsie V. Davies, Wheatland Road, Malvern, Victoria, Australia.

Highly Commended.

Ethel M. Davies (Australia), Helen Shilstone (Barbados).

Honourable Mention.

Ina Michell (Cyprus), Hilda D'Rozario (India).



Answers to Correspondents.

MEDICAL.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—That all skin eruptions are due to impurities in the blood is an ancient belief which has been exploded for many years. The idea still lingers among the public and in advertisements for patent medicine. That some diseases of the skin may be due to a blood condition is undoubted—witness the rash in measles or small-pox, but it is equally certain that most eruptions have no connection with the state of the blood. Pimples and "blind boils" are due to acne, and we therefore approve of your suggestion to use sulphur; but not in treacle nor in milk, nor taken internally in any way, but as an ointment. In a recent "answer" you will find a concise account of the treatment of acne and allied conditions.

MADELINE.—1. The nails vary very much in strength in different individuals, and various employments are apt to injure the nails where they are not naturally strong. Housework, especially laundrywork, or work of any kind that necessitates keeping the hands in water, especially soda-water, is liable to produce brittle and eventually cracked nails. The nails also suffer in any skin affection of the fingers such as eczema or ringworm. Also during acute diseases the nails are liable to grow deformed. This is a very difficult thing to treat successfully unless we can remove the cause, which in most cases is impracticable. Keep your nails well trimmed, and carefully remove with sharp scissors any tags. The application of some grease to the nail and its root is useful for it protects the nail from the water. Lanoline is extensively used for this purpose. If there is any affection of the skin about the nail this must be cured.—2. See the answer to "Natalie."

HEATHER.—"Is it generally held by the medical faculty that white bread is more digestible and nourishing than brown bread?" Decidedly it is. Consider for a moment what brown bread consists of—white bread and bran. White bread is digested entirely, not easily mind you, but it is digested entirely in time. Bran cannot be fully digested by man, so it is obvious that brown bread is less digestible and less nutritious (since nearly half of it consists of indigestible, and consequently, innutritious material) than white bread. Now you ask, "Is not brown bread good for constipation?" Yes, it is, and for this reason; the undigested bran passes from the stomach into the bowels, and being indigestible and non-absorbable, it acts as an irritant. All indigestible food, to a certain extent, tends to cure constipation. As to whether we would advise brown bread for constipation is another question. Personally we do not advise it. Constipation can be cured by better, quicker, and more rational means. You ask us why medical opinion has changed on the subject of the digestibility of brown bread. Has it changed? It has always been the same in our time. Are you sure that you are not mistaking the vendors of patent breads for the members of the medical profession? Bread is much easier to digest when it has been toasted.

A. COURVETTE.—That you found that a pill, ordered to cure chronic constipation, gave you diarrhœa is in no way remarkable. If you have read the correspondence column carefully you will have noticed the numerous answers we have given to girls troubled with excessive blushing, and it must have struck you how exceedingly complex are the causes of this distressing complaint. That medical science *ought* to be able to cope with such a malady we readily admit, and in most cases it *can* cure this condition. When you consider that blushing may be due to such extremely varied conditions as indigestion, anæmia, hysteria, and morbid states of the mind it is obvious that the same treatment will not be efficacious in all cases. We will consider the question of blushing in full a few weeks hence, but we have not space to do so this week.

JANE.—There is no advantage in using a wire hair-brush. It is all nonsense about it producing electricity. The disadvantages of wire-brushes are numerous, but we thought that the wire hair-brush had been long since forgotten.

NATALIE.—From what you tell us we presume that you are a musician. Redness of the hands means that there is an extra supply of blood to them. A musician, as she uses her hands a great deal for delicate work, requires an extra supply of blood to her hands, consequently they become red. This is physiological. We have already discussed many of the causes of red hands, and we therefore advise you to refer to previous numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Always wear gloves when going out, and wash in warm water. Glycerine and cucumber is said to whiten the hands.

A. M.—Your complaint is excessive and prolonged fits of sneezing on exposure to irritation of the nasal mucous membrane. It occurs chiefly in winter. This is unusual. If it occurred in spring or summer it would be called hay fever. Exposure to draughts is the commonest form of irritation which brings on the sneezing. This is also rather unusual, still you have a condition differing slightly, if at all, from hay fever. Hay fever is due, in most cases, to a spot of excessively over-sensitive mucous membrane in the nose; but it may be that the whole of the mucous membrane of the nose is affected. If only one small spot is hypersensitive, cure is easy. Find the spot by touching the mucous membrane of the nose. This is usually easily found, and then plunge the needle of the electro cautery into the spot. This proceeding destroys the sensitive spot and cures the sneezing. Of course it can only be done by a surgeon. For the more general hypersensitiveness of the nose, or for the more common condition, if you object to operation, it is first necessary to find out the cause and to remove it. A nasal wash, or a medicated snuff, is also often of value, but the latter of these measures sometimes does more harm than good. At the commencement of a paroxysm of sneezing a spray of menthol in paroleine (1 in 8), or other local anæsthetic will often stop the sneezing at once.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

A LOVER OF THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE GOOD.—Your poem "On Hearing Mendelssohn's Lieder ohne Worte" is not deserving of two criticisms we occasionally offer on the work of young writers, because it is neither unhealthily morbid, nor about well-worn subjects. You have thought out for yourself something that you wished to say. But we must in your case add another criticism, namely, that the form is very defective. Every poem must have some sort of metre in which it is written, and your lines vary, irregularly, in their length. You should study the rules of prosody. We only accept the work of experienced writers for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A CORRESPONDENT refers the extract beginning "I expect to pass through this world but once," to *The Greatest Thing in the World*, by Professor Drummond. We traced it there ourselves (see THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for May, 1897), but it is only given as a quotation, and we should like to see it in its original connection.

B. LANE.—Hindustani is, unfortunately, not among our accomplishments, but we will endeavour to bear your quotation in mind, and refer it to some friend who will translate it for us. Please note that we cannot answer letters by post.

VIOLET.—1. It is not compulsory for subscribers to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to take the Summer and Christmas extra numbers, but we hope as many as can will do so.—2. The words "Spes mea in Deo," mean "My hope (is) in God."

PERSÉVÉRANCE.—Some of the letters we receive from our correspondents make us long to have a quiet talk with them, and try and give comfort and help by word of mouth. We are now able to answer your "third" question of a recent date.—1. "Backward and Forward" is a very thoughtful piece of work which we have read with great interest. You should not say, in so good a paper, "I think," and "It seems to me." If you are dubious, say "Is not?" so-and-so. Your poem is touching: you use "ere" for "e'er." Do you know the poem, "The Voiceless," by Oliver Wendell Holmes?—2. As to your query about your home life, we think, that if possible, you should certainly remain with your mother, as she desires it. You may feel that, even from a strictly business point of view, you earn your "bed and board" by your efforts in the home. It would be terribly sad for your mother to have to lose you, and unless absolute necessity drove you away (as to which we cannot of course decide) we feel sure you might reproach yourself in days to come. We do not advise your devoting all your rest and recreation-time to added work—it is poor economy.

A VENETIAN MAIDEN.—The

> "Daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
> And most divinely fair."

in Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," is Helen of Troy. We answered this question at length in the February part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for 1897.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I KNEW.—We have heard no complaints as to the destruction or injury of bicycle tyres by mice or beetles. But if very hungry, "self-protection" is said to be "the first law of nature," and we should be careful to put them out of harm's way. In any case, we think the feast on the tyres would never be repeated by the same mice and beetles, exceptionally good as their digestions might be.

DOMESTIC EMIGRANT.—A letter has just been published by Miss G. Lefroy, Secretary of the "British Women's Emigration Association," to inform young female servants of a new and advantageous opportunity for going to West Australia. Fifty are now being selected to sail in April under an experienced matron, £1 only being paid by each girl, the Colony defraying all other expenses free; and in return the girls have to sign an agreement to remain one year in Western Australia. They all obtain situations immediately on their arrival at the home to which the matron conducts them, at wages from £2 a month. Only girls over eighteen years of age are eligible, and only those having good recommendations and equally good health. Applications should be made at once at the "Imperial Institute," London, S.W.

KATARINA.—There are so many good recitation books published at very moderate prices, that we feel sure you can find what you require with very little trouble at the nearest newsvendor's or bookseller's shop.

NAUGHTY GIRL.—No young girl of sixteen has any right to deceive her parents, and the young man who has persuaded her to become engaged to him is very much to blame. You had better put an end to it before you are found out in your wrong and foolish conduct.

RAINBOW.—Our recipe for making lime water is as follows:—Take eight ounces of fresh-burnt lime, pour on it one gallon of boiling water, cover up closely, and when cold keep the whole in a glass bottle, and pour off the clear liquid when wanted. Lime water is astringent, antacid, and is used in doses of about a quarter of a pint; the taste being covered by about a third part of milk.

ORGANIST'S WIFE.—Beat and brush the carpets well, mix two gallons of water, half a pound of soft soap, and a quarter of a pint of oxgall. Rub this on the carpet with a brush, take a clean wet flannel and rub again, and, lastly, go over it all with a clean dry cloth. Do not make the carpet too wet, nor put it down until quite dry. The oxgall is to be obtained of any butcher, but must generally be ordered a day or two beforehand or you cannot get it.

MITE.—Inquire of the publishers where Mr. Arthur Riches' Public Examination Scripture Manuals are produced, and get a list of those printed.

COTTON WOOL MYRRH should join the "College by Post" for the systematic study of the Scriptures. Apply to Miss Elsie Waller, St. John's Hall, Highbury, London, N.



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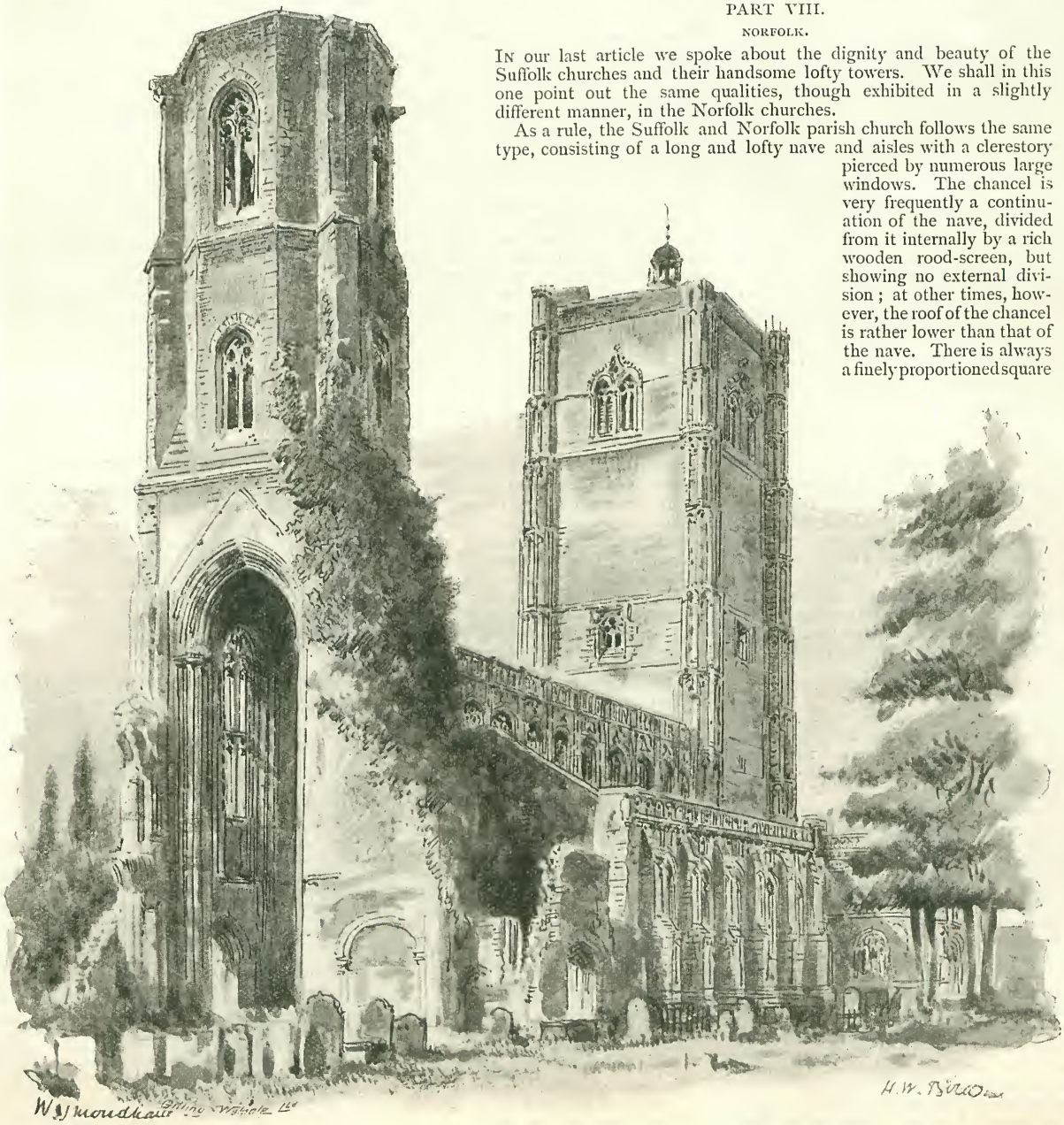
TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART VIII.

NORFOLK.

IN our last article we spoke about the dignity and beauty of the Suffolk churches and their handsome lofty towers. We shall in this one point out the same qualities, though exhibited in a slightly different manner, in the Norfolk churches.

As a rule, the Suffolk and Norfolk parish church follows the same type, consisting of a long and lofty nave and aisles with a clerestory pierced by numerous large windows. The chancel is very frequently a continuation of the nave, divided from it internally by a rich wooden rood-screen, but showing no external division; at other times, however, the roof of the chancel is rather lower than that of the nave. There is always a finely proportioned square



WYMONDHAM, NORFOLK.

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or partly octagon tower at the west end. There are however some exceptions to which we shall call attention. There is more variety in the plans of the Norfolk than those of the Suffolk churches, and we frequently find transeptal chapels opening out of the aisles, as at St. Peter's, Norwich, Salle, Cawston, Cley-by-the-Sea, etc. Several of the larger parochial churches are regular cruciform buildings with central towers, as Yarmouth, East Dereham, Snettisham, Attleborough, etc. Terrington St. Clements has an isolated tower, and St. Margaret's, Lynn, has two noble western towers. Yarmouth Church has the distinction of being the largest parish church in England, surpassing in dimensions eight of the cathedrals. It is, however, rather a curious than a beautiful building, and is nothing like so impressive as many other Norfolk churches. Singularly, it is the only church we have ever seen which has aisles double the width and loftier than the nave! It is not improbable that at some previous time it may have been two separate churches—an arrangement by no means uncommon in Norfolk; examples are to be found in the Dominican Church, Norwich (now Saint Andrew's and the Blackfriars' Halls), Weybourne, Binham, Reepham, and in its most magnificent form at Wymondham, where is a noble parish church with a grand western tower nearly 200 feet high! a nave and aisles of unusual height and width, covered with panelled flint-work, most beautifully carved oak roofs, and some of the grandest Norman arches in the country. At the east end of the nave is a second stately tower with a wild confusion of ruins beyond it! The first impression is that you are looking at a cathedral the choir and transepts of which have fallen into ruin; but, in point of fact, it is nothing of the kind, but was formerly two very large churches adjoining one another; there were no transepts to either church, and what looks like a centre tower was the western tower of the eastern or abbey church!

The western or parish church tower is a very striking object of a purely Norfolk type, rather plain and solid, but with beautifully treated windows and richly panelled octagonal buttresses at the angles. The other tower, still called the "abbey tower," is a valuable example of another Norfolk type: it is a graceful octagonal structure, which appears to have been peculiar in this county to monastic churches. Somewhat similar towers are to be seen at the Greyfriars Church, Lynn, and are shown as having formerly existed at the Dominican Church, Norwich, and St. Benet's Abbey, etc.

The lofty and remarkably graceful arch under the "abbey tower" at Wymondham was not a chancel-arch, but was simply the tower arch of the abbey church. There was no opening except a doorway into the parish church from this tower. The nave of the abbey church was much wider than that of the parish church, so that only one side of it was on a line with the latter. The lofty octagonal tower of Wymondham Abbey may have been a kind of survival of the ancient round towers found attached to many churches of this county; though of course the fifteenth-century tower at Wymondham is very graceful and the former are excessively rude. These round towers are numerous, five existing in Norwich alone; none of those that we have examined possess their original doorways, windows, or parapets. Though those at Whittingham are Saxon, they are certainly insertions. In all probability these towers are of extremely early date; they are of very small diameter with thick walls, most coarsely built of uncut flints and tiles, and are far older than the churches to which they are attached; they are possibly examples of ecclesiastical architecture dating from the Roman occupation of our island. We cannot otherwise account for their rudeness, because all the early work in the Norfolk churches is in advance of that of any part of England; even the little Norman churches are remarkable for their elegant and elaborate details—Castle-Rising, Gillingham, Framingham-Earl, Haddiscoe, etc.; so that it is evident that these round towers are of an earlier date than the Norman period; they cannot be Saxon, because they have none of the peculiarities of Saxon construction, but they are just the kind of works that might have been executed by a people who had picked up some rudimental notions of building from their Roman conquerors.

There are some towers in Norfolk which are isolated from the churches—East Dereham, Terrington St. Clements, West Walton, etc., which would seem to indicate Italian influence.

The spire is uncommon in Norfolk, which is rather singular, because the few stone spires which are to be found are remarkably good—Norwich Cathedral, Tilney-All-Saints, Walsoken, and Snettisham are cases in point.

It is very sad to see so many magnificent churches in Norfolk falling into ruin: Salle, Cley-by-the-Sea, Upton, West-Walton, St. Mary's and St. Swithin's, Norwich, etc., are examples.

In former times the county must have been rich and prosperous; but the agricultural depression and the poverty of the livings have rendered it impossible to keep the stately churches in good repair, and this seems to call for some such arrangement as exists in France, where valuable buildings are scheduled as "Monuments Historiques," and are kept in repair at the expense of the government.

VARIETIES.

Old Clocks.

The oldest known public clock in England is one which is fixed in a turret at Hampton Court. It was constructed and there fitted up, by command of Henry VIII., in the year 1540.

The oldest public clock in France is to be seen in Paris in the Tour de l'Horloge, at one of the corners of the Palais de Justice. It was constructed in 1370 by a German clock-maker, but has been twice since then in the hands of the restorer—in 1685 and in 1852.

Maxims for Book-Lovers.

The following maxims, says Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, in the *Private Library*, may be learned by heart, or if preferred they can be bought by experience:—

Do not bite your paper-knife till it has the edge of a saw.

Do not cut books except with a proper paper-knife.

It is ruination to a good book not to cut it right through into the corners.

Do not turn the leaves of books down. Particularly, do not turn down the leaves of books printed on plate paper.

If you are in the habit of lending books, do not mark them. These two habits together constitute an act of indiscretion.

It is better to give a book than to lend it.

Never write upon a title-page or half-title. The blank fly-leaf is the right place.

Books are neither card-racks, crumb-baskets, nor receptacles for dead leaves.

Books were not meant for cushions nor were they intended to be toasted before the fire.

Witches sailing in Egg-shells.

As soon as a Devonian has eaten a boiled egg, he thrusts a spoon through the end of the shell, opposite the one at which it was begun to be eaten. A visitor to the county inquired why this was done; the reply given was—

"Tü keep they baggering vitches vrom agwaine to zay in a egg-boat."

It is supposed that the witches appropriate the unbroken shells to sail out to sea to brew storms.

"You must break the shell to bits for fear
The witches should make it a boat, my dear;
For over the sea, away from home,
Far by night the witches roam."

Look beyond the Cloud.

The sun's bright rays are hidden,
The rain in floods descends;
The wind, with angry murmurs,
The stoutest branches bends;
A gloom the face of nature
As with a pall doth shroud,
Its influence all are feeling
But—look beyond the cloud.

For lo! at length appeareth
A little streak of light,
Increasing every moment,
Till all again is bright;
So, however dark our prospects,
Howe'er by grief we're bowed,
It will not last for ever,
We'll look beyond the cloud!

Unlike Real Life.

Mr. Wickwire: "What ridiculous, impossible things these fashion plates are!"

Mrs. Wickwire: "I know they used to be, but most of them, they say, are engraved from photographs nowadays."

Mr. Wickwire: "This one can't be! Here are two women going in opposite directions, both with bran new gowns on, and neither looking back at the other!"

Answer to Double Acrosic II. (p. 427).

1. R ap P (*a*)
2. A jacci O (*b*)
3. L lantrissan T (*c*)
4. E leutheri A (*d*)
5. G ou T
6. H er O

Ralegh. Potato.

(*a*) General Rapp was appointed by Napoleon the governor of Dantzig, which he held against the Allies till compelled by famine to capitulate. When Napoleon was banished to Elba Rapp made his peace with Louis XVIII., but on the Emperor's return he joined him, and fought under his orders at Waterloo. Rapp must have possessed great powers of fascination, for he was again pardoned and received by Louis.

(*b*) In Corsica, the birthplace of Napoleon.

(*c*) "Church of Three Saints" in Glamorgan. Its situation, on an eminence surrounded by hills, is always compared to that of Jerusalem.

(*d*) After the battle of Platæa, B.C. 479, when the Greeks, under Pausanias and Aristides, defeated a Persian army three times their number under Mardonius, the Platæans instituted the Eleutherian games in honour of Zeno Eleutherios, or Jove the Liberator.

* Sir Walter Raleigh spelt his name thus, as may be seen in the original copy of his *History of the World*, preserved in the library at Wimborne Minster. The "i" was a subsequent interpolation.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VII.



On the next day Madame Canière sent a message to Madame Féraudy to ask if she would receive her. Madame Féraudy could not help guessing what was coming, and she answered the message with a deep sigh. She would receive her guest with great pleasure at three o'clock.

The next thing was to send Génie out of the way, and she despatched her with Jeanne for her escort, to pay a visit to Madame Lamotte, the *pasteur's* wife, at Poinville.

At three o'clock precisely Madame Canière arrived, dressed in her smartest Paris gown, and with an exquisite bonnet of old lace and sequins on her head. Her gloves and shoes, all were new; it was evident that the visit was one of great ceremony.

Madame Féraudy received her with a curtsey of the most admirable dignity, and the two ladies sat opposite to each other both as white as they could be.

Madame Canière broke the ice by saying: "I have to thank you, dear madame, for your goodness in allowing your young lady to come sometimes to cheer up my loneliness and give me the happiness of young companionship. I can assure you that I envy you the possession of her."

"She is very dear to me," said Madame Féraudy simply. "But you, madame, are greatly blest in your son."

"Ah, apropos of my son, dear madame, I should like to talk to you of him. He is the best son that ever lived. No one ever had a better son, more gentle, more tender, more trustworthy, and people say that good sons make the best husbands."

"There is no doubt about that," said Madame Féraudy with a stiff little bow.

"I should like to tell you more," said the mother feverishly. "My son is in an excellent position. His father left him a nice private fortune of about four hundred pounds a year. He is very successful in his profession and is in partnership with a first-rate firm. We have a charming house in Paris, and at my death all that I possess will go to him, including a very pretty farm near Orleans, which is let to an admirable tenant. Now, dear madame, in most cases a man who has such advantages to offer will naturally look for some equal advantages on the lady's side; but not so my son. He is in a position which enables him to think only of the dictates of his heart, and, let me confess it, his heart is given away."

Madame Féraudy shivered; it was coming. What should she say? Deep down in her heart was the longing that Génie should become the wife of her beloved André. She was as dear to her now as if she had been her own daughter, and the longing of her life was to see André happy. She knew the self-sacrifice of his whole life—she knew that all his private fortune had been spent, and that all his professional earnings went in the same way—a large, wise, but all-absorbing charity—and the painful doubt assailed her as to whether it was not her duty to persuade Génie to accept the fate offered to her, in all ways a happy and even brilliant one, and in doing so to forget the ideal she had set before her in Dr. André. She said nothing while Madame Canière paused with her sharp black eyes trying to read her thoughts.

Madame Canière began to speak again with a little embarrassed laugh.

"Perhaps, madame, you may think that I myself am wanting in worldly wisdom in not opposing my son's wishes, but no, I care for nothing but his happiness, and whatever I can do to further that, I am eager to do. Tell me, madame, do you think that a young wife would put up with me in the house?" her voice had a pathetic sound in it as she went on: "You see, I am irritable and nervous. I often say and do what is perhaps unkind, but possibly she would excuse it, for though people think that I am a *malade imaginaire*—and I let them think so—it is not true. I suffer much, and I conceal it as much as I can. It cannot last very long, for it will kill me, and I should die quite happy if my Jean had his wife to comfort him."

The hard, black eyes were softened with unshed tears. Madame Féraudy was touched.

"Your son's young wife will love you and be like your own child," she said. "Do not doubt that. I feel sure that so good a man will choose wisely."

"He has chosen," said the mother leaning back; her lips were quivering, she struggled nervously to draw off her gloves. "His choice has fallen on one whom I could love, whom I do love already, and I have come to you, madame, to ask for my son the hand of your charming adopted daughter."

Madame Féraudy rose to her feet in irrepressible agitation, walked up and down once or twice, and then returned to her chair.

"Madame," she said, "I am very much honoured and also very much touched by the preference of monsieur your son for my little Génie, but—but——"

"Do not say but!" exclaimed the other eagerly. "There can be no hesitation! Surely, dear madame, it is not only your wish but your duty to marry this young girl, to find for her, husband, home and future. The responsibility of these young lives is very great. We elders cannot live for ever, and where can you find a suitor for her hand so steady, so good, so all that can be desired?"

"All that you say is quite true, madame; indeed, I feel the honour you have done us, and deeply appreciate all that you offer, and more especially as you say that monsieur your son cares for my Génie."

"He loves her, madame. We will make her so happy if you will give her to us."

Madame Féraudy almost wrung her hands.

"What can I say?" she said. "Dear madame, do not think me ungrateful, but I can say nothing at present. I must have time to consult my nephew. He knew her father and was with him on his death-bed. He is in a way her guardian. I can do nothing without his consent. I will write at once and ask him to come here."

"Ah, perhaps that will be best," said Madame Canière, trying to conceal her disappointment. "Then we must wait. You are sure, madame, that it is wise to consult so young a guardian? That he will not be biased by other motives than her advantage? When one is young, you know!"

"I know, but I can do nothing without him, and in a week's time we will re-open this question."

"And until then, madame, will you not give me hope, some little encouragement for my anxious boy?"

"He sees my Génie every day. What hope he may have he must glean from her gentle ways with him. Madame, I can say no more."

"Then let it be so," said Madame Canière rising. "I know you will not keep us longer in suspense than you can help. *Au revoir*, dear madame."

Madame Féraudy looked at her anxiously; she looked so white and shaken. At the door she turned round suddenly and held out her hands.

"Dear madame," she said, "let me feel that we have your good wishes. Indeed, indeed we would make her happy. People say that much love in itself constitutes happiness, and that we can promise your child."

"I would give her to you with every confidence," said Madame Féraudy, then her voice faltered. "But I must have time; there are other lives, other hopes——"

"I know, I thought so; forgive me, dear madame, I am only a mother pleading for her boy's happiness."

Madame Féraudy could not answer; she bent forward and kissed the anxious face gently.

A moment later she heard Jean Canière come in from the garden, put his arm round his mother, and tenderly support her up the stairs.

With a heavy heart she sat down to write to André.

(To be continued.)

A NEW IDEA FOR TREATING A PIANO BACK.

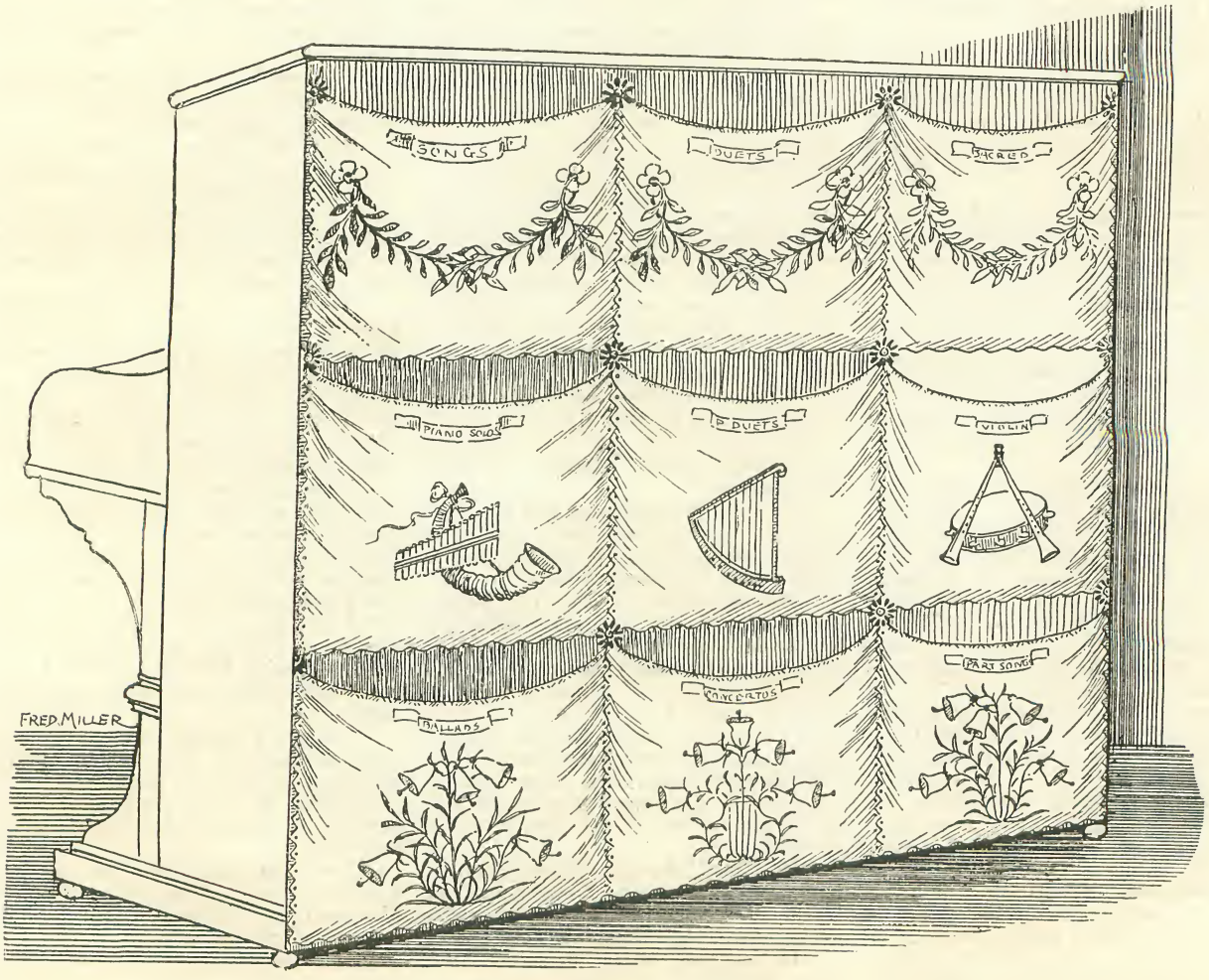
I GIVE myself the credit of having hit upon an entirely new idea for the treatment of a piano back; at least it is new to me and was not suggested by anything I have seen, and yet it is so simple and obvious that I daresay some reader will say, "Surely there can be nothing new in that?" It is not long since a design by me appeared in the "G. O. P." for an embroidered piano back, but there was no novelty in the idea, only in the design. It did not then occur to me that the back of a piano might be made decorative and useful at the same time by having a series of pockets attached to the material used to cover the back, so that music can be kept in them in some sort of order. I mean by that the music which happens to be most constantly in use, for there is no necessity to bulge out the pockets with a lot of old music that is very rarely used. Each pocket could conveniently hold up to a dozen ordinary pieces, and there need be no fear of affecting the quality of the sound, for that would escape as freely as it does where a plain embroidered back is stretched over the thin backing supplied with pianos.

Choose some good strong material, woollen canvas, linen, art serge, damask, or if silk be used it should have a backing of linen or upholsterers' canvas, for then a very thin Indian silk may be used as the strength will be obtained by the under material. Some of these thin Indian and Chinese silks are to be had in most beautiful colours. In my sketch I suggest a pale colour, but those who prefer it might select a deep indigo blue, blue-green, Indian red or amber. The colour of the ground will naturally influence the colour of the embroidery. Thus if an indigo blue were chosen then pale turquoise blues, greys, yellows and old gold would look well for the embroidery; if a red then I should be inclined to keep the work a harmony of reds and yellows instead of introducing a contrasting colour like green; if blue-green then grey-green, reseda and golden browns. If you elect to embroider a whitish or very pale fabric then the festoons might be in tones of grey-green, accented with pale indigo, the musical instruments on the middle row of pockets in old gold and warm russets, and the campanula-like flowers on the lower pockets in grey-greens with pale blue flowers suggested by the colouring of the forget-me-not. But do not introduce too many shades and opposing colours. The whole should harmonise and give the appearance of "oneness."

Those who design their own patterns should always strive to get a harmony between the design and the purpose to which their work is put. I chose campanulas for the bottom row of pockets as the bell flower naturally suggests music. The musical instruments of course are obviously intended to hint at the divine art, and I think it would be better to keep these three pockets in outline embroidery. The labels on all the pockets should be kept in the same colour, say a russet brown, a tint you would make by mixing raw umber and yellow ochre. I have suggested in my sketch that the pockets be attached to the back cloth by an ornamental zig-zag or herring-bone stitching, and flax would be the material to use as it is stronger than silk. Cut the pockets large enough, so that the music can easily be slipped in. Of course you will plan out the whole so that each of your pockets is the same size and occupies the same amount of space on the back-cloth. The pockets should all be sewn on to the back-cloth before you fix it in position, and this must be done thoroughly so as to insure strength.

By the way it would probably look well to have the pockets in a lighter material than the back-cloth. A good art serge of a soft blue or green with white figured silk pockets would be striking. A damask-like material, that is one in which the pattern is produced by the alteration of the warp with the weft, as in a table-cloth, looks very well embroidered.

In fixing the work on to the piano you will find small brass carpet-pins useful. You must attach it securely all round the edge where the existing back-cloth is tacked, and in many pianos there are wooden struts running vertically which divide the back into three divisions. If these struts exist it would be well to attach



EMBROIDERED POCKETS TO HOLD MUSIC.

the work to them, as well as all round the edge, but if they do not exist it will be secure if you nail all round the outside and sew strips of webbing on the back where the pockets are stitched, and see that you sew the pockets through here and there on to this webbing; you will then have little to fear as to want of strength if you nail this webbing on to the piano at top and bottom.

In a work of this kind you want to work out a decorative scheme of colour, so that when you take in the effect as a whole there are no jarring notes. It is difficult to give exact advice, but avoid introducing too many colours. A wide piano would take two rows of pockets wide enough to receive the music placed upright, whereas in the sketch I have arranged for the music to lie oblong.

The *motifs* used in the embroidery are fairly familiar. The festoons on the upper pockets are quite simple in design and should present no difficulty to the worker.

The musical instruments are modelled after familiar forms, but they are to be taken symbolically, and as I have suggested worked in outline.

The campanula-like flowers can be treated in two tones of colour, and very simply, as you do not want to be naturalesque.

FRED MILLER.

SOCIAL EVENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

By LA PETITE.



PART VII.

A CRIPPLES' TEA-PARTY AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

MANY and varied have been the functions I have attended at the Mansion House, but I am bound to admit that the one which stands out clearest is a Cripples' Tea-Party.

There was the usual crowd round the side-door as we approached, and vans were standing before it, but the guests showed none of that eagerness to descend and enter that one might have expected, and I soon saw the reason for this want of alacrity.

Chairs were brought out, and those who could, scrambled painfully down by their means, while others had to wait till strong arms were extended to bear them into the hall.

At last they were all inside; a pathetic assembly with sad eyes, which failed to see the humour of the Major Domo being shut out on his own doorstep (which very nearly occurred), and glanced shyly at the gigantic beings in rich liveries and powdered hair, who were standing at ease around them.

When heads had been counted, and those in authority were quite certain that not one of the fifty-six were missing, a move was made upstairs.

Some toiled up on their crutches, while every able-bodied person present tenderly lifted a tiny burden, finding it, alas, all too light and easy to carry.

What, however, struck me as the prettiest sight of all was to see each of those gigantic footmen before-mentioned stoop over a helpless little guest, and, lifting the tiny body, carry it up as deftly and delicately as a woman.

The contrast between stalwart, lusty young manhood and suffering, pain-racked childhood was inexpressibly touching, and my respect for those who are sometimes half-contemptuously called "flunkeys" went up by leaps and bounds. The pinched, white faces nestled confidingly against the gold cords and lace, and their contented looks showed that the strong arms and capable hands had adapted themselves to the fragile nature of the burden.

It is said that a really gentle man is always more tender than even a woman, and our brothers need not think it "mawkish" to cultivate this virtue, since thus they may earn for themselves in the best way a title they would all like to lay claim to—that of a true "gentleman."

We have wandered away from the little procession of cripples toiling up the grand staircase, but we can soon overtake them, for progress was slow to those who preferred to drag themselves up independently of help, since they could not bear even the lightest touch.

Every step they took must have been a revelation, and one event alone of that wonderful afternoon would have been enough to feast their poor starved imaginations upon for a week, whereas not one but a succession of events took place, each more fascinating than the last.

First there was the walk through the saloon with its wonderful furniture and tapestry, its glittering mirrors and lofty roof.

Next came the entrance into the Egyptian hall, where they were distracted by the many pleasures and surprises in store for them, and hardly knew which way to look or where to begin, so to speak.

Lively music greeted them, and a most beautiful lady was waiting to take each little hot hand in hers and lead them to the semi-circle of chairs arranged in front of a small platform, which seemed to promise further delights.

As to the lady, opinions were divided, some thinking she was the Queen, and others that, if not, she ought to have been, but when told she was at any rate "Queen of the City," they felt quite satisfied and gave themselves up to the charms of having downy, delicate-hued cushions tucked behind their aching backs by her white, jewelled hands, and extemporised couches arranged for their small, suffering limbs.

Once settled they had time to look round and admire the noble proportions of the hall, its rainbow-coloured windows and rich banners; but it had high screens arranged all round three sides of it, and many were the speculations as to what those screens so jealously hid.

Now a smiling, pleasant-faced gentleman mounted the platform and began to do the most wonderful and indescribable things.

I think a good many of his audience would have liked to know how he produced coins of the realm from their curls and collars with a view to thereby increasing the family income; but though he did it with surprising ease—making jokes all the time—he never explained how it was done, which was a great omission.

How they laughed when he requested the loan of a gentleman's high hat, fixing his eyes rather sternly on the front row of small boys. But an ominous pause followed, and they began to be anxious, until some tall person (a nobleman of course) handed up the glossy article required.

Everyone agreed afterwards it would have been an immense pity if it had not been forthcoming, for the most marvellous things came out of it, such as are not generally kept in a hat.

A perfect shout of delight went up when a beautiful, curly brown wig came to light, though why the owner of the hat carried that about with him was not clear seeing that he had a very good head of hair of his own.

So this wonderful conjuror went on, finding nothing too difficult, saying the funniest things, so that a tiny ripple of elfin laughter accompanied all he did, and making things appear and disappear until, if he had not looked so kind, one would really have felt quite nervous.

That was a proud boy who was allowed to hop on to the platform and assist him, though the pride was tempered with fear.

Being asked to value a lady's gold wedding-ring, he promptly responded, "Five shillings," and was apparently puzzled at the smiles with which his answer was received.

His mentor, however, did not let him feel discouraged, but proceeded to do magical things with that ring (with his assistance), and handed him politely down at the end as hopelessly in the dark about it as anyone.

Presently an interval was announced.

Their wonderful entertainer disappeared behind one of the mysterious screens, and they were free to lean back and talk over all they had seen and heard.

But they were not expected to do so unfortified.

Various ladies and gentlemen threaded their way between the rows of chairs, and ladled out generous handfuls of most delicious sweets which the grown-up visitors themselves did not disdain, and, as for the small ones, they got into the most charmingly sticky condition, and gave great sighs of contentment as they nibbled luxuriously at chocolate-creams. The pleasure caused by this interlude had barely subsided when the Lord Mayor appeared, in private dress, it is true, but wearing his chain of office, having donned it simply to give pleasure to his small guests, and not in any way because he came in his official capacity.

He wouldn't even make a speech, but the few words he did say went straight to one's heart, and more than one found they had a bad cold coming on when he said how gladly and promptly he would make them all well and strong if only he had the power.

I think every one of us felt the same, but, since we could not do that, we did our best to

make them forget their pain and weariness for one afternoon at least.

No sadness, therefore, was allowed to mar the enjoyment of this lovely evening, for everyone had *conspired together* to make the little guests happy.

Even the Lady Mayoress' little black Pomeranian dog contributed his share towards the afternoon's entertainment by barking lustily whenever anything specially good was said or done.

This set us all off laughing, as it came in so appropriately, it sounded as if the wee doggie really meant it for applause. Presently their kind, funny, clever entertainer reappeared with two dolls, one an old man and the other an old woman, with whom he proceeded to converse, for they talked as well as he did in the oddest of cracked voices, and "Sally" even sang a little, but was so hurt by the old man's unkind remarks, that the song came to an abrupt close.

By-and-by they announced that a friend was waiting outside, but could not come in as he had a lot of parcels to take care of, whereupon a messenger was despatched to fetch him. As it happened the unknown friend never appeared at all, but this mattered less, as his parcels did, and the excitement of finding that they were all toys drove everything else out of their heads.

It was not till after the distribution of these presents that we found out what was behind the screens; but then, at a given signal they were removed, and there stood revealed two long tables covered with the most appetising good things elegantly arranged, as if for a grown-up party.

Soon they were all seated and busily employed in sampling the various dainties set before them.

One little man was too fragile to sit up to the table and had to remain on his improvised couch, to which tea and cakes were brought, but it was pitiful to see what a mere morsel he ate, and how even the hot-house grapes failed to tempt his appetite.

Here too was a tiny lassie, who should by rights have been in the hospital, but whose father could not deprive her of this one day's pleasure.

Poor mite! she looked as if any more pain would finish her altogether, for her small hands were like claws and her little face pinched and wizened like an old woman's, but let us hope that the pink and blue dolly she so affectionately clasped in her thin arms brightened the hours of suffering that I fear were before her.

The golden minutes sped to the hour of departure, and soon the time came when they had to shake hands with their queenly hostess and turn their backs on the Palace of Pleasure.

Friendly hands were again ready to help their crippled limbs and stumbling feet downstairs on the way back to their own drab-coloured lives.

Again the stalwart footmen and gigantic policemen lent tender and willing aid, and the pathetic procession melted away into the London crowd, leaving us in a very April condition of mingled smiles and tears.

MODERN SLANG.

By DARLEY DALE.



TIME was when the use of slang was almost entirely confined to schoolboys, and a very stupid kind of language it was when everything that was not "awfully jolly" was—but we all remember that unspeakable alternative. We have changed all that now, and one of the many things which have improved in these latter days of the nineteenth century is our slang.

We owe this in a great measure to our American cousins, from whom some of our pithiest sayings emanate. To them is due that picturesque element which is so characteristic of much of our modern slang; to them we owe its humour—the wittiness of slang lies more in its application than in the words themselves—to them we owe that Machiavellian power of concentrated force, but when, as rarely happens, our modern slang is touched with poetry, then we must look nearer home for its origin.

When Mr. Rhodes said Dr. Jameson had *upset the apple-cart* by his excursion into the Transvaal, he raised a vulgar but picturesque phrase from slang to historic English, though we doubt if it will ever become classical. Again, when he said he was coming home *to face the music*, when he came to give evidence before the South African Committee, he used another picturesque piece of slang, which recalls a mediæval phrase of still greater force, "facing the lions," the motto of the Medici.

When Blanche tells Maud that the result of her expressed determination to marry a penniless man was *then the band played*, she has advanced considerably in grace of expression from the "jolly row," which, twenty years ago, would have accurately described the situation. And, if Maud has the sense and courage to reply that her friend's folly was enough *to make* her parents *sit up*, she uses a very telling and forcible manner of describing the mental attitude of Blanche's parents towards their daughter's foolishness.

When Jones tells Fitzroy-Brown he will have *to climb down*, he hints in a mild but effective way that the latter has set too high a value upon himself, and when Mrs. Fitzroy-Brown plaintively implores Jones not *to give her away*, he quite understands he is being asked not to tell Fitzroy-Brown he knows F-B.'s wife shares his opinion of her husband.

When young Sprigg tells his pretty wife that to expect him to take her to two "at-homes" in one week is rather *a large order*, he is probably unconsciously quoting an Aristotelian phrase, which has degenerated into modern slang from Attic Greek.

The minor poet, or shall we make it plural and say the minor poets, for alas, their name is legion, who complain that their poems do not *catch on*, in spite of the "boom" in the journals they control, these use a pithy, if not a very elegant phrase, to describe the feelings of the reading public towards their productions. And he among these bards who generously vows that he considers another's poems *take the cake*, is undoubtedly guilty of the first degree of lying, but his hearers will understand he thereby offers the laurel crown to his contemporary poet.

The schoolboy who, failing to distinguish his hostess at an evening party, asks his companion *who bosses this show*, uses a vulgar Americanism to express his dilemma; but the boy who, on being summoned to family prayers, asks his sister the same question, makes a witty though irreverent application of the same.

When Mabel tells Ethel she is *a little previous* in congratulating her on her engagement to Captain Lancer, before he has proposed to her, she states succinctly a truth she doubtless deeply deplores; and when this same gallant captain complains to Ethel that Mabel's manner at the ball last night was *rather casual*, Ethel quite understands why Mabel lent herself to this reproach, and is not at all inclined to exclaim *Rats!* We have never quite fathomed why "rats" should mean "I don't believe it" any more than "cats" or "dogs," but the laws of slang which, unlike the laws of the Medes and Persians, change continually, have decreed otherwise. "Rats" expresses incredulity, cats or dogs at present do not.

There is another very pregnant saying, *to put on side*, for to give oneself airs, which is of modern origin, and not *to feel very fit* is quite as impressive and certainly more refined than the "very seedy" of a former generation.

There is one modern slang phrase which rises very nearly to poetry, when wishing to give an idea of general depression or low spirits, the speaker says *the lights were turned low*, while the frequent allusions to "the little rift within the lute which lets the music out," in reference to some of the lesser difficulties of life, is scarcely common enough to come under the head of slang, yet it is certainly a highly poetical way of referring to some of life's minor discords.

Up to date is one of those eminently descriptive phrases which custom has raised from the byways of slang to the higher paths of current speech, and is of such wide application, that it will serve equally well to describe either a sermon or a bonnet.

Less obvious is *I can't do it for nuts*, when a man wishes to say he expects to be well-paid for his work.

Modern slang possesses to almost a sublime degree the power of concentration; it can suggest, if it cannot actually say, volumes in a couple of words, as, for instance, when Lady

A. declares those new-comers, the Parvenu-Smiths to be *quite impossible*, don't you know? How much that "quite impossible" or "those impossible people" implies; it is like an impressionist picture and has the merit of finality, and leaves no room for further discussion. Henceforth the Parvenu-Smiths will have *to take a back seat*, to use a favourite modern metaphor, unless they *make tracks* for that happy land where the almighty dollar reigns supreme, where *dudes and bounders* most do congregate, and where the *mashers* are at home. This is no doubt *rough on* the Parvenu-Smiths, but it is the way of a world which can forgive a crime rather than tolerate *bad form* or people *who have not much class*, though, as young Robinson said, it was *playing it rather low down* on the new-comers.

Lastly, there is that phase of modern speech which delights in the use in season and out of season of some saying which has *caught on* at one of the theatres, as *now we sha'n't be long*, the natural and inevitable conclusion to an article on modern slang.

"THAT PECULIAR MISS ARTLETON."

CHAPTER II.



SAY, Miss Pringle, do you know the name of that ancient party who haunts this counter? You know who I mean—the creature with grey curls and a sailor hat? Fancy, over sixty and a sailor hat!" asked Ellen Martin, a tall, showy girl.

"No, I don't know her name; but I think she is either a broken-down governess or a retired lady's-maid wearing up her mistress' old clothes. I haven't patience to attend to her—she always wants some washed-out drab or muddy grey. I am sure she must have come out of the Ark. I nearly laughed in her face yesterday, only old Froggie was watching me; but, really, she would make an angel laugh. You served her once, Miss Day; I believe she likes you. Perhaps she will leave you that old dust-cloak in her will; I'm sure you are welcome to it." And Dolly Pringle giggled.

"I think we ought not to make a jest of old age and infirmity," answered Clarice Day quietly. "I feel really sorry for her. Somehow, I believe she has passed through a great trouble, and though she dresses peculiarly, I am sure she is a lady. Some day we may be as poor and forlorn as she appears to be."

"Before I would live to look like that old creature I'd drown myself!" cried Ellen Martin.

"And I am quite sure that I wouldn't be an old maid if I could help it!" retorted Dolly Pringle. "Come, girls—let's make haste; old Froggie has gone, and I'm not going to spend my half-holiday in this musty old shop. Why doesn't that horrid Dickie close the doors? Oh, dear, talk of an angel—the ancient party is coming in! I shan't serve her, so there!" And, rudely turning her back to the incoming customer, Ellen Martin shrugged her shoulders, and Dolly Pringle giggled.

With a blush for the rudeness of her companions, Clarice Day came forward, and a pleased look came into the eyes of the little old lady.

"My dear, I want a yard of blue ribbon—royal blue."

"Yes, madam," answered Clarice, in approved shop-fashion, and she drew a box of blue ribbon from a shelf.

The little old lady sat down upon the nearest chair and cried—

"Oh, my dear, I am so tired! You don't begrudge an old woman a rest?"

"Certainly not," answered Clarice, with a smile. "The weather is very warm and exhausting."

"Yes, it is, and this parcel is quite heavy. If you will kindly give me a length of cord I will tie it up."

"Shall I tie it for you, madam?" asked Clarice politely.

"Oh, no, thank you—I can manage quite well. Oh, dear me, what an accident! The newspaper has burst, and the potatoes are rolling in all directions. I am so sorry."

There was a subdued explosion in the background, but Clarice turned not.

"I will come and help you to pick them up," she said quietly, and, passing her companions, she walked to the other side of the counter. Very soon the potatoes were collected and wrapped in a clean sheet of paper, and the dilapidated newspaper was thrust out of sight.

"Dear me, the heat is so oppressive, I don't know how I shall carry this parcel through the streets"—and the little old person looked so wan and feeble that a sudden pity stirred the heart of Clarice.

"If you will wait a moment I will carry it for you," she said kindly.

"Oh, thank you, my dear; I shall be so glad if you will."

With a look of reproof at the giggling girls, Clarice finished her work and hastened to the cloak-room. She was followed by Ellen Martin and Dolly Pringle.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Miss Day! After this, the old creature will expect us to trot after her like a set of lap-dogs. But I'm not paid for that, if you are! I'll take good care I don't make myself a greengrocer's errand-girl. One might as well wheel a costermonger's barrow at once!" cried Ellen Martin.

Clarice did not speak. She felt that if she gave expression to her feelings she might say something that she would afterwards regret, so angry and ashamed did she feel. Poor, worn, little creature! How could they be so rude to her? Probably she lived alone in a poor lodging; and an ardent desire to do something to brighten the lonely life came into the heart of Clarice. Wait, Clarice—the time is coming!

Half way down the street the little old person paused, and asked in apparent confusion—

"My dear, do you think your companions will follow you? The fact is I am taking you into my confidence, and I should not like those two giggling young women to know where I live."

"Oh, no; they live at the other end of the town. They won't follow us," answered Clarice in soothing tones. "And if you wish it I will keep your address a secret. My mother lives at No. 1, Hamer Street, and that is in a very poor part; indeed, people think we rent the whole house, but we have only two rooms. I think one ought not to be ashamed of poverty—what do you think?" asked Clarice confidentially.

The little old person sighed lugubriously.

"Some folk make unkind remarks," she said. Then in a tragic whisper she added, "My dear, do you always have enough to eat?"

A compassionate look came over the face of Clarice as she answered—

"Oh, yes; last winter before I was——" She paused and blushed. "I mean when I was out of a situation; for several weeks mother and I couldn't afford to buy beef, but we made potato balls and potato fritters, and had potatoes fried and potatoes boiled, so that we didn't grow tired of them—indeed, it would have been great fun, only mother had such a poor appetite. I can eat anything if it is wholesome."

"I like potatoes with milk as the Irish people eat them, and bread and cheese I like also," said the little old person. "But, my dear, you said, 'Last winter before I——' Now I like people to finish a sentence when they have once commenced it. What has happened since last winter? Always be honest, my dear."

Clarice blushed again.

"I was going to say, before I was engaged to Charlie."

"Who is Charlie?"

"Charlie Burnett is a clerk in Griffith and Gaunt's warehouse."

"Porter in Griffith and Gaunt's warehouse, did you say, my dear? Speak a little louder—I am growing an old woman."

"No; I said clerk," answered Clarice indignantly.

"And why don't you get married?"

"I would rather not answer that question."

"But, my dear, I think one should never be ashamed of poverty—what do you think?" asked the old lady, mimicking the tones of Clarice.

Clarice laughed.

"Now, my dear, I am going to ask you a favour. I know it is your half-holiday, and doubtless Charlie will be sweeping out the office in delightful anticipation of a walk in the park. No—don't interrupt me; if he doesn't sweep out the office he does something else for his living, and all work is honourable. I want him for once to practise a little self-denial. I am going to carry you home to lunch with me."

"Poor little creature! She speaks as though she were the mistress of a mansion. Will the lunch consist of potatoes and butter, or bread and cheese?" Clarice asked herself compassionately.

"Don't refuse a lonely old woman. I won't keep you long, Miss Day!" and a wistful look came into the brown eyes that went straight to the heart of Clarice.

"I must first go home and ask mother. Do you live far from here?"

"I live in Artleton."

"The village of Artleton two miles away?" asked Clarice ruefully.

"Yes, my dear."

"And shall you walk?"

"No; I shall ride."

"By 'bus or train?"

"I will arrange the mode of conveyance when you return. I have another call to make, so I will meet you here in half-an-hour. You can carry the potatoes with you as a surety for your return. If you fail me I shall be so disappointed." And the little old person turned away.

FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.

(To be continued.)

A GIRL'S REGRET.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me" (St. Matthew xxv. 45).

SHE was so pale and worn—I see again
Her patient figure in the drenching rain,
While I (the inner voice one hears and feels
Drowned in the rumble of the carriage wheels)
Drove on, and left her standing by the way,
In the chill twilight of a stormy day.

She was not young, and yet some inward grace
Had set its seal of sweetness on her face,
Making it lovely; in the years to be
I pray that God may grant that look to me!
Could I but have that moment back again,
I would not leave her in the drenching rain.

Who speaks? Ah, Lord, I think I hear Thee say,
"Why didst thou leave Me standing by the way?
I dwell in all My little ones, and feel
The strokes that wound them, and the hands that heal;
Is it so hard on this rich earth of thine
To show a little love to Me and Mine?"

She was so worn and pale; how could I bear
To drive away, and leave her lonely there?
Oh, Thou who seest all, forgive, forgive
My thoughtless youth, and teach me how to live!
Soften my heart, and let me watch and pray,
Lest I should leave Thee standing by the way.



AS MANY QUEENS AS GIRLS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

AS many queens as girls.

How can that be?

From the way in which Florence, who loves to grasp at dominion when she has the chance, pricked up her ears the other day as she waited an answer to this query, it was clear she expected we were about to announce the dawn of a new era. Perhaps she imagined we were on the point of recommending girls to spread themselves through the world in hopes to find some communities, savage or civilised, still in want of sovereigns, and of a willing mind to treat them to a course of coronations, banquets, processions and fireworks.

We have no such quixotic scheme in view. The answer is on a humbler scale, and more within the reach of us all.

She is a queen who rules herself.

That is the whole secret of a possible queenship for everybody.

It is a good working project, bringing about no glut in the market for queens, because each sovereign will have a territory specially provided. There will be no trouble either in searching for a domain, for every girl will stretch out her sceptre over herself.

Difficulties, no doubt, suggest themselves; difficulties connected with our cross-grained, whimsical, and often so foolish natures. But difficulties are not the same things as insurmountable obstacles. Many girls we know are queens already, and why should not all be? There is really no reason for our not one day arriving at a happy time when frivolous and otherwise objectionable people will be as extinct as the strange beasts that roamed the forests when our world was young. Then there will be no maidens anywhere but those who in their own little spheres are royal personages.

"The land of Myself" may not be a big dominion in the eyes of friends and neighbours, but to oneself it is the most important of all territories. Every girl who has turned from skimming lightly over trivialities and common-places to spending an occasional quiet hour in serious thought has had forced upon her attention the worth and mystery of her own immortal being. Matter is wonderful certainty, but we may travel the earth all over and make the circuit of the stars without meeting with anything more awe-inspiring than our own spirits. Yes, girls, if we rule these spirits of ours we have as much sovereignty as is good for us, as much indeed as most of us have the ability to manage.

But whether her empire be colossal or microscopic, a queen is a queen, and within its bounds she reigns supreme. If it has only narrow limits we can make the most of it like the German potentate who acted so wisely that his state became famous in literature and art, even though it was so small that, when he sent orders to one who had offended him to leave the country, the message the man sent back was, "Tell him to look out of the palace window and he will see me cross the frontier in three minutes!"

It is no question of rich or poor, well-to-do or badly-off. Queens with a place in history have before now shivered with cold, not having money to pay for wood and coal. Queens they were in spite of the empty grate. And so with a girl of a really good sort—one who is a monarch in ruling herself. When she is met with, people do not too particularly inquire how much she has, and, between ourselves, many sensible folk are of opinion that she is best off who has nothing.

To be a girl-queen too is a matter independent of worldly position. If she can only rule herself she may be of so humble origin that no one could be humbler. Her throne may be a cold stone by the wayside, her palace a gipsy van, her chariot a donkey-cart, and her occupation no higher than that of the rat-catcher's daughter who sold sprats for a livelihood.

She need not be good-looking either. And in saying that there comes to our recollection a girl whom we shall not name who is generally described in our village as a "wee deformed sort of body." So she strikes one at first sight, but no one knows her long without discovering that if she was behind the door when grace and good looks were given out she is a queen in her intellectual territory, and more to be looked up to and respected than some of the pink and white beauties who criticise her and who, if the truth were told, are good for mantelpiece ornaments, but for nothing else. Outward looks go for little in queenship. You would be a queen no matter in what form you passed through the world, provided only you ruled yourself. You might even be a spell-bound maiden in the form of a tortoiseshell cat.

As queens we may not—and probably will not—have an easy time of it. "God," it has been well said, "opens a very wonderful book for our instruction when He sets us reading our own hearts." We look within and there see two forces, one arrayed against the other. On the one side, conscience with its innocent motives and high aspirations, and on the other a rabble of evil passions and desires. The two can never agree, and the first must conquer or we can never have peace.

As queen a girl must go to war; but if she only asks help from on high, she is sure to win the day, and "God who fights with her will Himself give her the victor's crown."

And let her not expect, even when she seems securely seated as sovereign, that there will not be occasional revolts. Constant watchfulness and as constant heavenly aid is the only safe rule. Take it as you like, girls, life is a struggle, and, if we only give in, the throne topples over, and we become not queens but slaves, going about fettered by our own misdeeds and follies.

The task may sometimes be difficult, but we shall take courage from the proverb:—

"Despair of nothing that you would attain,
Unwearied diligence your end will gain."



"A GIRL'S REGRET."

There is a look about royalty which one can hardly mistake, and which makes it comparatively easy to recognise who are queens and who are not.

We have a friend much taken up by the idea that one can tell a man who is worth twenty shillings in the pound merely by looking at him, and though he pushes his hobby perhaps too far, still there is some truth in it. Now just as our friend reads in a man's appearance and manner whether he has command of a safe balance at the bank, so we may discover by a glance at a girl whether she is mistress of herself, and undisputed sovereign of the domain of her own heart.

No one having her mental being thoroughly under control can help showing it. A careful observer will note how she conducts herself with calmness and self-possession, even the grace of her every action indicating that all within is well ordered and harmonious. We could not imagine a queen existing like Mabel, whom we have mentioned in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER before, who is always ill at ease in her mind, and whose movements remind one of the awkward shuffling of an owl in a cage when it feels it is being stared at.

But the girl-queen is to be discovered by more than her manner. Her high standing comes out especially in her relationship to other people, in which she is always reasonable and kindly.

Amongst the most objectionable persons in the world are those who give themselves airs as if they were here on a mission to rule their neighbours. The girl-queen is of quite a different sort. "I rule," she says, "in my own domain, why should not others rule in theirs?" And so she is on her guard against interfering where she is not wanted.

Yes, the last thing she is ever likely to aim at is being a tyrant in her own circle. And speaking of that reminds us of one we first met many years ago who was a tyrant as a girl, and afterwards as a wife tyrannized over her husband, who could seldom even eat his dinner in peace, and who, as a widow—such is the justice of fate—is now despotically ruled over by her children.

When others differ from her in opinion it will be noticed that the girl-queen does not fly into a temper as if she would jump down their throats, on the principle of the man who used to say, "I look upon my reasons as reasons, but upon your reasons as only prejudices!"

Her own opinion of course she sets a proper value upon, but she sees that, however sincere we may be in our search after truth, we do not all arrive at the same conclusions, and that for that reason no one should be over-confident in her own views or in the least degree contemptuous of the views of others. When everything is said, the differences which separate us are often very small; but in our pride and self-will we insist on magnifying them.

When our girl-queen does give her opinion, it is always modestly done, and thus her arguments gain in force, not to speak of her offending nobody. As a pattern girl we shall here mention one who lived two centuries and a half ago—the young daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, for whom Milton, the poet, wrote the part of "The Lady" in his Masque of Comus. Of her Jeremy Taylor says—

"Though she had the greatest judgment, and the greatest experience of things and persons I ever yet knew in one of her youth and sex and circumstances, yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she had the meanest opinion of herself, and like a fair taper, when she shined to all in the room, yet round about her station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to everybody but herself."

In her judgment of others our girl-queen tries to be just, which under the influence of prejudice, ill-nature and stupidity, is what a great many of us fail to be. "Deterioration of soul," it has been well said, "is a sure consequence of all mental injustice," and it is impossible that any can be queens unless they make justice all round a leading principle in their lives.

Her kindly way of looking at things prevents her from ever engaging in quarrels. Even under great provocation she never so much as speaks back. It takes two, they say, to make a quarrel, and the girl-queen is always the one who is unwilling. By this it must not be understood that she is a skim-milk sort of person, without character, and wishing peace at any price. It requires more character often to keep the peace than to break it.

And not only does she recognise the rights of others; she goes farther and shows herself a kindly queen by trying to be serviceable to her neighbour's territory. "Doing good," says Sir Philip Sydney, "is the only certain happy action of one's life," and if a queen is not to set an example in this respect, who is?

She does not try to please everybody. She knows better than that. The brother of one of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER told us recently, that soon after settling in a country village, he was walking along a by-road one evening thinking how he could, by right means, become popular with everybody in the neighbourhood. Raising his eyes just then, what did he see?

He saw an ass on the hillside standing out large and clear against the sky.

This symbol of folly gave a new turn to his reflections. He took the ass both as a commentary and an answer, and from that time gave up thoughts of trying to please and be popular with everybody.

The girl-queen may have learned the lesson in a different way, but she has come to the same conclusion and does what she believes to be right without reference to the approbation and applause of other people. If she at any time becomes thereby unpopular, she has at least the approval of a good conscience, and everything else is worth nothing compared with that.

In this way she conducts herself royally not only towards others, but in relation to that spiritual and intellectual territory over which she alone has command—a fair-minded, peace-loving, kind, genial, helpful and sympathetic queen. An unmistakable queen, and giving herself no airs either, for those who are highest up are the most humble and unassuming.

Many other characteristics might be pointed out, but here must end for the present the elaboration of our fine scheme for the multiplication of queens.

Don't forget it. Do you wish to have as many queens as girls?

Then let every girl rule herself.



COOKERY RECIPES.

FISH.

FISH is not so nourishing, but is more easily digested than meat.

Fish may be divided into two kinds, (1) White fish; (2) Oily fish.

White fish have oil only in the liver, so when the liver is removed their flesh is easily digested and is most suited for invalids. Sole, whiting, cod, turbot, haddock and flounders are white fish.

Oily fish have the oil spread all over their bodies; they are richer and more nourishing, but not so easily digested as white fish. Such are salmon, red mullet, herrings, sprats.

HOW TO TELL IF FISH IS FRESH.

1. The eyes should be bright.
2. The scales should be bright.
3. The gills should be red.
4. There should be no unpleasant smell.
5. The flesh should be firm.
6. Turn the head of the fish towards you, put one hand on the head and with the other draw the tail down over the head; let go the tail; if the fish is fresh it will spring back quickly, but if it is stale it will be limp.

BOILED FISH.

This is not a very good way of cooking fish, as so much of the goodness goes out into the water and is lost. Fish should not do more than simmer, if it boils the skin breaks. Fish takes much less time to cook than meat. No hard-and-fast rule as to time can be given, as so much depends upon the size and shape of the fish. For a thick piece of fish, seven or eight minutes to the pound will be enough. Take away all scum as it rises or it will settle on the fish and spoil its appearance. A tablespoonful of vinegar to every quart of water helps to whiten the fish and to keep it firm. When the fish is cooked drain it well before putting it on the dish and arrange it on a folded napkin, garnish it with parsley and slices of lemon.

BAKED FISH.

Baking is a good way of cooking fish, as in this way the goodness is kept in. The fish must be well basted or it keeps very dry.

FRIED FISH.

Before frying, well dry the fish by wrapping it in a thickly floured cloth for a few minutes, or the water in the fish will get into the fat and prevent its frying a good colour. If the fish is egged and crumbed, the crumbs should be carefully flattened on with a knife or they

will come off in the fat, turn black, settle on the fish again and spoil its appearance. Fat for frying should be quite still and it should smoke faintly. If it bubbles before the fish is put in it shows that it is not well rendered down—(see "To Render down Fat," Chap. xi.)—or that water has been left in it from the last frying. When the fish is put in the fat should bubble quickly; this is caused by the heat of the fat driving the water out of the fish and expanding the air in the water and driving it out in the form of bubbles. When the fish is fried drain it well on soft paper. It should be a nice golden brown colour.

Fish in Batter.

Ingredients.—Plaice or any suitable fish, quarter of a pound of flour, one gill of water, pepper and salt, fat for frying (deep fat if possible).

Method.—Clean and fillet the fish; a flat fish, such as plaice, is filleted by cutting with a sharp knife down the line on the skin to the bone and then holding the knife very flat, and gradually working the flesh clean off the bone on both sides. You get two fillets from each side of the fish. If the fillets are large cut them in half. Dry well in flour, dip in the batter and put them carefully in the frying fat with a skewer. Fry a golden brown and drain well. Dish in a circle with parsley in the middle. If preferred the black skin can be removed before dipping in the batter by laying the fillets skin downwards on the board, holding it firmly at the tail end by a cloth and cutting sharply between the skin and the flesh by a sharp knife held horizontally.

Stuffed Haddock.

Ingredients.—A large fresh haddock, quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, one shalot (chopped), one tablespoonful of parsley (chopped), one beaten egg, a little milk, pepper and salt, brown crumbs, dripping.

Method.—Make a stuffing of the crumbs, parsley, shalot, pepper and salt, mixed with the egg and a little milk, and stuff the fish with it. Sew it in with white cotton, brush it outside with milk and cover it with brown crumbs. Truss it into the form of an S with a skewer and lay it on a well greased dripping tin. Put plenty of dripping on the top and bake in a moderate oven till done, basting often. Remove the skewer and cotton and lay on a hot dish. Pour off the dripping and pour half a pint of stock in the tin; add pepper and salt and an ounce of brown thickening, stir over the fire, let it boil and pour round the fish. Put a piece of parsley in each eye-ball.

Herring Sandwiches.

Ingredients.—Eight herrings, forcemeat as for stuffed haddock, brown crumbs, dripping.

Method.—Scale and clean the herrings and cut off their heads; bone them by cutting them down the back to the bone and gradually working out the backbone from the head downwards, lay them open on the board and pick out any loose bones, spread four of the herrings with the forcemeat and lay the others on the top; sprinkle with brown crumbs on the top, and then cut each sandwich in half lengthways. Lay on a greased tin with bits of dripping on the top and bake twenty minutes. Dish in a circle with gravy made as for stuffed haddock—poured in the middle.

Timbale of Fish.

Ingredients.—A medium-sized fresh haddock, quarter of a pound of boiled macaroni, two ounces of fine bread-crumbs, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, two eggs, a blade of mace, a small slice of onion, pepper and salt, a pinch of cayenne.

Method.—Grease a pudding-basin; put the boiled macaroni in a basin of cold water until you use it. Cut the macaroni in half-inch pieces, and with a skewer line the bottom and sides of the basin with it, packing them closely together and putting the holes of the macaroni against the basin; this can be done some time before the dish is wanted. Scrape the flesh of the fish and pound it. Boil the milk with the butter, onion, salt, mace and cayenne. When it boils take out the onion and mace and stir in the crumbs; stir and cook quickly over the fire until the mixture is very stiff; then stir in the pounded fish; rub all through a sieve and add the beaten eggs. Fill the basin that has been lined with macaroni with this mixture, taking care not to disarrange it; cover with a buttered paper, put the basin in the steamer and steam thirty-five minutes. Turn out and pour tomato sauce or white sauce round the base.

Fillets of Sole with Buttered Eggs.

Ingredients.—A large lemon sole, four eggs, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt, white sauce.

Method.—Wash and skin the fish, then fillet it carefully; cut each fillet into two pieces, this will give eight pieces in all. Melt two ounces of butter in a small saucepan, beat up the eggs, season with pepper and salt, and stir the eggs into the saucepan. Stir and cook until nearly set, then lay a spoonful on each fillet, fold the fillets over, so that each forms a sort of sandwich, and lay them on a buttered tin with a piece of buttered paper over. Cook in a very moderate oven for ten minutes. Arrange the fillets on a hot dish one leaning on the other *en couronne;* have ready some hot white sauce, thick enough to cover, and pour it over; sprinkle a little very finely chopped parsley on each and serve at once.

Fried Fillets of Sole and Tomatoes.

Ingredients.—One large sole, three-quarters of a pound of tomatoes, one ounce of cornflour, a little stock or milk, pepper and salt, egg, bread-crumbs, deep fat for frying, some cherry tomatoes for garnishing.

Method.—Wash, skin and fillet the fish. Cook the tomatoes gently in the oven until tender, rub them through a sieve and then put them in a small saucepan. Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little stock, stir it into the tomato *purée* and let it boil. Let it cool a little and spread some on each fillet; roll them up neatly and place them on a buttered tin, cover with buttered paper and put them in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Take them out, stand them on a plate, put another plate on the top and stand a weight on it; let them press till cold. Brush them with egg, roll them in crumbs, flatten these on with a knife, and place the fillets in a fry-basket. Have ready a pan of deep fat, heat it until it smokes, plunge in the fry-basket and fry the fish a good golden brown. Lift out the basket, pick the fillets quickly out with your fingers, drain them on soft paper and put them on a hot dish on a fancy paper. Have ready some cherry tomatoes, cooked tender without breaking, in the oven and arrange them round the dish as a garnish. Re-heat the fat until it is very hot, and fry some well dried sprigs of parsley for a few seconds; drain well and pile in the middle of the fillets. The parsley should be green after frying.

Fresh Haddock a l'Espagnole.

Ingredients.—A medium-sized fresh haddock, three-quarters of a pint of stock, a piece each of carrot, turnip, onion and parsnip, two mushrooms, two sticks of celery, one ounce and a half of flour, two ounces and a half of butter, browning, bayleaf, pepper and salt.

Method.—Fillet the fish and skin the fillets; cut each fillet into three pieces and lay them on a greased baking tin and cover with buttered paper. Cook in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Prepare and slice the vegetables, and fry them all in an ounce of butter for ten minutes; pour on the stock, add the bayleaf, mace, pepper and salt, put on the lid and simmer for an hour. Strain the stock, melt one ounce and a half of butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour; fry the flour a good dark brown by degrees and stir in the strained stock, keeping the sauce very smooth, wring it through a tammy and re-heat. Arrange the pieces of haddock neatly on a hot dish and strain the sauce over them.

Soufflée of Dried Haddock.

Ingredients.—A good-sized dried haddock, three eggs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, quarter of a pint of milk, quarter of a pint of cream, cayenne.

Method.—Soak the haddock all night in milk and water and in the morning cook it in plenty of butter until tender. Take the flesh off the bones and pound it in a mortar until smooth. Boil half the milk with the butter and mix the flour with the other half; when the milk and butter boils stir in the flour, stir and cook until the mixture leaves the sides of the saucepan clean. Mix in the fish and rub all through a sieve; add the cream, the yolks of the eggs and cayenne; whip the whites to a very stiff froth and stir them into the mixture last of all. Pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake in a good oven twenty minutes—until well thrown up. Put a fancy paper round the pie-dish and serve at once.

Lobster Cutlets.

Ingredients.—Six ounces of chopped lobster, one ounce and a half of butter, one ounce of flour, half a gill of milk, half a gill of cream, cayenne, pepper and salt, a little cochineal, egg, bread-crumbs, deep fat for frying.

Method.—Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, and stir in the flour, add the milk, stir and boil over the fire until very thick, and then add the cream, seasoning and cochineal. Stir in the chopped lobster (tinned lobster will do if care is taken to obtain a good brand). Spread the mixture on a plate to get cold. Flour the paste-board and roll it out to the depth of an inch, cut into cutlets with a cutlet-cutter, brush with egg, dip in crumbs, flatten them on with a knife and fry a golden brown in deep fat.

Scallops au Gratin.

Ingredients.—Six scallops, one ounce of arrowroot, one tablespoonful of bread-crumbs, milk to cover, parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped shalot, two ounces of grated cheese, pepper and salt.

Method.—Simmer the scallops gently in the milk until tender, strain off the milk and mince them. Boil the milk, mix the flour with a little cold milk and a few bread-crumbs, add the minced scallops, put the mixture into scallop shells, sprinkle with shalot, parsley and grated cheese, and brown in front of the fire.

Oyster Patties.

Ingredients.—Two dozen oysters, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, one gill of milk, one gill of cream, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, cayenne.

Method.—Beard the oysters and cut each one in half, simmer them for a few minutes in the liquor from the oyster shells, but do not let them boil or they will be tough. Mix the flour with a little of the milk, boil the rest with the butter, stir in the flour and let it boil, add the cream, lemon juice and cayenne. Have ready eight patty cases, and fill them with the mixture.

Cod à la Bechamel.

Ingredients.—One pound of cod-fish, one ounce of flour, three-quarters of a pint of milk, half a shalot, one blade of mace, salt.

Method.—Cut the fish in pieces about an inch square and put it in a saucepan with the milk, shalot, mace and salt. Put on the lid and simmer very gently for fifteen minutes. Take out the fish with a slice, mix the flour smoothly with a little cold milk and stir it into the milk in which the fish has been cooked, let it boil; remove the mace and shalot and put back the pieces of fish. Have ready a hot dish with a border of mashed potato on it, and pour the fish and sauce in the middle.

Fisherman's Pie.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of cooked fish, three ounces of well cooked macaroni (see "Macaroni Cheese"), mashed potatoes, a little dripping, half a pint of stock, half an ounce of brown thickening, pepper and salt.

Method.—Break the fish into flakes and take away all skin and bone. Bring the stock to the boil in a saucepan and add the brown thickening, and pepper and salt, stir until the sauce thickens; add the fish and the cooked macaroni, let them get hot in the sauce and pour into a greased pie dish; spread mashed potatoes on the top; score across with a fork and brown in the oven for ten minutes.

Fish Balls.

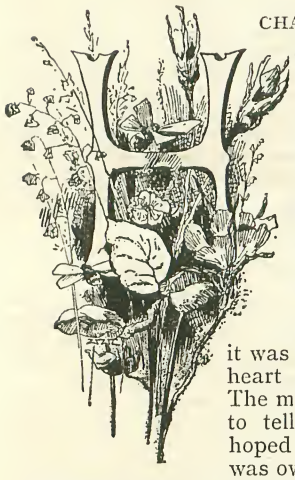
Ingredients.—Half a pound of cooked fish, half a pound of mashed potatoes, two eggs, a little cold white sauce, pepper and salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, bread-crumbs.

Method.—Flake up the fish and take away all skin and bone; mix it with the potatoes, parsley, pepper and salt, an egg well beaten, a little cold white sauce into a stiff paste; flour the hands, roll the mixture into balls, egg and crumb them well and fry in deep fat a golden brown.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER V.



"How is my mother, Richards?" was Michael's first hurried question of the groom who met him at the station.

"A little better, sir; it was one of them heart attacks, sir. The master told me to tell you as we hoped the danger was over, sir."

"Thank God," said Michael beneath his breath. It was not till that moment of relief that he realised the intensity of his anxiety during the long journey.

It was now evening; the country was in its summer beauty. The moonlight shone on the fair and peaceful scene. For a moment Michael's thoughts reverted to Beattie. Last night he was with her at this time, watching the moonlight on the quiet sea. How long ago it seemed. Where space has been traversed the mind can hardly realise that time has not been traversed too. He was very silent during the five-mile drive; strangely so, Richards thought, for generally Mr. Michael had so much to say when he came home, and asked so many questions, and wanted to know all the news of hall and village and stable which the groom was so ready to impart.

Like most of the Hall servants Richards was a native of the village, and he and Michael had been acquainted since their boyhood. But for once at his home-coming Michael left behind him something more dear than he was going to. Beattie could not have kept him from his mother's bedside, but now that he was on his way to her his thoughts were drawn backward.

"Mr. Michael must have been rare and anxious," said Richards in the servants' hall at supper, "for after he had asked after the mistress he had not a word to say till we was home. He sat sort of dreaming-like all the time."

As the dog-cart drove up an old gentleman came out of the library into the hall. He was a tall man, with a stern, rather joyless face. At present it looked more than usually haggard, but it lighted up at sight of his son.

"I am glad you came at once, my boy. She has been wanting you."

Michael did not explain why he had gone to the seaside. When the butler had relieved him of his coat he followed his father into the library.

"What made her ill?" he asked.

"I don't know. She was not quite herself and—well, Evelyn's birthday would have been this week—she always frets just then"—the old man's voice shook. He could never mention his daughter's name with calmness. "And she has been worried about Geoffrey. One never knows what one may hear now that he has gone to the front. And—and I have been a bit depressed too. Perhaps I tried her. We want someone young and cheerful about us, my boy. That girl at the rectory is away too, and your mother likes to see her when she is poorly."

"May I go up, or is it too late?"

"No. She knows you are coming. She will not sleep till she has seen you."

Michael ran up the slippery oak staircase with the ease only born of habit, and knocked at the door of his mother's room. The lady's-maid opened it, and seeing who it was, her face relaxed its rather grim expression. Few of the servants cared for poor Sir John, because they adored their mistress and fancied he was selfish towards her; but they were all fond of Michael.

"He've come, ma'am," she said gently to Lady Anstruther, and then withdrew to the dressing-room to be within call if she were needed.

Michael bent over his mother and kissed her tenderly. He was not as a rule demonstrative, but he was devoted to her and she knew it.

"How well you look, dear," she said when she could see his face, and she laid her hand for a moment on his cheek tanned by the sea breezes. "One can see you have not come straight from London. But you were right to have a little sea air after all your work and that sprained foot."

It was like her to think of him before herself. Her voice was weak and low, but the usual motherly tone was in it.

"I have to keep in this position, on my side, so you must sit there where I can see you."

She took his hand and lay still watching him.

"You are better, mother."

She smiled.

"Yes. But we thought I might be leaving you all, and that you would like to say good-bye. I haven't spoilt your holiday, Mike, have I?"

He felt himself reddening.

"I should never have forgiven them if they had not told me you were ill," he said. "But you mustn't talk too much, mother, or you will be tired. I will sit with you a little while."

"But you haven't had your supper."

"That can wait."

No one knew what Lady Anstruther endured in being separated from her children. To have them with her was her greatest happiness, and as she lay there holding Michael's hand and watching him a great peace stole into her heart, and shone in her eyes. Geoffrey the soldier was her favourite, though no one knew it, for she was too true a mother to show her partiality, but Michael was the one most like herself, both in looks and disposition. The very love of healing was strong in both, though it took different forms for its manifestation, the strong protecting instinct was there, and the fiery temper and the unyielding adherence to any opinion once maintained, which meant at once loyalty and obstinacy and reliability. Only in Lady Anstruther the natural gifts were sanctified, the natural defects minimised by the grace of holiness.

"I heard from my little daughter this morning," she said presently. "She told me she had seen you."

The "little daughter" was Norah Gilman. Sometimes, but never in her husband's presence, Lady Anstruther

spoke thus of the girl, by whose dying mother she had watched long before her own bereavement had made her doubly tender over the child. She was not an ambitious woman in any worldly sense, and sometimes she hoped that this young and charming little friend of hers would be a daughter indeed. Norah was unspotted from the world and of gentle blood. Her mother had been of better birth than the Anstruthers themselves. Of money as a factor in happiness Lady Anstruther thought wonderfully little considering the day she lived in; though she knew Sir John would not wish his son's bride to come to him dowerless. But what above all endeared the rector's daughter to Michael's mother was that she knew that from the time when they had played together as children, there had been no one like Michael in Norah's eyes and never would be. Norah was a mere girl still, but Lady Anstruther could see that that which had grown with her would remain with her; the development to womanhood would be a gradual thing. She would gain new affections, but the old ones would remain and deepen with the passing years.

"I met her at Mrs. Gilman's," said Mike quietly.

Lady Anstruther could not at present feel any assurance that to Michael Norah was more than the friend of his boyhood, but then to her Mike was a boy still, and she did not suppose his thoughts had turned with love to any woman.

"She told me she had made a friend," went on the gentle voice of the invalid, "and she held out hopes that one day she would stay with her. Poor child, I am afraid she is often dull at the rectory."

Michael's heart leapt. It was strange and seemed to him ominous of good that on the very evening of his return he should hear of Beattie and from the lips of his mother.

The lady's-maid knocked and stole into the room.

"I do not think her ladyship had better talk any more to-night," she said. "It is time she had her draught."

Michael bade her good-night. His mother laid her hand on his head with a murmured "God bless you" that brought the tears to his eyes. There was that in her manner which told him she had scarcely hoped to see him again, and that made the meeting a solemn as well as a joyful one.

Lady Anstruther had heart-disease, and her husband and children knew that in all probability the attacks would one day end fatally. But people who live with one in any way afflicted get so used to it that they are liable to forget danger in its familiarity, and those about her, especially Sir John, were apt to take advantage of her sympathetic and unselfish disposition and let her wear herself out in their service. Sir John had a morbid twist in his character which sometimes caused him to suffer from prolonged fits of depression. At these times he was fractious and irritable, exacting in the attentions he required, and liable to passionate outbursts which although they spent themselves in words were most exhausting to her on whom they were usually inflicted. The monotony of country-life too, deprived as she was of the intercourse with her children which she so enjoyed, and of her neighbours through Sir John's unsociability wearied Lady Anstruther occasionally; for she was naturally a woman who loved society and varied occupation and the exercise of the many brilliant gifts with which she was endowed. Of late years Sir John had refused to accompany her to London for the season, and as she feared to leave him alone for more than a few days, an absence which would have been scarcely worth the fatigue it entailed, she remained at Woodfield the whole year. The village was the gainer; she visited the poor in their homes, interested herself in their daughters, ministered to the sick, and aided the needy. She knew all the joys and sorrows of these humble homes, and her own bereavement in which she had had the genuine sympathy of the village had brought her nearer to other mourners. So it was that by her own patience and meekness and charity, she was able to set an example that was ennobling and elevating, and though she spoke little of religion she made it a reality, and her influence was all on the side of good.

But for her Mr. Gilman's position would have been hard indeed. The Squire would have nothing to do with him in his capacity of clergyman, and had never entered the church since Evelyn's funeral; the death of his wife had deprived him of his only companion, and he, like Lady Anstruther, was debarred from indulging any of his natural tastes, partly by the loneliness of the neighbourhood, and the difficulty of congenial society for one who had neither leisure nor wealth, and partly by defective hearing, which, increasing as he grew older, made him shy and retiring. He was a scholar and a gentleman, in his youth he had been much sought after, but a certain lack of power, a diffidence that was almost faulty had kept him below the position to which he might have attained. His wife's delicacy had made him glad to accept a living in the bracing county in which Sir John Anstruther's estate was situated, and after her death his ambition, such as it was, seemed to have faded. He wished for nothing but to do his work quietly till he should be laid by her side. Still, he was desirous of doing his duty by his children, and it was here that he found Lady Anstruther's advice and help of such great importance, especially where Norah was concerned. His friendship and admiration for her extended to her children, and Michael he loved scarcely less than his own two boys.

To Michael the rectory had been a second home. The boys were a good deal younger than he, but they were merry little fellows, and he liked to share their games, and Norah, even in the days when she wore pinafores and short frocks was always a kind little hostess, ready with piles of buttered toast on wintry afternoons, when they had been skating or snowballing, and with unlimited strawberry jam when they had tea out in the garden. If Michael hurt himself during the scrimmages, and from his infancy he was always "in the wars," as they called it, Norah was prepared with arnica, and bandages, and gold-beater's skin from the medicine chest of which she was so proud. The boys called her a "regular fusser," and a "frightful fidget;" but though they fretted under her ministrations, Mike was never ungrateful for the kind touch of her childish fingers, and the soothing tones of her clear young voice. He never noticed that Norah grew up. She had always been grown up to him, a person to be treated with respect and consideration even when she was playing rounders with marks of chocolate about her mouth. Her manner to him had never changed, and he took her interest in himself as a matter of course.

But he had never talked to her with the intimacy with which he had laid bare so many of his thoughts to Beattie after less than a week's acquaintanceship. People are often shyer with old friends than with new. It frequently happens that one reveals to the stranger of yesterday what one's brother will never know, and what a life-long intercourse has not drawn from one's heart. But still Michael was very fond of Norah. He had been too attached to Evelyn to think of putting Norah in her place, but she was like a younger sister, and if he had been in trouble and anxious to spare his mother, he would have gone unhesitatingly, and with the assurance of her sympathy to the little mistress of the Rectory. He was sorry she was not at home now. The morning after his arrival he would have liked to spend the hour in the rectory parlour, till he was admitted to his mother's room. Norah was a person who was always busy and yet made you feel she had plenty of time at your disposal. At least, she made Michael feel like that. He never scrupled to invade her mornings. But to-day she would not be there. The boys too, he heard, were staying with some school-fellows till the next week. Still, he thought, he would stroll down and see the rector. His own father had sat up till late talking to him the night before and had sent a message that he was to make his morning plans without regard to him. Sir John was not an early riser. Sometimes he would keep breakfast about till it was nearly lunch time, refusing to take it in his own room where he was parading up and down in his dressing-gown, brooding on various subjects, and persuading himself he was the most miserable creature in existence (as he probably was at that time). The doctor, a young man with more candour than caution, told him his liver was at fault, and that if he took his breakfast at a sensible hour he would be considerably better in both mind and body, but as Sir John did not obey him, and continued to need his ministrations, Dr. Waller lost nothing except Sir John's approbation by having told him the truth.

Mr. Gilman was in his study when

Michael was announced. He had heard of his arrival but had not expected so speedy a visit to himself, and was proportionately pleased until he feared perhaps Lady Anstruther was worse and had sent for him. But directly he was reassured on this point, he gave himself up to the pleasure of Michael's society. He was greatly interested in the young man's career, and eager to hear anything Michael could tell him about new scientific discoveries in the field of medicine, and new practices in surgery. At one time Mr. Gilman had thought of being a doctor himself. His interest was so genuine that Michael was carried away by it and forgot his mother and Beattie and every other subject. It was not till the rector was summoned to his early luncheon that Michael remembered the flight of time.

"Come again soon, my dear boy," said Mr. Gilman, his kindly near-sighted eyes bright with an unwonted light, and his manner almost eager; "it has been such a pleasure to have you to myself. The children will all be home next week. Norah has been away for a fortnight now and you can't tell what the house is without her. She is a quiet little mouse, but one is dreadfully conscious of her absence."

"I shall be glad to see her too," said Michael frankly.

Mr. Gilman did not share Lady Anstruther's hopes as to the possible future of their two children. Such a thought had never entered his head and was not likely to. Not for worlds would he have stood in his daughter's light, but unconsciously he looked for her to be with him and the boys, as she had been since her mother died. In the home and the parish there was much useful work to be done, and that was her sphere. It was Lady Anstruther who reminded him sometimes that after all Norah was very young and that she ought to have the pleasures which later years cannot supply.

"Don't let her when she is old feel she has been deprived of her girlhood," she would say. "We know, you and I, that happiness is only to be found in the faithful performance of duty, but we have duties as well as Norah, and we must see that we do not abuse her conscientiousness."

Lady Anstruther entertained but little, but she had determined to do what she could this summer, that Norah might at least have the opportunity of seeing such society as was to be found within a radius of ten miles. She could see that Norah inherited from her father a retiring disposition that if encouraged might lead to eccentricity. She did sometimes want a girl friend, but otherwise she was fairly content. She did not care for general society, and her happiest moments, except when she was with Michael, were spent in her household duties and in the cottages where there were old people and little children.

"But some day she must face the world," Lady Anstruther would think; "And is she having the best preparation for it?"

It was at her instigation that Norah accepted Mrs. Gilman's invitation, which both she and her father had been disposed to refuse. She thought that it might lead to Norah's having a season in London under her cousin's chaperonage in the following year, and to her seeing more of the world which even the most unworldly must inhabit, and in which the best as well as the worst of human nature is probably developed. Lady Anstruther's experience of life had not led her to find most admirable the type of character to be found in dwellers in solitude, nor those who voluntarily embrace a narrow sphere. She believed that the sanest, and healthiest, and noblest lives were lived by those who freely mixed with their fellow-creatures, sweetening and ennobling every gathering, purifying all intercourse, by the love which comes from God, and flows out to humanity.

(*To be continued.*)



QUESTION AND ANSWER.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

EMIGRATION TO SOUTH AFRICA. *I am recommended for the sake of my health to go to South Africa. Could I obtain a post there as companion-help? If so, what preparation for the duties ought I to seek? Is there any society to which I could turn for guidance on arrival? I am fond of domestic work.*

FRIENDLESS GIRL.

If you go to South Africa, you must be prepared for hard work. The life, however, except in some insanitary towns, is healthy, and we have known delicate women return to England much invigorated by residence in the dry climate, although they have had to be at work from early morning till late at night, and engaged in duties of the most laborious domestic character. You should not leave home until you have acquired a thorough knowledge of all ordinary household duties, cooking, dairy-work, and, if possible, of poultry-keeping also. The ability to make good butter has been known to prove quite a small fortune to its possessor in a land where butter is so scarce that people pay three shillings a pound for it. In any of the best schools of housewifery you would learn much that would be of service to you in your future life; but probably you could hardly do better than become a pupil at the Emigrants' Training Home, Leaton, Wrockwardine, Wellington, Salop. The arrangements for the reception of women emigrants in South Africa are not at present as satisfactory as could be wished. There is a good home, however, with moderate charges, at Pietermaritzburg, the Jubilee Institute, which has recently been opened by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and in Johannesburg there is the Women's Residential Club, 108, Kerk Street, which is conducted by Miss Plunket, who also endeavours to find situations for women who apply to her. You must remember that if you wish to go inland as far as Johannesburg, you ought to allow yourself a considerable amount of money over and above the bare cost of your passage, so as to cover railway fares and the probable expense of having to spend a short time at your own cost before you found employment to suit you. In regard to the nature of the work itself, we cannot do better than quote some passages from an interesting letter addressed to us by one of our South African readers who signs herself "Natalia." "Nearly every housewife," says our correspondent, "keeps a Kaffir boy to do the rough work. The Kaffir girls will do beds and dusting, but (with very few exceptions) refuse to wash saucepans or even dishes. They say, when asking for work, 'No, missus, me no work in the kitchen.' As our daughters are quite capable of doing the ordinary house-work, we want a kind of general servant to scrub floors and work in the kitchen; so the little kitchen Kaffir suits us very well." This Kaffir labour, however, is extremely irregular, and long periods may intervene, during which the ladies of the house have to do everything for themselves. Consequently, a woman who contemplates going to South Africa should be prepared to supply all her own needs when circumstances require her so to do.



MEDICAL.

Ada Wright.—The questions that you ask us are not to be hastily answered, but we are pleased to give you all the information that we can. You ought to be everlastingly grateful to your doctor, for he has certainly cured you, and it is something for a physician to be delighted with to cure a case of epilepsy. If, as you say, you have not had a fit for twenty years, we think that it is unlikely that the fits will return. Where you have heard that epilepsy is the commonest cause of insanity we cannot tell. Epilepsy is an occasional cause of mental disease, but it is not a very common cause. The influence of heredity in epilepsy has been absurdly overrated. Epileptics are most common in nervous families and in families where other members are neurotic or insane; but the direct heredity of epilepsy is in our experience rare. We do not think that the fact of your having had fits prevents your marriage. But of course you must clearly lay your case before your intended husband.

Clara.—Mutton is the most digestible of butcher's meat, beef comes second, veal and pork (especially the latter) are not easily digested; but bacon is not indigestible, and the fatter the bacon the more digestible it is. Kidneys and liver are difficult to digest. Tripe and sweetbreads are very digestible.

Camelia.—The nervousness and palpitations to which you are subject are due to the tea that you drink. If you give up taking tea you will get all right in a very short time. Besides nervousness and palpitation, tea, if taken in excess, gives rise to the following symptoms:—Insomnia, often very intractable; dreams, tremors, indigestion (often accompanied with heart-burn and "waterbrash"), constipation and colic. Dependent upon these interferences with digestion are the red noses and "rosacea" so common among excessive tea-drinkers. A general irritability of temper is also induced by over-indulgence in tea. It also seems that tea produces a special inclination to talk scandal.

May Blossom.—You ask us about the treatment of corpulency in an otherwise perfectly healthy adult. It is mainly a question of diet. You should avoid untoasted bread, brown bread, puddings, pastry, potatoes and other foods containing a large quantity of starch. Sugar in all forms is forbidden. Milk must be taken in moderation. Alcohol must be avoided in any form. Liver should not be eaten. Cocoa is also prohibited. There are various methods of carrying out the dietary treatment of obesity. Bant's method is the most severe. It is much too severe, and not only have we seen the health ruined, but even death occur from "banting." Some modification of Ebstein's dietary is the most satisfactory. The following diet table will be found quite spare enough for ordinary cases:—*Breakfast.* Two ounces of thin well-toasted white bread well buttered. An egg. Half a pint of tea or coffee. *Lunch.* Two ounces of thin well-toasted white bread well buttered. A small rasher of fat bacon. Half a pint of fluid. *Dinner.* No soup except such as is made with bone marrow. Half a pound of fat meat. Vegetables, but potatoes in great moderation. No puddings. Half a pint of fluid. Butter, fat, and fat bacon are thoroughly admissible. You see that we have to limit the quantity of food taken. No food may be taken between meals. Fluids must be restricted. Besides diet, exercise is important. You must take a walk every day, but you must not over-fatigue yourself. Slightly increase the distance walked every day. The various spas to which stout persons resort to get thin by taking "the waters," owe their efficacy chiefly, if not entirely, to the rigid system of dieting and exercise there enforced.

Agnes.—Sulphur is used in medicine as a laxative, for which purpose it is fairly useful. Sulphur produces no obvious effect on the blood when taken by the mouth. It is one of our most valuable drugs for local application to the skin.

Bunny.—Glycerine and cucumber, or glycerine and rose-water may be used to render the skin of the face smooth. It is very wasteful to wash in milk, and besides it is not much good for the complexion.

Doreen.—1. Curling the hair with hot irons renders it brittle and lustreless. Damping the hair before curling it would rather diminish than increase the evil effects of the hot irons.—2. The 16th of September, 1878, was a Monday.

An Old Friend of The "G.O.P."—Sulph-hydrate of calcium is an unsafe and most uncertain depilatory. If you apply this substance to your face for two minutes and then wash it off again, you will not notice much difference in the hairs. If you keep it on too long it will peel your face. The best result we have seen from using sulph-hydrate of calcium for superfluous hairs was in a girl, who applied it to her upper lip to remove some short hairs. The next day the skin of her lip was red and started to peel. It went on peeling for a fortnight, at the end of which time the hairs were a little longer than before! Sulphide of calcium smells of rotten eggs, and it will require some uncommonly powerful scent to render it free from its foul odour. We discussed the subject of superfluous hairs at full length some weeks ago.

Joney.—It is highly probable that "eustachian obstruction" is the cause of your deafness. As this condition is rather serious and needs prolonged treatment, we advise you to do as you suggest and go to your doctor, or if you cannot afford his fees, to go to the special department of a general hospital. You say that you were in a hospital with tubercular hip disease, and you ask us if this would have anything to do with your ears? Possibly it might, for ear disease is sometimes due to tubercle. Severe headache is a common accompaniment of ear troubles.

Laurel Leaf.—Bunions are due to the pressure of ill-fitting boots. Modern boots are made of such a shape that the joint of the big toe is forced out of position and made to project. In consequence of this it is pressed upon, irritated, and eventually becomes inflamed, forming a bunion. The treatment for the condition is to see to your boots. Let your boots be roomy and as near to the natural shape of the foot as possible. We have lately seen boots for sale in London which actually bear some resemblance to the human foot! If you could get a pair of these boots we strongly advise you to do so. Besides seeing to your boots, wash your foot every evening in warm water to which borax, or boracic acid has been added (one dram to a pint). Keep the foot elevated on a pillow at night. Massage may also be of service (see below).

Phillipa asks us "Do you think much of massage?" Most decidedly we do! It is one of the most useful measures that we have for relieving pain and curing inflammations. She also asks us "How is it done, and can any one do it?" Yes, any intelligent person can perform massage if she pays attention to the rules. The object of massage is chiefly to promote the circulation of the part by helping the return of the blood and the lymph towards the heart. It consists in rubbing. It is done in the following manner. Suppose you wish to massage the knee. Have the knee bare. Stand facing your patient. Dip your fingers in sweet oil and rub *upwards* towards the heart. Use the tips of your fingers only, press firmly, and remember that you must only rub towards the heart. Continue the rubbings for twenty minutes. Whatever part you massage you must rub towards the heart; upwards for the arms and legs, and downwards for the head. This is all that is necessary. The elaborate rubbings, smackings, and gymnastics which constitute professional massage are very rarely necessary, the simple massage if properly done is quite sufficient in nine cases out of ten. Massage produces a delightful feeling of comfort, easing pain, and promoting absorption of inflammatory exudations. It is used in many forms of injuries and diseases of the bones, joints, and muscles, and in various diseases of the nervous system.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

Kathleen.—1. There is nothing whatever to pay for "International Correspondence," except that you must put a 2½d. stamp on each letter you send to your foreign friend.—2. Your writing would be better in our opinion if it did not slope backward. You should try and keep a uniform space between the lines of your letter.

Sweet Seventeen.—We hardly think you would be able to get children's stories accepted for English magazines because of your un-English mode of expression, e.g., "For many years already I write short children's stories." We do not wish you to think we feel anything but admiration for your nicely-written letter. If you would like to try your fortune, send a story, written on one side of the paper, to the editor of any children's magazine for which you think it suitable, enclosing stamps for its return in case it is not accepted, and keeping a copy. No fee is required.

Hermione.—We are answering one of your questions elsewhere, and are glad to hear you are pleased with your prize. As for classical allusions, if you had Dr. Smith's classical dictionary beside you, you could look them up whenever you were perplexed. It is an expensive book, but secondhand copies are often to be met with. The only other course is to read all you can concerning classic lore. Dean Church's tales from ancient history, Kingsley's *Heroes*, Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey*, are all fascinating.

Springtide.—1. The English spring is proverbially fickle, but you may consider March, April, and May as the three spring months.—2. Books "become out of print" when the last edition is all sold and they are not reprinted, but even in this case they can frequently be obtained. If your local bookseller cannot procure *The Harvest of a Quiet Eye*, write to some London firm, such as Messrs. Sotheran, Strand, London. We are glad you have taken our advice about the Home Reading Union.

Napoleon.—1. You do not say what price you would be willing to give for your dictionary. Nuttall's Pronouncing Dictionary is 2s. 7½d. net; Chambers' Etymological Dictionary is the same price; Skeats' Concise Etymological Dictionary is 4s. 1½d. net. Webster's Pronouncing Dictionary is only 9d. net. We should suggest that you purchased a cheap pronouncing dictionary and a good etymological one "showing the derivation of words."—2. We think your writing, though very plain and legible, is too black and square. The only way to alter it would be daily to practise a good "running hand" from a copybook.

A Blighted Blossom.—You should attend one of the Metropolitan Technical Schools for instruction in your special branch of designing. Openings for work might afterwards present themselves. See Mrs. Watson's recent article "What is the London County Council doing for Girls?" or write to the Technical Education Board, St. Martin's Lane. We feel sympathy for you, and may add, that if you wish for help (gratis of course) in your stammering, there is some one who will be pleased to give it to you, S. W., Esq., 12, Bonverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Stammerers can often read, declaim and sing without difficulty; it is in conversation that the trouble arises, where the even flow of the voice is frequently broken.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. P. P.—The "Studies in Plant Life," by Mrs. Brightwen, published in this magazine, are reprinted in book-form by Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Lottie.—It was not the use of the needle as a means of livelihood that brought them into such contempt as that expressed in the old adage, "It takes nine tailors to make a man." The phrase has been corrupted from the original, and does not refer to tailors at all, but to a special kind of bell-ringing. The method of distinguishing the sex and age of the deceased, for whom the church or cemetery bell is tolled, is as follows:—Three strokes given successively three times (nine in all) given three at a time and followed by the "knell," denotes the death of a man; three strokes, twice repeated, before the "knell," are indicative of the death of a woman; and three strokes, without repetition, before the "knell," that of a child. Thus the original saying was "Nine tellers (or proclaimers of death) mark a man," the word "tellers" corrupted to "tailors," and "mark" to "make"—a mischievous change, yet possibly of accidental growth.

Alice in Wonderland.—We are not in a position to affirm nor deny the wonderful possibilities dimly foreshadowed by, as yet undeveloped, scientific experiments with reference to the planet Mars. Old theories appear to be fading away before the clearer light now being thrown on long-sealed mysteries. Perhaps the great telescope—one of the chief features of the proposed Paris Exposition of the year 1900—may settle the question of the habitation of this planet, since such power is claimed for it, as may bring the moon within a mile distance of us! The telescope will be 180 feet long with a level mirror of 75 inches in diameter, whereas the Lick telescope (the largest, next to the Yorke's, of the Chicago University) has one of 36 inches only.

Very Worried.—1. When a wrong and fraudulent name is given by one party only, and the other party is innocent, the validity of the marriage is not affected. The names by which the parties are known are sufficient for the publication of the banns, so that a variance from the strict baptismal name is not important. The case is quite different where wrong names are designedly given for the purposes of concealment or fraud. This *may* make the marriage null and void.—2. The name Melhuish is usually pronounced Mellish—we do not see where the trouble lies.

Lily of the Valley (Munich).—We think your composition correct and your writing plain and well formed. A weak solution of spirits of wine will, we think, remove the stains of the beer, but you must be very careful to place the silk on a clean towel several times doubled and apply a little with a clean rag or sponge.

Odds and Ends.

AMONGST the many industries for which England had a deserved reputation, and which are rapidly declining, the most serious decrease is in that of watch-making. So bad is the present state of the industry that it can scarcely be said to exist as an English manufacture. The reason for this serious decline is not far to seek, and it is extremely simple. It has been the habit of the British watch-manufacturers to allow the jewellers and shop-keepers to stamp their names and addresses upon the watches they sell; and not only do they permit this, but they themselves place the name and address upon the watches that are bought by various shopkeepers. Consequently such a thing as a great name in the watch-making trade is almost unknown whilst there are many jewellers' shops which have a great reputation for their watches. These are actually made, regulated, finished off, and sent out by some firm or other which never receives the credit. Another curious thing about this manufacture is that watch-springs are not made in this country, the steel being actually sent to Switzerland where it is cut up by a machine—invented by the Swiss who entirely monopolise the trade—into the thin delicate strips that form the mainspring, which are then sent to England. These spring-cutting machines may be bought for a very low price, but oddly enough they are not used in England.

HALF a dozen drops of spirits of nitre in a spoonful of water, if applied with a feather to ink-stains in mahogany, rosewood, or black walnut furniture will instantly remove them. As soon as the ink disappears the place should be rubbed with a cloth that has been wetted in cold water, or the nitre will leave a white spot that will not be easily removed. If the ink remains after the application of the nitre, a second trial will be found effective. Here, too, are some useful hints with regard to the treatment of *passementerie* and jet trimmings that have become dull and rusty, as is so often the case. It is quite easy to clean them by wetting a piece of soft black cloth in alcohol that has been diluted with a little water, and then rubbing it over the trimmings. Shoe-polish will always renovate those portions of the *passementerie* that have become brown with wear. The *passementerie* should be brushed with it.

GENEVA is the great centre for the manufacture of musical boxes, thousands of men, women, and children being employed in the factories. The different parts are made by men who are experts, and who do nothing else year after year. The music is marked on the cylinder by a man who has served an apprenticeship of many years; another man inserts pegs which have been filed to one length. The comb or set of teeth which strikes these pegs and makes the sound is arranged by a workman who does nothing else. When all the parts are completed and put together, the cylinder is revolved to see that each peg produces its proper tone, and the most delicate and difficult work of all is the revising of each peg, this being done by a man who has a good ear for music. He sees that each peg is in its proper place and bent at the proper angle, so that the comb in catching it may produce the required sound. When finally the instrument is in its case an expert examines it most carefully to see that the time is perfect.

"BELITTLING our neighbours is a sure sign that we are on a low level ourselves and desire to pull them down so that they may stand no higher than we do."

"TO understand how to rest is of more importance than to know how to work. The latter can be learned easily, the former takes years to learn, and some people never learn the art of resting. It is simply a change of scenes and activities. Lounging may not be resting. Sleeping is not always restful. Sitting down with nothing to do is not restful. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties and to turn the life into a new channel. The woman who works hard finds her best rest in playing hard. The woman who is burdened with care finds relief in something that is active yet free from responsibility. Above all we should keep good-natured and not abuse our best friend—the digestion."

IT is a common superstition that moonlight has great influence upon animate and inanimate objects, and many people believe that a person can be driven mad by sleeping with unshuttered windows when the moon is shining. But moonlight is only reflected sunlight, and neither the quality nor the quantity of its light is what is generally imagined. Astronomers say that it would take 618,000 full moons to give the same amount of light emitted by the sun, and that there is only sufficient space in the sky for 75,000 of these planets. A certain amount of heat comes from moonlight, but in so small a degree that it cannot be measured by the ordinary astronomical instruments, and the great scientist Flammarion declares that the whole heat emitted by a full moon at the zenith, cannot possibly be more than one eighty-thousandth part of the amount given by the sun at noon on a July day.

CURVED or stooping shoulders may be easily straightened by the daily and patient following of this exercise. Stand in a perfectly upright position with the heels together and the toes at right angles. Drop the arms by the side inflating and raising the chest to its full capacity, keeping the chin well drawn in and the crown of the head in exactly the same position as if it were attached to a cord fastened in the ceiling above. Then slowly rise upon the balls of the feet as far and as high as possible, thus exercising all the muscles of the legs and body, and drop into the standing position without moving the body out of its upright position. Repeat the exercise afterwards upon one foot and then the other, and in a short time the effect will be observed not only in the curve of the shoulders but in the greater expansion of the lungs.

AN American professor has invented a cooling stove, which he claims will reduce the temperature of a room during the hottest summer day to one of cool comfort. Salt, a small quantity of ice, and a patented chemical are the fuel of this novel invention, and so great is the cold induced that it is as dangerous to touch this stove when it is in operation as it would be to place the hand on an ordinary stove when fully heated. The skin is instantly taken off, the effect produced being exactly like that of a burn.

AUSTRIA has been described as "the paradise of old ladies." In no other country are elderly ladies treated with such deference. No Austrian would ever dream of receiving a lady's extended hand without bowing to kiss it, and girls and young married women of the highest station never consider it beneath their dignity to kiss the hands of ladies who have attained a certain age.

ONE of the medical students at the Royal Free Hospital, in the Gray's Inn Road, London, is the Hon. Ella Scarlett, a sister of Lord Abinger's. Miss Scarlett was presented at Court and went into society for two seasons, but she soon wearied of an existence of mere pleasure, and, meeting a Russian lady-surgeon abroad, gladly allowed herself to be persuaded to give her time and energies to the alleviation of human suffering. For two-and-a-half years she has been working hard at the Royal Free Hospital, and when her course is finished there, will go to the Rotunda Hospital in Dublin. The training lasts five years, and during that time Miss Scarlett is going to learn Hindustani, so that she may practice in India when she has taken her degree. She hopes to be appointed to the court of one of the rajahs. Miss Scarlett holds a surgical post in the Royal Free Hospital. Whilst speaking of women doctors, it is interesting to note that out of ninety serious operations performed at the New Hospital for Women in the Euston Road, where all doctors are women, there have been only two deaths.

IT is generally supposed that a snake in killing its prey always bites it. But a naturalist, who for many years has studied the habits of these reptiles, declares that this is not the case, and that snakes cannot possibly bite because their jaws are connected only by a cartilage, and are not hinged and therefore cannot be brought together with any force. The snake simply hooks the fangs that are placed in its upper jaw into its victim, the lower jaw not coming into action at all, exactly in the manner in which anybody in a boat fixes a boat-hook in a chain or on to a pier.

THAT much-used preservative against the ravages of moths, camphor, comes from Japan where, however, the tree only grows in certain localities that are within reach of the sea breezes, and that always face towards the south. The tree is of remarkably slow growth, growing only one and a half inches a year, and a camphor tree plantation of about two and a half acres will yield quite £2,000 worth of camphor annually. Owing to a careless and indiscriminate felling of the trees, there are now very few available and the price of the product has naturally increased. Chips from the stumps and roots of trees cut down years and years ago are used by the Japanese farmers for making crude camphor, but the process by which it is obtained is so wasteful that it is estimated that only a very small percentage of the camphor actually contained in the chips is extracted. This crude camphor contains only from ten to fifteen per cent. of the camphor oil which in its turn yields fifty per cent. of pure camphor. There is a large district in the island of Formosa entirely covered by camphor forests, and it is from these, it is said, that the future supply of camphor will come.



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PROSPECTS



I.

TRAVELLER fair, with the eager feet,
With lightsome heart and smile so sweet,
Whither away
This sunny day?
What will you do with the hours so fleet?

To regions of song, of flowers, and light,
Where love fills the heart and all is bright,
Thither away
This sunny day:
I heed not the hours yet hid from my sight.

II.

Pilgrim tried, with the faltering tread,
With chastened heart and careworn head,
Whither away
This cloudy day?
Come, tell how the hours with you have sped.

To lands where sorrow and sin are unknown,
Where hopes are fulfilled and joy reigns alone;
Thither away
This cloudy day,
To reap evermore what the hours have sown.

T. C. MULHOLLAND.



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IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

MICHAEL would have liked to tell his mother about Beattie, but during the first few days of his return she had to be kept very quiet, and no topic of conversation was introduced but familiar ones, and such as were likely to cause nothing even approaching excitement. She had had another attack of palpitations, and again the household had been greatly alarmed on her account. The change to Michael, after the free atmosphere of his holiday and the hopes and happiness which had been associated with Beattie was rather a painful one. Sir John, after the first pleasure of seeing him had passed, was more than usually irritable and complaining, finding fault with those about him, with things in general, and even, on occasion, with Michael himself. There was no one with whom Michael could play tennis, and except Mr. Gilman no one with whom to talk intelligently. With his mother lying ill he was not disposed to go far afield for society, even if he had himself been in the mood for it. He spent a good deal of time alone, read poetry, thought of Beattie, and as may be imagined grew fonder of her daily in this interval of absence.

So a week passed. Then one day, walking in the village he met Norah. He had never been so pleased to see her. She noticed how his face brightened as he drew near to her, and he squeezed her hand so hard that he hurt her. Here was some one who knew Beattie and could talk of her.

Norah was looking very well and prettier than Michael had ever seen her.

"I am so glad you are back," he said.

"Mrs. Gilman asked me to stay another week," said Norah, "but I felt I had been away long enough."

She might have added that her father had written that Mike had come home and seemed very lonely.

"Everybody has wanted you," said Mike. "Old Mrs. Emery is saying she can't tell the days of the week, now that Mondays pass without your going to see her! Mrs. Wilson takes it as a personal insult that neither you nor my mother have seen the twins, and seems to think that is why one of them doesn't thrive, and Lady Anstruther says to me every day, 'I shall be glad when Norah is back.'"

"Do you think I may come up this afternoon, Mike?"

"Oh do. You can tell her about your trip. Was it nice?"

"Very. We went all round the coast, staying at different places. The Gilmans are in Cornwall now, and will stop another fortnight."

"I have been to the seaside, too," said Mike. "Do you know Crabsley?"

Norah laughed.

"You know I don't know anywhere, Mike. But I have heard of Crabsley. Oh, yes, it was Beattie Margetson who was going there. Did you see her?"

"Yes," said Mike, hoping his voice sounded as unconcerned to his hearer as to himself. "She was there with her uncle and aunt. Such a funny little aunt. Looks as if she had been melted and poured into her clothes, and she can't stoop, I know, because I watched her trying to pick up her parasol once, and it was the funniest sight. However, I went to the rescue. It seems rather a pity somehow that Miss Margetson should have to be tied to her."

"Oh, she is very kind," said Norah. "She was as nice as possible to me, and she said perhaps she would let Beattie come and see me some time. Wouldn't it be lovely to have her here?"

"It would," said Mike, with genuine feeling. Norah's "lovely" did not sound to him in the least gushing, though it would have seemed a schoolgirl's expression not many weeks ago.

"Mrs. Gilman is very fond of her, and so is Eva. I have never met any girl I liked so much at first sight."

Mike felt inclined to say, "nor have I," but said instead, "Well, you have not known many, you see."

"No. Beattie has so many friends. She is popular with everybody. But then," Norah added thoughtfully, "she has never had to do any fighting, and I think that makes a difference."

Mike laughed.

"Why, you haven't been particularly pugnacious, have you?"

Norah reddened.

"I don't know if you'ld understand," she said. "Only I mean that Beattie has been rich and hasn't had to think about things, and she takes the world as she finds it, and if people are kind to her she just likes them; but I have had to be more serious, and I seem older than other girls, and besides——" she hesitated.

"Well," said Michael.

"I don't think I'll say it."

"Yes, do."

"It's only that I have learnt a good deal from father and your mother, and—and when you are trying to fight your own sins and to serve God, it isn't so easy to be friends with everybody."

"You mean that they are what is called 'worldly.' Oh, well," said Michael, "I don't go in for those distinctions myself, and I think the people who do are generally prigs." Then, seeing that she turned away her face, he added quickly, "you're not a prig, Norah, you're far too sweet, and I daresay there's some truth in what you say. Only, you see I'm not given to introspection. I suppose saints do feel out of it in the world. But still, I should think Miss Margetson was good enough for most people."

"It isn't a question of goodness," said Norah. "Of course she is good. If she hadn't been one wouldn't feel so drawn to her. But I mean she hasn't put herself in opposition to evil."

"Perhaps that's not her business," said Mike. "I don't see why she should put herself in opposition to anything, unless it's Mrs. Swannington. She'll have to put herself in opposition to her one day, or I'm very much mistaken." And he laughed, a little consciously.

"Why?" Norah asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I shouldn't think she was a person overburdened with the scruples about worldliness which apparently beset you. Still, she was very kind to me, and let me bore her rather, I expect, so I mustn't say anything against her."

"I suppose you saw a good deal of them?"

"Pretty well. Of course a week isn't a very long time. I came back to the mother rather hurriedly—they wired."

"Shall you stay here for the rest of your holidays?" Norah asked, poking at a tuft of grass with her parasol.

"Oh, no," said Michael, with something like eagerness in his tones. "I must be off when I see my mother better. I—I shan't go to the sea again, I expect, but I have business in London. It won't be very long now before I start for Paris."

"No," said Norah, rather sadly.

"I daresay I shall be backwards and forwards a bit," said Mike, thinking of Beattie. "Really, Paris isn't so very much farther than London."

"Still, there is less chance of seeing you," said Norah. "I am going to be in London, perhaps, next spring, Mike. Mrs. Gilman wants me to go out with her."

"Well done, Mrs. Gilman. Why, Norah, when I come back from Paris I shall find you quite a changed young woman, I expect. You will have forgotten the admonitions of a couple of middle-aged people whose own experiences have saddened them, and be as interested in the vanities of life as all the other young ladies who like pretty dresses and flirtations and compliments better than taking broth to the sick and meditating on serious subjects." And then, as she raised her gentle eyes to his face to ascertain if he was laughing or in earnest, he said quickly: "But I hope you won't, for I like you best as you are."

And this little speech was enough to make Norah happy.

In the afternoon she went up to the Hall. Lady Anstruther was on the sofa in the morning-room. Sir John was sitting with her, keeping her company after a fashion of his own which left his wife uncertain whether to laugh or cry and was singularly trying to her nerves, for he never spoke except to assure her that everything was going wrong now that she was not there to see after them, and the rest of the time he regarded her

in gloomy silence. Lady Anstruther was very fond of her husband; she had loved him deeply in her youth, and she knew that he was devoted to her, but his way of showing his affection was not conspicuously unselfish, and, as his peculiarities grew upon him, Lady Anstruther sometimes needed to revive her tenderness towards him by remembering what he used to be in the past. He departed soon after Norah's arrival; he and the clergyman's daughter were not at ease in each other's society. Her views were rather offensive to Sir John. He had been heard to speak of her as a "goody-goody chit," and naturally Norah did not show to advantage in his company. He had a tendency to say things which shocked her, and moreover Norah was a little bit afraid of him. She was sensitive to likes and dislikes.

She had brought a lot of photographs with her, and Lady Anstruther's memories of Devonshire were revived as she looked at the pictures of the beautiful Dart scenery which, she told Norah, she considered as lovely as that of the Rhine.

"I should like to go to some of these places again," she said wistfully, gazing at a picture of Fowey and Polruan. "We went to Cornwall for our honeymoon. But I don't think Sir John would care for all the scrambling, and long coach-drives, and boating on rough seas, that he revelled in then. I am afraid I shouldn't, either," she added smiling. "But one day, Norah, you and I will go quietly together."

Norah's eyes shone.

"I should like that," she said. "This little peep at the world has made me feel so very ignorant. I sometimes felt quite ashamed when Mr. Gilman spoke of various places and I knew nothing about them. And I couldn't do anything either. I think they must have got rather tired of me. Cousin Alice can swim, and row, and ride, and when we met people she had so much to say to them, and I often seemed just a dead-weight."

"Well, dear, you haven't had many opportunities, you see. Mrs. Gilman is a woman of the world, and you are only a young girl. Besides, I daresay there are things you can do and they can't, only this was not an opportunity for displaying them. But now tell me about the little friend you made."

"Beattie—oh, you would like her, Lady Anstruther. Mike saw her at Mrs. Gilman's. Didn't he mention her?"

"No; he only told me he had seen you," said Lady Anstruther smiling. "I don't think Mike is much given to noticing young ladies."

"Well, he spoke to her. She is beautiful, Lady Anstruther. I have never seen any one so pretty. She has such a happy look, too. She has eyes that have a smile in them. I only saw her three times, but I have got quite fond of her."

"And does she reciprocate your affection?" asked Lady Anstruther laughing. Norah was not often enthusiastic.

"Oh, she is different. I think she liked me. But she has heaps of people to be fond of. I should think she has almost everything she wants; and she is dressed like a picture. I wonder Mike didn't tell you about her."

"Why, Norah, Mike doesn't notice people's dresses; but I believe this Beattie has made you discontented."

"Oh no; only with myself."

"You needn't be, dear Norah. I daresay there are many people who would prefer you to her; and, even if not, you have your gifts just as she has hers, and you know, darling, the great thing is to draw people, not to yourself, but to God. You try to do that."

"I want to," said Norah shyly, "only I can't help wishing people to like me, and they don't care for you, just because you are trying to be good. As I said to Mike, that makes it harder to get on with them, because you can't take pleasure in things in quite the same way; clothes and food and that. Mr. Gilman thought me very silly not to mind what I ate, and said the hotel cooking was wasted on me, and Mrs. Gilman thought I ought to take a great deal more interest in my clothes. Now father says—

"'Look on meat, think it dirt, then eat a bit,
And say withal, earth to earth I commit.'

and

"'Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.'"

"Your father knows best," said Lady Anstruther. "But I am not sure that it wouldn't be wise to take an interest in cooking and clothing for the sake of other people." And then she laughed. "Poor little Norah. What did Michael say, I wonder, when you discoursed to him in this fashion?"

"Oh, he told me not to be a prig," said Norah; "or something to that effect."

"But you are to go to Mrs. Gilman in the spring, I hear, so you see you can't have made such a very bad impression. I don't suppose other people take these little things so seriously as you do, Norah. When you have had more experience life will seem a different matter to you, and all these details will be merged in something bigger. I am sure, if you are loving and sympathetic to Mrs. Gilman, she won't mind if you can't be enthusiastic about French bonnets; only I don't see why you shouldn't take a reasonable interest in them. Probably, when you marry, your husband will want to be proud of your appearance; and I don't think you ought to expect all men to be like your father and George Herbert in the matter of food."

And Lady Anstruther laughed again, as she reflected that Mike was by no means above enjoying his dinner, however little he might understand the mysteries of ladies' dress.

Lady Anstruther was obliged to treat some of Norah's scruples very lightly, lest the girl should make her life harder than was necessary. Virtues and faults lie near together, and saints may sometimes lose their human sympathies.

Michael did not come into the room while Norah was there, but he encountered her in the drive afterwards, and walked home with her to have a chat with the rector who had sent him a message. Norah was very animated on the way home. A talk with Lady Anstruther always did her good, and she had borrowed some books which she was looking forward to reading. Michael made a grimace as he looked at the titles of the volumes he was carrying; they seemed to him to be rather serious reading for his youthful companion, but Norah cared little for any other books, though she had considerable literary tastes. Her slight acquaintance with fiction would have astonished the modern novel-reading young lady. Lady Anstruther thought a course of good novels would be beneficial to Norah, enlarging her views and widening her sympathies, besides, in some sort, supplying the lack of that education which is to be gained by general society, but Norah took so slight an interest in them, and cared so little for the fate of heroine or hero, that Lady Anstruther lost patience with her, angry, that what was a refreshment to herself, was only a weariness to her pupil.

"I can't subject my favourites to your slights," she said, when Norah brought back *Consuelo* with the marker at the fiftieth page, and confessed to having found *Martin Chuzzlewit* unreadable. The only story she did care for was *Cranford*, and, as a reward, Lady Anstruther gave her the volume in the newest and best edition.

"I like realities best," Norah would say quietly; "and the books which help me to meet them are the ones I value most."

So her ladyship lent her *The Lives of the Saints*, and biographies of men and women who had had struggles and victories, and such works of philosophy as Norah selected from the library when Sir John was safely out of the way. They were the books most neglected by himself.

"You are too good for ordinary people," said Michael, looking at her with a shake of the head. "Why, here is actually a volume of sermons. Aren't two every Sunday enough?"

"These are very beautiful," said Norah; "and besides, I like to hear some one's views besides my father's. I read these to him sometimes. There are lovely thoughts in them."

The sermons were some by Robertson of Brighton.

"Well," said Michael, "religion makes you what you are, I suppose, and everybody loves you. But it does seem queer for any one to read sermons from choice."

"Perhaps one day you won't think so," said Norah gravely. "For my part, I don't see why the highest and best part of life should be reserved for one day in seven, when it may make the other six better worth the living."

"But this world is so beautiful, why need you be always thinking of another?"

"I am not," said Norah; "I am

learning how to do my duty in this. Besides, this world is not enough to satisfy me."

"It satisfies me," said Michael.

Norah looked up at him. Why should it not? He had youth, health, hope, and a career in which he delighted before him. She did not know that in addition he saw the world through the glory which love-light throws.

"But then," he went on, "I am materially and you are spiritually minded, and I daresay that makes all the difference."

Norah was silent. Her father had told her that to all men, sooner or later, comes disenchantment and weariness, and the soul calls out for God.

The afternoon post had just come in. They passed the postman in his cart. Norah found a letter awaiting her, and seized it with the eagerness of one who has a limited correspondence and has not learnt to open envelopes with dread.

"Why, it is from Beattie," she said.

"Don't let me prevent your reading it," said Michael, hoping fervently the rector would not come in till it was perused.

Norah opened it, and began to read. Mike had to restrain a longing to snatch the letter from her hand.

"Any news?" he said indifferently.

"M—M—M," said Norah, making the aggravating noise of a person who reads a letter half aloud. "They don't like Crabsley as much as they had expected. Why, Mike, I thought you said it was so delightful? They return home this week, and then her aunt is going to take her abroad for a month. How lovely!"

The rector came in and bore Mike off to his study to look at some things he had under a microscope, but he was rather disappointed at the young man's absent-mindedness and the lack of his usual interest. Mike kept fidgeting about as if impatient to go, and when released had to work off his restlessness by running most of the way home. He felt he could not keep away from Beattie any longer, especially if she was about to be spirited off to the continent during the short time that remained to him in England.

In the evening he sat with his mother a little, while Lady Anstruther talked about Norah.

"She is in the blush of a young girl's first friendship," she said, "and talks like a lover about this Beattie. She seemed quite surprised that you were not as impressed as herself."

"I was," said Mike, with a short laugh, and he opened and shut his hands nervously.

Lady Anstruther looked at him in amazement. "But you never mentioned her!"

Mike forgot all about his mother's heart disease, and everything else.

"Look here, mother," he said, "I'm in love with her. I simply can't live without her; and I'm going to London to-morrow to see if they'll let me marry her."

(To be continued.)

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

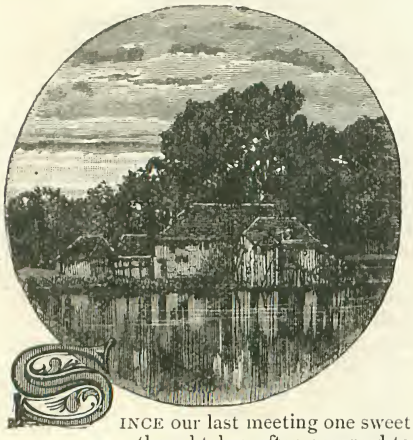
By RUTH LAMB.

PART VIII.

CHRISTIAN COURAGE. DAY-DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

"To everything there is a season—a time to keep silence and a time to speak" (Ecclesiastes iii. 1, 7).

"Whatsoever things are pure—lovely—think on these things" (Phil. iv. 8).



SINCE our last meeting one sweet thought has often recurred to my mind. What was then read proved how fully many of us realise that we are "every one members one of another." When the message of God's infinite love in Christ has come home to one of us, she has resolved that others shall share the blessing, even whilst hesitating as to the best way of passing it on, and fearing lest what she values most of all should be lightly esteemed by them.

"Is it wrong of me not to speak?" asked one, and another told how she prayed for strength and courage that she might not be afraid to speak of Christ to anyone. The position of the latter is especially difficult, for she is associated in her daily work with other girls who seem "to regard life as a mere playground," and have no inclination to think of anything beyond the present.

To your questions, dear girl-friends, I would answer, "Do not be in too great a hurry to speak to those between whom and yourself there is no sympathy in higher things. You may be very eloquent without words. If you have experienced this real change of heart, you cannot help showing it in your life. And of what is your life made up? Surely of words and actions so far as your neighbour is concerned, for only God is a searcher of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Do you not remember that beautiful story, told in the early days after Christ's ascension and the gift of the Holy Spirit to the waiting disciples? Peter and John, about to enter the temple at the hour of prayer, saw the lame man lying at the Beautiful gate waiting for alms. They had no money to give, and Peter owned their poverty. "Silver and gold have I none," he said, "but such as I have I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

You know the rest, or you may read it for yourselves in detail and picture him who was restored to soundness of limb, following Peter and John into the temple, "walking and leaping and praising God," whilst the people ran in eager crowds greatly wondering. Next we picture the two apostles in prison, because they had spoken boldly and preached Christ to those whom news of the miracle had brought together.

The apostles were equally courageous and eloquent when before the high priest and his kindred, to the amazement of their judges who, seeing that Peter and John were unlearned and ignorant men, "took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." They would fain have inflicted punishment on these bold speakers, or silenced them; but the first they feared to do, the second they could not do.

The miracle had conferred a benefit, and it was so real and manifest that "All glorified God for that which was done," so, though very unwillingly, they were compelled to let the apostles go.

Do you ask, "What has this New Testament story to do with our questions?" Much. It is only one instance out of many which go to prove, not merely the courage of those first disciples, who spoke for their divine Master as you long to do, but their wise discretion as to time and opportunity. They met with the lame man at the gate of the temple whither they were going at the hour of prayer. They put forth the God-given power that was in them on his behalf; the crowd gathered, eager to listen, and Peter seized the opportunity to tell the story of the Father's love for sinners, and of salvation through Christ alone.

Peter and John could not have forced their way into the presence of the high priest and his kindred, but their prison opened it for them, and when accused they were enabled not only to defend themselves, but to proclaim even to Annaas and Caiaphas that, "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," but "the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth."

Their act on behalf of the lame man was what set people wondering and asking whence comes the power these men exercise.

You, dear girl-friends, cannot work miracles for others, but true love for Christ is certain to work miracles in your life. You will be silent witnesses for your Master if you are His faithful servants. You will be more pleasant to work with, more patient, gentler in speech and manners, more thoughtful for your neighbours' comfort, more ready to yield somewhat where you would once have insisted on having "your rights." You will be sensible of a difference in your tastes, and your standard will be a higher one, but this will not make you hold yourself proudly aloof, as if saying, "Stand aside; I am holier than thou."

On the contrary, as the disciple of the meek and lowly Saviour, you will think more humbly of yourself because, in looking to His perfect life, you will see how much you have to learn and to correct in your own. And as this knowledge comes to you, bit by bit, you will judge more leniently—if you judge at all—those who have not even made the start on the "narrow way."

How can I mention all the changes, in that part of ourselves that is open to the world, which will follow each other gradually if we are only in earnest? Happily the example of quiet, good doing is always seasonable, but words, even wise words, are not. We have

often to wait for a chance of saying the word in season, but in the meanwhile, our lives will be eloquent and those around us, noting changes for the better in the little things which make up the sum of our daily lives, will begin to wonder how they have come about. Perhaps they will take knowledge of you, dear ones, that you have been learning at the feet of Jesus, and seeing that you are happier in yourselves and more anxious to promote the happiness of others, they may wish to know your secret and give you the chance you long for. Then you will not speak for Christ in vain. I repeat, "Do not be in haste to speak, but be ever watchful for an opportunity, and then ask that the right words may be given you in accordance with Christ's own promise to His disciples."

As a last word on this subject, let me urge upon each of you how important it is that you should be a bright, happy-tempered, Christian girl, and that you should specially manifest yourself as such, when things are not running smoothly in your daily life. It requires little effort to show a bright face and say cheery words when you have everything in your favour. To do this under depressing circumstances needs more than mere human strength and courage; and it is an evidence that, far below the surface of your being, there flows a well-spring of hope and gladness and a sense of enduring blessedness, which neither the storms nor trials of daily life can exhaust or destroy.

Now I want to say a word or two about the persistent day-dreams which prove a disturbing element in the spiritual life of one of you—probably of many.

In a recent talk I said something to you relative to the golden dreams in which many of us are prone to indulge. I think most of us, if asked individually, would plead guilty to day-dreaming at one time or other. I should for one, and more than this, I should own that I had often found it very pleasant, especially when the dreaming accompanied manual work which was not altogether congenial and needed no thinking about.

When I was a young girl, I was taught to do every kind of household work, and I did not always like it. Then however, it was part of every girl's education; for fewer servants were kept and, even in the homes of wealthy people, the daughters superintended their work or helped in turn in all but the menial part of it.

I used to dream over my share of it many a time, and many a story which some of you may have read, had its beginning as the box-iron glided over the skirt of my muslin frock.

I am sure that pure, happy, innocent day-dreams lighten labour. They bring smiles to our faces and pleasant anticipations, though they may never be realised. Still, not being real buildings, their ruin does not trouble us much. Our "Castles in Spain," are like the card houses of the little folks, built to be demolished, many a time and oft, yet one always has a sort of childish pleasure in beginning again.

All the same, a word of warning about day-dreaming will not be out of place. If a girl can say, "I should not be afraid were my good mother to look into my mind and read its imaginings as in an open book," her day-dreams are not likely to be hurtful ones. If, however, they mean a constant longing after forbidden pleasures, foolish picturing of ourselves in positions impossible of attainment, and for which we should be utterly unfitted if we could attain them; if they serve to make us discontented with the place and portion God has allotted to us and neglectful of daily duties: or, if they bring a flush of shame to our own faces when we dwell upon them, they are bad and to be fought against at all costs.

Should we continue to cherish these worse than idle fancies, they will grow and multiply to the injury of our higher nature. By constantly dwelling on unrealities, we shall lose both the will and power to devote ourselves to the duties which lie nearest to us. At the same time, conscience will reproach us for the misuse of the talents, whether few or many, which we can call our own.

If any of you have such day-dreams, fight against them. Banish them as the gardener unsparingly tears away the weeds and clears the ground before he plants the flowers.

It is not enough to banish bad and foolish imaginings. The ground of the heart must be occupied with seed of some kind. Resolve that it shall be such as will blossom into the fair flowers of good doing and the faithful performance of present duties, and when dreaming as you go about your work, dream of the highest and best things.

Many a girl who indulges to excess in reading unwholesome and unnatural fiction, straightway sits down and fancies herself a heroine of the sort described. A nobleman's daughter in disguise, a peasant endowed with such rare beauty and gifts as fit her to be the bride of a prince! She sees herself adorned in costly garments and decked with priceless jewels, with a palace for her home and countless servants to do her bidding.

Naturally, when necessity arouses her from such visions, she is disgusted at the realities around her and discontented with her lot.

Let me tell you, dear girl-friends, that a higher title and a more glorious home are yours by right if you are true disciples of Christ, for you can claim the proud title of "Daughters of the Lord Almighty," and "Children of God."

If you sigh in poverty here, do not waste time in longing after costly surroundings, but remember that if you are indeed believing and loving children of God, you can claim a more glorious heritage than earthly imagination can picture. Read what God's Word tells us.

"If children then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ."

As to the inheritance! Once yours it is yours for ever, since it is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you.

No fear that this will vanish like those you have seen only in fancy. Once yours, it differs too from the grandest of real earthly possessions in this. Death robs us of them. Death gives us the eternal title-deeds of our heavenly heritage.

Do you who are poor envy the wealthy ones amongst us, their rich apparel and ministering servants?

There is one robe which is worth more than all the costly garments that skill can devise and mortal hands fashion; that one in which those are clothed who, in the eternal home above, praise Him who has redeemed them.

If you are children of God and heirs of salvation, here is another message for your comfort. It matters not what may be your station in this life you have a share in the ministry of angels, for, "are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Let us take comfort from these things and bear in mind that this family name and title, the rich heritage, the clothing, the home and the service are alike for high and low, rich and poor, young men and maidens, old men and children on the one condition. We must be children of God, through faith in Christ.

Dream if you will of your heritage, and in God's good time you shall awake from your last earthly sleep to find in the Home above how real it is.

Before we met to-night I meant to speak of our daily life, including its lighter occupations and amusements in relation to the glory of God. I have been a little carried away by the subjects which have occupied us thus far, so the rest must await our next meeting. To fill our last few moments one of yourselves shall speak to you as she has already done straight to my heart in her delightful letter signed "Une de vos filles."

I am not going to quote the grateful, loving words addressed more particularly to myself, but I will read you bits here and there which will be helpful to you. As you listen you will feel with me how much each of us may contribute to the good of the rest, and that, in striving to bless others, we are ourselves doubly blest.

"For some weeks it has been in my mind to write to you, and yet I shrank from it in case you might not like it. The thought comes to me that it is only right and kind to let another know when he or she has done us any good."

The writer tells how our Twilight Talks have been helpful, "sometimes by rebuke, sometimes by encouragement, and sometimes, just by showing me that others have the same difficulties and temptations to contend with." She describes her surroundings, and the picture she draws of parents, home and family is very beautiful. "Yet, having so many rich blessings," she writes "there is still room in my heart for gratitude to God for giving me this extra one, the strengthening words," which have travelled to her through our sittings in the twilight.

One passage I must give in its entirety. "The only thing that others might think a drawback to my happiness is, that for fifteen years I have been more or less of an invalid, some days suffering severely, at other times tolerably well, but never quite free from pain. And yet I can truly say I would not have been without this discipline, for I know that God has given me some of the highest and most precious blessings of my life as direct consequences of the suffering. Sometimes I do long to be able to serve Him more actively; but then it comforts me to remember that, 'Lord, all my desire is before Thee,' is true in my case also, and that, afterwards 'His servants shall serve Him.' So I am very happy, and it is wonderful how He sends little wee bits of work to do for Him within the power of even a weary frame like mine."

Surely this sweet message from "Une de mes filles," is one of the "bits of work" done in Christ's name. Does it not show us all that it is possible, even amid many drawbacks, to keep on the look-out for something to do for God and our neighbour, and to rejoice in using all the powers we possess in His Service?

So many, even of those who profess to be God's servants turn aside, and shirk the share of work they are well able to perform, but the one who has truly given her heart to Him, cheerfully does her best and only grieves that she cannot do more.

My dear correspondent is a day-dreamer, and she allows me to have a glimpse of her visions. Would that all were like hers, for looking onward and upward, she pictures our gathering again, not in the twilight as now, but in heaven where there is no night. For the heritage and the home we have been talking about are real things to her now, and she concludes thus, "I have been trying to give you a little of my share of thankfulness, and I am looking forward to talking to you about it there when we are both in the presence of the Lord, 'whose we are and whom we serve.'"

Do not you, with whom I have shared a portion of this sweet letter, join with me in a heartfelt message of love and thanks to the dear writer for the good she has done us? A prayer too, that the same spirit of patience, submission, firm faith and loving service may animate us all, and that our day-dreams may be not of earthly splendours, but of the time when we shall dwell in the eternal "city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God."

IN THE JOY OF JUNE.

By W. GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").



"Ah, what is so rare as a day in June!
Then, if ever, come perfect days—
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays."

YES, and it would be a sorrowful heart indeed that could not rejoice in the joys of June. The fierce heat of July has not yet come to dry the earth and burn up the grass. There is a sweet freshness in the air, especially at early morn, that we do not find at any other time of the year. Showers may fall, the sky may weep, but its tears are tears of happiness, and they gladden the earth till every blade and leaf turns a brighter green.

And listen, if you live in the country, to those glorious outbursts of bird-song that arise from every copse and hedge. All know the melodious fluting of the blackbird, and the half-crazy song of the mavis or thrush, because these birds like to be close to the haunts of man; so too does the sweet lilting robin, and the chaffinch also, with his wild defiant notes that make echo ring from tree to tree.

But if we go further afield, if we penetrate into the silent woodlands, if we cross quiet green meadows or linger by reedy streams, we shall hear bird music which, though neither so loud nor so ambitious as that of our garden favourites, is sweet indeed to listen to. These songs are not meant for the ears of man; they are love ditties, pure and simple, sung by the male to his dear wee mate as she sits mute but enthralled, on her little grey nest, her orange bill and head leaning over the edge.

Here is a little June picture that rises to my mind as I write. I am lying, with a book by my side, among the white clover and orange bird's-foot trefoil, near to the banks of a silent stream in Norfolk. The water moves lazily along in the sunshine, and tall green sedges adorn its banks, but among these sword-shaped blades is the crimson of the ragged robins and great orchid-like flowers of orange or yellow. Dark-plumed aquatic birds sail slowly past, now and then looking shorewards at me with great bright wondering eyes of jet. And, see, although there is hardly a breath of wind, there is just breeze enough—and, oh, 'tis balmy and sweet!—to gently sway some reeds between which is suspended the nest of a sedge-warbler.

I am near enough to see the owner's back and head as she sits there so cosily upon her eggs, and I am near enough to hear the low and beautiful song the male bird trills, as he swings to and fro on a twiglet not far away.

But his little morsel of a wife cannot live on music alone, so presently away he flies, and a few seconds afterwards I see him hovering over the nest, while he places soft food in the upturned yellow mouth of the hen. Again and again he goes and returns till she is satisfied, then he sits closer by her now and once more warbles that soft sweet song which, though meant only for her ears, falls also on mine. Surely this is an idyllic love-scene, and those who wander quietly by wood and stream, and who are themselves in touch with Nature, may feast their eyes on many such.

But June, dear young readers, is a kindly time—kindly not only to the birds and beasts and insects gay, but to us poor mortals, artificial though we be.

No need now, methinks, for any but town dwellers to go away for a holiday.

And, concerning holidays in general, I hold opinions which, although differing from those of many, are not far from the truth.

I maintain that no sickly person or weakly invalid should go on a long journey, to the seaside or elsewhere with the hopes of enjoying herself and getting rapidly well. Happiness, remember, is generated in our own hearts, and the condition of the mind depends entirely on that of the body. I do not mean to say that the pure air of a seaside watering-place, bracing or balmy, may not at times greatly improve the state of the health and be instrumental in enabling a patient to round the corner and get into the straight road, that leads to health. But there are many drawbacks to this holiday.

First and foremost, no sickly person can really enjoy the sights or scenes of such a watering-place. It is rest, *rest*, she seems to need, and perfect rest cannot be obtained here. Even in the quietest streets of, say, Brighton, an invalid is unable to obtain ten consecutive minutes of *siesta* on a sofa by the open window. Bands of nigger minstrels interfere with this, the everlasting street cries, and that horror of horrors, the hurdy-gurdy. The gorilla-like handle-turner will gape and grin at you, soliciting alms, till you feel life to be a burden—you'd fain lay down.

The Scots are notably first in all reforms, and the English adopt them after a time. Why then should not Brighton follow the example of Edinburgh, and banish street organs and street noises, as St. Patrick banished the frogs from "Ould Oirland." Let bands play and niggers sing along the beach, and everybody go mad there that wants to; but, as a journalist, I for one should write Brighton up as a model watering-place, if the side streets were but cleared of all objectionable noises. As it is, Brighton's quietest streets are not even desirable by night, and many a poor soul who has tossed upon a bed of weariness till the June sun rises, and is dropping into a soothing sleep, is aroused by the crowing of cocks under her window, or, later on, by the yelp of the brutal milkman.

But even the railway journey to the seaside from, let us say, the Midlands is a terrible ordeal for the invalid; the depression or enervation caused by this is often so great that a whole week elapses before one recovers therefrom.

Many and many an invalid, I can assure you, is dragged away down to the seaside through mistaken kindness—only just to die.

I say boldly that medical men who send old and infirm patients away to Nice or any part of the Riviera have very much to account for.

Well, at a seaside watering-place on our own coast, should an invalid be minded to stay at an hotel, the noises, day and night—indoors, mind—are incessant, and there is an utter and entire absence of all the little comforts which made home so snug and comfortable.

In apartments it is even worse; the beds are seldom comfortable, all the surroundings are tawdry and trashy, and, as for the food, it is oftentimes inedible; if you have a joint or steak it is tough, fish is spoiled, a fowl done to a cinder, and the pudding splashy and tasteless.

A person in good health can stand all the discomforts of the modern watering-place, but for the invalid there are precious few of the joys of June at the seaside. Therefore I say let her take a holiday at home.

This latter is by no means impossible. All work must be given up, all care and worry must be forgotten. The main object is to let things slide for a month or more.

But all the rules of health must be obeyed; the food be moderate and tasty, but never forced. Where there is no appetite, there really is not the slightest good in stuffing the poor delicate stomach. Just that kind of food which seems palatable should be eaten. And don't forget that one girl's meat is another girl's poison.

Put not too much faith in medicine; very often you will be better without any. But early rising is much to be recommended, and the cold bath in June often invigorates a weakly person more quickly than anything I know of.

Fresh air—with sunshine if you can get it—is invaluable. But linger and lounge about in the air all day long, and if you have an umbrella you need not fear a summer shower. No mackintoshes—they are most unwholesome and even dangerous. No goloshes.

Gardening is a most delightful and healthy pastime for June. It is thoughtful and calmative, though the exercise must not be carried to the boundary line of fatigue, else it will injure. If there is a seat in the garden so much the better, for then the invalid can rest now and then and read.

An invalid should avoid cycling, except very moderate exercise on the wheel on the most level of roads.

The "bike," I must admit, having been an ardent cyclist myself for over twenty years, is capable of curing many of the ills that flesh is heir to—chronic rheumatism among others—but, on the other hand, it has often produced fatal ailments of the heart and other internal organs, and so wheeled its votaries to the grave.

Another joy of June which the invalid may indulge in, is that of studying Nature while taking quiet walks in the country. There

are ten thousand things worth observing—buds and leaves in every stage, the wild birds and all their strange ways, which prove beyond a doubt that they possess reason just as you and I do, for the word "instinct" nowadays is only heard from the mouths of the ignorant. Moles and voles, and other busy little gentlemen clad in fur; insects that fly, insects that creep, and the myriads of living things to be seen down in the bottom of a pool, in streamlet or burn. The invalid whom such a study as this does not please and calm must be destitute of a soul.

Here before us, in meadows and woods and by the wayside, we have great Nature's own theatre opened to our view. The scenes are ever changing—tragedy, drama, and even farce, and no other theatre is able to while away an invalid's time so very pleasantly as this.

I often speak of obedience to the laws of health. I must not be supposed, however, to refer to a diet of constantly the same sort and nature. Change is very necessary as regards this, though oatmeal porridge may be taken with advantage for breakfast all the year round, in June as well as January. A more silly and iniquitous libel on this most strengthening and delicious of all food, was never published, than that which associates the use of oatmeal with heat of blood and papular eruptions. It is quite the reverse, for good porridge—not boiled into slime—keeps the system regular, and this actually cools the blood. The skins of those who have such a breakfast every day after a cold bath are as soft as satin and as white as a baby's.

Well, with the exception of this, the diet should be varied almost every day. Too much meat is the bane of this country. Plenty of good milk is a blessing when it can be digested—and this, in ordinary states of health, when the stomach is not too acid but able to secrete pepsin, it can always be. But the milk obtained from the shops or delivered at the house should invariably be scalded, and frequently a sample ought to be sent for analysis, for nothing is more common nowadays than the addition to it of borax—to make it keep—in such quantities that cannot fail to injure the health of the adult, and which often proves fatal to very young children.

For farmers and others to put borax or any other poison in their London supply of milk, is not only actionable but criminal.

I mean (D.V.) to have a paper on "Rest" at no distant date, and trust to be able to tell the reader something new on this all-important subject.

Meanwhile I want to warn girl-readers or their mothers against hurry and spurting on the cycle. For every two persons that "biking" benefits, there is one whom it injures internally. Moderation should be studied in all things, in all kinds of exercise, but more especially in cycling.



SO EASY.

SCISSORS PUZZLE.

By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

We have been making use of scissors in the two experiments I have before described, but only as a means to the end, now we will increase their importance and make them the chief factors. The following trick is by no means a new one, but it is such a good one that it will bear repeating, especially as it is not universally known, and to any one who has not the secret literally at his (little) fingers' ends it seems incomprehensible, and yet when performed properly it appears "so easy."

All we require is a moderate sized pair of scissors. Put your two little fingers through the handles, allowing the points to hang downwards as in Fig. 1, which shows the hands as seen by a spectator. Now shut the fingers and continue the movement thus imparted to the hands, bringing the points of the scissors by a kind of circular sweep upwards, over, and then towards your chest, and still continuing, downwards in the same direction they were at first, and after that let them rise again until their points are directed towards the ceiling, and your hands are in the position shown in Fig. 2. The points of the

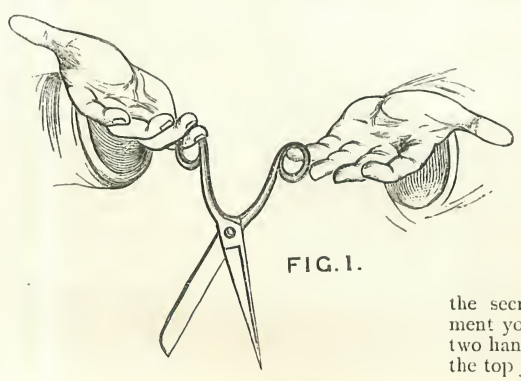


FIG. 1.

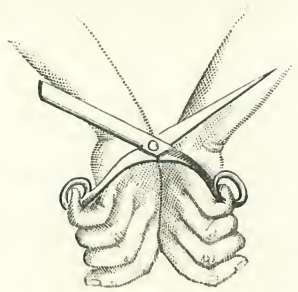


FIG 2

scissors will then have described a complete circle and a half, and your hands will have gone through a series of movements during which the palms which were at first upwards are now each pointing outwards. It is very difficult to give a clear description of the movement, but perhaps the best is this, when you have put your little fingers through the handles of the scissors, and closed your fingers, turn your hands over towards you, keeping the knuckles touching.

But if the instructions are difficult the performance is a hundred times more so, in fact it is impossible unless you know the secret—and the secret is this—when at the commencement you put your little fingers through the two handles do not insert them further than the top joint, if you do it is fatal; and when you close them and swing the scissors over, take care that the handles are still only on the top joints. Fig. 3 will explain my meaning; in that the left hand is shown as seen by yourself, with the points of the scissors towards your breast, and you will observe that the handle is really resting on the palm of the hand and only kept in position, as it were, by the little finger, though that is still through the loop. Of course the right hand acts in identically the same way. From this point you will have no difficulty, and can easily continue the remainder of the movement.

If you exhibit this trick to people who do not know it, they will never grasp the dodge until it is explained to them, and though you perform it again and again, they don't gain much by watching you, for the whole action takes but a very small space of time, though you have to pause for a fraction of a second as the scissors sweep over, to allow them to fall on to the palms before continuing the motion with the hands.

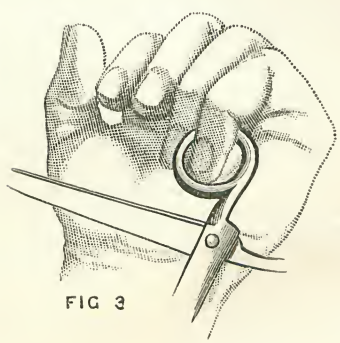


FIG 3

THE LITTLE ORGAN-GRINDER.

By E. NESBIT.

DOWN the long street, the dusty street,
I go all day on weary feet;
I turn the handle round and round
To make the noisy music-sound;
The handle moves so heavily—
Oh Italy, my Italy!

The strange cold smileless people go
About their business to and fro;
Their speech is strange, and sad their eyes,
They have not seen our happy skies,
They frown and pass me hurriedly—
Oh Italy, my Italy.

Still sounds the tiresome heartless tune
Through this grey smoke-dimmed afternoon;
Oh for the gold noon far away
Ablaze between blue sky and bay,
Where life's a tune sung merrily—
Oh Italy, my Italy!

Upon the terrace by the sea
My little sister waits for me;
To each white sail she cries in vain,
"Ah, bring my brother back again"
The white sails pass her silently—
Oh Italy, my Italy!

Dear little sister, safe at home,
I come not yet, but I will come;
'Tis but a tale of months or years
Ere I sail home to dry your tears;
But the days go so wearily!—
Oh Italy, my Italy!



DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Is Doctor André at home?"

It was the voice of the *pasteur*, Father Nicholas, and he climbed up the rickety stairs to the miserable attic in which his friend lived. It was the first time he had been to see him in his new abode, and he looked round him with concern.

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the good man, "but is not this going a little too far? and his life is such a valuable one to so many! *Hola!*" he started.

The attic was large, and in the far corner of it was a small hard bed, on the outside of which André had thrown himself and was lying in a dead sleep.

"Dead beat!" said the *pasteur* to himself. "Well, I would not awaken him for the world. Poor lad, poor lad, he is too hard-worked. Now I wonder what he has eaten to-day."

Stepping softly so as not to awaken the sleeper, Father Nicholas went out of the room. On the lower flight he saw one of the doors which opened on to the general staircase ajar, and he went down and knocked at it.

"Come in!" cried a shrill, cheerful voice, and he obeyed.

A woman sat before a table strewed with gaily-coloured materials out of which she was making artificial carnations. She looked up and nodded brightly, continuing her occupation.

Father Nicholas sat down heavily.

"Well, Nanon, and how are you? It is too hot, *hein?*"

"You may well say it is too hot, Father," said Nanon with pins in her mouth. "We shall have the fever again, and la, la, I have only one left!"

"*Le bon Dieu* will spare you your one! Is she well?"

"Well, thank God, but an imp of naughtiness. No one can do anything with her but our best friend, Doctor André, *va!*"

"Ah, and how is that?"

"He won her gratitude, father," said Nanon, stooping over the pink and crimson petals strewing the table, and selecting those she required. "You know that terrible wild cat of hers that sleeps in her bed, and scratches everyone who goes near it. She cares more for that brute than for anything else in the wide world, and one day the boys got hold of it."

"Boys are little fiends, especially the boys of this street," said the *pasteur* indignantly.

"*Dame*, Heaven made them so, and they have little else to amuse them unless they are tormenting something!"

"Heaven did not make them so," began Father Nicholas, but Nanon cut him short.

"Ah, bah, of course I know that, father, but what will you? one cannot always pick one's words. The boys were going to drown Fifine's cat when she burst upon them. She kicked and fought and screamed, but they held her fast, and she was nearly mad with rage when Doctor André came round the corner, and when he saw what was going on he came down upon them scattering them right and left. The cat flew into Fifine's arms and clung round her neck, all its ugly claws stuck into her, but she did not care, for it was safe. After that Doctor André took her in his arms and carried her upstairs, for she was rigid and almost in convulsions. No mother could have been more tender. Can you wonder that she adores him."

"He is good! There are none like him," said Father Nicholas slowly. "I went into his room just now; he was asleep on his bed. He looked ill."

"He is tired out," said the woman anxiously. "Everything falls upon him, and so much is closed to us Protestants—poverty, sickness, all fall heavily upon him. And Heaven only knows what will happen if we have fever again."

"Why is he especially tired out, Nanon?"

She shrugged her thin shoulders.

"Who knows? It is true that he was up all last night, and to-day has eaten nothing but bread and salad, but that is nothing new. Listen, father; his *déjeuner* came in as usual from the cook-shop; I saw it, an excellent *ragoût*. Fifine loves to wait on him; she arranged the table for him, and at twelve o'clock he came in accompanied by that ragged imp of a Pierrot Cloisson carrying a basin, and all the *ragoût* went off to feed those six little wretches. Their mother was drunk again last night and locked up!"

"Poor things, poor things, but one man's meal is barely enough. I must see what we can spare. Whom did he sit up with?"



"UPON THE TERRACE BY THE SEA
MY LITTLE SISTER WAITS FOR ME."

"Gaston, the sweep. He closed his eyes at six this morning, and a good riddance too for his wife and children!"

The door burst open and a wild-looking little figure rushed in. Fifine's eyes were bright and sparkling as jet, her thick black hair escaped in elf-locks from under the little cap tied down over it; her frock was tattered and patched till little of the original stuff remained. In her arms she hugged a ragged grey cat.

"The doctor is awake!" she exclaimed. "I have given him his letters; he has put on his coat; he goes out again at once. He had saved a little milk from his coffee for Miau-miau. See, she grows fat!"

"I will go up and see him before he goes out!" said the *pasteur* hastily.

He could not help it, he was desperately afraid of this wild imp, never sure what her next antics would be. He went upstairs again with a double-quick tread.

Father Nicholas knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, he pushed it open and went in.

The young doctor was seated in front of the table on which lay an open letter; his face was hidden, bowed down upon his arms.

"André, my boy, my dear fellow!" exclaimed the good *pasteur*, going in hastily and putting a kind hand on the thick, stubborn hair.

André raised his head and looked up, his dark eyes met those of Father Nicholas with a look of pathos which went to his heart; they were dim with pain.

"Tell me what it is," he said gently; "you have had bad news? Tell your old friend; sometimes things are not so black as they are painted."

"I do not know that I ought to call it bad news," Dr. André said heavily. "But you shall read for yourself!"

He rose, brought forward his wicker arm-chair, and placed the *pasteur* in it. Father Nicholas slowly read Madame Féraudy's letter.

André went to the little window and stood looking out over the roofs of the sordid houses around him. Above him the sky was intensely blue, one or two white pigeons wheeled restlessly round the chimneys. André was very tired and nearly fasting, and it seemed to him an eternity before Father Nicholas finished Madame Féraudy's letter, and yet it was not long.

"My Dearest Nephew,

"This afternoon Madame Canière paid me a state visit, and in due form asked me for the hand of our Génie for Jean Canière. You, who received her dead father's last sigh, are more her guardian than myself. Can you come to me at once and settle what is to be done.

"Your devoted aunt

"Laure Féraudy."

"My friend," said Father Nicholas gently, "is this so much to you? It is not settled, you have a first voice in the matter, it seems. If the right of decision rests with you, why are you like this?"

André had mastered himself now; he came and sat down, leaning his brow on his hand.

"It is for this reason," he said; "I can never marry. My life is cut out for me here. Is this a place to which one could bring a delicately-nurtured girl? No—no, Nicholas! I chose my path and I must abide in it."

"But, my boy——"

"Let me tell you. It is my own choice, that is, if one can call it choice when the path of duty is so clear. When I left the college I had two good posts offered me—one of them I was about to accept when I came across an over-worked doctor who wanted a real rest, and while waiting I took his work. Imagine my astonishment when I found myself in a quarter of Protestants in the heart of Paris, a remnant of old Huguenot days—a handful that had escaped. I myself am a southerner; I come from the sunny slopes of the Orthez hills, from a little town called Sauveterre. The Gave rushes down its leafy valley. Through a break in the hills the mighty Pic du Midi breaks the sky-line and loses his eternal snow in the clouds. Ah, I dream!"

"I am listening with the deepest interest," murmured Father Nicholas.

"These streets of Protestants were poor. You know how terribly poor; work was scarce; they were cut off from many of the fine charities of Paris. In spite of misery and squalor, in spite of much evil and vile sin, I grew fond of the wretched people, absorbed in the work of looking after their sordid lives. Well, it ended in my refusing those appointments; one of them was given to my predecessor here who loathed this work and, you know it well, neglected the poor. Well, I had money of my own then, a good deal. You know the little Convalescent Home at Dieppe to which we send our sick and the children. That was my investment and I have made its future safe; what I had was just enough to endow it."

"The Hospice is yours? Your own, André?"

"Yes. I only tell you because I want you to understand that I have nothing left—nothing. I live on my professional earnings, and they are enough for me to live upon but no more, in this poor quarter."

"Did I not hear of the offer of another appointment this spring?"

"Yes," said André slowly. "I am ashamed to say it tempted me greatly. It was in Orléans, a quiet, old-fashioned happy place, and at that time I had become acquainted with a dying painter. You knew his name in the *Salon*? Rotraud Lacour and his daughter. I—well, I saw a great deal of them. She was in great distress. In his last moments he went back to the old faith, and of course they took possession of him. You have seen it in such cases. Père Etienne came to him; I managed that. He was very kind, but of course the trial for her was great; but I got her to thank God at last, for the man had lost all faith. I had some strange talks with him. Then, it was so beautiful! They offered her a home; she was to teach little children in the Convent of the Nativity. The nuns are kind, gentle little ladies; they often ask me to see their poor. There was nothing else open to Eugénie Lacour; she was quite alone in the world and without money, but the usual condition was attached—she must join the Church of Rome. Little Génie, delicate, fragile, golden-haired child! Ah, it is not for nothing that we trace our descent to those few strong ones of the earth who kept the faith and died for that which they held more dear than life itself. The undeviating strength of truth possessed her, and she refused all, believing that the alternative was starvation! Who would not love so noble, so glorious a soul! I loved her, my friend, yes, I love her, and she herself has taught me to live and give myself, my all, my happiness to God's work."

"My boy," said the *pasteur*, deeply moved, "my poor boy, tell me what followed?"

"I found her a home with my dear and kind old aunt, Madame Féraudy, to whom she has become a daughter indeed."

"And you refused Orléans?"

"Could I do otherwise? Giles Brunet would have taken my place."

"Ah, I understand."

"And," André went on dreamily, "all this time the thought of her has been to me like a guiding star, whose gentle light shone on all my life and made it good, and now—now——"

"Well, my friend, now?"

"You read the letter; Jean Canière is just the man to whom tender parents would confide the happiness of a daughter. He can give her a peaceful home, a sheltered nest, and I—what have I to give? I know myself, if I turned from this hard path of sordid duty, my life would be darkened by unavailing remorse. So you see, *pasteur*," he said, looking up with a smile more sad than tears, "such happiness is not for me."

"God bless you, André. You are too good for this world," said Father Nicholas with a full heart.

"And now," said Dr. André suddenly, "tell me, father, what brought you here this morning? What have you to tell me?"

"Just this, my boy; fever has broken out in St. Eustache. I met Doctor Baux this morning. He says it will be in our quarter to-morrow."

"Then I will go down to Féraudy this afternoon and talk over this business with my aunt," said André alertly. "Thank God, Gaston is dead; he died this morning at six o'clock. That was a horrible death-bed, father, horrible, hopeless! Well, this is the last free day we shall have till the fight is over; it will spread like wild-fire at this season. Where did Baux say the first cases are?"

"Rue Pellier—Rue St. Eustache."

"So near! Well, adieu. I shall be back by the train which arrives at three o'clock in the afternoon to-morrow."

The *pasteur* held out both his hands and clasped André's with the firm grip of a heart too full for speech; then he turned away, and the young doctor, thrusting a few necessaries into a hand-bag, walked off to the station.

(*To be continued.*)

A VICEREGAL DRAWING-ROOM IN CANADA.

It was snowing fast on Saturday evening, the 5th of February, when the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Aberdeen held their fifth Drawing-room in the Senate Chamber of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. But in spite of the snow, crowds of people wrapped in furs stood around the entrance to the Houses of Parliament to catch a glimpse of the gay dresses and smart uniforms of the ladies and gentlemen as they dismounted from their sleighs—for during a Canadian winter all carriages are taken off their wheels and put on runners; in fact, every vehicle is a sleigh.

The Governor-General's Foot Guards in their tall bear-skins (like those of the Guards at home) were drawn up outside the Parliament Buildings as a guard of honour; and very cold they must have found it, poor fellows, notwithstanding their thick great-coats. There were military bands too, and under the blaze of the bright electric lamps, the grounds and terraces of the fine Parliament Buildings were almost as light as day.

Father, mother and I, went in at the Speaker's private entrance, and so avoided the crush at the door by which the general public were admitted. After we had taken off our wraps in one of the Speaker's rooms, I left mother, and went with father to the Senate Gallery, where her Excellency had very kindly, and to my great delight, given me leave to go in order to see the presentations; and I had a good seat in the viceregal "pew"—for it was really very much like the front seat in the gallery of a church.

When I first came in there were about thirty or forty officers, in all sorts of uniforms—scarlet and gold, blue and silver, green and black—standing in groups on the floor of the Senate Chamber, laughing and talking together; but no ladies were as yet to be seen on the floor, though the end gallery was filled with officers' wives, all in evening dress.

About five minutes afterwards these officers formed two lines extending the whole length of the Chamber, and then the band played the first few bars of "God Save the Queen" as their Excellencies entered; while they were coming in, attended by their staff, and taking up their position on a slightly raised platform in front of the throne, everybody who had been seated stood up.

The Governor-General was in full court dress; a blue coat, heavily embroidered with gold, white satin knee-breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with buckles. Hanging from his neck was the badge of an ex-Grand Master of the Order of St. Patrick; and he also wore the star and ribbon of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and the star of a Baronet of Nova Scotia.

Lady Aberdeen wore a beautiful gown of green poplin with gold embroidery, and a tiara of diamonds. Indeed, whenever she moved, her jewels flashed and sparkled most brilliantly. I thought there could hardly be a more stately looking couple.

The aides-de-camp, the Military Secretary, father, mother, and the other ladies and gentlemen of the household, stood to the right and left of the throne. Mother was dressed in grey brocade, with veil and feathers; father wore his staff uniform.

Then came the presentations. First of all, the ministers and their wives, and the leading officials were presented. These ladies and gentlemen had the privilege of what is called the "private *entrée*," that is to say, they came in at a door to the right of the throne, before the general public were admitted. They bowed low as they passed before their Excellencies, and then the ladies took up positions on the raised platforms at the sides of the Chamber, while the ministers grouped themselves round the throne. The ministers wore their privy councillors' uniforms of dark blue (or black—I am not sure which) with a good deal of gold lace; and the Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is a Privy Councillor of Great Britain as well as of Canada, and who therefore has a white feather edging to his cocked hat, looked, as he always does, very distinguished and picturesque.

There was a short interval of a minute or two before the other ladies and gentlemen came in; and through the door at the end of the chamber facing the throne I could see that the outer corridor was thronged with people eagerly waiting their turn to be presented.

Then between the two rows of officers there flowed into the chamber a continuous stream of gaily-dressed ladies, with here and there a man in a black evening coat.

The Military Secretary, a tall, handsome man, who stood at the Governor-General's right hand, but not on the dais, looked very imposing in his Royal Scottish Archer's uniform of green and gold, with heavy bullion epaulettes. Each person, on reaching the point where the Military Secretary and one of the aides-de-camp stood, handed a card with his or her name on it to the aide-de-camp, and the aide-de-camp handed it to the Military Secretary, who thereupon read out the name; and then the person named moved two steps to the right, and made a low bow (or if a lady, a curtsey) first to the Governor-General, and then, taking two more steps to the right, another to her Excellency. Their Excellencies had to bow and smile to more than seven hundred people that evening, and this must have been very tiring.

Some of the ladies curtseyed very low indeed, and I almost held my breath because I was afraid they would never be able to get up again; but they seemed to do it quite easily. Others went down in what appeared to be a series of little jerks; and then, as their heads bowed forward, their feathers bobbed forwards also, and this had a very odd effect. But almost all of them did it very prettily and gracefully.

Some of the ladies wore long court trains, some short trains, and others no trains at all; but nearly everyone wore veils and feathers. The waving feathers and the sparkling jewels, and the handsome dresses, and the fine chamber in which the Drawing-Room was held, made altogether the prettiest picture I had ever seen.

After all the presentations were over, their Excellencies, preceded by their staff, and followed by the ladies of their suite, and by the ministers and other high officials, marched in solemn procession down the middle of the chamber to the principal entrance, on their way to the Speaker's rooms; and then there arose a great buzz of conversation in the Senate Chamber, and the people began to move off into the lobbies and corridors. The Drawing-Room was over, and I felt rather like Cinderella did when the clock struck twelve.

C. M. V. H.

VARIETIES.

Where Nelson Fell.

An old lady went on board Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*. The different objects of interest were duly shown to her, and on reaching the spot where the great naval hero was wounded—which is marked by a raised brass plate—an officer remarked—

"Here Nelson fell!"

"And no wonder," exclaimed the old lady; "I nearly fell there myself?"

In Sympathy.—"How beautiful is sympathy," says George Eliot. "What greater thing is there for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting."

Second-Hand Art.

Picture Dealer: "Let me call your attention to this Murillo, very old, formerly hung in the Vatican Gallery and afterwards in the Louvre.

Mrs. Startup: "Of course; that makes it second-hand. How much off on that account?"

Beware of Insincerity.—Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation to be otherwise. Say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is one of the most dangerous.

Scanty Knowledge.—After a girl discovers how little she knows, she begins to suspect that possibly others do not know as much as they pretend to.

Boarding-House Table-Talk.

"A dinner such as we have had to-day," said the elderly lady-boarder, "makes me feel quite young again."

"Indeed," was all Mrs. Hashcroft deigned to reply.

"Indeed. When I think of that lamb we had for dinner I feel that if that was lamb I must be still a little girl."

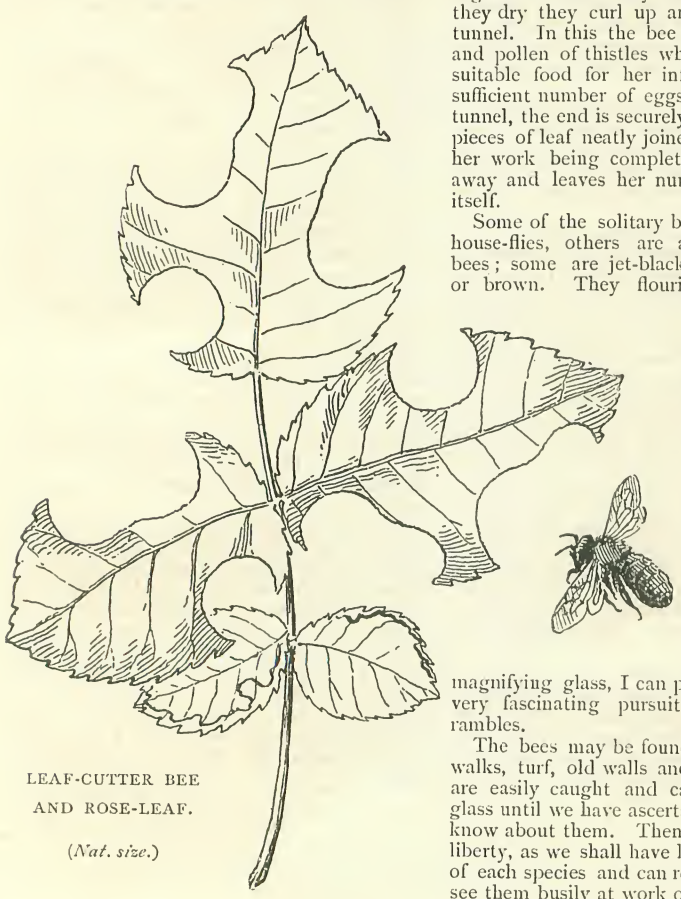
A Hundred Guineas a Lesson.—Rossini, the great musical composer, was, we believe, the hero of the record price for a few music lessons. When he was in London in 1823–4, he was worried by a nobleman who wanted instructions in singing, and in order to put a stop to the annoyance he asked what he thought would be the prohibitive price of a hundred guineas a lesson. To his amazement the offer was accepted.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

The Leaf-cutter Bee

Besides the common honey-bee, we possess in England many hundred species of what are called solitary bees. Their lives are extremely interesting, for many reasons. They live in all sorts of places, some in holes in our gravel walks, some in dry banks where they form long, deep burrows in which they lay their eggs, and then close up the holes, leaving the young bees to find their own way out. Other species adopt ready-made holes in walls and brickwork in which to rear their families.



LEAF-CUTTER BEE AND ROSE-LEAF.

(*Nat. size.*)

Empty snail-shells may often be found half full of dried mud placed there by one of these eccentric bees, and if we examine this deposit we shall find small cells which are the cradles of the immature bees. A hollow bramble stem is the choice of the Mason bee (*Osmia leucomelana*). In this convenient circular chamber the bee sets to work and removes some of the pith till she has a clear space of five or six inches; then having prepared and masticated some substance which she knows to be suitable for the food of her grubs, she places a small quantity of it at the end of the hollow space and lays an egg in it so that when hatched the larva will only have to feed and grow till it changes to a chrysalis. In that condition it remains through the winter and comes out a perfect bee in the following June. Six or eight eggs are thus laid in one bramble stem each divided by a thin partition.

I constantly see another of these very curious solitary bees at work on my rose-trees. She is known as the Upholsterer bee (*Megachile centuncularis*), so-called from her dainty fashion of lining her nest with rose leaves. The nests are not easily found, but I was fortunate enough to light upon a specimen and could examine its curious formation.

The bee settles on the edge of a rose-leaf and holding it firmly between its forelegs saws out a round piece of the leaf and flies away with it. About ten or eleven of these pieces are required to line the burrow the bee has scooped in the bank; they are neatly fitted together without any sort of cement and as they dry they curl up and form a neat little tunnel. In this the bee stores up the honey and pollen of thistles which form a sweet and suitable food for her infant bees. When a sufficient number of eggs has been laid in the tunnel, the end is securely closed up with three pieces of leaf neatly joined together, and then her work being completed the mother flies away and leaves her nursery to manage for itself.

Some of the solitary bees are smaller than house-flies, others are as large as humble bees; some are jet-black, others are yellow or brown. They flourish in great variety through the spring and summer months, and their remarkably interesting habits should lead young people to inquire about them.

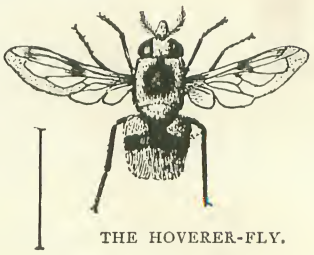
As a guide in identifying the various species, I would recommend *British Bees* by W. E. Shuckard (published by Lovell Reeve and Co.) With this book, a small net and a magnifying glass, I can promise my readers a very fascinating pursuit for their summer rambles.

The bees may be found on flowers, gravel walks, turf, old walls and hedge banks; they are easily caught and can be kept under a glass until we have ascertained all we desire to know about them. Then we may set them at liberty, as we shall have learnt the appearance of each species and can recognise them as we see them busily at work out of doors.

Unless a dried collection of insects is really needed for scientific purposes I always strongly discourage the indiscriminate killing of insects; it seems to me that it must tend to blunt kind and tender feelings in young people, and it is really needless except for those who are in training to become practical scientists.

The Hoverer-fly (*Syrphus Plumosus*).

As the humble-bee fly is a harbinger of spring and one of the first insects we may see visiting the early blossoms of the year, so the hoverer-fly betokens the arrival of summer. It revels in the hottest sunshine, and is one of the most active, swift-winged creatures imaginable.



THE HOVERER-FLY.

The specimen I watched to-day was a *Syrphus plumosus*, one of the handsomest of the species.

It is covered with yellow down, the wings having a few dark markings, and its general appearance is so like a small humble-bee that most people would take it to be one.

This fly seemed quite as intent upon studying me as I was to learn about it; it poised in the air for a minute or two, staring at me, humming loudly and watching my every movement.

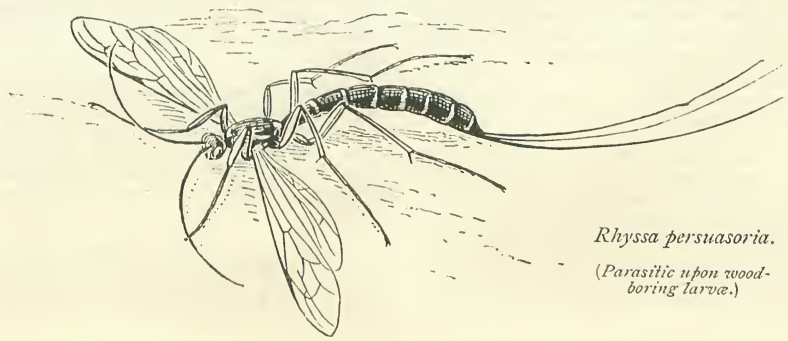
It is quite curious to observe how stationary in the air the creature remains, its wings quivering with such exceeding rapidity that they are quite invisible, so that one is puzzled to imagine how the insect is supported in the air. Thus it will remain until I make some slight movement, when instantly the fly is gone and my eye cannot trace its flight.

One day I desired to make a drawing of a Syrphus and I shall not soon forget what an exercise of patience it was to capture it. I did succeed at last by a quick sweep of a gauze net, and my captive was detained for a while until I had taken its portrait.

It had not the patient gentleness of the humble-bee fly, but continued to buzz and fuss in an angry manner until I was able to set it at liberty.

Ichneumon Flies.

If we observe creeping up the window panes or hovering over the flower beds some curious looking flies with very slender bodies and antennæ constantly quivering, we may know them at once to be Ichneumon flies. They have a strange and cruel habit of laying their eggs in living caterpillars and chrysalides, and they are ever on the watch to find some unfortunate insect which shall become a receptacle for their progeny. These flies are of all



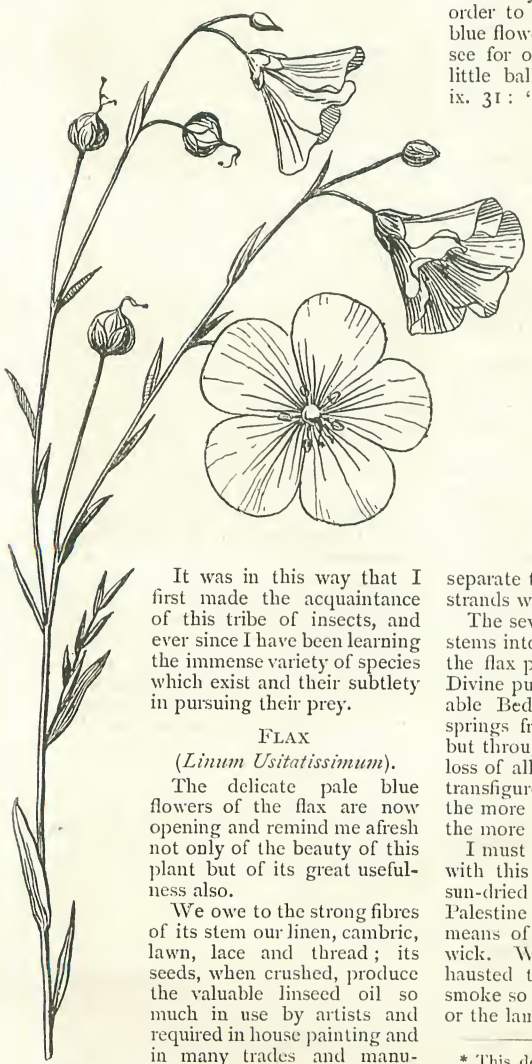
Rhyssa persuasoria.

(*Parasitic upon wood-boring larvæ.*)

sizes, ranging from a minute creature like a small gnat up to the one figured in the illustration. When we consider that almost every insect has one or more enemy of this kind we may imagine that Ichneumons abound in our gardens and, when once our attention has been called to them, we shall quickly know them by sight. They are peculiarly restless insects, always prying into flowers, and running up and down the leaves in a never-ending search for their prey. They are doubtless of great use in keeping down the hosts of caterpillars that feed upon our vegetables, and all through the spring and summer months this secret warfare is going on.

The Ichneumon fly is furnished with a long thin ovipositor which enables it to pierce the skin of the caterpillar and deposit a number of eggs in its body; these hatch into minute grubs, which feed upon the internal organs of the caterpillar. The victim does not appear to suffer; it goes on consuming its food and growing until the Ichneumon grubs are nearly mature. They then attack its vital organs until the caterpillar dies, and the grubs, after turning into chrysalides, hatch into the perfect insect.

I well remember my surprise and disappointment some years ago when a caterpillar, from which I expected to rear a very beautiful moth, instead of turning into a chrysalis suddenly became covered with small yellow cocoons, which, I need not say, presently turned into an unwelcome swarm of Ichneumon flies.



FLAX.

It was in this way that I first made the acquaintance of this tribe of insects, and ever since I have been learning the immense variety of species which exist and their subtlety in pursuing their prey.

Flax
(*Linum Usitatissimum*).

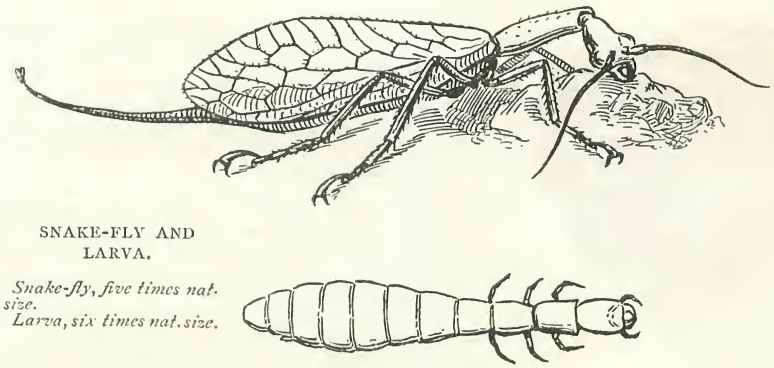
The delicate pale blue flowers of the flax are now opening and remind me afresh not only of the beauty of this plant but of its great usefulness also.

We owe to the strong fibres of its stem our linen, cambric, lawn, lace and thread; its seeds, when crushed, produce the valuable linseed oil so much in use by artists and required in house painting and in many trades and manufactures.

We all know the remedial effects of linseed-tea and the value of the ground meal which forms soothing poultices to relieve inflammatory pain, and finally when the oil has been pressed out of the seeds the mass of husk which remains is made into cakes which form an excellent and fattening food for cattle.

Surely we ought to look upon such a plant as this with admiring gratitude as we remember its many uses.

Those who possess a garden or even a few pots upon a window ledge can easily grow their own flax plants by sowing a pinch of the seed in May.



SNAKE-FLY AND LARVA.

Snake-fly, five times nat. size.
Larva, six times nat. size.

It only needs good soil and watering in order to produce an abundance of its delicate blue flowers, and when they are over we can see for ourselves the round seed capsules, like little balls, which are alluded to in Exodus ix. 31: "The barley was in the ear and the flax was bolled," that is swollen.*

This leads us to reflect upon the great antiquity of this plant and its frequent mention in Scripture.

It is believed that flax has been cultivated in Egypt for five thousand years, and great quantities of it must therefore have been grown to supply the immense demand for mummy cloth, as it was invariably made of linen either fine or coarse.

From a reference in Ezekiel xxvii. 7, we learn that sails for ships were made of linen, which again shows that the fibre could be woven, either into the finest cambric or a cloth of the coarsest and most durable nature.

When the stems are mature they are dried and split, then steeped in water and afterwards hackled into threads by means of a comb to separate the coarser fibres and leave the fine strands which are fit for weaving purposes.

The severe processes required to make the stems into material for the loom have led to the flax plant being used as an emblem of the Divine purposes of earthly trials. The Venerable Bede thus speaks of it. "The flax springs from the earth green and flourishing; but through much rough usage and with the loss of all its native sap and verdure is at last transfigured into raiment white as snow; thus the more that true holiness is tried and afflicted the more brightly does its beauty come forth."

I must add one other thought in connection with this plant. The simple little lamp of sun-dried clay, used by the village people in Palestine is filled with olive oil and burns by means of a few fibres of flax inserted as a wick. When the supply of oil becomes exhausted this flax-wick gives out a pungent smoke so that either more oil must be added or the lamp extinguished.

* This derivation is taken from Professor Skeats' *Etymological English Dictionary*.

In Isaiah xlii. 3 we find the promise, "The smoking flax shall He not quench," referring to the infinite mercy of the Saviour who will cherish the least spark of grace in the human heart and foster it until the dimness passes into a shining light.

The flax of commerce is extensively grown in Ireland to supply material for the manufacture of linen; it is also cultivated in some parts of Scotland and may be found growing wild in fields and waste places in England, but is not truly indigenous.

Our only British species of flax is *Linum catharticum* or white flax. A graceful little plant growing about five inches high with small drooping white flowers. It is said to be violently poisonous.

The Snake-fly (*Raphidia Ophiopsis*).

The hot weather we have lately had has driven quantities of different kinds of flies indoors.

Certain passage windows on the north side of this house are full of interest for me, as I find there quite an assortment of winged creatures, not the common house-fly, but large and small Ichneumons with their ever-quivering antennæ, minute gall-flies, brilliant green and golden sun-flies and a host of others whose names and life-histories are as yet unknown to me.

One very remarkable four-winged fly appeared amongst the throng about ten days ago. It struck me as being rather rare, so I placed it in a glass globe in order that I might become more intimately acquainted with its habits and manners.

After some little searching amongst my books I found that I had captured a snake-fly, a most appropriate name for a creature with a long slender neck and a flattened, vicious-looking head which at once suggests the idea of a viper.

This fly is a highly sensitive little creature, it is on the alert the moment it sees or hears anything unusual, lifting up its little serpentine head and glancing from side to side with much intelligence; full of courage, also, for it will try to seize a small twig or anything held near it.

Although its natural food consists of small insects, I find the snake-fly will eagerly accept little morsels of raw meat upon which it fastens its powerful mandibles, and with a lens I can watch it evidently enjoying a hearty meal.

Almost all flies are fond of sugar and honey, so I offer these dainties, as well as meat, and they appear to be highly approved.

The larva of this fly lives under the bark of trees, where it, as well as the fly, feeds on minute insects.

My specimen possesses a long ovipositor which gives it a rather formidable appearance, but I do not imagine that this organ could ever be used as a weapon of offence or

defence, it is simply a long tube by means of which the insect is able to deposit its eggs in suitable crevices in the bark of trees. I had written thus far the description of my snake-fly when, a few days later, whilst sitting under a tree, there dropped upon the book I was reading a wriggling creature which I saw at a glance must be the larva of the said fly.

There was the snake-like head, the long neck and slender body, only no wings and no ovipositor.

I secured my captive and supplied it with some raw meat which it pounced upon and devoured with avidity.

Whether I can succeed in keeping the creature until it turns into a perfect snake-fly remains to be seen, at any rate I shall keep and feed it hoping it may prosper in my hands.

"THAT PECULIAR MISS ARTLETON.

By FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.



CHAPTER III.

"Oh, mother, what do you think has happened?" cried Clarice Day as she entered the room where her mother was sitting. "That quaint little person whom I described to you has invited me to have lunch with her, and I believe the lunch is here in this parcel—potatoes, unpeeled, uncooked, mother, and I am dreadfully hungry! I'll come home as soon as I can, but she lives in Artleton, so when Charlie comes you can tell him to walk over to meet me. He'll be sure to find me in the village, though I never asked the old lady her name—how funny! She knows my name. I expect she heard it in the shop. I'm awfully sorry to leave you alone, mother, but you have me every day. My heart really ached for the poor little creature, and the girls were so rude to her, but I must tell you more when I return."

"But, my dear, are you sure this old person is not deceiving you; there are so many wicked people in the world?"

"Oh, mother, she is as simple and transparent as the daylight. I am sure if you were to talk to her you would say so. One seems to read her heart in her face. And really I feel I ought to be kind to her to make up for the rudeness of Miss Martin and Miss Pringle. I never was so ashamed in my life. I think I'll put my lace fichu on, mother, in honour of the occasion, and I will take this bunch of mignonette for my hostess, I will buy you another. And do you think she would fancy two or three of your nice wheatmeal scones? Just put a few in a paper bag while I run up-stairs to smooth my mop, there's a good mother!" and Clarice rushed away.

"I think you might take a few songs, dear, your voice is very soothing when I am tired," said Mrs. Day, when Clarice reappeared with face fresh and rosy.

"Thank you, mother. Good-bye!"

"More parcels, my dear, what have you there?" asked the little person as Clarice met her in the street.

"Once mother lived in Scotland, and she learned to make lovely scones," said Clarice shyly, "and I—I—thought you might fancy two or three."

"I shall enjoy them very much, my dear. We shall have quite a treat!" and the little person's eyes danced merrily.

"Poor thing, even a trifle gives her pleasure!" thought Clarice.

Presently the little person paused at the door of a confectioner's shop and asked—"Do you like bon-bons, my dear? I do."

"And so do I!" laughed Clarice. "But they cost so much money."

"Oh, this dreadful poverty!" groaned the little person. "But never mind we'll be extravagant to-day, we'll walk in here and buy some chocolate creams."

"But this is a very dear shop!" whispered Clarice. "All the aristocrats come here. I know the sweets are lovely, but they are very expensive."

"My dear, when you were showing me some ribbons the other day, you informed me very gravely that the high-priced ribbons were often the cheapest in the end, and the same truth applies to the sweetmeats. This is a festive occasion—come along! I know the proprietor of this shop, he is always attentive to his customers." And, as if by magic, the doors opened and the little person and Clarice walked in.

"I am afraid I am leading her into unnecessary extravagance!" thought Clarice.

Then with surprise, she saw a new expression in the worn, old face, and noting the deferential tones of the shop-assistants she felt more and more ashamed of Miss Martin and Miss Pringle. Presently she saw the little person look to the door with an air of embarrassment. Clarice followed the direction of her eyes. She saw nothing but a brougham and a handsome pair of greys advancing towards the shop.

"What lovely horses! I should love to ride behind them," she whispered.

"And so you shall, my dear," cried the little person, with an expression of relief.

"No, oh, no! I was joking!" pleaded Clarice, in distress.

"But I say you shall; they are my horses."

"Oh, dear me, what shall I do? Is she often subject to these attacks? Poor little creature, I must persuade her to leave the shop quietly," thought Clarice.

Aloud she said soothingly, "Let us go home and prepare the lunch. We'll have such a pleasant time. Look, I have a bunch of mignonette for the table. We can leave these parcels." Then, turning to the astonished shopman, she said, "They have been ordered in a mistake."

"No, they have not!" cried the little person shrilly. "Take them to my carriage, and be sure to send that hamper of confectionery to No. 1, Hamer Street this evening without fail—Day is the name."

"Oh, what shall I do; she is quite insane! I must return and cancel the order. My poor little person!" groaned Clarice inwardly.

Once more the shop-doors swung open and Clarice and her companion were bowed into the street. Then a stately footman advanced and asked, obsequiously, "Have you any further calls to make, ma'am?"

"Home now, Calvert."

And, stepping into the brougham, the little person waited for Clarice to follow her. But Clarice stood upon the pavement with a look of stunned surprise in her face. The little old person was wealthy after all. How deceitfully she had acted!

"I think you won't require me any longer."

"Come, come, step in. Scold me afterwards, but don't make a scene in the street," whispered the little person; and stretching out a gloved hand she drew Clarice towards the door of the carriage. With quivering lips the girl stumbled in.

"Now scold me, and then I will scold you, for I have a crow to pull with you, Miss Clarice Day."

But Clarice could not speak a word.

"I suppose I must do all the scolding, then. In the first instance, you, or rather your shop-friends, concluded that I was a broken-down governess—you need not deny it. They gauged my position by my clothing, a very natural way of thinking, the way of the world, my dear. Finding that they worshipped the rich and despised the poor, I thought I would humour their fancy, and see how rude they could be to a poor, defenceless old woman. You see, I had my eyes open all the time. No, don't cry, my dear; you were never rude. Your education is defective, but you have the instincts of a lady, and you are a Christian, which is the best of all. But I haven't forgiven you for thinking that I was a lunatic. I am sane, perfectly sane, my dear, but all my friends say that I am peculiar, and of course I have grown to believe them. No, don't cover your mother's scones with the corner of your jacket. Believe me, I shall enjoy them immensely, for they are flavoured with love. My dear, though I am rich I am really a lonely old woman. But I am thankful that to-day I have found a little girl who has proved herself a friend indeed. Character is greater than clothes, my dear, and a loving heart than a mine of gold. Now, you would like to know why I carry my potatoes wrapped in a newspaper? My dear, last week I carried home a bunch of carrots uncovered, but I told my costermonger friend that if he did not provide paper for his customers I should withdraw my patronage—hence the newspaper this week. The fact is, I bought a poor lame lad a barrow, and started him in business, and of course I patronise him. My cook doesn't like his vegetables, so I send them to the cottage of a labourer on my estate. Now, tell me about yourself. Imagine we are going home to a garret to feast upon potatoes and milk."

Presently the carriage passed through the gates of a lodge into a sweeping avenue, and Clarice looked up with a startled face.

"We are going to Artleton Manor."

"Yes, my dear; that is my home."

"But you are not Miss Artleton, the lady of the manor?"

"Yes, my dear, I am. Now, don't look so disappointed. I know I am not half so interesting as I was half an hour ago, but you will forgive me, dear, won't you? You intended to bring a little sunshine into my lonely life, didn't you?"

Clarice blushed, and the tears gathered in her eyes.

"Clarice, you may do so still. Here we are. Jump out. Lunch will be waiting."

With the feeling that she was acting a part in an Arabian Night's story, Clarice alighted from the carriage, and entered a lofty domed hall, adorned with exquisite paintings. If only Charlie and her mother were with her,

Clarice thought she would be perfectly happy, for like a sensible girl she speedily conquered her passing annoyance, and was on the best of terms with her hostess.

Then followed lunch in the big dining-room, which to Clarice would have been oppressive had not Miss Artleton chatted and joked in a manner that astonished her silent servitors, but which set Clarice at her ease.

The misleading dust-cloak and the girlish sailor-hat had vanished, and, attired in a soft grey cashmere and a cap of lace, Miss Artleton looked what she was—a dainty old lady.

As they left the table and went into a conservatory, Clarice looked at her earnestly.

"A penny for your thoughts, my dear. No, I won't be put off."

"I was thinking how pretty you must have been when you were a young girl, indeed you are pretty still!" said Clarice shyly.

"You wicked little flatterer!" frowned Miss Artleton, but there was a gleam of gratified vanity in her eyes. "There is my photo," and opening a locket that was suspended from a chain she revealed two portraits, one of a girl with sunny eyes and golden curls, and the other of a dark, handsome man.

For an instant Clarice looked at the two faces, then she raised her eyes questioningly—"Yes, my dear, I too have had my little romance—a love-story of one chapter with an abrupt conclusion. It will have its sequel in another world. My lover was drowned on his way to India where he hoped to win fame and fortune. My father was a proud man and so was my Dennis, and thus I am left alone. Now we have talked enough sentiment, you have captured my heart, little girl, or I should not unlock its secrets. This is my favourite rose-tree. Would you like a bunch of roses to carry home for your good kind mother?"

"How do you know that my mother is good and kind?"

"I have judged the mother by the daughter, little greenhorn."

"I am afraid you are the flatterer now," laughed Clarice. "By-the-way, Miss Artleton, next half-holiday Miss Martin and Miss Pringle are coming to Artleton with the Darly Street Sunday School scholars."

"Yes, they are to have tea under the trees in the park," answered Miss Artleton with a comical smile.

"Ellen and Dolly are merely thoughtless, not really unkind, Miss Artleton. You know you do look different in the sailor hat and dust-cloak."

Miss Artleton laughed. "Yes, I believe I do. I think I shall discard them. I am sure my maid will rejoice. If she dared I believe she would sell them to the rag-man. But though she has been with me twenty-seven years she never takes liberties with my property. By-the-way, how old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"And when did you say you were to be married?"

"I didn't mention any time," answered Clarice blushing.

"You said your Charlie—wasn't that the name?—was clerk in Griffith and Gaunt's office."

"Yes, but he is a very intelligent fellow—not at all like the ordinary run of clerks. I am sure he will rise if he has the chance."

"Doubtless, my dear!" said Miss Artleton with emphasis. "He is a perfect young man, I feel sure."

"Now you are laughing at me. I am sure you thought Mr. Dennis was perfect."

"I was just as enthusiastic as you, my dear. Now you shall sing for me."

"Oh, I cannot!"

"But you brought your songs for that purpose."

"I thought—I thought," faltered Clarice.

"You thought I was a friendless old woman, and so I am. Come and try my favourite piano." And drawing aside a curtain Miss Artleton led the way into a spacious drawing-room.

"Please don't be critical!" implored Clarice.

"I shall see!" answered Miss Artleton grimly. "Do you play 'The Bird Waltz,' and 'The Last Rose of Summer,' with variations?"

"No I don't!" cried Clarice indignantly.

"Never despise the old airs, my dear. Now sing something soft and sweet."

"This is mother's favourite," and striking a few chords Clarice cried, "Oh what a lovely piano!"

"Is that your mother's favourite, my dear?"

And without further hesitation Clarice sang "Darby and Joan."

Though her voice was not highly cultured it was very fresh and sweet, and when she had finished Miss Artleton looked at her with eyes that were suspiciously moist.

"Thank you, my dear, your voice is very soothing."

"Mother always says so," answered Clarice simply.

"But it has defects which I will point out to you some day. Have you guessed my Christian name, Clarice?"

"No, Miss Artleton."

"My name is Joan, and if you wish to please me you will call me Miss Joan. It is a whim, my dear, merely a whim. Now I think I should like to rest. You won't mind my absence?"

"I hope I have not tired you. Charlie will be waiting in the village. I must go. I have enjoyed myself so much."

"In spite of the disappointment that I was not a pauper?"

Clarice laughed.

"You are so different from what I imagined the real Miss Artleton would be; but you are so much nicer!" cried Clarice enthusiastically.

"Thank you, my dear. Be sure you come next half-holiday, and bring your mother and Charlie. And don't betray me to your two companions at the ribbon counter. Good-bye, dear!" And, leaning forward, the lady of the manor kissed the shop-girl.

As she walked along the avenue, Clarice felt as if she were in a dream, from which she would suddenly awake and find herself in Hamer Street. Those stately British oaks were real and substantial. There was nothing airy or visionary in their construction. And, marvelling at the events of the afternoon, Clarice walked through the lodge gates along the dusty road to the village.

Artleton nestled in a hollow, and as she walked towards it she began to look for her lover.

All down the village street were ivy-covered cottages and trim little gardens, each one of them looking as though its owner took a pride in home and a pleasure in life.

Presently she saw the back of a tweed-clad figure of a man standing near to a garden gate, and a rosy-faced woman, with whom the man appeared to be conversing. She drew near noiselessly.

"No, sir, I don't know any poor person in t' village like what you describe. There's Martha Grime an' 'Melia Huggins, but it won't be aither o' them. One on 'em suffers from t' rheumatics an' t'other from brownchitis, an' I can't think o' nobody else. Mistress Taylor's been to Sandrington this mornin'; but shoo's a terrible big woman, an' shoo comed by 'ersel'. I know, for I were mendin' our David's stockin's when shoo passed t' gardin gate. The carriage from the Manor druv past about two o'clock, an' there were a young lady in it, an' our Polly says to me, 'Do you think Miss Artleton's gotten company, mother?' But of course that couldn't be them as you're lookin' for."

"Oh, no, the old person I mean would not drive in the Manor carriage!"

"Then I can't give you no more infymation, sir. You might ax Miss Megson at the shop. Shoo's as likely to know as anybody. You'll see t' shop when you get up t' hill. There's a post office wi' it." And with a nod the old woman went into her cottage.

"I think I can give you a little 'infymation'!" laughed a girlish voice. And, turning, Charlie beheld Clarice.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

DISCARDED tea cosies of a large size can be usefully employed to cover over hot water cans in bedrooms. The water can be kept hot for a long time if thus covered over.

CELLULOID balls and other toys, though very pretty to look at, should never be given to children, as they are highly inflammable and very dangerous.

NEVER slam an oven door if pastry or cakes are cooking in the oven—it will make them heavy.

DO not ever burn or throw away corks—they are valuable in many ways.

THE nicest way to eat an orange is to cut a slice off the top and scoop out all the juice with a tea-spoon; a spoonful of sugar can be put in the middle if the fruit is sour.

PINEAPPLE juice is said to be valuable in cases of diphtheria.

BOOTS and shoes should never be kept in a cupboard or box; they should be left where air can get freely to them, and whenever it is possible the insides should be aired.

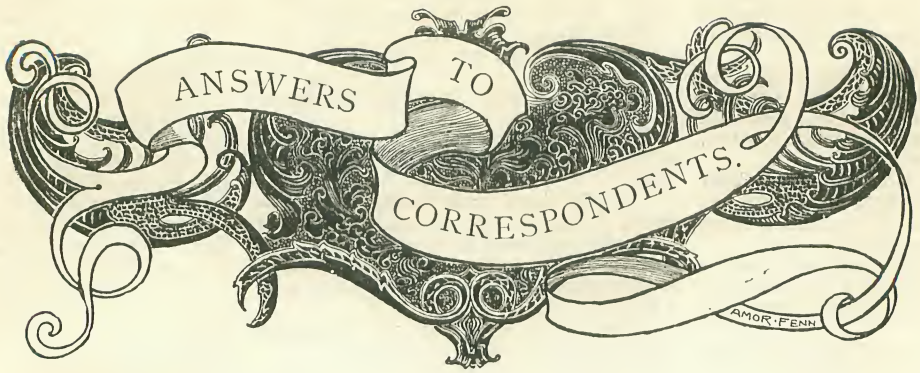
SILK handkerchiefs are extremely nice to use, and a present of a few to an invalid would be very acceptable.

COCOA is always best made with milk, not water, and should be boiled, not merely made with boiling water.

NUTS and almonds are very nourishing food.

BEDROOM fires should be lit oftener than they are; it would save much illness and many colds, for it is when one goes to bed tired and weary after sitting in hot rooms that one is most apt to catch cold.

TOOTHBRUSHES should be occasionally placed in cold water with a little borax, sanitas or other disinfectant, and left to stand in it for a while.



MEDICAL.

"RITA" asks us for a cure for very large tonsils which, whenever she has a cold, become larger, painful, and covered with little white "ulcers." These attacks are acute tonsilitis, occurring in chronic tonsillar enlargement. When you have these attacks you should remain indoors, preferably in bed, until you are well again. Take as much nourishing liquid food (i.e. milk, bread and milk, eggs beaten up with milk, custard, etc.) as you can, and avoid anything very hot or highly spiced. Sucking ice often gives great relief. Quinine and iron, or other preparation of iron, is often recommended, but you must not expect too much from it. A gargle or spray of hot boracic acid (1 in 40), or permanganate of potash (1 in 100) is very efficacious. Painting the tonsils with glycerine of tannin as soon as they become at all sore, often wards off a severe attack of tonsilitis. During the intervals between the acute attacks paint the tonsils every evening with menthol in paroleine (1 in 8) or the glycerine of tannin. If you want to be rid of the whole trouble have your tonsils reduced by a surgeon. The white spots on the tonsils are not "ulcers," but the mouths of the glands of the tonsils plugged with dried secretions.

"ANNE and JANE" want to know what to do to grow "tall and rosy," for they are "short and pale." If they attend to the general rules of healthy living—early rising, plenty of exercise, good food, and remaining out of doors as long as possible, they will do all that can be done to grow "rosy and tall." If they have finished growing, that is, if they are past twenty-two, nothing on this earth will make them grow taller.

YASHTI.—That any chemist could be so ignorant of his trade as never to have heard of "calomel" we cannot believe. A grocer who had never heard of sugar would be more excusable than a chemist who did not know calomel. Of all drugs that act upon the liver in "biliousness," calomel is far and away the most certain, the least unpleasant and the safest. Two other drugs, euonymus and podophyllin, act upon the liver. A pill containing one or both of these ingredients is very often used. Camomile and taraxacum (dandelion) do not act on the liver, although they are popularly believed to do so. The treatment of biliousness is not only a question of drugs; you must pay attention to all the details of treatment which we gave to "An Old Reader."

M. A. B.—To remove freckles always wear a veil when you go out. In very bright sunshine a red sunshade will often prevent the development of freckles. It is the light and not the heat of the sun that causes freckles, and red-coloured shades keep off the ultra-light rays (violet) of the sun. Peroxide of hydrogen, carefully applied, will often bleach freckles. Glycerine and rose-water is also helpful in ridding the face of freckles and keeping the skin soft.

DAISY.—The pimples on your face and neck are due to acne. The "little holes" left after the pimples have gone are scars. They invariably come if the pimples contain pus, and they cannot be removed or remedied by anything. Therefore treat the acne as soon as possible to prevent any more pimples from developing. You will find every detail of the treatment in last month's correspondence column.

SADIE.—Unfortunately it is impossible for us to tell you what is the cause of your unpleasant symptom without personal interview. It may be due to nervousness, but is more probably due to some local cause.

TROUBLED ONE.—Decidedly you suffer from constipation and indigestion. The furred tongue; the nasty taste in the mouth; the offensive breath; the flushings and blushing to which you are subject all point to indigestion and constipation as the cause of your ill-health. Do you drink much tea? You must give it up entirely. Take an aperient every day; the best to take is the pill of aloes and nux vomica. Read the many answers that we have lately published to correspondents with indigestion.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

FRIEND STUDIO.—1. It would be a great pity if you were to be "sorry and unhappy" because you cannot perform absolute impossibilities. Your sketch "Serpents' Tongues" is very good, so far as the subject goes, and rebukes what is far too common a fault. But we must repeat that you use un-English expressions, which only familiarity with English people, or perhaps with English literature, could prevent. Some of these are "speak *with*," instead of *to* the girls; "growing always more excited," instead of "growing more and more excited"; "nothing to fear *of*," instead of *from* them. "If I am a peasant already I will sleep at least," would not be said; and "my ladies," is not used as a form of address. It is wonderful that you write so well in a foreign tongue.—2. We insert your request below, and are glad that our International Correspondence scheme is useful and pleasant to you.

MAY THOMPSON.—Unless we are mistaken, we translated your Welsh quatrain for you in our March number. We can only (as two questions are our limit) translate two of the Latin quotations:—1. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The correct form in the Vulgate (Gen. iii. 19) is "In sudore vultus tui vesceris pane."—2. "Happily—unhappy" (Feliciter—infelix).

STEPHANIE.—We are sorry that our rules do not allow us to answer letters by post, as we have often informed our readers; and we are also sorry to have to disappoint you by saying there is not the faintest chance of your earning money by your pen. Writing for the press is a profession like other professions, and needs training. Try and think of some other occupation that would suit you.

MABEL.—We should suggest that you procure Dr. Stainer's instruction book for the American organ, sold at 1s 8d.

JULIET.—It is always impossible for us to publish an answer until two or three weeks at least after it is written, because we go to press long before you receive your magazine. Surely you must have seen our repeated criticisms on literary efforts in this column? yet you say, "I have never yet seen any criticism given, or anything of the kind, in the answers to your correspondents!" With regard to your MSS., the sketch on "London and its Sights," deals with too well-worn a subject, but "Lucia" is a pretty story, well written. We can scarcely believe that the son of an English baronet would scour the world wishing to marry an Italian flower-girl, of whom he knew nothing but that she had a strong claim on his gratitude; this being granted, however, the tale is good. At present you could not expect to earn, but it is quite possible that by dint of education and practice, you might be able to do so in the future. We must add that in view of the great competition which exists, it would be unwise for you to neglect other serious occupations for the sake of writing.

M. H.—You write a very good letter. Would you like to join the National Home Reading Union? Apply to the secretary, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London. The only way in which you can educate yourself is by reading, and excellent advice is supplied through this society. As to your future career, we should suggest that, as you have a friend who is a hospital nurse, and you are most anxious to take up nursing, you should pursue that idea, studying the book she has lent you. We should think that if you are strong enough to work in the mill, you would also be strong enough for nursing, though of course we cannot tell.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"FRIEND STUDIO" writes that she would like to correspond with Gladys Wilding, New Zealand; Maud C. Ogilvie, India; Mary Sheard, S. Africa; Carlotta E. Robertson, Texas; Minnie J. Lindo, Jamaica; and Hilda D. Rozario, Bangalore, if they will send her their addresses. How has "Friend Studio" heard of these young ladies?

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. A.—Portraits of the contributors you mention have been printed on the end papers to the yearly volumes on several occasions during the last few years. We are much too modest to print them as frontispieces as you suggest!

W. C. M.—We are indeed sorry to hear that you find so great a difficulty in procuring our Story Supplement in your town. Have you ever ordered it at your bookseller's? If not, is it not your own fault that you find a difficulty in getting it? If you have ordered it and your bookseller does not supply it to you please let us know.

EMMA.—The following is a recipe given to us by a lady who had lived many years in India, and we have found it answer admirably for the brass trays. Buy one pennyworth of oxalic acid, put it into half a pint of water, bottle it, and leave it for four hours. Use with a sponge, washing the tray well with the mixture, and then rinse with boiling water and rub with a leather. A free use of boiling water is required to keep trays bright.

SUNFLOWER.—In reply to your query respecting the statement of some friend as to the relationship between himself and the original of a portrait, i.e., "Sisters and brothers have I none; but, that man's father was my father's son," is easily explained, for the portrait was one of himself. It is evident that the likeness was not a very good one or it must have told its own tale.

OLIVE R.—If not in the same position of life as the clergyman who called on you, the visit should be considered as simply parochial, and you are not to return it. If yourself in society, your father, husband, brother, or grown up son (residing in the house) should return it. If the clergyman have a wife, or lady relative, she should have called with him, if he desired a mutually-visiting acquaintanceship. Of course a lady does not call on a gentleman, nor send her card by her husband, unless an old friend, or very near relative. He was right, however, in leaving a second card for you. A first visit should be returned at once if possible.

DODO.—We recommend you to apply to the secretary of the Royal Naval Female School at the office, 32, Sackville Street, W. Pupils are admitted on nomination of the committee. There is also the Royal Naval Benevolent Society. Apply to the Secretary, 18, Adam Street, Adelphi, Strand, W.C.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE "G. O. P."—All invitations should be answered *immediately*, and if there *be* an invitation which could be answered sooner than immediately, it is one to dinner.

IN LOVE.—It is quite permissible for a man to send flowers to any girl he admires, as it is merely a graceful compliment, and binds him to nothing; nor do we understand how it could possibly place you in "an awkward position;" nor do we see at this present juncture where your parents come in; nor how this could worry your mother, since he has not proposed to you. You say that you "love him dearly, but I doubt whether I ought to allow my feelings to get the better of me." If your feelings got the better of you, what would be the result? We should recommend caution, seeing that the young gentleman has *not* proposed, and may not do so, especially if he should find out that his gift of flowers had quite unbalanced your mind. Be a sensible girl, do not do anything except to give smiling and gracious thanks for one of the ordinary attentions of society.

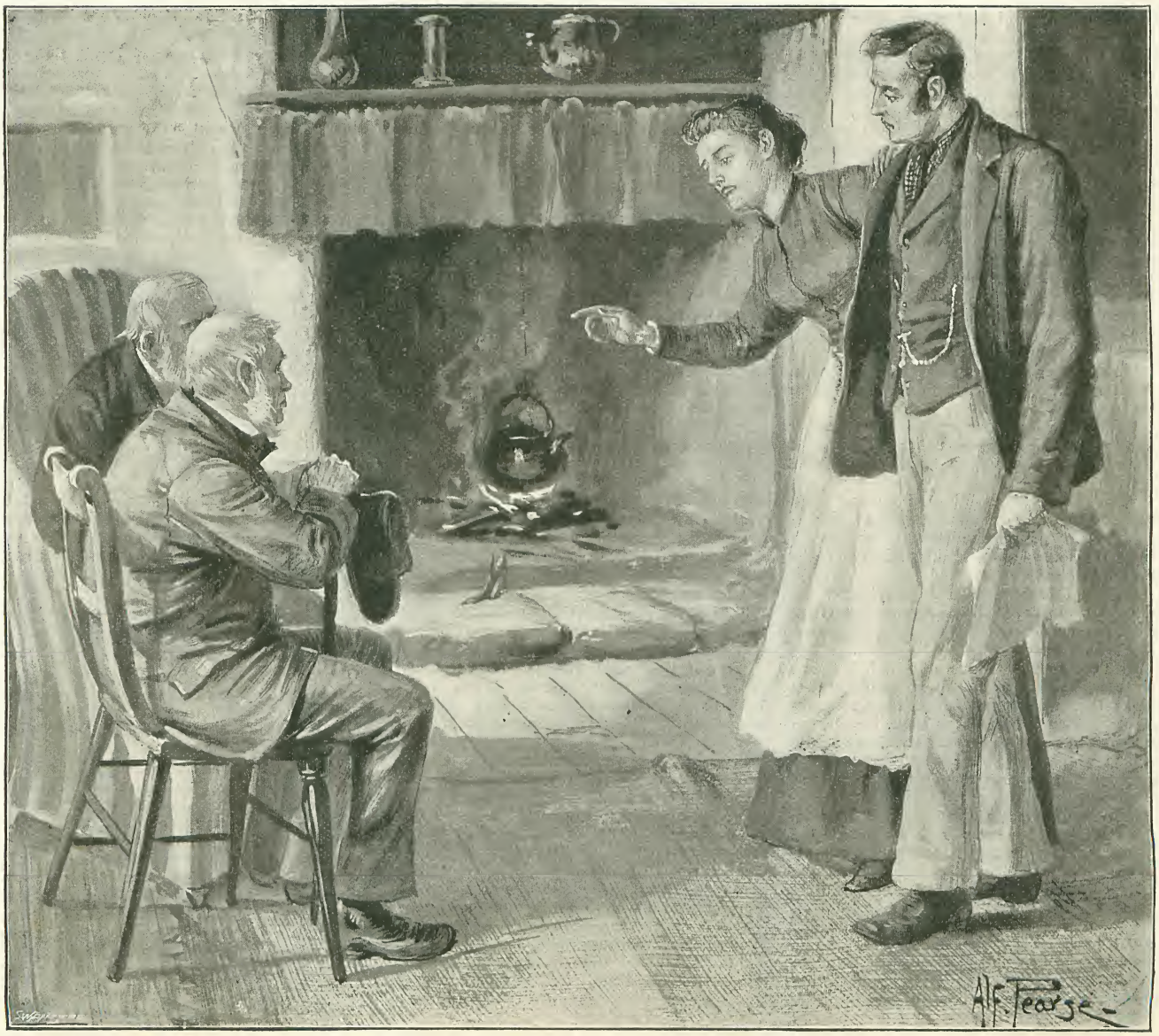
SPANISH ZINGARA unfortunately does not say where she lives or we could advise her to better purpose. A course of ambulance lessons would be very interesting and useful, as she is fond of nursing, and we see no harm in her study of physiognomy. Lavater's book on the subject is easily obtained, as it has passed through many editions. This study was begun by Della Porta, at Naples, in 1615. The work which presents the most succinct view of the modern relations of physiognomy is Darwin's on the *Expression of the Emotions*, which shows that facial conformation arises from the special use of certain muscles over others.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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THE READING OF THE WILL.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.



"'I'LL TELL YOU WHAT KIN WAS MADE FOR.'"

All rights reserved.]

JOB FOSTER was dead. Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, frost and heat, had done their work upon his frame, and at three score years and ten he had laid down his weather-beaten head and gone home to take his wages. No wife and no child had Job to mourn him, no daughter had bent over his pillow with words of love, no son had held his dying hand in a tender grasp; Job had never thought much of matrimony, women were a poor lot in his opinion, and he preferred to have little to do with them.

And yet in his last hours Job had not been untended by a woman's gentleness. The young people in whose house he lodged had a kindness for him, and in the slow decline of his strength he had wanted for nothing, while his ailments and infirmities were carefully nursed. Not that Job was without relations; his two brothers lived in Melton, only the length of the street dividing them from the Marshs' cottage; but Job and his brothers did not "speak," and his nephews and nieces ignored him when he tottered past on his stick.

How the quarrel had arisen none exactly knew, perhaps not even the Fosters themselves; the feud, whatever it was, dated from the dim distance of the past; but though the facts were forgotten, the feelings they had evoked were as vivid as ever.

"Don't you ever let me catch you speakin' to him!" said John and Jonas to their children, and the boys and girls passed him by as though he had been a leper or an outcast. But now Job was dead, and instantly the whole aspect of the case was altered; blood is blood and kin is kin all the world over, and no sooner was the breath out of his body than John and Jonas felt their interest in him revive.

"So he's gone at last, poor chap!" said the elder brother as he leaned over the paling that divided Jonas's house from his own.

"Yes, he's gone, sure enough," said Jonas. "Seems odd too, to think as we shall never see him no more."

"It'll be nice to have some'ut to remember him by," said John reflectively; "he'd got a few sticks o' furniture, as far as I can make out."

"Ah! that he had," said Jonas. "He told me so one day when I says to him as he'd have to go into the House. And he'd a sight o' clothes too and a watch and chain made o' silver."

"Well, I doubt we shan't quarrel over the things," said John; "it's poor work quarrelling over the dead. Let bygones be bygones, that's what I say."

In this amiable frame of mind the two brothers walked down to Marsh's cottage that night that they might make their arrangements, but on the way they were met by an unexpected piece of news. Mr. Brown, the village shop-keeper, was taking the air on his doorstep and he gave them good evening as they went by.

"So your poor brother's dead," he said. "I can't say I'm surprised, for he seemed dreadful tottery the night I went in to witness his will."

John looked at Jonas and Jonas looked at John; the rustic mind is slow to take in ideas, but there was a word in this speech which would have roused the dullest yokel in a moment. Job's will! How had he come to make a will and what dark intention lay behind such a deed? It was all very well for rich folks to play tricks with their property, but when poor men took to meddling with law, mischief was sure to follow; what strange freak could have possessed him?

The shop-keeper watched their faces with interest; he saw at once that the existence of the will was news to them, and it gave a touch of drama to the matter which he relished strongly. Life was dull in Melton as a general rule, and Mr. Brown felt that his diplomatic talents lacked opportunity.

"Yes," he said, rubbing his hands complacently, "it's better than a week ago since Mrs. Marsh's Johnnie ran down and asked me to see 'grandpa,' as he called him. 'There's a gentleman come to see him,' he says, 'and he wants you to come too.' I slipped on my Sunday coat and was off in a twinkling, but when I got there who should it be but the schoolmaster. 'Now, Mr. Brown,' he says, 'all you've got to do is to sign your name at the bottom of this paper, and then Mr. Maples is to sign his.'"

"What, Maples the sexton?" asked John, breaking into the voluble narrative for the first time.

"Yes, Maples the sexton. He was sitting there, quite at home as you may say, with his hat between his knees, and when I'd signed my name he got up and signed his with a flourish just for all the world as if he was signing it in the church registers."

"But what was in the will?" asked Jonas, who had been listening to these irrelevant details with some impatience.

"Ah! there you go beyond me," said Mr. Brown, who, like most people, objected to being asked questions that he could not answer. "But I mustn't stop talking any longer," and so saying he hid his discomfiture by beating a hasty retreat.

Left to themselves the two brothers stood looking at one another in utter perplexity; some information they were determined to get, but to whom could they apply? George Marsh was naturally the first person to suggest himself to their minds, but he had been included in their quarrel with Job from the fact of his having given the offender a shelter under his roof, and therefore they turned their steps to the house of the schoolmaster, Mr. Hawkins. Here, however, an unexpected difficulty presented itself, for Mr. Hawkins declared himself bound in honour not to reveal his client's secrets.

"Then I'll make Marsh tell me!" muttered John between his teeth.

Jonas looked at his brother admiringly.

"Ah, you've got the right sort of spirit in you, you have!" he said.

Mr. Hawkins did not seem to be equally impressed however.

"I don't see why you want to be so inquisitive!" he said bluntly. "Of course it's no business of mine, but you ought to wait at any rate till after the funeral."

"Seems as if he wanted to put us off like," said Jonas as they turned away.

"So it do," said John; "but I'm not going to stand that, I know! Put it off, indeed! Who knows what knave's tricks he means by that? We'll go round to Marsh's now."

So, while the twilight gathered and fell, the two men made their way to the threshold across which their feet had never passed, and knocked solemnly at the door.

The reserves of life cannot be practised by the poor; but this need not in any sense detract from its reverences.

Marsh and his wife sat by the fire—he with a paper, and she with her mending—while at the other end of the room the dead man lay in his coffin. But, shocked as some refined minds might have been by such a spectacle, the spotless sheet and the handful of flowers that lay upon it were eloquent proof that there was no want of respect.

Marsh rose from his seat at the sound of the knock and went to the door.

"Can we come in?" asked John in a gruff tone which concealed a considerable amount of nervousness.

"Come in," said Marsh, and the two men entered and stood awkwardly in the middle of the room.

"Won't you sit down?" said Mrs. Marsh, who, womanlike, was the least embarrassed of the party.

"Thank you," said John. "We ain't come to stay; but we thought as we'd look round and say what we'd like done about our poor brother's bits o' things."

Jonas looked at his brother with greater admiration than ever. This was taking the wind out of the enemy's sails with a vengeance. Anybody might dispute the contents of a will, but to put the whole question of the will aside with a wave of the hand, as one might say, was a masterpiece of which John alone would have been capable.

But Marsh did not see the matter in the same light. He had been prepared for some move on the part of Job's brothers, but he had not expected it so soon.

"I think it 'ud have been more decent like to wait till he was buried," he said.

"Oh, you do, do you?" snarled John. "Well, then, I'll tell you some'ut, George Marsh. I think as it 'ud have been a deal more decent if there'd been no talk o' makin' o' wills. I don't hold with lawing, and I never did; and, what's more, it's a thing as no honest person has got any need of. If there wasn't some'ut in this will as there didn't ought to be, folks wouldn't be so wonderful set on keepin' us out of the knowledge of it. I'll trouble you to read it to us, or else you'll find as law is a game as two can play at."

He fully expected to see Marsh quail before him, but he was disappointed.

"If you wish to hear it before the day of the funeral," he said, "I've no sort of objection. Mr. Hawkins knows what's in it, and he'll bear witness as it's Master Foster's own wishes. It was wrote down for him just as he said it, him being no scholar himself."

He turned towards the cupboard as he spoke and took a sheet of paper from between the leaves of the big family Bible.

John and Jonas sat forward on their chairs and leaned their hard horny hands upon their sticks. Their eyes gleamed ominously from under their bushy grey eyebrows as they prepared to listen, and Mrs. Marsh shivered a little as she watched them.

George Marsh stood opposite to them, his broad shoulders squared, and his head thrown back as if in defiance of their opinion, while his muscular hand grasped the paper firmly.

"This is the last will and testament of me, Job Foster," he began in his strong young voice, "the first will as ever I made, and, please God, it'll be the last. What I've got to leave ain't much, but I'll leave it to them as have been son and daughter to me and have treated me kind ever since I come under their roof. My clothes I leave to George Marsh; I don't know whether he'll find 'em a fit, but I know as his wife's a rare good one with her needle, and I doubt she'll better 'em somehow. And my bits o' furniture I leave to his wife, Anne Marsh, because she's a good woman, and I think she must be like my mother was, though I can't justly remember her now. And my silver watch and chain I leaves to her little Johnnie, what comes and stands by my chair and calls me grandpa, and I hope he'll think o' me sometimes when I'm dead and gone. And I've no more to leave, so I will now conclude, first saying as I forgive all them what have got any grudge against me as I hope to be forgiven, and you can tell my brothers I said so.

"Witness my hand, this 20th day of March.

"JOB FOSTER."

There was silence for a few moments when

he had finished, and then John spoke in a sudden harsh voice that shivered the stillness of the little room.

"And you call that a just will?" he said.

"Yes, I do," said George firmly. "Nobody asked him to make it, and nobody said nothing about what he put in it."

"That may be," returned John, "I don't say as it is and I don't say as it isn't; but one thing I do say, and that is as it ain't just for a man to leave everything away from his own flesh and blood. You can call it law if you like, I call it thievin'!"

He struck his stick fiercely on the ground as he spoke, and Mrs. Marsh gave a little sob of fright, but her husband was not to be shaken; he was unready of speech but his opinions were firm, and when he felt that right was on his side he feared no one.

"A man may do what he likes with his own," he said in his slow way, "you can't call that thieving."

"But I do call it thievin'!" retorted John, while Jonas nodded a chorus of approval. "Kin is kin, you can't deny that, and a man's kin have got the right to his property when he's gone; what's the meaning of kin if it ain't that?"

Marsh glanced up and down uneasily; he wished himself anywhere but where he was, for strong as he felt his case to be, he was a man who hated "unpleasantness."

But Mrs. Marsh was cast in a different mould; nervous and alarmed as she was, her very terror gave her tongue, and she no sooner saw her husband at fault than she rose from her seat and came to his side.

"I'll tell you what kin was made for," she said, her voice vibrating with her mingled stress of feelings and her mild eyes gathering fire. "'Twas God as made kin, and He made it so as there should always be love in the world. 'Twas He who put the little ones in families and called them brothers, and let them go playing in the fields together and set them round one table to eat their daily bread; 'twas He put a feeling in their hearts and a thought in their minds to keep them from forgetting, so as they should be brothers all their lives till the time come for them to lie down to die."

She paused to take breath, and John and Jonas sat staring at her as though some prophetess of old had flamed out of the darkness upon their astonished gaze. Nor was George Marsh less bewildered, such sudden eloquence on the part of his domestic companion was as strange a phenomenon as though some dumb household creature had turned upon him in sudden speech. But it is the occasion that proves the nature; the present moment was the most dramatic that Mrs. Marsh had ever known and an unsuspected quality of soul rushed forth to meet it.

"I'll tell you what kin was made for," she went on, gathering fresh courage as she saw the helpless amazement of her audience. "God made it so as folks might help one another when troubles come upon them; He knew as bad luck must come sometimes as well as good, and He meant as there should be always someone to take our part, someone as wouldn't turn a cold shoulder on us when things was going contrary like, but 'ud say, 'Well, after all he's the same flesh and blood as me and I ain't going to cast him off now.' There's some as have got a soft heart for other folks' troubles, as always have a hand in the pocket for any poor soul in need, and when their own hard time comes who should they look to but their own kin, what God gave them when they were born, to see to them a bit and help them on. 'Twas all very well as long as Job had got strength to go out to his work and bring back his bit o' money, but when he couldn't go no more, then was the time for his kin to come and make a home for him."

She scathed the brothers with her glance as she spoke, and Jonas shifted uncomfortably on his seat and looked at John in the hope that he would put a stop to this unaccountable woman whose words made you feel as "queasy" as the parson's when he took to letting fly at a man's faults and failings in the face of the congregation.

John caught the look and nerved himself to the combat.

"That's strange doctrine, that is," he said sulkily. "A man's to waste his money how he likes and then look to his kin to keep him from starvin'!"

George threw an uneasy glance at his wife, for this seemed to him an incontrovertible argument, but Mrs. Marsh was not to be daunted.

"There ain't no talk of starving as I knows of," she said; "Job had got his little bit laid by same as another; he could pay a shilling or two to keep a roof over his head and buy the bit o' victual he ate."

"Ah! I always knew you made a tidy lot out o' him!" said John with a sneer.

"Yes, we did," cried Mrs. Marsh; "you're right there."

A look of surprise went over the faces of her three auditors, for the answer was unexpected.

"Two shillings a week he paid," she went on, "and you may see for yourself what we got out of that when I'd cooked his food and done his washing for him. But we made a lot by him all the same, and I'll tell you how we done it. I ain't got no father alive, and George he ain't got one neither, and when Master Foster come to lodge in our house it seemed just like old days come back again. It was rare an' good to feel as there was always someone sitting in the chimney corner watching for us, and he'd a way of saying 'thank you,' as made your heart warm. Many and many's the night as my man 'ud turn out in the cold just because he thought maybe the poor old chap wanted something extry over him, and times and times he's gone without his bit o' bacon so as Job should have it when he couldn't relish his bread and cheese."

George shifted uneasily from one foot to the other while his virtues were thus unfolded, and looked as red and foolish as if he were being accused of some deed of shame; but Mrs. Marsh went on ruthlessly.

"There was nothing he liked so well as the old man's pottering after him when he was doing the garden. Job 'ud sit on the bench by the hour together and watch him weeding and watering; and he'd laugh as pleased as anything when Johnnie ran to show him the pertaters what his daddy dug up. He used to fret cruel sometimes when he thought of his own kin what acted so hard to him. 'I seed 'em to-day, Mrs. Marsh,' he used to say, 'and they wouldn't so much as pass the time o' day with me;' but we wouldn't have parted with him, not if you'd made all the world of him; our place won't seem like itself without him, and that's a fact."

She wiped her eyes on her apron as she spoke, and John hailed the sign of weakness.

"Ay, ay," he said, "all that's well enough; but we ain't talkin' about them sort o' things, we're talkin' about property. Job hadn't got no call to act like he did, and if he'd lived with honest folk they'd never have let him do it."

Marsh's eyes flashed fire, but before he could hurl back the insinuation in his accuser's teeth, his wife was by the side of the coffin and had turned back the sheet.

"If you're going to say such words as that," she cried, "you shall say them to his face!"

An awestruck silence followed her words. There, on his last pillow, lay Job Foster in the calm majesty of death, the lines smoothed out of his wrinkled cheeks, a smile resting on his lips, and that indefinable look of youth which comes back to the face when cares and toils have taken their flight. He was no longer the bowed and meagre labourer who had excited their scorn and anger as he crossed their daily path; he was once more the brother of their childhood whose voice had mingled with theirs at their mother's knee, and who had shared their boyish pleasures in open-hearted happiness.

It was a vision of their past, and it startled them as much as a vision of their future might have done. John could not take his eyes from the face which drew him with a kind of fascination, and Jonas felt an unaccustomed lump come up in his throat. Step by step the two men drew nearer to the coffin, and at last their eyes met as they stood beside their long-lost brother.

"I never meant no harm to him, John," said Jonas, in a low tone.

"Nor I neither," said John; "I've spoken sore about him times an' times, but if I was to have the chance over again I'd take it all back."

"And I've spoken sore to him, and that's worse," said Jonas; "but he didn't bear no malice, for he had it wrote down as he'd forgave us."

"And may God forgive us all," said John solemnly, with uplifted hand.

Mrs. Marsh was weeping quietly behind her apron; her exaltation of spirit had departed, and she was once more a feeble, frightened woman; but her work was done and there was no need of further speech. The echo of John's brief prayer died away in the stillness, and for a moment or two no one moved, then, going up to Marsh, he held out his hand.

"If you let us know the time o' the buryin'," he said, "his kin shall foller him to the grave, and as for the will, I'll never say another word about it for one!"

"Nor won't I," added Jonas; "and what's more, I hope I'll have as good foiks as you and your missus to see to me when it comes to my turn to go."

So, bowing their grey heads as they passed the coffin, the two brothers went out into the darkness, their long-cherished feud healed for ever by the Angel of death, who had come bringing with him not a sword but peace.



HOW TO WRITE VERSE

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

PART II.

IAMBIC VERSE.



Iambus, or, with its tail cut, the Iamb, is a short syllable followed by a long syllable, ⏑ –. It is derived from a Greek verb, ἰάπτειν, meaning "to rail"; and, verily, it has a tongue with a tang. But one hardly feels the movement of a single foot. Let us take an Iambic line or two.

"The kirk | was decked | at morn | ing tide, |
The ta | pers glim | mer'd fair: ‖
The priest | and bride | groom wait | the bride, |
And dame | and knight | are there." ‖

There, now! Mark that metre. Say the lines over and over till you feel their swing and cannot mistake it. It will carry you a long way into the mastery of English verse. Iambic metre is its characteristic movement, and this is iambic metre's characteristic mould.

Almost all the old ballads are written in this form; and so are fully half of our most familiar hymns. It is the C.M., or Common Measure, of the hymn-books; it is also known as 8 and 6 metre, the odd lines having eight and the even lines, six syllables each. That means very little, but if you call it Iambic 8's and 6's it will be significant enough, for that will give you the swing as well as the count.

Suppose we print the names again, big: "COMMON MEASURE," "IAMBIC 8's and 6's," "BALLAD VERSE." If you want to grind the thing into your brain in such a way that you will never quite get it out again, repeat to yourself a few times the refrain of Kingsley's ballad, "Lorraine Lorree." Say it twice over and you will get a complete stanza—

"Barúm | barúm | barúm | barúm |
Barúm | barúm | barée, ‖
Barúm | barúm | barúm | barúm |
Barúm | barúm | barée." ‖

I have put accents instead of the marks ⏑ –, in case anybody ingeniously should have contrived to evade the beat of the verse.

But Iambic Metre may be written in lines of one iamb each, as in the case of this delicate little thing which I have composed especially for the present occasion:—

Hĕ jūmped!
Ĭn bēd, ‖
And būmped |
Hĭs hēad, ‖

or, in lines of two iambs:—

Hĕ jūmped | ĭn bēd, |
Ănd būmped | hĭs hēad. ‖

Now, please, write a poem after this model, and whenever I give a specimen mould something after its fashion; only, mind, go back again and again to your ballad metre. Mark, learn, and inwardly digest that. It holds, if not an ox in a teacup, the vital essence of English verse. Read the *old* ballad of "Chevy Chase." And when you have absorbed that, read and absorb Macaulay's "Armada." That is really written in ballad metre, only two lines are printed as one. When the odd lines (first and third, etc.) do not rhyme this is very often done. The lines are then sometimes called 14's, or lines of seven iambs, but you must not fail to identify, in this slight disguise, your kind and good old friend.

Iambs can also be written in such lines as these, three iambs, or 6's:—

"Wĕ lōve | thĕ plāce, | Ŏ Lōrd, |
Whĕrein | Thĭne hōn | oŭr dwēlls; ‖
Thĕ jōy | ŏf Thīne | ăbōde |
Ăll eārth | lў jōy | ĕxcēls." ‖

Again, these lines can be printed two in one. And it should be noted that in this shape the lines form the Alexandrine—that measure which has been adopted as the classical metre of the French stage. Only you should note that the double line gives far greater flexibility to the verses. The pause may be shifted about almost at will, and infinite variety of melody may flow from mechanical uniformity.

As a matter of fact, all lines composed of more than one foot, or accent, or period, may really be broken up into two or more. The way in which this distribution takes place is almost purely arbitrary, and very largely depends upon the absence or presence of rhyme.

Iambic verse has a very characteristic development in a modification of this form. Instead of lines of eight and six, we have lines of eight and eight. Instead of the alternate rhyme—the even line rhyming with the even, and the odd with the odd—we have the rhymes paired:—

"Cŏme līve | wĭth mē | ănd bē | mў Lōve, |
Ănd wē | wĭll āll | thĕ plēa | sŭres prōve ‖
Thăt hĭlls | ănd vāl | lĕys, dāle | ănd fiēld, |
Ănd āll | thĕ crāg | gў mōun | tăins yiēld." ‖

When written, not in quatrains (or four-line stanzas), but in stanzas of various length, or in cantos without any such break, this octosyllabic verse—verse of four Iambic accents—is one of the elect vehicles of narrative verse. Samuel Butler adapted it in his famous satire *Hudibras*, and from that poem it has derived the name of Hudibrastic verse; but it reached the summit of its glory in the hands of Swift. Scott also made it the staple of his verse in the "Lady of the Lake." But in that poem, and far more in "Marmion," Scott varied the length of the line and the rhyme system, producing a combination which for swiftness and directness, with sufficient variety, is almost unequalled for story verse. Macaulay followed Scott, and contrived to add to the verse, by a certain breadth and freedom of handling, a weight and sonorousness such as Scott very seldom attained. As a poet, it need not be said, Macaulay belongs to a far inferior order to that of Scott; but he was a great master of narrative verse, and he brought this special genre to its utmost perfection of form.

The next Iambic Metre is one of supreme importance. It is Iambic verse of ten syllables, and it is commonly known as Pentameter Verse — pentameter meaning nothing more than ten-measure. This metre, when written in pairs of lines, or rhyming couplets, is known as Heroic Verse. It is the metre of Pope, Johnson, and Goldsmith. It is capable, in the hands of the wasp of Twickenham, of flash and glitter, and sting and prick, such as no other verse has ever attained. In the hands of the wise and sad Philosopher it became deep and sonorous, as other verse could never be.

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from learning, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol."

And in the hands of a great modern master, William Morris, it acquires a new and far more pleasant music. It ceases to flash and clash; it ceases to roll; it moves with a natural sweetness, a various grace; it has the flowing line of a Grecian dress upon a Grecian figure.

I must say a great deal more about Heroic Verse by-and-by, but for the present please read over Goldsmith's "Traveller" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." On the whole, as it seems to me, Goldsmith managed this measure in a more characteristic manner than any other master. He suggests, not what a man of genius may do with the metre, but what the metre was meant to do. In his verse there is the ordered charm—the garden sweetness—which is the most essential gift of the Pentameter.

When you feel the flow of Goldsmith's verse you may write some Pentameters. And when you feel fairly safe about your Pentameter couplet, you may turn to Gray's "Elegy."

You will observe that in that exquisite poem we have the ten syllables, the five accents in each line, just as in Goldsmith and in Pope, only there is a re-arrangement of the rhymes. Instead of the clash of couplet we have the lengthened sweetness of alternate rhymes.

Now this slight formal change has an inestimable effect on the spirit of the verse. We have, instead of couplet stanzas, a music at once more varied and more limited, and an effect more periodically recurrent.

This particular form of Pentameter (four-line stanzas, with lines alternately rhyming) is known as Elegiac. That is why Gray's poem is called an elegy. Only the last three stanzas comprise an elegy proper—a sorrowful eulogy on the dead. But such poems were so commonly written in this metre that they have given their name to the form, and whatever you write in that form is an elegy.

When Iambic decasyllables are written without rhyme they make blank verse. Strictly speaking, of course, any unrhyming verse is blank verse. The Iambic decasyllabic form, however, is so much more common and—as being the vehicle of Shakespeare and the poetic drama—so vastly more important than any other, that practically it has monopolised the name. When we refer to other unrhyming lines we generally define the form with more or less exactitude. These ten-foot Iambic lines are what we mean by blank verse:—

"Ă līt | tlĕ ōn | wărd lēnd | thў guī | dĭng hānd, |
Tŏ thēse | dărk stēps, | ă līt | tlĕ fūr | thĕr ōn." ‖

By-and-by I shall have much to say about blank verse. It is at once the easiest and the hardest of all metrical forms. It is almost exclusively an English possession. It is, by excellence, the language of the serious stage. For the present I merely mention it, and pass on.

I hope that my readers have already grasped, from the examples adduced, a principle which has not explicitly been asserted.

Iambic stanzas can be composed in infinite variety. The lines can be of almost any number from two to thirty or forty, and the

modifications of rhyme and metre are practically limitless.

For the ingenuities and whimsicalities of Iambic stanza people should study Herrick and Herbert. But for the present let us keep clear of these elaborate experiments, lest they unsettle our weak heads.

Ballad metre acquires quite a new quality from a very simple variation. It is nothing more than the addition of an unaccented syllable to the even lines, *i.e.* the second, and fourth, and so on.

"I stèal | by làwns | and grâs | sy plòts, |
I slîde | by hà | zel còv | ers; ‖
I mòve | the swèet | forgèt- | me-nòts, |
That gròw | for hàp | py lòv | ers." ‖

Is there not here a marvellous change? In the hands of the great and consummate artist who wrought these lines, the verse acquires a liquidity, a flow, a recurrence, a continuity that make the brook audibly present. But even when wielded by a mere mortal among artificers, that stanza always assumes an individual quality. A certain balance, a certain logicality, a certain sportive gravity commonly cling to its cadence. The influence upon music of that extra syllable is very remarkable. It produces suspension instead of clench—a kind of upward curve. The brook is its natural embodiment. It never comes to an end.

Another simple variation produces an excellent effect in the Iambic stanza of 6's. It is the addition of an unaccented syllable to the odd lines, first, third, and so on. Many of our finest hymns are written in this measure, which has a fine resonance, a sense of agility and verve. Heber's masterpiece is a wonderful example of what the measure is capable of.

"Waft, wâft, | ye wìnds, | His stòry, | |
And yoù, | ye wà | ters, ròll, ‖
Till, lîke | a sèa | of glò | ry, |
It spreàds | from pòle | to pòle; ‖
Till o'èr | our ràn | som'd nà | ture |
The Làmb | for sìn | ners slàin— ‖
Redèem | er, Kìng, | Creà | tor— |
In blîss | retùrns | to reìgn." ‖

The one great fact about Iambic Verse is its movement of one foot in a slipper and the other in a boot—its "barum baree" movement;

"Ĭām | bĭcs mārch | frŏm shōrt | tŏ lōng," |

as Coleridge puts it.

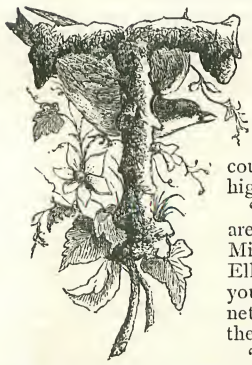
I will stop. By this time you should be in the way of getting Iambic verse into your brain, or possibly on it.

But remember! Each of these papers, with the exercises and reading suggested in it, is supposed to provide poetical pabulum for a month. Don't consume them all at once, like a boy who was left alone with a three-dozen box of pills.

"THAT PECULIAR MISS ARTLETON."

By FRANCES LOCKWOOD GREEN.

CHAPTER IV.



THE day of the picnic dawned. The sun shone down from a sky of cloudless blue, and as the girls stood behind the counter they were in high spirits.

"What a pity you are not going with us, Miss Day?" said Ellen Martin. "Can't you ask Charlie Burnett to bring you in the evening?"

"Half a yard of ribbon to match this?" said a voice, and turning to the counter, Clarice was saved a reply.

"Oh, I am glad it is a fine day!" resumed Ellen Martin. We are going to have a real jolly time. Artleton Manor is a lovely place. An old lady lives there who is immensely wealthy—as rich as Creases—isn't that the name of the old fellow who had such a lot of money?"

"'Crœsus,' you mean," said Clarice.

"I can never remember the names of those dry old fogies, they go in at one ear and out at the other, but I wouldn't go to school when I was a child. Ma used to bribe me with toffee sticks, and once she let me eat half a pot of jam on condition that I went. You know pa used to blow her up if I didn't go. By the way, I hope the ancient person won't pay us a visit. If she comes when we are closing, I am sure I shall be rude to her, horrid old thing! Fancy, she's not been for a whole week. No doubt she is waiting until one o'clock. But I'll give Dickie a penny to close at a minute to one. I say, Miss Pringle, what are you going to wear?"

"My heliotrope muslin, and a duck of a hat that cost a whole week's wages, but don't tell anybody. What are you going to wear, Miss Martin?"

"Oh, I've got a scrumptious confection of strawberries and cream, cream washing silk and strawberry ribbons. I shall be as smart as Miss Artleton herself."

"I wonder what she's like! We shall have permission to look through the manor-house. I do hope they'll let us peep into her boudoir. I should like to know what sort of boots and gloves she wears, and I should love to see her ball-dresses and jewels."

"But Mr. Smith tells me that she is an old lady."

"I wish she would adopt me. If I have the chance I shall make love to her. What can I do to attract her attention? Think of something, girls!"

A slow smile crept over the face of Clarice. At last the hour for closing arrived, and with a delightful sense of anticipation Clarice hurried home. She found her mother already dressed in her Sunday gown of black merino, and a ruffle of chiffon around her throat.

"Mother, I declare, you do look pretty!" cried Clarice as she eyed her mother from head to foot.

"Oh, fie, you naughty girl! It is all this worldly ruffle that you have stitched into my gown. Fancy teaching your mother vanity in her old age. Now, not another word! Here is your white muslin waiting for you."

"Oh, what a surprise! You should not have ironed it for me. I thought my grey alpaca would do nicely."

"I am afraid the bloom has fled from your alpaca, and white muslin is always nice and pretty for young girls."

"Now who is teaching vanity!" laughed Clarice. "Oh, naughty, naughty mother!"

"Oh, Clarice, look out of the window, there is such a grand carriage coming down the street! Bless me, it is stopping at our door! what will the neighbours think?"

"That we are going to enjoy ourselves," said Clarice, and, catching up the muslin gown, she rushed up-stairs.

"I am so sorry, but my daughter is not quite ready," said Mrs. Day, nervously. "Will you come in and sit down for a few minutes."

"Oh, no thank you, ma'am, I will wait outside!" and with a stately bow the footman withdrew.

"Fancy Clarice taking my poor scones to the owner of that beautiful carriage. But after all wealth is but a passing good. I, in my poverty, am richer than Miss Artleton, for I have my dear little girl, while she is lonely!" murmured Mrs. Day. Then going to the foot of the stairs she cried—"Be quick, Clarice, the horses seem restive."

Ten minutes later Clarice and her mother stepped into Miss Artleton's carriage, much to the astonishment of their neighbours.

"And this is your mother, dear?" asked Miss Artleton as she held out her hand to Mrs. Day. "I am very pleased to meet you, Mrs. Day; your daughter will have told you how she befriended me under rather trying circumstances," and a comical twinkle came into the brown eyes.

"When you have taken off your bonnets I will show you a view of the park from the west wing. I wish you to see it before the Philistines arrive, though I hope these Philistines will behave better than the last I entertained. They not only used my premises, but they stole my fruit, trampled upon and robbed my flower-beds, walked upon my carpets with muddy boots, and left me a cartload of broken bottles and refuse of various kinds. I was from home at the time or I should have driven them away. But I did not bring you here to listen to a chapter of woes. Step this way;" and opening a door Miss Artleton went into an oblong room one side of which was littered with books and papers.

"This is the view I wish you to see; it takes in the park, the village and the valley as far as the river."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Clarice below her breath.

"Yes, it is very lovely; it is the inspiration of my life. In Nature I always see God. When I am lonely, or weary, or sad, I creep to this window, and then *I feel that God is* good. This is my study; though my days for story-writing are almost over. Yes, you may well look surprised. You didn't think a little old maid could write love-stories, but my heart is full of them—true love-stories, my dear!" she said with a smile at Clarice. "Have you ever read any by Heather Bell?"

"Oh, yes, ever so many," answered Clarice.

"I am Heather Bell — rather a faded Heather Bell," and the old lady laughed.

"No, not faded, the name suits you splendidly. But I had no idea you wrote stories. And did you actually write the one about that poor nursery governess who was so unkindly treated?" asked Clarice.

Miss Artleton nodded.

"Ellen Martin said she cried half the evening over that story."

"Yet she could turn her back upon a poor broken-down governess. If I had described

her action in a story she would have been indignant with the offender," said Miss Artleton smiling. "But there is the bell for luncheon. We must descend."

"You will not be very angry with Miss Martin and Miss Pringle?" asked Clarice as they went downstairs.

"No, I shall not be very angry," and the old lady smiled. "I have arranged for the picnicers to pass through the reception-room at a quarter-to-five, where I shall speak to them. Your friends will come with the rest, but I will be very merciful."

Having gained this promise Clarice felt more at ease.

After a delightful afternoon spent in a portion of the gardens reserved by Miss Artleton for her own use, Clarice and Mrs. Day went into the reception-room where Charlie Burnett was waiting. Miss Artleton scanned the young man curiously, and advancing, she bade him welcome.

Presently the superintendent and officers of the Sunday School entered the apartment and came towards Miss Artleton's chair. They seemed surprised when they saw Clarice and her mother, but after a few words with Miss Artleton they passed out of the room.

One by one the scholars followed, curtseyed, shook hands with Miss Artleton and received a rose and a spray of fern from her white jewelled fingers.

When Ellen Martin, smiling and curtseying, advanced towards the lady of the Manor, Clarice felt her heart beat tumultuously. Suddenly the smiles vanished, and Ellen Martin turned deadly pale.

"I see you recognise me, my dear," said the little lady gently. "May I with this rose give you a word of advice. You are young and thoughtless, and so I pardon, but I would have you remember in the future, that in repulsing or treating unkindly the poor, the helpless or the aged you are repulsing Christ. Don't cry, my child—I forgive you. Good-bye. Send your friend to me."

"What has happened!" cried a chorus of voices, as Ellen Martin emerged from the reception-room with tearful eyes. The girl made no reply, but, walking to Dolly Pringle, she whispered a few words in her ear.

"I shan't go in!" said Dolly, with pale face and defiant eyes. "I wasn't as rude to her as you!"

"Hush!" said Ellen Martin irritably; and, to the astonishment of all, Dolly Pringle rushed from the house without her rose.

* * * *

"Miss Day, you're a sneak!" cried Ellen Martin next morning, when Clarice entered the shop.

Clarice made no reply; she merely walked to the office and delivered a note from Miss Artleton.

"And you wish to leave at once, Miss Day?" asked Mr. Frogmore.

"If you can make it convenient, sir?"

"You have a valuable friend in this lady," said Mr. Frogmore, holding up the letter in his hand. "If you leave my shop what will you do?"

"Miss Artleton has asked me to be her secretary and useful companion."

"But are you fitted for such a position?"

"I think not, but she thinks I shall suit her."

Mr. Frogmore looked surprised.

"It is very strange," he said, "that, having lived in Sandrington for four years, I have never once seen Miss Artleton. Bousfield the tailor told me yesterday that he had seen her come into the shop several times. If you knew her why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't know her until last week, sir."

At that moment an assistant entered the office, and Mr. Frogmore said—

"Under the circumstances I think you may go. We are not very busy at present. Good-morning." And Clarice fled.

Two or three weeks later Mrs. Day was installed in one of the ivy-covered cottages that Clarice had admired, and every day the girl tripped to the Manor to fulfil her threefold duties of secretary, companion and friend. For a long time Miss Artleton intended to use her influence to obtain Charlie Burnett a more lucrative position than the one he occupied, but her affection for Clarice restrained her.

"I shall not live long," she said to herself. "If I bequeath the child a hundred a year, she will then be able to marry comfortably. No, I will not leave her more; I wish her husband to work for her. I know I am selfish, but I cannot part with her now. She improves daily—my sweet Clarice."

Miss Artleton's prophecy came true. One morning when her maid went to her room she found her asleep, but it was the sleep that knows no waking. The little old lady was dead.

Clarice sorrowed sincerely, and, though into her life have come fresh hopes, fresh joys and fresh anxieties, she never looks upon the face of a poor old woman without remembering with gratitude that "Peculiar Miss Artleton."

[THE END.]

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE Saturday afternoon Michael called at the Swanningtons' house. It was Mr. Swannington he wanted to interview, and he had hesitated as to whether he should go to his office, but had decided in favour of his private house because there was a likelihood then that he would see Beattie. His heart beat uncomfortably fast when the servant ushered him into the drawing-room, but it was for the present empty. When the door opened it was Mrs. Swannington who entered, and she was alone.

"Why, Mr. Anstruther," she said in a voice which, though amiable enough, had a perceptible lack of the warmth with which she had been wont to welcome his appearance at Crabsley. "This is an unlooked-for pleasure. At this time of year one scarcely expects to see one's friends in London."

She extended a small jewelled hand which was grasped with an almost painful fervour. She was at any rate Beattie's aunt.

"Your mother, I trust, is better."

Michael said he hoped she was on the way to recovery.

"And you," he said, "you are quite well? And Mr. Swannington?"

"In excellent health, thank you. I find the air of Crabsley marvellous. But," with a shrug, "it is not possible that one should live on air alone. It palls."

The way in which she had turned the conversation made it difficult for him to inquire after Beattie without seeming ridiculous. So he said after a moment, "Miss Margetson is in town too, I suppose."

"Oh, yes. I think she enjoyed the latter part of her stay even more than the beginning, but I could not endure the dulness even to oblige her."

Mike reddened. If Mrs. Swannington found it worth while to tell him untruths, he could not flatter himself there was much hope of her regarding his suit favourably. But the consciousness of her opposition roused his obstinacy. If she were against him he would gain nothing by letting her put him off the tack.

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing her to-day," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Swannington indifferently. "She will be down presently."

She pushed out one foot below her elaborate tea-gown and regarded it pensively.

"She is playing with her pets in her own room. Beattie, you know, is only a child still. I find she cares little to be in the drawing-room."

"She does not seem like a child to me," said Mike.

Mrs. Swannington smiled, and raised her eyebrows ever so little. The look implied that Mike was not much more than a child himself. But she only said—

"Ah, well, Mr. Anstruther, if a girl shows her desire to appear grown-up at all, it is in the society of young men. Beattie has only put her hair up since she left school."

Mike laughed.

"Putting one's hair up is an arbitrary marking of age," he said. "My mother wore hers in curls till long after I was born."

"And very becoming too," said Mrs. Swannington. "I often wonder English women do not hide their ears more; besides, they never understand how to do their hair becomingly. In fact pious women always seem to think they ought not to have any hair. I observe they all draw it tightly away from their faces and make it into a hard knot at the back of their heads."

Mike was wearied by the trivial talk. There was something, to his thinking, vulgar in Mrs. Swannington's shallow flippancy, as he in his youthful intolerance was inclined to consider it. To him, gentleness and reverence were two indispensable attributes of a lady, and on this renewal of his acquaintance he rejoiced as he had done when first he made it that there was no tie of blood

between Beattie and Aunt Ella. Perhaps Mrs. Swannington made a shrewd guess at the estimation in which Michael held her. She saw at any rate that he was *distrait* and nervous, and that she was not interesting him in the remotest degree. She wondered with secret amusement how long his good manners would be proof against his impulses. She had not long to wait.

"Mrs. Swannington," said Mike, rather thickly, and looking away from her, for her gay, hard, rather bead-like eyes were not encouraging to sentiment or seriousness, "I have come here to-day with a purpose."

"And that purpose, Mr. Anstruther, was not to see me," said she laughing. "And you dare confess this in my own drawing-room?"

"I did want to see you," replied Mike, refusing to respond to her mood. "I wanted to obtain your consent to my proposing to Miss Margetson."

Aunt Ella was silent. She still smiled, but the smile was not encouraging.

"If I had stayed at Crabsley I might have been tempted to speak to her herself," went on Mike, gaining courage, for he still did not look at Aunt Ella, "but I know I ought to ask you and Mr. Swannington first. I am afraid you will think me very presumptuous, and will feel Miss Margetson might have done better, but I love her so much and I will work so hard for her, and before many years I may be in a very good position."

He paused, but as Mrs. Swannington was still silent he ventured to glance at her. His face flushed crimson when he saw that hers wore a look of amusement. Then she stretched out her hand and patted his arm, letting the white palm rest for a moment on his rough sleeve, where she surveyed it approvingly.

"Silly boy," was all she said.

"But, Mrs. Swannington," said Michael angrily, "I am in earnest."

"Of course you are, just now. Yes, my dear Mr. Michael, you are too much in earnest to be able to realise the facts. The consent you ask for is impossible. My husband is Beattie's guardian. He has her good at heart, and he is a sensible man. He will tell you to go away and continue your studies. In ten years' time you may think of marriage. But Beattie by then will probably have been mistress of a house for eight or nine years. For me, I would not permit of her engaging herself to anyone who could not provide for her handsomely."

"But," stammered poor Michael, "there are other things to think of besides money."

"Nothing of importance, my friend," said Aunt Ella calmly. "Money improves a happy marriage and it makes an unhappy one tolerable. Fancy two people utterly unsuited who cannot buy distractions, indulge their tastes, and amuse themselves independently. But how horrible!"

"Are you going to leave love out of the question, Mrs. Swannington?"

"In this case I am," was the reply. "At all times it is a mere detail. What does one see? People who love to distraction and run away together, presently bored to death and perhaps in the law courts; and others who have had an arranged marriage and afterwards adore each other"

Michael had to restrain an impulse to throw something at this cruel little lady, thus trampling on all he considered most beautiful and sacred. He thought of how his mother had listened to his confidences, and of her tender sympathy. She had understood him; but how could he make this apparently heartless woman realise that his love was a holy thing and that no worldly considerations could alter it?

"You will see," Mrs. Swannington was saying, "that this fancy will pass away. Some day you will laugh at it with your wife. *Tiens*, do I not know? Have I not my husband's confidence? I do assure you we have often laughed together over some of his love affairs. When he was twenty he adored his sister's governess, who was thirty-five, and had protruding teeth. When she refused him he threatened to take poison."

Mike stood up. He felt it impossible that Mrs. Swannington should be the arbitress of his fate. It was desecration to speak of the matter to her.

"Have I then offended you, my dear Mr. Anstruther?" said Aunt Ella. "Surely you are not going, and without tea? Ah, there is my husband. He shall speak with you. Listen, Arthur, here is our friend, Mr. Anstruther. He is wanting to marry Beattie. But I tell him it is impossible. And he is very angry with me. See, now I leave you together a little while that you may talk it over."

And with much rustling of silken skirts and a backward look at her husband that he well understood Mrs. Swannington left the room.

Mr. Swannington treated Mike at once more seriously and more considerately than his wife had done. Men do not trifle with each other in these matters, and Mr. Swannington was too sensible to behave in such a manner to the young man as should lead him in the impetuosity of youth and love to probably set his authority aside and go direct to his ward. It is true that he no more than his wife conceived of love as Michael conceived of it, but he was inclined to regard the young man's prospects more favourably than that lady. Unlike her, he was not anxious for Beattie to be soon married. Her presence in his home added to the pleasure of his existence, and he anticipated much gratification from the society of his beautiful niece now that she was grown up. At Crabsley he had enjoyed the walks and drives he had taken with her, her abundant vitality gave a zest to all she did, and communicated itself to others. It is just possible that Mrs. Swannington was clever enough to see the possibility that he might prefer Beattie's companionship to her own, and she was jealous of everyone whom her husband cared for. Perhaps one of her reasons for wishing Beattie to be married young was that she herself could not bear not to be always first with him, and first by a long way. Mr. Swannington would have been fairly satisfied that Beattie should be engaged to someone whose duties would keep him from haunting the house and who could not take her away for some years. He could see, better perhaps than his wife, that Michael was socially their superior, and he had a respect for birth which, if it did not equal, was only second to his respect for money. He knew a gentleman when he saw one, and if Michael had possessed no other advantages in Mr. Swannington's sight he at any rate possessed this. But, as a matter-of-fact Mr. Swannington did not consider the question very deeply. Depth was not one of his attributes. Like his wife, he lived on the surface and cared for nothing beyond the shallow. His affair was to please Mrs. Swannington, and if she wished Michael to be dismissed he would do so as kindly and with as little fuss as possible. But inasmuch as decided measures were not greatly in his line, and he had a happy faith in the postponement of disagreeables leading to their disappearance, he merely advised Michael to wait.

"I cannot sanction your proposing to my niece, you see, Anstruther. She hasn't seen anything of the world yet, and I don't believe in a girl making a decision before she has had any choice. A young fellow like you can surely afford to wait a bit."

"But you see, sir," said Mike, "I don't want to prevent her choosing. I only want her to know I love her."

"But that would bias her, my dear fellow. Young as she is, and sensitive to any affection, that would be almost enough to bind her to you."

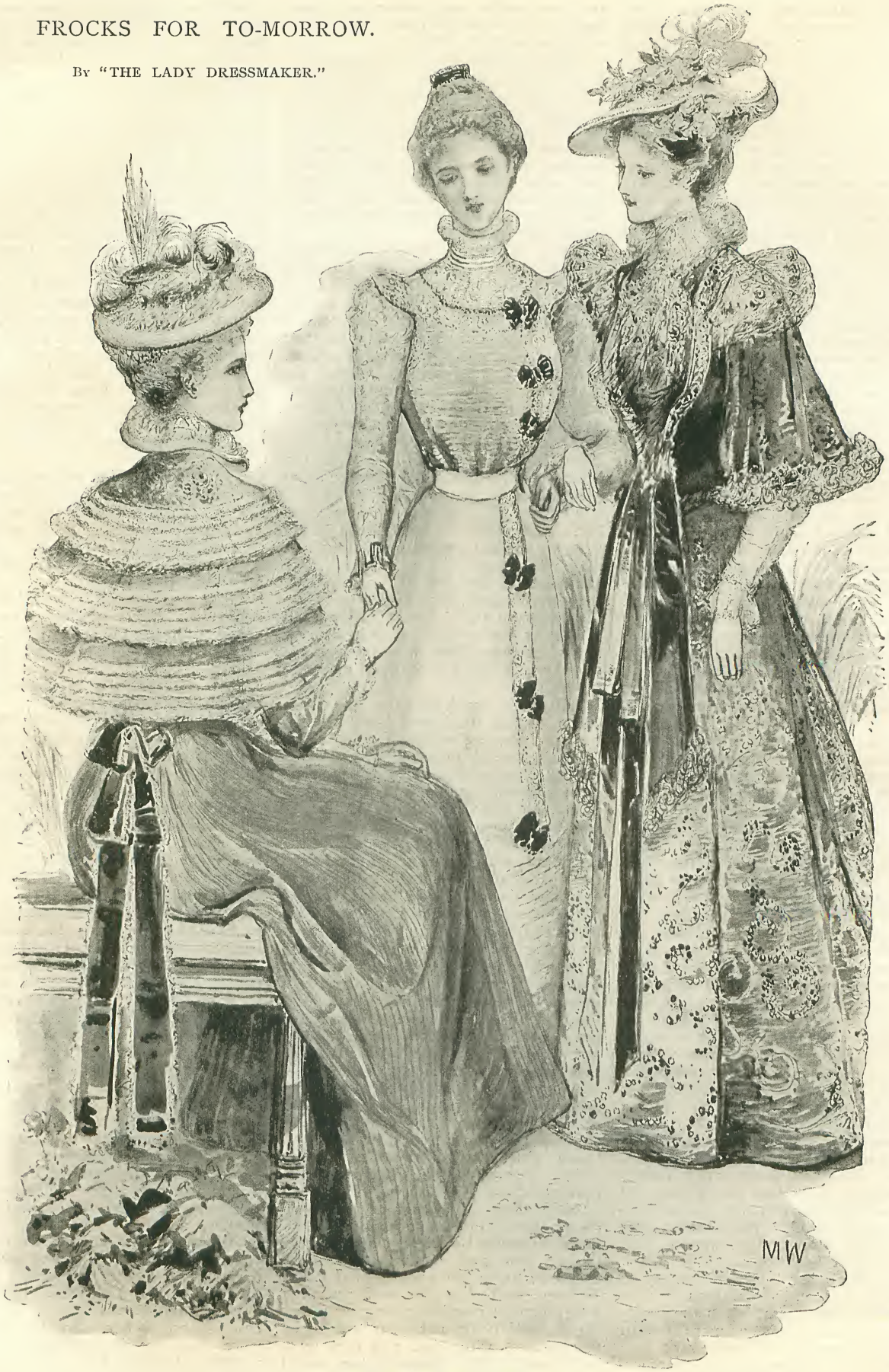
"And why not?" said Mike bravely. "If she loves me she will not suffer by being bound. If she does not love me she will lose nothing by knowing that someone cares for her. I don't see myself why a girl should learn a lot of worldly wisdom before she gives away her heart. If we are to believe the books we read, a generation or two ago the first love was the best love, and few women had another."

"Well, that's all very romantic, but we have to be more sensible now. Men as well as women married much younger. Perhaps living was less expensive or people had fewer needs. At any rate we don't belong to that generation, and I'm afraid, Anstruther, you'll find Beattie, who has been used to luxury, would make a sorry poor man's wife. Perhaps there's another thing I ought to tell you, she will have hardly any money of her own. Her parents left her almost dependent on us. It is probable, as we have no children, she will inherit what we leave; but if she marries against her aunt's wishes it is more than likely she at any rate may alter the disposition of her property. She has a nephew in France, a sister's child who is more nearly related to her than Beattie. So you see in urging your suit you may be damaging the girl's prospects. No, no, take my advice. Come back in a couple of years, and then if Beattie is free you can propose to her. In the meantime when you are in England, you are welcome to visit her like any other friend, and see her occasionally provided,

[*Continued on page* 555.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."



TWO OF THE NEW CAPES.

THE most popular gowns at the present moment are in black materials, thus showing no alteration in general taste which has prevailed for the last year or more. Of course, when worn for mourning they are quite unrelieved; but otherwise, all of them show some colour, or else white, which takes off the sombre character. The colours selected are usually very bright indeed; orange, or the new rose-pink, apricot or emerald green. A very deep red, inclining to scarlet, is also in vogue, and a bright purple which seems to go with mauve without a quarrel. These black gowns are of every and any material; cashmere for preference, *merveilleux*, corded silk, satin, hopsack, alpaca, grenadine, *chiffon*, gauze, and fine ladies' cloth; so, in the way of materials, there is a wide choice, and we need not fear to be out of fashion. The new *crépons* are very pretty but expensive; and the grenadines are to be seen at all prices and in all colours, as well as black and cream.

Black gowns are chiefly trimmed, or more correctly speaking, decorated or relieved with colour at the fronts, the *revers*, and by means of waist-bands, collar-bands and yokes. One black silk gown had very large *revers* and a folded front of a very red silk, the *revers* being edged with a very tiny black ribbon, *ruche*. A very pretty cashmere was made with one of the new flounces, deep at the back, and much narrower in the front. The bodice was of the Russian blouse order, and here the front was of tucked cream-colour and the *revers* in turquoise-blue velvet. The black gowns that I liked the least I think were those in which orange formed a part. One cashmere had a vest and pointed yoke of orange silk, laid in half-inch tucks, which was relieved at the neck by a white lace frill and *jabôt*. The hat worn with this dress was entirely black, with upstanding ostrich feathers at the side.

Black grenadine, over either colour, or black, will form quite one of the popular gowns of the season, and for those who have half-worn silks, there could be no better wearing, as they can use them up, and wear them out in this way. Fashion now allows us to use figured silks for under-gowns. Indeed, some of the prettiest have quite large patterned *chiné* silks under the grenadine cover.

Pink *chiffon* over pink satin is a very favourite colour-relief for black grenadines; and I think, except in cream, that it looks the best. The *en-tout-cas*, or parasols, used are of black, lined through with either pink silk or *chiffon* to match in colour; and there are sometimes pink *chiffon ruches* to decorate the outside of the parasol.

I am sure now that you will want to hear something of the new flounced skirts, and how they look when worn? At the private views I cannot say there were many to be seen; but these occasions, though most useful, as showing how fashions are tending, are of rather early date, and perhaps that will account for their scarcity. But I gather on all sides that they are thought to be unbecoming. The new French skirt with flat flounces, modelled on the skirt beneath them, had several representations, all of them in cloth. This skirt was introduced so far back as the year 1893; and I saw several of them in Paris, and in London then, but they did not succeed in either country, and are not very becoming, except to tall, slight, and very smart figures. There is nothing at all ugly about the new skirts, and even their extreme tightness seems to be "managed" by the clever dressmakers; and one sees the most portly (not merely stout) people wearing them, and they do not look extreme, nor peculiar.

I see that a great deal of biscuit-coloured canvas over colour is worn, and this forms a most useful gown for young people. The canvas is very moderate in price, and wears extremely well. White and cream-coloured serges are very fashionable, and these are also useful dresses, as they can be cleaned and be done up several times. The stouter order of grenadines are suitable gowns for country use, that can be worn at any time without looking over-dressed. Some of them are very cheap, but care must be taken that they be of a good enough black, for if they have a weakness it is that a faint rusty tinge is developed by wear, which spoils their beauty.

I observe that the French fashion of wearing mittens runs a chance of being adopted here. There were several people to be seen in them at the private views. Just now, that our eyes have become unaccustomed to their use, they seem ugly and a little unbecoming, as they give an artificial width to the hand; but it is certainly a useful fashion, as it saves gloves, which are more expensive, and are far cooler in the summer.



TWO BODICES AND ONE HAT.



AN ORGANDY MUSLIN GOWN.

Veils are to be dismissed, I hear, and no one is to wear them in future. Of course they too are hot in summer, like gloves; but whether we shall cease to patronize them is doubtful, considering how many people find them becoming. Meanwhile, I have seen many white net and lace veils, which are popular for wear on the bicycle, as they save the complexion from tan and keep off the dust and wind.

The shirts of the season are, some of them, very much ornamented; but there are plenty of the simple ones which are so useful for morning wear and on the bicycle. Most of them have a knife-pleated frill at the side of the centre pleat, and the cuffs are made to be worn with couples—not the single stud which we have so long affected.

The muslin blouse of to-day is beautiful; the designs so graceful and pretty and delicate in hue. They are frilled, and tucked, and lace-trimmed, and will be as much used as ever. Those of white-spotted muslin, such as were used last year, are still worn; but the lace worn on them seems to be more white than cream. Silk blouses are produced in any quantity, and the silk for them is so reduced in price, that one would think it must be manufactured from some other material than cocoon silk. Lace yokes are in great favour, and many of them are unlined, which will make them very cool for the summer. The newest yokes have a point turned upwards at the back—not down—and this is said to make them more comfortable to wear. The yoke is often edged with gathered frills of the silk, which have a narrow black velvet as a finish.

All the girls seem to be busy in the manufacture of cravats, which are to be quite a feature of our summer fashions. The ends are not very long, though they are lace-edged. Two yards of spotted net of good quality will cut into four. Then you must hem the sides and ends very neatly, and finish the ends with lace. A wide Valenciennes answers best for them, and the ties will wash, and look fresh throughout the summer campaign. Some of these lace-trimmed ties are of silk, and are tied like a man's, and these are generally to be worn with shirts. The *chiffon* scarves are very pretty, but so perishable, and expensive. I notice that sailor collars are likely to be much worn, and also collars of linen, which are cut like a square yoke. These will be greatly used by children.

I also observe that a great difference of opinion exists on the subject of capes. On one side we are assured that they are quite *demodé;* and we are quite surprised to find how many *à la mode* ones are to be found in the best West-End shops. So we may take it that "doctors differ," and therefore illustrate two of the very newest and prettiest to be found. The first, to the extreme right, is of lace and *chiffon*, with long stole-like ends and ribbons floating from the front. This is the newest shape. When the ends are not so long, the cape is perhaps more suitable to young people. The pointed capes are also new, and constitute a change from the round ones we have been wearing. So are the three-tier capes, like the one illustrated on the left of our sketch. This is made in biscuit-coloured cloth, with tiny *ruches* of white silk baby-ribbon on each of the capes, a charming cape for a young girl, for a little extra warmth on a chilly day. The dress in the centre has a lace yoke, and sleeves with black velvet butterfly bows. The material is grenadine over apricot silk.

Our illustration of one of the Organdy muslin gowns shows exactly how they should be made, with the new skirt and flounces, and trimmed with lace, and lace insertion. The lace in use is generally Valenciennes. The original dress was of cream-coloured Organdy, with pale apple-green spots of different sizes on it. It was made over a pale green silk of the same hue. Muslins of all kinds in boxes with the skirt made-up and trimmed are being shown in the shop windows. Most of these have a small *ruche* of silk or muslin at the edge of the skirt, and all are trimmed with insertion, which is put on in every sort of fashion, mostly in a kind of lattice pattern over the edge of the skirt.

"Two bodices and one hat" is our next picture, and the important gown in this is of a grey-green cloth, with a front and high collar of white satin, and narrow black velvet ribbon. The cloth was a summer one, very thin and light, and the dress was a very charming production. The other sitting figure shows a dress with the front open to display a tucked *chiffon* under-vest, the bodice being slightly pouched. For morning dress, and skirts, the plain waistband is still worn; but where a better, and more dressy gown is needed, the waistband is more ornamental, and is very generally of velvet twisted into a roll, with a bow but no ends. Often this band, and that at the neck, forms the only touch of colour in a black or white frock.

In hats we find a new feature, and that is a drooping, rather turned-down brim, which is shown in our sketch. The back of these hats is often turned up sharply, and this accentuates the droop in the front. The trimming tends to the back this year, and a great feature characterising this style is the covering up of the under trimming with lace or tulle. For instance, white gauze, rolled and twisted, would have a covering of black tulle or yellow *chiffon*, with black over it, or lace, either black or white, would cover rose-colour. The feathers would be both black and rose-colour.

I hear that white stockings are to be used this summer, and that white kid gloves will be superseded by pink ones. Green morocco shoes are very pretty, but are said to wear badly; and I daresay we shall cling to our tan and patent leathers. Shoes with two straps are much worn in the last-named leather, and they are both of good wear, and becoming to the foot.

of course, no word of love passes between you."

Michael was obliged to admit that Mr. Swannington had a good deal of common sense on his side, and to agree, though very down-heartedly to his plans. He felt convinced that unless her affection for him had taken a deeper root than he dared to hope, especially as he was compelled to keep silence with regard to his own feelings, someone else would be sure to want to marry Beattie long before the two years were over. However, he was as thankful for small mercies as the consideration of the greater ones denied him permitted him to be. He shook hands with Mr. Swannington and thanked him.

"I mayn't be able to see her again till many months have passed," he said, after a few moments' uncomfortable pause, during which Mr. Swannington had been heartily longing for his departure or his wife's return. "You'll let me say good-bye to Miss Margetson this afternoon, won't you, sir."

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Swannington. "Doesn't she know you are here, I wonder?" And he rang the bell.

Beattie had been looking after the various pets from whom she had been temporarily separated, and was quite ignorant of the fact that Michael was in the drawing-room. Her aunt had not informed her. She was not anxious for Beattie to see him. Not that she believed her niece to be in love with the young man, but that she knew her to be at once so affectionate and so impressionable, that should she guess he was in love with herself she would be incapable of repulsing him, and would probably give him the warm young heart which was to be reserved for someone with a considerable balance at the bank. When he had left Crabsley there was no doubt she had missed him very much, and had been given to fits of meditation not much in accordance with her usual habits. Aunt Ella did not think the quiet seaside place any longer desirable for her, and being herself thoroughly tired of it, and hearing that her sister was going to Switzerland, had suddenly determined to take her niece where she would have plenty to amuse and interest her, and would have no time to indulge in silly fancies.

When the servant announced that her uncle wanted her in the drawing-room, and that there was a gentleman there, Beattie never gave a thought to its being Mr. Anstruther. She said "bother," and turned the happy kittens in a heap off her lap on to the rug, put Polly in his cage, much to the disgust of that worthy bird, who expressed his displeasure more emphatically and even less elegantly than his mistress, and having waited to wash her hands and tidy her hair, which needed these operations sorely after fur and claws had made free with them, she ran down the stairs, jumping the three last of every flight in the school-girl fashion she had not yet abandoned. Aunt Ella heard her as the girl passed her room, and opened the door and followed in her own deliberate style. She thought Beattie's haste was due to her knowing who was there. Had she done so it is probable her progress would have been more hesitating and less direct.

When she saw who was with her uncle she paused a moment just within the door, blushing a sudden red. Then, closing it, she went to meet Mike who was striding towards her, and her eyes fell before his ardent gaze.

Then as he still held her hand she looked up with a bright smile of welcome.

"I did not know you were here," she said frankly, "I am so glad to see you again. And your mother is better, then."

She sat down near him and began talking merrily about Crabsley. In the happiness of being with her again, Michael's cloud was temporarily pierced by sunshine. Mr. Swannington left them to enjoy each other's society for the short time that remained to them and stood looking out of the window, but the prompt reappearance of Aunt Ella reminded Michael of his disappointed hopes. Still, he stayed on as long as he decently could. At any rate he was with Beattie; it was something to be able to look at her, and his memories would be all he would have for some months at least. By degrees something of his mood stole over Beattie. Her spontaneous joyfulness seemed to lessen. She grew quieter. She was naturally sympathetic, and she began to perceive that Michael was depressed and unlike what he had been on his holiday. She longed to ask him if something troubled him, but the presence of her aunt and uncle restrained her. When at last he rose to go the elders bade him good-bye very cordially, by no means sorry to see the last of him.

"You will much enjoy life in Paris, Mr. Anstruther," said Aunt Ella. "When next we meet you must tell me your experiences."

"Shan't we see you again before you go?" asked Beattie.

"I am afraid not," said Michael sadly, turning to her. She was the last to whom he said good-bye. And if the look of his eyes and the pressure of his hand could have told her anything, she might have guessed something of what it cost him to part from her.

Uncle Arthur accompanied him to the front door, talking loudly and cheerfully. Aunt Ella bade Beattie give her some more tea.

"That young man depresses me," she said. "And you, my dear Beattie, look tired. You had better have some too."

Beattie's mouth was drooping and her eyes were full of tears; she could not drink the tea which she obediently poured out. On her uncle's return she slipped away to her own room. She was not sorry for herself so much as for Michael. She recalled the look with which he had parted from her, and she realised that he was very unhappy. A longing to see him again, to comfort him, possessed her, and in an impulse she seized her little desk and began to write him a note. But it was scarcely finished before she remembered her aunt's prohibition. She hesitated. Those few lines, in which was nothing anyone might not have read, would have been of infinite consolation to poor Michael, just because they were from her, and he could have carried about the note as a precious thing which her fingers had penned. However, he never received it, for after a few minutes' indecision, Beattie tore it into fragments. But the mere writing of what she had not been able to say, the expression of her good wishes for his future and her hope of meeting again had been a relief to her, and though she was still saddened, the wretchedness she had felt was lessened. Still, for many days, even when she was far away in Switzerland, the thought of Michael was with her, and often, when in some sublime scene she was with less congenial companions, she longed for his presence.

However, Aunt Ella talking over the matter with Madame Lemercier, her sister, received congratulations on her decision, and had no doubt whatever but that she deserved them.

(*To be continued.*)

VEGETABLE COOKERY.

LEGUMINOUS vegetables and seeds, peas, beans, lentils, etc., yield double the amount of muscle-making food that we find in beef, at less than a quarter of the cost. Fresh peas and beans contain more water, and are therefore less nutritious, but on the other hand they are more easily digested. All dried vegetables require long and slow cooking, and sometimes a pinch of carbonate of soda will be needed, if they are very old.

Green vegetables such as spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, cucumber, kale, asparagus, turnip-tops and French or kidney beans, should be cooked in boiling salted water; immersing in hot water makes them more wholesome, as it dissolves the objectionable alkaloids. But green vegetables should never boil too long, as the flavour and quality will then be utterly spoilt.

Of all vegetables rice is the most nourishing and most easily digested, and it forms the chief diet of half the inhabitants of the earth. The potato follows rice in the matter of nourishment, though it falls far below, and the parsnip runs the potato very close.

Potatoes alone are poor food; where meat is taken they are absolutely essential on account of the carbon they contain. If to potatoes, however, we add butter and milk, we give all the needful constituents to make a "perfect" food.

Potatoes cooked in their "jackets" are very much more savoury, and the salts in them are more pronounced; on the other hand, there is a poisonous alkaloid which lurks immediately beneath the skin that is better dissipated by removing a very thin peeling. In old potatoes this alkaloid is very pronounced, and they should not only be peeled but allowed to soak in cold water for a quarter of an hour.

Here is an American recipe for cooking cold boiled potatoes, which is excellent as a vegetarian dish.

Delmonico Potatoes.—Chop finely sufficient cold boiled potatoes to make a pint. In a saucepan dissolve an ounce of butter, mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, then add half a pint of milk, pepper and salt to season. Stir over the fire until it boils then add to the chopped potatoes. Turn all into a buttered baking-dish, sprinkle over the top two or three spoonfuls of grated cheese, and set the dish in a brisk oven until the surface is crisp and brown.

Potatoes which have been boiled and become cold should never be fried, as this is to make them most indigestible; there are many ways of serving these without having recourse to the frying-pan. For fried potatoes throw them whilst raw into boiling fat and cook quickly, but do not let them get too dry.

One of the most difficult of all vegetables to cook is *cabbage*. If the water boils rapidly while it is cooking the cabbage is unpalatable and the odour goes all over the house; if, however, it is put into boiling salted water with a pinch of carbonate of soda, allowed to boil up once, then drawn to the side of the fire and simmered for half an hour or so, it will be found to be tender, green and full of flavour. Press it well in a colander to extract every drop of water, sprinkle it with pepper and chop finely, then arrange neatly in a dish. If liked a simple cream sauce could be made and poured over the cabbage, and this makes a very dainty dish—again a vegetarian one.

Onions, wholesome as they are, should be partly boiled in salted water, in order that the essential oil in them, which makes them disagree with some people, may be dissipated. An excellent way of serving large English or Spanish onions is to peel and quarter them, boil them for about twenty minutes, then set them in a stewpan or baking-dish with a little butter, pepper and salt, and cook them until they are thoroughly done through. Lift the onions out on to a dish, mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk, add a quarter of a pint more milk and pour this to the butter and onion-juice in the pan, stir until it has produced a thick creamy sauce, then pour over the onions.

Leeks may be cooked in precisely the same way, and a very dainty dish they will make.

A very delicious way of cooking such vegetables as tomatoes, beans, peas, potatoes, artichokes, carrots, turnips, and salsify is to place them after paring in a fireproof china pan with lid, to add to them a little nice dripping and seasoning, and to cook them in a moderate oven for an hour and a half to two hours. Carrots are particularly good done this way, and with seasoning, chopped parsley, and a little sauce or gravy, make an excellent dish.

Jerusalem Artichokes are one of our best winter vegetables, served alone with white sauce, *à l'Italienne*, with butter and chopped parsley, or as the foundation of an excellent soup.

Chestnuts are not altogether as well known as a vegetable as they deserve to be; but, after boiling and peeling, they make a capital dish if served with a thick brown sauce.

Salsify—the oyster plant—is somewhat troublesome to prepare and difficult to keep white. As the roots are scraped they should be thrown into vinegar and water until all are ready for cooking.

Boil them in salted water until perfectly tender, then they may be drained and dipped into batter and fried, or added to a stew of meat (without frying), or mashed finely, mixed with a little dissolved butter, seasoning, and a beaten egg, put into scallop shells and baked in a brisk oven until slightly browned.

Fresh peas may be cooked with a little butter, a split onion, salt and pepper, and covered with a lettuce cut in half, then the lid of the stewpan put on, and all stewed gently for upwards of an hour. Remove the lettuce and onion, add the beaten yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of milk, then serve altogether.

Cucumbers pared, cut in finger lengths, and boiled in salt water until tender, then drained, are a nice accompaniment to veal, or with sauce, are very good also, with or without grated cheese.

It is worthy of special note that the addition of grated cheese is a very valuable one with many dishes of vegetables, besides supplying the fatty ingredient necessary to the perfecting of a vegetable diet. For this same reason we prefer the French method of finishing the cooking of vegetables in butter after part boiling them. L. H. YATES.

DOCTOR ANDRE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER IX.



IT was a brilliant afternoon and Génie had finished all her household tasks. She took off her pretty white apron and sleeves and went into the kitchen, where Madame Féraudy was engaged in counting eggs by the dozen and putting them by in wooden cases buried in salt for sale.

"*Maman!*" she exclaimed, for of late she had learnt to call her old friend lovingly by that name, "I have a great favour to ask of you. First of all, can I do anything more to help you?"

"Nothing my child. You have worked hard all the morning, go and play now. I shall be busy all the afternoon, for when the eggs are finished, Jeanne and I are going over the linen-press to put out all that wants mending."

"Then may I go to the shore, *maman?* I would not ask to walk alone in the roads, but on the shore. There will be nobody within miles except perhaps old Battiste catching sand-eels. He will not hurt me, and I will bring some home in a basket, they will please Madame Canière."

"What can anyone find to amuse them in walking in the sand by that melancholy sea!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy. "Yes, *mignonne*, if such is your taste, go, but do not stay too late. And wait, take these with you; young things like you grow hungry in the open air."

She took a handful of biscuits and some beautiful purple plums lying on a shelf and put them into a little basket.

"You can bring back the sand-eels when the basket is empty," she said. "The shore is quite safe, there are no treacherous sands; the tide comes in slowly, you can come to no harm, and just now the tide is out. Ah, foolish child!" for Génie had thrown her arms round her neck and kissed her fervently over and over again.

"Go away, *mignonne*, and do not interrupt me any more."

But when Génie with her basket had bounded off Madame Féraudy followed her to the door and stood looking after her with tender eyes, till her active little figure disappeared down the field-path which led to the sea.

She started, for a telegraph boy came up to her.

"For Féraudy—Maison Féraudy!" he explained briefly, and she opened the paper and read, "Shall arrive by six-thirty, stay one night—André."

"So he is coming," she said to herself, and the look of care settled once more on her brow. "He is coming! my poor boy. I *am glad* he has lost no time, and we shall know the worst without delay."

She went slowly indoors, then calling Jeanne and Maturin she bustled them about to prepare all that was best for his comfort that night.

Génie tripped away down the grassy track to the shore. Little larks sprang out of the harsh grass growing on the sandy dunes, and winged their way up into heaven's blue, rapturous with song.

Génie would stop and with clasped hands watch till the tiny speck disappeared, and then go on her way, gathering the shivering grasses and trying her fate as she went.

"*Un peu! beaucoup! passionnément! point du tout! Un peu, beaucoup!* That is right! and now the thistle-down once! twice! away! Let me try again. *Un peu! beaucoup! ah! point du tout!* I deserve that for asking the flowers and grasses to tell me pretty stories. I wonder, how I wonder when Dr. André will come again; and when he does come, will he be so kind, so cold as he was when he said good-bye? Ah well, I shall never, never be able to thank him as I should, for this home of mine. He will not let me."

She went down the rocky steps on to the sands beneath, walking softly, for with all her love of sweet, wild nature, Génie Lacour was town-bred, and timid about climbing among rocks and difficult

places. She was glad when she reached the stretch of smooth sand, yellow under foot, but darkening further out where it lay wet from the out-gone tide.

"I hope the sea will come back before I go home," Génie thought to herself. "Ah, there is Battiste."

In the distance she saw the bent figure of the little old fisherman stooping as he went slowly along with a long stick marking the little heaps of sand which betrayed the presence of the sand-eels.

Génie went in pursuit of him; a wild, soft wind met her, blowing back the soft strands of her yellow hair and leaving the fresh taste of the salt sea on her lips.

"Battiste! Maître Battiste!" she exclaimed as she came up to him. "Have you any sand-eels to sell to-day? The lady at Maison Féraudy likes them."

"It is a good day," said the old man. "By another hour I shall have a pretty dishful for you, mademoiselle. What do you say, fifty centimes?"

"Yes," said Génie, "fifty centimes, but I cannot wait here for my dish, Maître Battiste. I am going to walk along the shore and round that point of rock."

"That is called St. Anne's Bay, mademoiselle, round that point. If you go there you will see the little breakwater to which my grandson Pierre fastens his boat; it will be high and dry, for the tide is only now on the turn. Will you, mademoiselle, if you see Pierre anywhere about give him a word from me?"

"Willingly," said Génie, "if he is there; but will he be there?"

"Who knows?" said the old man. "He talked of catching crabs for the *pasteur's* wife up at Poinville. She is potting crabs to take back to Paris, it seems, but he may be out at sea, my pretty demoiselle. If he is there, tell him that there is a job to be had at Féraudy's to-morrow."

"And if he is not there, Père Battiste?"

"Then he is not there, *va*," said the old man crossly, and Génie laughing and singing, went on her way.

(*To be continued.*)

FOREIGN COMPETITION ESSAYS: "MY ROOM."

(Prize, One Guinea.)

I am an invalid; and because I cannot get out as strong people do; I have gradually gathered together, a number of pretty and curious things. The room I like best is my parlor and here, I sit, working, or reading. I love to do needle work and some of my friends send me fancy work, with materials to finish, and I paint in oils, so that my room is much more furnished than many Indian rooms.

Let me begin with the overmantel, which is of polished bamboo, five feet high, and six feet wide, containing shelves and nooks, for china. On this, stand two lovely dessert dishes of Royal Worcester ware, hand painted, nearly a century old. They were given me by a native Mahommedan gentleman, whose property they were. Just above them is a wooden figure over a foot high, from Burmah, carved from a single piece of wood, and representing a good genius, such as is seen over the temple doors, in Rangoon. There are then some Majolica jugs, a bronze urn, a sandal wood figure of Budha, cups, and vases, and a curious candle stick upheld by storks, of Spanish make, and a parian marble figure of a girl weeping over her dead dove, crowns all. On the mantel piece itself, stands first, an ebony elephant from Ceylon, and an agate model of a cannon, from Gibralter, a lovely bronze inkstand, some fossil stones, and a piece of flexible sandstone which can be bent and shaken with perfect ease. A lovely rose colored glass jug and a marble statuette of Morning, a canary colored teapot, and some vases, complete the mantle shelf, beneath which glows a wood fire this cold morning. The shelf itself is covered with an Indian red drapery embroidered all over, with yellow silk. In the first corner next the fire place, is a carved wood Koran stand from the Hymaliya mountains, next an arched doorway, then a whatnot holding china bowls—jars—vases, with wild grasses from the hills, and a basket made in Mallacca. Next, is an old blue, Pekin china jar over two feet high, and one hundred years old. There is a draped door leading to inner rooms, and then a splendid inlaid davenport with all sorts of shelves and drawers and niches, with little sliding doors carved like lace. This is also old, and contains thousands of pieces of wood of different shapes and colors, and comes from Japan. On the top is a broad flat shelf and on this is a beautiful set of carved ivory chess men red and white with soldiers for pawns and castles on elephants. The kings and queens are four inches tall and represent long dead sovereigns of China. There is also a curious joint of bamboo, carved to represent a grove of trees, with people walking about. It is beautifully polished and very handsome. On a table near, stands a large frame three feet high carved from a single block of wood, containing over forty figures of people and animals and birds. It was made in Burmah and cost forty shillings. Next this is a tall three fold screen. One panel is a great branch of scarlet rhododendron, the next is a large sun flower plant, with blossoms and buds, and leaves, and the third is scarlet poinsettia. The panels were painted after I had met with a severe carriage accident and had broken my right arm, in three places, and I did all the work of drawing and painting with my left hand. I can now use both hands in painting if I wish. Then there is the upright piano, against which stands a carved Turkish table holding a cut glass vase, and some cashmere papier mache ware, a gold and silver box from North India, some pretty wrought silver dishes and two china plates. Next comes a lovely inlaid cabinet like the davenport, from Japan, and this holds treasures from China, Japan, France, Italy, Burmah Persia and Jerusalem, in the shape of cups, bowls, jars, boxes—also some very curious groups in soapstone, of hermits and animals all carved by Burmese people. In the corner stands a cane table from Singapore, with a marble top holding a tall carved screen with many places for photos, and a tete a tete tea set, in blue china. Coming along the side of the wall beyond the long French window that open on a long verandah, is a bamboo table in three tiers on which stands a wooden ox cart from Ceylon; and a porcupine quill box made by the Singhalese, then in the centre of the wall stands an American organ, over which is a pretty bracket of coloured enamel, holding more china and a pair of fairy native shoes embroidered with pearls and gold. Beyond the organ stands an old spinning wheel, the treadle of which is nearly worn away with long use. It is very old, and over ninety years ago—it turned and span and murmured its low song of peace and thrift beside the open fire place of an American farm house, while without on winter nights, the storm howled and wolves ventured forth in quest of food, while belated travelers toiling up the mountain side noted the light from the small uncurtained windows, and knew that rest and refreshment were near. The daughter of the original owner, gave it to me, and told me about it. Next comes a double whatnot holding carved whitewood elephants, a Chinese work box full of carved ivory implements, an ebony casket full of curious sea shells from the Isle of France, then a Chinese pillow of varnished leather six inches high and thick and a foot long, and which is placed when in use, under the neck of the sleeper, so as not to disarrange the beautifully arranged hair which is only made up once a week, and is made stiff with quince seed gum, so that it will keep the much admired tea pot handle shape in vogue among Chinese women. There are some quaint plates of colored enamel on brass, of red and blue and green, a soapstone bowl for flowers, an inlaid marble plate from Agra, on the shelves, and above hang some old swords and knives an old matchlock and a Rhineocerous hide shield from Central Africa, then comes another arched doorway against one side of which hangs a Chinest tablet of wood painted red and bearing a sentence from Confucious in large gold letters. This is seven feet long, and ten inches wide. In the last corner against the fire place stands a case with some favourite books, and a tray of Delft ware. The floor is covered with matting and a square of carpet in shades of sage green and cream. In the centre of the room is a low carved screen and standing near it is a Burmese begging bowl and stand such as the priests carry when collecting their daily food. There is a little table prettily painted in red and white in an oriental design, holding an old Chinese chess board. A smoked bamboo stool holds an album of views. Various easy chairs, and my rocking chair fill up the room. Lace curtains fall over the windows. The walls are tinted a pretty soft Eau de Nil, green, with a terra cotta stencilled design along the cornice and over the doors, while the dado is of the darkest red. The pictures are too many to describe in full, but principal among them are two, one showing a Russian chateau with giant oak trees in the fore ground towering over the lodge, in front of which stands the master of the estate, with a slain deer, on a sledge drawn by a stout horse. He has his rifle slung over his shoulder and has stopped for a drink. The ground is covered with snow and ice while through the trees come orange rays of the setting sun. The next, is a sunset scene in Egypt with a ruined tomb, water palm trees vines, aloes lotus leaves on the river, and through an opening in the trees comes an Arab with a camel bearing a tent and the wife and child of the traveller. There are many panels of flowers—roses, pansies lilies orchids holly hocks, etc and some quiet English, and Dutch landscapes of glen and

*** These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—Ed.

wood and river, refreshing to mind and eye alike. These are all the work of my hands, but there is, one, a gem, on an oval section of an elephants tusk four inches high and eight long showing the great Hall of Audience, in the Fort at Delhi, when the famous Akbar once sat on his peacock throne. This painting shows the long rows of pillars and the many hued mosaic floor, in lovely perspective with a glimpse of blue sky and trees at the far end. I look at my treasures, and feel thankful that God has given me so delightful a home, and raised me up so many friends who have contributed many curious and pretty things to my collection. I nearly forgot a stone which is nearly two thousand years old, which was found in excavations about the ruins of an old Budhist temple. When I think of the changes that have come and gone, since that stone left the sculptors hands, I feel most grateful that I was born under the present dispensation.

I declare that this is a true and unaided account of My Room.

HELEN JACKSON.
Bengal,
India.

"MY ROOM."

(PRIZE, ONE GUINEA.)

THE room where much of my time is spent is a quaint yet comfortable one of a large and rambling bungalow in North China. It is general sitting-room, and we often spend a long day in it most comfortably.

It is full of souvenirs, and odds and ends, collected from many places in "The Far East."

The pattern of the wall paper is soft and beautiful. It has a gold base, on which are large peonies in harmonious shades of pink and green. There are two French windows opening on to a broad veranda, full of flowers, both in summer and winter. The room faces the west, and the outlook on to the garden is very pleasant. Below two grass terraces laid out in flower-beds are the tennis lawns, and behind them lies the shrubbery. Looking over it, and the top of a small white summer-house, the eye falls on the harbour, dotted over with countless junks, and never-resting 'sampans.' On the opposite coast there are the near hills, on the top of the largest of which is a Chinese mud fort; and to the right is a large pine-forest, and a long stretch of sea and sand. Still further away are more water and more hills, till those most distant are mingled into a purple whole, gorgeous in the evening sun-set.

The ceiling is a low one of a deep shade of blue, bordered with a white cornice. In the centre, above the chandelier, are two large dragons, carved and coloured, and made to look as life-like as possible. Their bodies are curled round a white and gilt circle about four feet in diametre. Open-mouthed, their long teeth and tongues showing, and claws outstretched, they reach across to each other, fighting for a large imitation pearl that lies between them. The dragon is the emblem of China; his figure adorns the national flag; and the annual feast and procession held in his honour, is one of the most striking and interesting spectacles to be seen in the East.

On the floor, over the carpet, numerous soft rugs are laid before the lounges, door, windows, and fire-place.

The walls are hung with many oil-paintings, hanging brackets, (of old gold plush and gilt with a candelabra attached to each), plates, and jars fixed on to carved stands.

The room is full of small tables bearing jars of antique jars, some of rare china, others of the celebrated Foochou lacquer, clasonné, or of inlaid Japanese ware; books of photographs of places visited, of poems, and of arts; easy chairs; pots of small bamboos and palms; and tall vases.

On entering the room from the hall by the only door, one's eye immediately falls on the well-known engraving of the meeting between Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo. The original wall-painting by Daniel Maclise R.A. is in the Palace of Westminster.

A heavy black-wood table with a marble top, and inlaid with mother of pearl, stands under the picture. On it among other things is the figure of a man made from the root of a tree.

The Chinese are wonderfully clever in making different articles and ornaments from roots of trees. For this purpose the roots of the Banyan, which are very knarled and knotted, are principally used. Quick to see what the grotesque shapes the roots naturally assume most resemble, they model and prune them, so that with but slight alteration they take various ornamental forms.

A table made in the same quaint manner stands to one side, and on it a handsome bronze ornament is placed. It is shaped like a monstrous lotus, with a small bird perched on the top of a large pod, out of which it is pecking seeds. This ornament is in reality one of the many varieties of incense-burners, which are used by Chinese priests in the native temples. On the mantle-piece of white-marble—over which is a large mirror, and which is inlaid with a brass fire-place—there is among other photographs of well-known characters, a photo of General Gordon, ("Chinese Gordon" as we always call him). My parents met him in Tienstin some years ago, and for him my father prepared a house in which he spent a few days.

In that very house not long after I was born.

Behind a sofa, and a tall standing lamp of brass, is that part of the room known as 'the Corean corner.' A collection of things made during a visit to Corea is arrayed here. There is an embroidered screen which was given to the friend who gave it to us by the late queen of that country. It is a folding one, about four feet in height, but it is of great length when stretched out to its fullest extent. It is embellished with wonderful temples, and trees, and men, depicted in gorgeous silks, and brightest colours.

A native dinner-service of brass for one person, consisting of eighteen pieces, on a characteristic table also attracts much attention. Quaint wine-cups, bowls, pipes, fans, boxes, hats, figures, shoes, and many other articles of like description are arranged on a Corean cabinet. The Coreans are rapidly losing the art of making the ornaments, and delicate nick-nacks, which are so much valued by travellers.

Of all our collection, the most valuable thing we have is a red lacquer box of royal ware. The surface is divided into little squares, on each of which is a grotesque painting of an animal or plant. It was stolen from the palace in the scramble that ensued after the murder of the late queen. Coreans if not of royal blood are prohibited, under severest penalties, from having such a box in their possession. The bracket in this corner is draped with yellow, and native gods in china, marble and soap-stone stand on it.

Opposite to this corner, and behind a large and handsome screen of carved black-wood, with china panels on which are depicted scenes of Chinese life, is that in which the piano, violins, and other musical instruments are placed. To one side is a stand full of music books, and a tall lamp with a pink shade throws in the evening a softened light over the whole.

Between a lacquer table on which are chess-boards, draught boards, cards, and other games, and another blackwood and mother-of-pearl table bearing jars and boxes, is a corner devoted to art.

Here is an easel, draped with native silk embroidery, on which is a large painting, and another stand containing numerous books of art, both ancient and modern.

The bracket here holds small pagodas of fine soap-stone and fans.

In the fourth and last corner there is a large and comfortable lounge, over which is spread a satin cover, embroidered by the Chinese in which art they excel.

On the bracket above it, draped with red plush, stand an ostrich egg, and small ornaments of mother-of-pearl.

Before one of the windows is a black writing-table with silver-fittings and a Japanese blotter.

Between the door and the Corean cabinet, along with pipes four feet in length, is a short sword which is interesting as a trophy from the late war in Formosa. It is broad and thick, and the handle is red and octagonal in shape.

Many of the curios have an interesting history attached to them, and others from their rarity and quaintness merit attention, but space forbids each being separately mentioned; most bring back to the writer old faces, and scenes, and so varied and sweet is the association of the ideas that they bring, that I can never feel in this room the need of either book or companion.

MURIEL F. CARRAL.
Chefoo,
China.

"MY ROOM."

(PRIZE, ONE GUINEA.)

THE room in which we usually sit, is the library; it is a large oblong room with two windows over-looking the street. The wall-paper is of a soft, dark-green shade which matched with the carpet, the two cosy corner-sofas, and the two low easy-chairs on both sides of the fireplace, as well as with the covering of the table which is placed under the gaz-lamp in the middle of the room. The window-curtains are cream and pale-pink; the heavier ones over them are of the same dark-green stuff than the sofas and the easy-chairs. Opposite the chimney is the piano on which there is a metronome; beside it, is a whatnot on the uppermost shelf of which is placed a group; it represents a shepherd sitting on the ground and dressed like the peasants of this country; he has a white shirt on, with sleeves

a little upturned; over that a kind of dark-blue zouave, without sleeves; a pair of very wide brown trousers, which are attached just over the knee, and bear a strong likeness to the ones worn by lady-cyclists; he has also dark-blue leggings and a pair of coarse shoes. A broad red belt with pistols complete his accoutrement. On his both sides are two lambs stretched in the green grass; before him is placed his bag and he is playing on a shepherd's pipe. The whole is of earthenware and made in this country; it looks very true and picturesque. On the other shelves are my notes: exercises, easy sonates, Salon-Albums, a few dances and a great many songs.

On one side of the chimney is my writing-table, in the drawers of which are the letters of my numerous correspondents; there are from England, United States, Sweden, Germany, Italy, Cape of Good Hope, Peru, Paraguay, &c. I have never seen them, but made their acquaintance in the following manner. My German paper, the Kränzchen prints offers of international correspondence, like THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has begun to do now; it is thus that I have known them all. Each one's letters are neatly tied up together with a narrow silk ribbon. My writing-table has the shape of a desk, and a shelf on each side; it is a venerable piece of furniture which Father used when he was young and which he has given me last year. On one of the shelves are placed my letter-book (for I copy all the letters I write), a bottle of Stephens copying-blue-black ink, the brush and other &cs. necessary. On the other shelf is my portfolio, and my ink-stand which is carved out of a piece of olive-wood; there is also the pen to match; on the inkstand is carved the coupola of the Holy Sepulchre; both were brought from Jerusalem, when I was a little girl, by a Bishop who is a great friend of Father and who came from there. On the wall just above my writing-table is hung up a Japanese cabinet which Mother gave me on my last birthday, and in which I put the letters I have to answer.

On the other side of the chimney is another whatnot on the uppermost shelf of which is placed my album with illustrated cards which my correspondents have sent me from England, France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Italy, Constantinople and Egypt. There are also a small ink-stand in the shape of a *genericshoe* drawn by a Chinese, and the photo of one of my correspondents which is in a frame she painted herself very prettily. On the other shelf is my stamp-album which contains now more than 1500 stamps. Below is my album for photos; it is of embosseled brown leather with ornaments of steel and was given to me on Christmas three years ago. The fourth wall is occupied by the Book-shelves which contain Armenian, English, French and German books. And what else is there in the room? A large terrestrial globe, my little working-table near the window, which I received at Christmas when I was twelve years old. On the wall above it, is hung up a pretty pincushion which I worked last Summer; it has the shape of a crescent; one side is covered with dark-green silk on which is embroidered a branch of forget-me-nots. The other side is covered with pale-blue silk, and it is hung up with pale-blue ribbon. On the working-table is placed a work-basket which I received on my 9th birthday.

On the walls are hung up four pictures representing the story of Genevieve of Brabant. I remember how, when quite a little girl, I stood before them, looking at them admiringly and asking always Mamma to tell me that wonderful story again. I never grew tired of listening at it and looking at those pictures. Above the piano is hung up the portrait of an old friend of Father's who died long ago and whom I have never known. Above the chimney is a mirror, and on the mantel piece is an old-fashioned clock representing Flora with a basket full of flowers and fruit; on both sides are the photos of Father and Mother in steel frames and two vases which look like old Egyptian urns.

On each sofa is a cushion made of brown cloth; on one of them wild poppies are embroidered and the other side is covered with red satin. On the other one is a branch of daisies and the other side is covered with yellow satin.

I believe there is nothing left undescribed in our sitting-room. In short, though there is nothing precious or brand-new in it, and many pieces of the furniture are old-fashioned enough, I think it is the most agreeable and cosy room one can imagine; at least it is so for me who love it dearly, as everything in it is full of remembrances from the days of my childhood.

I am sure I did many mistakes, but excuse them please, as I have studied English for 2½ years only.

I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

"ARMENIAN SWEET SEVENTEEN."
Smyrna,
Asia Minor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

JENNIE WILLIAMS.—Is it a bad thing to take quinine every day when it has not been ordered by a physician? Most decidedly it is a very pernicious habit! What do you take quinine for? You say "to keep away influenza." We tell you that for that purpose it is useless. Quinine is not a specific for influenza, and even if it were, it would be useless to take it before the occurrence of the disease. To take a drug—because it is used in an affection—as a preventive against that affection, is about as logical as to wear a crutch as a preventive against breaking your leg. Give up this silly and dangerous habit of taking quinine, which is a most powerful drug and one that produces symptoms of an alarming character, quite as bad, if not worse than over-indulgence in alcohol. We have seen cases of deafness and a kind of catalepsy develop from taking quinine. Noises in the ears and headache, following the use of this drug, are of every-day occurrence.

MARTHA.—Of all fishes, the whiting is the most easily digested; then follows sole, turbot, plaice, haddock, cod, in the order mentioned. Salmon, eels, mackerel and herrings are indigestible. All shell-fish except oysters are indigestible. Oysters (except the hard "gristle" in the middle, which is indigestible) are perhaps the most digestible of all foods, as they digest themselves. When giving oysters to invalids the "gristle" should be removed; there is no need to waste it for it will help to make excellent soup.

"PANSY" asks us for something to relieve a stiff knee, which she has been told is due to "rheumatic gout" (a bad name, for it has nothing to do with either rheumatism or gout). You should keep the knee warm, wearing a flannel knee-cap. At times when the knee is painful, a small blister applied, either above or below the joint, will often remove the pain. Massage is sometimes of great value (see answer to "Phillipa" in No. 959). Residence in a warm climate; sulphur or vapour baths; treatment at a hydropathic establishment, or a sea-voyage may be tried by a very rich sufferer; but, for a poor, or even fairly well-to-do person, none of these measures are worth the expense. As you know, there is no specific for rheumatic gout, and but few drugs have any effect upon it. It occurs in elderly people and is chiefly due to senility. It is one of the diseases included under the name of "Anno Domini."

STUDY AND STUDIO.

JANE W. BARR.—The quotation you give is from a poem entitled "The Bridge of Sighs," by Thomas Hood. We insert your request for international correspondence.

HERBO.—The letter "h" is now usually sounded in humble. Uriah Heep in Dickens' *David Copperfield* gave the death-blow to its omission, and in the General Thanksgiving in the English Prayer Book the expression "*umble* and hearty thanks" is inconsistent with euphony. "H" is not sounded in honour, heir, hour, honest and their derivatives, but is frequently sounded in herb. Consult any good up-to-date little grammar, as usage has changed on this point.

ONE OF OUR GIRL READERS.—We presume you mean Invergarry Castle in Glengarry, Inverness-shire. It was the ancient seat of the MacDonnells of Glengarry, and the interior was burnt by the Duke of Cumberland in 1748. Colonel MacDonnell, who died in 1828, is supposed to have been the original of Fergus McIvor in *Waverley*. The castle stands on a rock called Craig-an-Fhithich (rock of the raven), which became the war-cry of the clan. We think a good local guide-book would be the best source if you wish for further information.

NINETTE (Budapesth).—We think the book you mean must be *The Prince of the House of David*, a well-known work. You can get it from any English bookseller, such as Messrs. Sotheran, Strand, London. Your letter does you great credit, and is very well written and expressed.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A Russian girl of 15½, who wants to go to Oxford, wishes to correspond with an English girl of the same age, who is also going to Oxford.

Many thanks, MISS MAY CLARK, for telling us that you have found two foreign correspondents. We have often wondered if any result followed the requests we so often print.

ERICA of Budapesth, Hungary, "would love to exchange correspondence in English or German with refined young ladies from 20 years upwards, who live in India, Japan, Africa or Australia."

MISS JANE W. BARR, Fortune Villa, St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland, who is sixteen years old, would like to correspond with a French girl.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A WELSH GIRL'S question is rather vague for she gives no information. What is to be included in the 36s. per week? Rent she says is 3s. 4½d., but she does not mention coals, nor whether they have a garden, poultry, or a pig, which, being in the country, they may have. Nor does she say anything about light nor clothes. So we answer her question merely as to housekeeping with three men in the house. Her meat bill will be heavy of course, but if she can use rabbits and fish they will reduce it. Butcher, 10s.; grocer, 5s. 6d; baker, 3s. 6d.; vegetables, 1s. 6d.; coals and wood, 2s. 6d.; milk, 1s.—24s. a week. This was taken from the accounts of a family of two grown people and five children. Of course you should be saving a little, and you must allow for the wear and tear of the household things. You will find a daily diary of money spent a great help to you, and the weekly accounts will always be a guide to every housekeeper. Cash should always be paid for all you buy, and this habit will be a great bar to careless expenditure.

READER.—You appear to require to complete your drawing-room, besides pictures and ornaments, a large Chesterfield sofa, as many pretty easy chairs as you can afford room for, and two or three pretty little tables. Stain the edges all round to a distance of about two feet, and get a carpet for the centre space. You do not tell us anything about colour, so we cannot suggest those suitable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANXIOUS SISTER.—Your father and mother are the best people to tell about your brother, and they if wise will keep your information to themselves while acting upon it, so as to save him from an undesirable marriage.

A. H.—The only method of finding a sale for large quantities of fancy work of all kinds would be by advertising it in the various papers for ladies. Many people would be glad to know of it, as it is sometimes very difficult to get enough for bazaars and fancy fairs.

CONSTANT READER had better write direct to the Y.W.C.A., 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W., for their list of Homes, published yearly, we think.

CATHERINE.—There is a Diocesan Deaconess Institution at Chester to which you might apply for training and information respecting it. Address, Sister Violet Hyde, Head Deaconess.

OUR SUPPLEMENT STORY COMPETITION.

A CAGED NIGHTINGALE.

A STORY IN MINIATURE.

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).
S. Elizabeth Hughes, Stoke Newington.

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.).
Cécile Rahier, Brest, France.

THIRD PRIZE (10s. 6d.).
Letitia E. May, Alton, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

B. W. Angus, Aberdeen; A. Baker, Streatham Hill; L. Ballard, Herefordshire; F. A. Bolton, Leicester; S. E. Bryans, Builth; A. A. Campbell, Glasgow; D. A. Cory, Burton-on-Trent; M. A. C. Crabb, Rickmansworth; K. Gillespie, Edinburgh; E. C. Harding, Coldharbour; A. F. Hepple, N. Shields; L. Hope, W. Hartlepool; M. F. Jamieson, Portobello; E. M. Millard, Hitchin; A. S. Murphy, Ireland; C. M. T. Reindorp, Beckenham; S. Rimmer, Southport; U. Rogers, Chelsea; H. S. Simmonds, Plumstead; H. M. M. Tapp, Cheltenham; D. Vallance, Devonshire; L. Ward, Nottingham; A. M. Whichelow, Muswell Hill; "White Heather," Edinburgh.

TO THE COMPETITORS.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—Have you ever stood before a quaint, many-sided mirror that flashes back reflections from surfaces placed at different angles? If so, you can understand a little what the effect must be of seeing my own fancies flashed back at me from hundreds of varying points of view. It has been a delightful, though rather a bewildering task to examine every paper, and I felt grateful to the writers.

Many, apparently admirable, sketches, I may say in parentheses, were disqualified by non-attention to the rule that they were to be written "on one page of foolscap only."

The exercise afforded by these "Stories in Miniature" is specially adapted to train young writers in "selection," which is one of the most difficult principles of the art of fiction. What to omit and what to dwell upon—to choose these fitly is essential to the right proportion of the story. For instance, very many competitors slurred over, or omitted altogether, in papers otherwise excellent, the heroine's encounter in the *Trümleten-Thal*, which had so important a bearing upon her fortunes.

But the standard generally reached has been a high one and makes me wish that the competition were like the race in *Alice in Wonderland*. "All have won and all must have prizes." Your affectionate friend,

LILY WATSON,
Author of "The Caged Nightingale."

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

A CAGED NIGHTINGALE.

ON the slopes of one of the Bernese mountains, just above the village of Tannenwald, stands the pretty Hôtel Schönfels. Here, amid mountain and valley, torrent and waterfall, Marie Courtenay had grown from childhood to womanhood, and during the season was to be seen from early morning to nightfall in her pretty Bernese costume waiting on the visitors. For Marie's ready help and fluent English made her always in request. But though she worked so hard, she was by birth and education a lady. Her father was an English barrister, but when he died a year after his wife, his relations, who had looked coldly on the gentle Swiss mother, sent Marie to be brought up in her uncle's home. Her aunt, a grasping woman, was very ready to find fault, but barely praised, doing her best to make her niece feel her dependent position. In her loneliness Marie had been guided to the Friend of the friendless, and in Him found strength to perform bravely and cheerfully her daily duties. Her one recreation was singing, and she was eagerly looking forward to the Gesangfest at Interlaken, for which the village choir were diligently practising and which her aunt had reluctantly consented she should attend.

Hugh Godfrey, a young Englishman staying at the hotel with his mother, was exploring a lovely glen near the foot of the Jungfrau, when the strains of Gounod's Prière fell upon his ear. The rich contralto voice and the passion of the singer delighted him, and he was about to seek the vocalist, when Marie came into view. She blushed deeply, but answered his polite questions with dignity and went on her way in search of a missing cow. He continued his way upward, when he heard a loud noise above him and became aware of a large mass of snow that was rolling down the mountain side. He took shelter under a projecting rock, but a stone glancing aside struck him and he fell to the ground. When he opened his eyes, Marie was bending over him, bathing his forehead. He made light of the accident, but was glad to return with her to the hotel, finding her a charming companion.

Meanwhile a letter from a London lawyer arrived for Marie, announcing the death of an aunt and a bequest of £50 per annum. Madame Mühlenbach opened it, and persuading her husband that it was for Marie's good, took possession of the letter. Mr. Gibson, some days later, received a letter signed, "Marie Courtenay," which caused him great amusement, and his son determined to see the writer if possible when he should join his friend Godfrey in Switzerland. In due course Marie's first cheque arrived. Madame opened the letter and signed the receipt. She could not yet bring herself to endorse the cheque, but locked it safely in her cash-box.

The Gesangfest drew near, and having arranged for her absence, Marie sought her aunt. Madame absolutely refused to allow her to go, she could not possibly be spared, for her aunt had discovered that Mr. Gibson was staying at Interlaken, and after earnest pleading Marie retired to weep over her shattered hopes. She was interrupted by her cousin, who laughed scornfully at her tears and advised her to act for herself; she would bring her the door key and make peace with her mother, as she believed she was the cause of this disappointment. Marie yielded: tyranny had outreached itself. Long before the light, four days later, Marie quietly opened the door and passed into the darkness. She was full of nervous fears, and was very thankful when she reached the outskirts of Interlaken, where she would be joined by the remainder of the Liedertafel.

Godfrey, walking disconsolately about the town, caught sight of his Swiss friend in one of the many Choir processions parading the streets, and suddenly became deeply interested in the National Festival.

Marie received a letter from her uncle that night. As she opened it a cheque fell out: he had roused himself at last and insisted that justice should be done to her.

The Tannenwald Choir did not win the prize banner, though its excellent work was highly commended, but on the evening of the great concert one of their number was brought forward to take the place of a soloist, suddenly indisposed. The vast audience hung on every note as she put the yearning of her life into Gounod's beautiful Prière. Hugh Godfrey could restrain himself no longer. Seeking her as she left the Hall and leading her away from the crowds, in passionate words he declared his love for her. And Marie did not hesitate to trust her life to him, if he could win his mother's consent; and the lonely Swiss girl found a resting-place in his great loving heart.

S. ELIZABETH HUGHES,
32, Heathland Road,
Stoke Newington, N.

OUR NEXT STORY COMPETITION.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject:—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR JUNE."

"A VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS," By Harriet Hughes, Author of, "Cousin Madeline," "Adelaide's Reward," etc.

We offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT for the month is all about.

One page of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in an unsealed envelope with the words "Stories in Miniature," written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is June 20th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

Examiners:—
The Author of the Story (Harriet Hughes), and the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Now Ready. *Price Sixpence.*

"HONIED HOURS":

BEING THE

Extra Summer Number

OF THE

GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 1898.

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Our Holiday Needlework Competition.
Our New Puzzle Poem.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 962.] JUNE 4, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

Now that Michael knew he could not see Beattie again there was nothing to keep him in London. Indeed he longed to escape from it to his own home. He was in no mood to seek any of his friends, and he felt the impulse of his childhood to go to his mother when he was hurt return to him. She could not cure the pain but she could sympathise; and now, as then, although pride would bid him conceal from others that he suffered, there was no sacrifice of dignity or manhood in telling her that he was in need of comfort.

Accordingly he telegraphed for the late train to be met, and bought the return ticket with which, in doubt as to the period of his stay,

"SHE KNELT ON IN THE MOONLIGHT, SILENT AND THOUGHTFUL."

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he had not provided himself. He could hardly believe that it was only yesterday he had left the station so full of hope and ardour. His quick return would tell his mother all she needed, and he would be spared making explanations until he was inclined to. As for his father, whatever Sir John's faults might be, he was the last to wound his son by alluding to a matter of this kind. Lady Anstruther had told him of Michael's hopes, and he had remarked irascibly, "Who on earth were the Swanningtons?" and hoped that Mike had not been too precipitate. He would have liked to make inquiries. However, although had Mike been accepted he might have tempered his congratulations with comments that he could have done better, yet the consciousness that this was so, and that he was delivered from relatives who were "no one in particular," would make him more gentle to Mike and more sympathetic in his disappointment. The Anstruthers were poor, and Sir John wished his sons to make good matches from a monetary point of view, but he had a great deal of family pride, and was wont to remark that to be with "cads" (his term for anyone not well-born) made him positively ill. As want of money somewhat debars gentlemen from the society of their equals, it is no wonder that Sir John, who would be so select, was without friends or at any rate intimates.

Michael got a carriage to himself. He had not provided himself with either refreshments or literature to wile away the three hours' journey that lay before him, but when the boy from Smith's stall shouted "Paper, sir," in his ear and almost thrust it into the carriage, he took it mechanically. It was a special edition and placards in large black type were posted about, but Michael in his self-absorption noticed nothing.

He had been travelling for an hour, during which time he was living over again his interview of the afternoon, recalling Beattie's expression, and trying to extract a little hope for the future of two years' distance, when the stopping of the train at a junction showed him how far he had already gone on his journey. He rose, shook himself vigorously, and said, "Well, it's no use thinking any longer. I've got to have patience I suppose."

He pulled down the window and looked out. The platform did not present a very animated appearance at that time in the evening. The usual boy with chocolate and buns and bananas was strolling past the windows where he was not wanted, oblivious of a third-class passenger, leaning eagerly out and calling him in the faint, timorous voice of a diffident single woman of advancing years. Michael shouted to the boy and despatched him to the hungry spinster. An old fat gentleman was quarrelling with the guard over a missing hat-box, which he declared ought to have been with the luggage, but which was afterwards found in the compartment he had quitted; two or three men were swallowing glasses of spirit and water with the speed necessary on these occasions, and Michael suddenly remembered that since the cup of tea and slice of thin bread and butter he had had at half-past four he had tasted nothing. Indeed his excitement had prevented his eating much all day. A glance at the clock showed him there would be just time to procure a glass of wine, and he stepped on to the platform. To get to the refreshment room he had to pass the paper stall, and as he returned his eye was momentarily arrested by the posters. There he saw in large letters, "Fighting in South Africa. Repulse of the British force. List of killed and wounded."

He snatched up an evening paper, and flung himself into the carriage just as the train began to move.

He read the few lines. The fight was only a skirmish with a tribe of natives, but it had resulted in the loss of two officers, and one of them was Captain Geoffrey Anstruther.

Ever afterwards that journey through the night, alone with his own disappointment and the first knowledge of the awful grief which had fallen upon him and his, the consciousness that he was travelling to a blighted home, that he was himself perhaps to be the bearer of the dread news, remained in Michael's mind as the most miserable he had ever had. Better, he told himself, that when last he came this way, he should have found his mother dead than that he should see her as she would be now. Would she survive this blow, the loss of Geoff, the soldier son of whom she was so proud, in whom the hopes of both his parents were set, for was he not the heir, and had he not to make up to them for all the disappointment of their eldest born?

How this would affect himself Michael could not think at the time. His whole mind was with his dead brother and his parents.

Once a hope seized him that perhaps there was a mistake in the name. Such things happened sometimes, and drowning men it is well known clutch at straws. He remembered the other paper he had bought. He tore it open only to receive additional evidence of the truth. There were more details than in the first, but the names of dead and wounded were identical.

For the remainder of the journey he sat dry-eyed and white, waiting till he should be at its end. He wondered if those at home already knew, if any telegram had been received, any notice from the War Office. He felt he could not break it to his mother, and he could hardly trust his father to do so; for, overwhelmed with his own grief, would he not rush to her with vehement outbursts and lack of proper control? And the poor old father himself, embittered as he was by the spoilt career of one child, and the death of a second, was he to learn that of those that remained yet another was cut off in the flower of his youth, and that one, as Michael sometimes thought, the dearest to him of the two.

At length as he neared home a thought came to him. If the news had already reached the hall the servants would have heard of it, and the demeanour of the groom, even if he did not impart the evil tidings, would show him they had preceded him. If they had not done so, he would go first to the rectory and ask the help of Mr. Gilman.

It was a dark night and the light of the carriage lamps did not fall on the groom's face, but his cheerful "Good evening, sir," did not sound as if he had received any depressing intelligence. To the young fellow Mr. Geoff's death would be a personal grief.

Mike asked him after his mother, and heard that she was well and had been in the afternoon to take flowers to Miss Evelyn's grave. Mike swallowed a lump in his throat.

"I say, Richards," he said, "don't go straight home. I want to look in at the rectory a minute."

His voice sounded strange to the groom and he wondered at the request. The ladies'-maid often expressed a conviction that Mr. Mike and Miss Norah would one day be engaged, and Richards, who was himself keeping company with the kitchen-maid, had a tender spot in his heart for all lovers just then; but his young master struck him as very unlike a lover in his demeanour. Something had changed him, he thought, for now, as on the last time he had driven him home, he was silent and abstracted. Yet he had been merry enough going to the station.

It was already past ten, and the rectory people were in the habit of retiring early, with the exception of the rector himself, who was a bad sleeper and had the habits of a student. Mike expected to find him in his study among the musty volumes from which he was learning Arabic. He knew it was no use ringing, as the study was at some distance from the entrance and the rector was too deaf to hear him. He had the run of the house, however, and as the front door was never locked he turned the handle and went in. He knocked at the study door, somewhat loudly, and the voice which said "Come in" was Norah's.

She started up at sight of him, blushing crimson and dropping her work.

"Why, Mike," she stammered, "I thought you were in London."

"I am only just back," he said; "I wanted to see the Rector."

Norah was recovering her self-control.

"Father has had bad neuralgia all day," she said, "and I have persuaded him to go to bed. Shall I take him a message? Mike, how pale you look. Has anything happened? Lady Anstruther?"

He shook his head wearily.

"Norah," he said, "Geoff is dead."

"Geoff! Oh, my poor Michael."

Her voice and look and the fact that her first thought was for him touched him inexpressibly. It was the first sympathy he had had, and he was thoroughly tired. He turned away his face and for a moment hid it on his arm.

Norah drew forward her father's arm-chair. This was not the first time she had had to comfort sorrow, but if she had never been with anyone in grief before her instinct would have told her what to do for Mike.

She avoided looking at him, and for a little while she did not speak.

Mike broke the silence.

"I mustn't stop; Beauty isn't good at standing, you know, but—I felt I must come here first. I saw it in the paper—and they don't know. I—I thought the Rector would tell them. But if he's ill——"

Norah looked at him with sweet, friendly eyes which were dim with tears.

"I think it will be best, dear, to keep it to ourselves to-night. There will be time enough to grieve in. Let them get their rest. I will tell father the first thing in the morning, and if they have not heard by then he will break it to them. You needn't see your mother to-night, need you?"

"I expect she'll be keeping awake for me, and if not there's the father?"

"Yes."

Norah puckered her brow for a minute. Then she said—"Why not tell Richards to drive on? He can send a message to the house that you had had to call here a minute and are walking up. They'll think nothing of that; they will naturally suppose, after sitting so long, you are glad of a little walk, and they won't wait up for you. It isn't as if you were coming home after a long absence."

Mike was grateful for her common-sense. Norah had always been such a helpful little woman when there was any difficulty in the way. He went out and told Richards to go home, saying he would not want anyone to wait up for him. Then he returned to the study. It was empty. Norah had slipped away to the kitchen to bring him such refreshment as she could obtain at short notice. Fortunately there was generally some little delicacy in the house in readiness for one or other of Norah's *protégés*. Without compunction she warmed up old Mrs. Crook's chicken broth and carried it to him. Everything Norah did was done quietly, and without fuss. Her gentle movements disturbed no one, not even her father, whose bedroom, because he needed warmth, was over the kitchen. Her restful manner and the absence of excitement with which she received the news, though she had, as he could see, been crying when she returned to him, did much to calm himself, and when he had drunk the soup they sat a little while talking as if they had been brother and sister, of the sorrow which had come so suddenly to them all.

"You have done me so much good, Norah," said Mike when he rose to go. "I feel I can face things better now, though I dread to think of to-morrow."

"You will have strength for to-morrow when it comes, Mike," said Norah. "You will try and sleep to-night."

"I am not likely to do that; nor you either, I am afraid. I've been a selfish brute to trouble you like this."

She smiled through her tears.

"I am glad you came," she said simply, and as he looked at the pure, earnest, kind, little face, a sudden feeling of reverence made him take the hand which had ministered to him and raise it to his lips.

Michael was right in thinking Norah would not sleep. She went up to her little white bedroom and, drawing up the blind, knelt long by her window. The moon had risen, and through the trees she could see the Hall. She prayed for all within it, her heart going out in love and sympathy, not only to Mike and Lady Anstruther, but also to poor Sir John. He cared for so few people, it was hard indeed for him to part with any of them, and he was without the hope in the blessed future when the tears should be wiped from all eyes which gives comfort to those that mourn as Christians. But it was chiefly of Mike that Nora thought. He would be the heir now. The future would be changed for him. And then she laid her cheek against the hand he had kissed and knelt on in the moonlight, silent and thoughtful, looking, though she knew it not, the ideal of pure and loving and sanctified girlhood. When at length she lay down on her bed it was to remain wakeful still, dreaming and praying, with her hands folded across her breast and her eyes gazing out through the uncurtained window till the moonlight faded into the dawn and the birds awakened to a new day. Then she rose with them and prepared herself to meet it.

She made some tea for her father and carried it to his room. His neuralgia was better and he had slept well. She was glad she had not disturbed him, but she felt she ought not to keep the news of Geoffrey's death from him any longer. He was only less grieved than if it had been one of his own boys that had been taken. Of course there had always been this possibility before the young soldier, and he knew, although she said little, of Lady Anstruther's fears. Alas, that they should have been so soon realised! Norah told him of Mike's desire that he should go to his parents. There was little doubt now, that even if no official notice were received, they would see the news in the paper, and it would be less of a shock to have it broken to them gently than to suddenly be confronted with it as Michael had been. It was still early, the postman had not arrived. Mr. Gilman knew Sir John's habits, and Lady Anstruther would not probably see either letters or papers till she went into the breakfast-room. If he started at once he might be able to forestall the intelligence.

The butler, though too well trained to look his astonishment, marvelled what had brought the rector with so sad a face thus early. As he was informing him, in answer to his question, that no one was yet down, the postman's cart drove past.

"Marks," said the rector, "I wish to see either Sir John or Lady Anstruther before they receive their letters. I am afraid there is bad news for them."

The man's face grew grave.

"Oh, sir," he said with genuine emotion, "I hope there's nothing come to the Captain."

The Rector nodded.

"Don't mention it yet, Marks," he said.

"Not—not dead, sir?"

"I am afraid so."

"It will kill my lady," said the butler.

A message was sent to Sir John, who was in his dressing-room, begging him to say nothing to her ladyship, but to grant an interview to Mr. Gilman as soon as possible. The Rector waited for him in the library. He would have liked to see Michael, but the young man, contrary to his expectations, worn out by his emotions and tired by his journey, was sleeping heavily.

Sir John appeared, looking anxious.

"I hope there's nothing wrong, Gilman," he said, "to bring you at this unearthly hour."

He was not best pleased at having been hurried over his toilet, and was inclined to be irritable.

"There is, Sir John," said the Rector in his gentlest tones, and his voice shook. The task before him was no less hard that he himself was sorrowing.

"Sit down," said Sir John, as an excuse for sitting himself. His knees were trembling. He had not guessed what brought the Rector, but his heart sank with a foreboding of great evil. "Now, then, out with it. You know I hate beating about the bush."

And the Rector told him.

For some seconds the squire was as one turned to stone. His cheeks were ashen, his unseeing eyes stared before him, his hands stiffened, and his dry lips refused to speak. When the Rector spoke to him he did not seem to hear. Mr. Gilman, fearing for him, was on the point of going to look for a stimulant, but the squire, as if suspecting his intention, made a motion with his arm to detain him and uttered some inarticulate sound. The Rector divined that he was thinking of his wife.

"God will comfort her," he said gently.

At mention of that name there was a swift change in the squire. The blood rushed back to his face, the fire glowed in his eyes, he rose to his feet and gave a mocking laugh.

"Ah," he said, striking his hands together, "God will comfort her. Then it is well with her. Such cant may do for parsons and women. With me it is different. If there be a God He has taken my son. Your Bible tells of miracles. The dead are raised, and men see and believe. When my son is restored to me I too will believe, but not till then—not till then. I have no faith in this God of yours—and Geoffrey is dead."

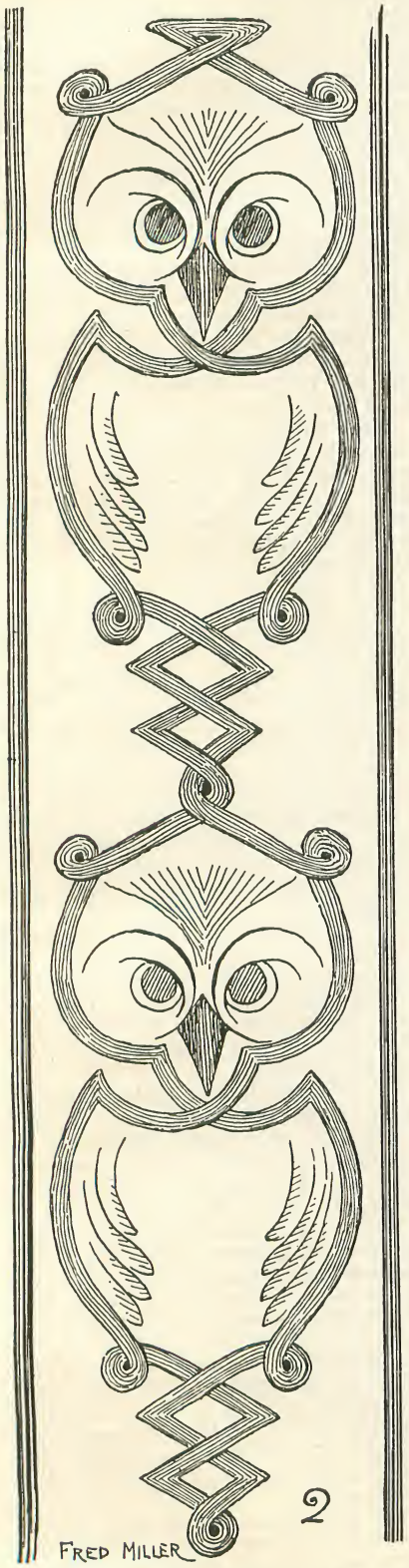
And then as suddenly as the flame had leapt up it expired. The words had scarcely left his lips, and the Rector had not time to reach his side before his failing limbs refused to support him, and paralysed and senseless he fell to the ground.

The thoughts of all had gone first to the frail, delicate mother. But after all it was Sir John who was stricken almost to death. To Lady Anstruther strength was given to bear the double grief.

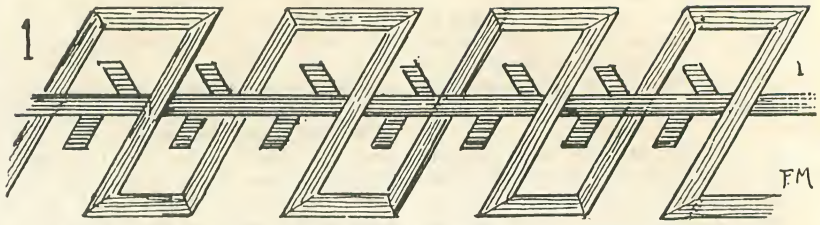
(To be continued.)

"KELTIC EMBROIDERY."

THE suggestions for this article were gained from a visit some time since to an exhibition of Irish embroidery shown at the rooms of The Donegal Industrial Fund, in which old



Original design of a quaint owl border, suitable for blue and red thread or flax. Though finished off at both ends it can be repeated ad lib.

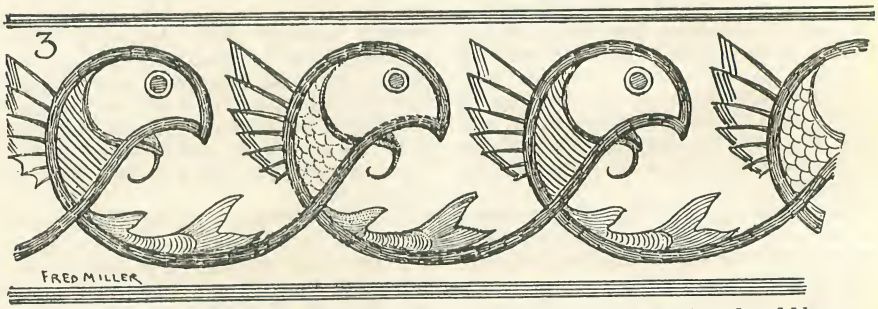


Original design for repeating border, suggested by Keltic work, to be wrought in two colours.

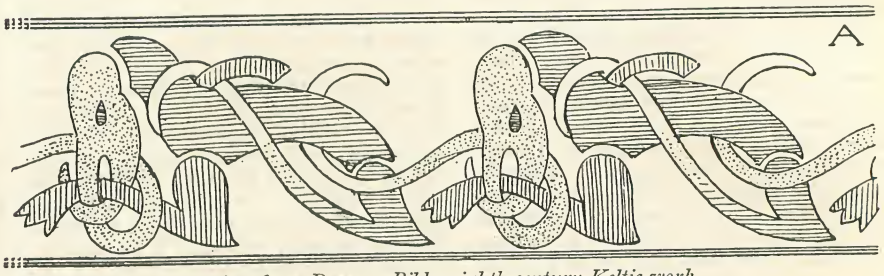
Keltic designs, many of them of the eighth century, were mainly employed. There is something so marked in character and so ingenious about these Keltic designs that endless variations are suggested to the mind, some few of which I have worked out here and in a future number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Take A and B, which are from the Durrow Bible of the eighth century. The suggestion conveyed of extinct monsters is grotesque and ingeniously clever. It is difficult to trace the genesis of such designs. A seems to hint at a mastodon or other elephantine animal, while B has a suspicion of the winged dragon; yet while they and others of this class distinctly convey to the mind the idea of some strange beast, they are at the same time pure ornaments, having no reference to any particular creature.

In C we have a most intricate and ingenious "strap-work" pattern, a class of ornament seen on runic crosses. This style of design is very effective when wrought with the needle. Flax is the material employed by the Donegal peasants.

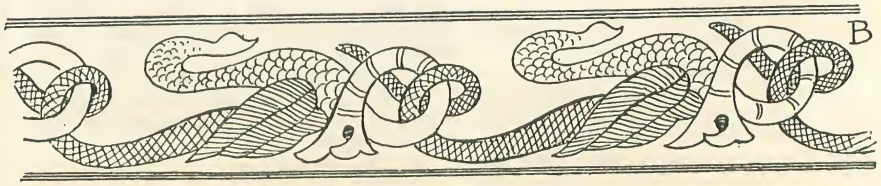
D and E are ingenious strap-work borders, and readers might exercise their ingenuity in evolving fresh patterns on these lines. My attempt is seen in Fig. 1, where the stem running through the strap-work should be in a different and darker colour. Such designs as these would come well worked in red and blue thread on linen, or could easily be adapted for Berlin wool work or canvas In the Donegal embroidery the stitches run longitudinally and are crossed at intervals as indicated in the sketches. They use a woollen fabric not unlike serge, and some curtains I saw were a rich brick-red with the embroidery in yellows and browns. The effect of the shining flax upon the dull woollen ground is most effective, and the tone of the work being yellow produces a fine harmony with the red textile. Schemes of colour, such as yellow on red, are safer than where you get contrast, say green on red. In Figs 2 and 3 I have essayed



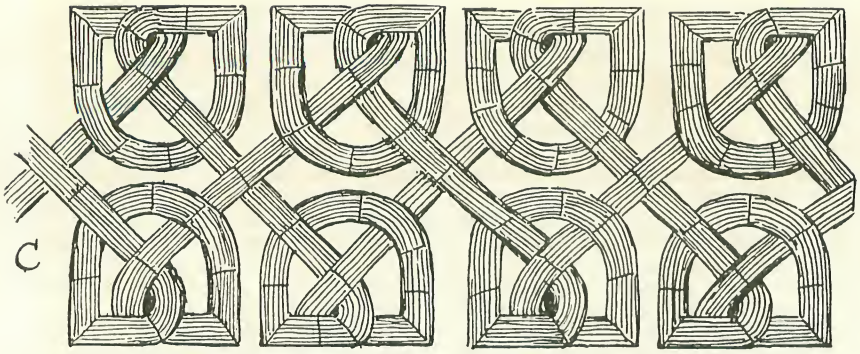
Original design of repeating quaint fish border, suitable for working in red and blue thread on linen.



Design from Durrow Bible, eighth century Keltic work.



Design from eighth century Keltic work.



Keltic "strap" work design. Notice the ingenuity shown in taking the strap over and under.

designs suggested by the Keltic work, for I have attempted to combine the strap-work with the quaint animals. The emphatic parts of the designs are the strap-work, and this should be worked in some distinctive colour, say blue if in thread on linen, or red-brown if in flax on a greenish grey fabric. The details which in Fig. 2 suggest an owl and in Fig. 3 a fish could be in red if in thread, or yellow if in flax. I want the strap-work to first catch the eye, for that is the ornamental portion of the design, and the filling out to be in a softer colour as of secondary importance. Though I have finished off the top and bottom of the design 2 it can be continued *ad lib.* I have a *penchant* for the quaint and grotesque in art, and it is certainly very effective in needlework. In another article I shall give some few other patterns in this style, as I think it is a somewhat new departure which my readers can follow up for themselves.

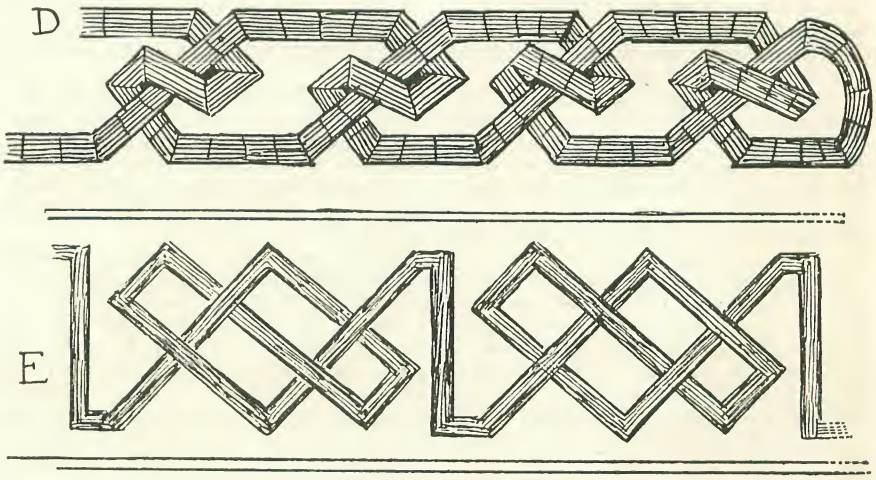
In selecting animals for decorative purposes choose those which in themselves are curious. The John Doree and gurnard among English fishes are so decorative as to require little alteration beyond simplification. Some of those curious Chinese carp with developed fins and tails are also very ornamental.

Among birds, owls are obviously amongst the quaintest. Some of the hornbills too lend themselves to ornamental purposes.

Insects can be drawn upon with advantage, for some of the most curious forms in nature belong to the insect kingdom.

A good natural history will furnish material, but a visit to the Natural History Museum or the Zoological Gardens is more stimulating to the mind. Nature starts the imagination into activity as well as suggesting novel treatments and fresh combinations better than dead specimens or drawings made by others.

FRED MILLER.



Keltic strap work borders for flax.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER X.

GÉNIE had never been round that point before; it was composed of a long strip of broken brown rocks, and she could not resist climbing among them. She delighted in gathering the delicate fringes of rose-coloured sea-weed at the bottom of the clear pools of water left in the fissures of the rocks by the tide, tripping on sea-weed vividly green and slippery under foot, kneeling to gaze with wonder and enchantment at the red and green sea anemones, some waving their turquoise-crowned transparent tentacles to and fro, others tossing long sea-green arms, like living grasses in pursuit of their prey.

Génie went over the rocks to the other side, and found herself in an exquisite bay surrounded by picturesque broken rocks. The fine sand covered by a thousand varieties of delicate little shells.

For a long time Génie wandered from one treasure to another, filling her pockets and her handkerchief with shells. Then she bethought herself of Maître Battiste's commission, and looked for the breakwater. She found it as she thought easily, a flat stone jetty running out over the sands for some way, and ending in half a dozen wooden piles supporting a wooden causeway made with open bars of wood. She observed that under the furthest end of the wooden platform was a huge stone between two of the supporting stakes.

The tide must have turned, but was far out. The causeway stood on dry sands about four feet above the level of the shore, or possibly more.

Génie ran out to the very end, there she sat down, putting her feet through the open wood-work on to the big stone beneath, which made a very pleasant foot-stool.

The time slipped away fast as she sat there and the afternoon drew towards evening. The sky and sea seemed blent in one sheet of exquisite opal colour. The hour of sunset was foreshadowed by a shade of the palest pink slowly creeping over the horizon and touching the edge of the water with a softened sparkle. Far out in the distance Génie saw the white sails of a fishing-boat seeming to glide so softly, so slowly across the horizon that she watched it with fascination. Presently it vanished out of sight, and as it disappeared she was conscious of a momentary feeling of loneliness, the last sign of human life was out of reach, and it was so very still.

Génie bethought herself of her basket, and she began to eat her biscuits. Never in her life had anything tasted so good. She was quite sorry when the last purple plum was gone.

Génie began to look about her to see and choose the way she would take on her homeward walk, and then she gave a little start, for she saw that after all she was not on the boatman's causeway. There was another one, a larger, more important one a good deal higher up from the sands. It made her shiver to perceive that the tide would rise far above the level of the place where she was seated, which was, she now saw, only a slender jetty used by the fishermen at low tides to enable them to use shrimping nets in deeper water than they could wade.

Génie looked out to sea, the white line of waves was coming towards her.

"I must start homewards," she said to herself, gathering up her basket and

preparing to rise. The sight of the tide coming in gave her a sensation of fear.

Génie extricated her first foot easily from the wooden bars, and then began slowly to draw up the other, when suddenly the large stone on which it had rested rolled over against one of the wooden piles and wedged it sideways. It had been loosened and uprooted by many rising and falling tides, so that the moment had come in which even the impetus of the girl's small foot had dislodged it.

It was an awkward movement and Génie nearly fell, but she was quick and active and saved herself. She then tried to bring her foot from between the woodwork, but the whole thing was jammed close and her foot was imprisoned fast between two strong wooden bars.

At first Génie could not understand that by putting out all her strength she could not push open the bars, and she tried resolutely and quietly at first, then with growing fear; and as the tough timbers remained fixed as iron under her poor little fingers the horrible truth became more and more clear to her. She was fastened in, as if by a vice, and the tide was coming in.

Génie tried to compress her foot so as to drag it through the narrow aperture, but it was too small. She tried every possible twist and contortion, then sheer force, but she only succeeded in bruising and tearing the tender flesh, and the torn stocking was wet with blood.

For a time, while the least hope remained that some effort of her own would release her, she managed to stave off the moment in which she must realise her terrible situation, but at last she was forced to give up hope, and then a cold fit of shuddering shook her from head to foot. She covered her face with her hands.

For a space she had to fight with deadly terror, an agony of fear, sharp and unbearable as physical pain, and when that passed off she was still white as a sheet and shivering, but quite calm.

It was difficult to believe the reality of it all; that she, who felt so well and strong, so full of brilliant life and young power, in two hours (if no help came), would be a lifeless, senseless thing lying quiet and still under the green sea. A sort of dull stupor for awhile stole over her senses. It was so still and monotonous, the distant roll of the waves, the throb of pain in her wounded foot seemed alike in rhythmic repetition. She must have become insensible, for a long time must have passed when she was aroused suddenly by the cry of a pair of sea-gulls swooping past her, turning their snow-white pinions to the light of the setting sun.

The sun was going down fast. The opal hues had changed to a glorious blaze of colour. Heavy clouds arched overhead and framed in a cavern of living fire which poured out its radiance in a pathway of shimmering gold over the sea.

Dazzled by the light Génie put her hands before her eyes, and then, then with a sick shiver she saw that the sea was very near, was creeping slowly up —tenderly, unwillingly, drawing back each encroaching wave with a sighing sound.

"When one is about to die, one must commit one's soul to God," said Génie gently half aloud. "And at sunset He stood on the shores of Genesareth and healed the sick. Ah, if I could see Him now, it would be so easy." Then with a sudden start, "But perhaps very soon, in one hour even, I shall see Him." Then she clasped her hands, and prayed, always repeating, "Father! Father! have mercy!"

Once she said plaintively, "I wish I were good like André. If he were here he would go to death with outstretched arms, but I—I am so frightened."

As the waves drew nearer, the cold air off the sea stirred the roots of her hair, and the icy freshness brought tears to her eyes.

"I think they will all be sorry," she murmured. "Poor *maman*, the sea is very cruel to her, and Madame Canière and Monsieur Jean."

Génie cried a little, then she wiped her eyes resolutely, and looked out. The water was within two feet of her now, and the next wave carried its rush of foam up to the causeway; another moment and it was gurgling round the posts.

Génie looked up and prayed. "Father, make me brave! no one can save me now. Give me courage, and oh! Father in Heaven, let it not last too long."

But it seemed as if hours passed as the tide rose and at last reached the wounded foot. The cold water dashing over it eased the hot pain.

Génie could not find words for prayer now, but her lips framed the glorious old hymn—

"Oh God our Help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home!"

The water had reached the top of the causeway now, she was kneeling in it.

The sea-gulls uttered their loud wild cries as they swept their white wings on the crests of the waves.

The sun disappeared, the sky was dark and gloomy, the gold had changed to blood-red. The waves dashed up more heavily and sent sheets of foam over the pale girl from head to foot.

Suddenly from the sea itself came a sound which fell faintly on her ears—a human shout! a man's voice in agonised cry, "Génie! Génie!"

They were coming! coming to save her! She struggled up, and once more tore frantically against the cruel bars, till exhausted and spent she fell on her knees again. It seemed as if she was in a whirl of spray and mist now, and the water was swirling in her gown and rising to her waist. She heard the voice again, but she could not see the boat; she could not hear the mad, despairing efforts the rowers were making to arrive in time, for a great green wave towered above her, and fell in a crash of foam and spray beating all sense and consciousness out of the brave young life.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Times Have Changed.

In 1803 one hundred and sixty offences were punishable with hanging. It was death for a bankrupt to conceal his assets, or for an insolvent to perjure himself. It was death to pick pockets of goods worth more than a shilling, or to lift wares more than five shillings in value from a shop, or to steal to the value of forty shillings from a dwelling-house.

The same penalty awaited him who cut the banks of a pond in order to let the fish escape, who damaged a highway or canal, who destroyed a tree in a garden or avenue, who stole horses, sheep or deer, who stole hops in the field or cloth from the loom.

It was a hanging matter to assemble with arms for smuggling, to personate bail, to acknowledge judgment in another person's name, or to challenge more than twenty persons in a capital trial.

Dessert-Spoons in Scotland.

What is called a dessert-spoon was not known in Scotland in the earlier part of this century. The two houses in which it was first introduced were the ducal seats at Hamilton and Dalkeith.

A rough country squire, dining for the first time at Hamilton Palace, had been served with a sweet dish containing cream or jelly, and with it the servant handed him a dessert-spoon.

The laird turned it round and round in his great fist and said to the servant, "What do you gie me this for, you stupid fule? Do you think ma mooth has got any smaller since I lappit up my soup?"

A Definition.

"How would you define '*ennui?*'"

"It's when you are tired of doing nothing and too lazy to do something."

The First Robin.

One day two ladies, one of whom was very deaf, were walking by the railway. Suddenly an express train rushed by, and, as it passed, the engine gave a shriek that seemed to rend the sky. The hearing lady's ears were nearly split, but the deaf one turned to her suffering friend and said, with a happy smile—

"That's the first robin I've heard this spring."

Hannah More on Woman's Mission.—

"They little understand," says Hannah More, "the true interest of women who would lift her from the important duties of her allotted station, to fill with fantastic dignity a better but less appropriate niche; nor do they understand her true happiness who seek to annihilate distinctions from which she derives advantages, and to attempt innovations which would depreciate her real value."



"GLORIFIED" WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.

PART II.

DEAR ELSIE, it was nice of you to write so promptly, and nicer still to find that my last letter had really been of service to you. I think you and Annie wise in choosing the two rooms and scullery, for the small weekly difference in cost is more than made up by the extra space and comfort.

You say you want more advice about furnishing, and that you want to do it cheaply. Well, dear, it is quite possible to do this, only you must spend brains, if not money, and you must not run away with the idea that any low-priced furniture will do. For your sitting room, which you say you will cover with matting, I should recommend some good bamboo furniture. This is light and pretty, and you can have almost everything now in bamboo. You will want a fair-sized table—but not too large—for meals. Then some strong, serviceable chairs, three or four, for table use, and at least two easy chairs; for you both will want to rest when the day's work is done. If you are sufficiently in funds, I should strongly recommend an ottoman couch, which you can often buy second-hand, and cover with a pretty chintz, and for this and your easy chairs you will want nice cushions. If you buy a couch, it will be found very handy for holding extra dresses, or for putting away winter clothes; which you must remember to pepper well and pack in brown paper. I think you most likely have a cupboard in the room, although you do not say so. Now I am going to give you a pet idea of mine and I think you may be able to carry it out without the aid of a carpenter. I take it for granted you have not lost your taste for carpentering? Well, then, with a screwdriver, carefully remove the cupboard door from its hinges, leaving the hinges fixed to the door. Place the door in safety in your scullery, so that you may be able to replace it safe and sound when —or if—you leave your rooms.

Now for the decoration of the cupboard! As you have not told me your prevailing colour, I am rather in the dark, but your taste will have to guide you in this. If the cupboard is shelved throughout, you had better enamel it *all* inside with any pretty shade which will harmonise with your curtains, and at the same time be dark enough to show up your bits of china, etc. Across the second shelf from the bottom fix a brass rod, and do the same at the top. Then make curtains, which ought to match your window hangings. The top ones should be short enough to just cover the rod below, and the lower ones reach the floor. On the bottom shelves you can keep your tea-cups and little etceteras for your small tea-parties, which you will doubtless indulge in! These curtains may be kept closed. The top ones should be drawn aside, and the finish to the whole may be made in the shape of a Moorish arch which you can procure in white wood now, very cheaply. This should be enamelled like the inside of the cupboard, and fixed so as to allow of the curtains being freely drawn.

In all these recommendations, I am taking it for granted that you have invested in a step ladder, and that you have sufficient tools "to carpenter a nail" as a friend of mine puts it. Should you have these, you will find it easy to fix up the bamboo poles for your window curtains, and to do many other "odd jobs" as well, or better, than a paid workman.

There is another way of utilising your cupboard, but in this I fear you will want the help of a practical carpenter. Instead of the curtained off lower shelves, get a shelf fixed at the right height for writing. This ought to be hinged to the cupboard shelf, and supported from below with folding arms, which can be pushed back when not wanted. Cover your shelf neatly with baize or cloth, and on the cupboard shelf to which it is fixed your inkstand, blotter, diary, etc., can stand. You will then have a commodious writing-table, always ready for use.

You do not tell me if you are keeping up your music, or if you have a piano? If so, you will want a music stool, and I remember you used to have an old croquet box at home. Curious mixture of ideas, is it not? However, it is not quite so queer after all. I made a lovely music seat and box out of a discarded croquet case, and it is so easy that I make you a present of my experience. If you have the box, get a sufficient quantity of Indian matting, with which you must cover top and sides. The edges can be finished off with split bamboo, the legs (which you must carefully arrange to have cut the right height for comfort) you can procure at any wood-turner's. Screw holes with a large gimlet down through the bottom of the box, at the four corners, right into the legs and then screw in large, strong screws, till the legs are absolutely firm. You may add castors, if you care, but these must in that case be allowed for in the height of the legs. When the outside is complete, paper the inside with some pretty scraps of wall paper, and you will then have a delightful receptacle for music. The advantage of such a stool is that you can use it for duets.

Now I really do not think I shall tell you any more of my "dodges" till I hear from you again, but I must grow practical and give you some more good advice on household matters.

First of all, be sure you have in your little scullery plenty of hooks and nails for hanging brooms and dustpans and so on. Then I should strongly advise having a thick piece of galvanised wire firmly placed across one corner, high enough to clear your heads, but not too high, to hang your teacloths, dusters, etc., on. Apropos of these, as you are going to do your own housework, I would recommend your washing out your teacloths at least every day. If greasy plates and knives are rubbed with paper before washing, there will be little risk of your cloths being very greasy, but "prevention is better than cure." You will find that a cake of sapolio and one of sunlight soap are invaluable aids, and they should live just by your sink. A "sink basket" placed just over the escape pipe is also a *sine qua non*. It makes a capital strainer when you want your tea-leaves washed for carpet-sweeping, and it also catches all scraps which might choke up the sink. While on the subject of cleaning, let me give you another "wrinkle." You will not need a knife-board if you will try the following. Have a small piece of board, dust some knife powder on it, and with the smooth end of a damped cork, rub the blade of the knife. The dirt disappears in a marvellous manner, and the wear and tear to the knife, or to the cleaner, is *nil*. Clean your knives as soon as possible after using, they will then give you half the trouble. For your spoons and forks—they should at least once a week have a special wash in ammonia and water. Dissolve a piece of rock ammonia in boiling water, and leave the spoons and forks, etc., in it for an hour. Then dry with a clean cloth thoroughly, and rub immediately with a soft wash-leather. Perhaps you are saying, "How horrid our hands will get over all this!" I can only say from experience that they need not. If you have grates to clean, or rooms to do out, common-sense will prompt you to wear gloves, and it is a splendid way of using up old gloves, let me tell you! Then as to the "washing up." If you will have a kettle full of water on the stove to heat, while you wash the dishes, you can at once wash out your cloths, and there is no better way of thoroughly cleansing the hands than this. When you have used a saucepan for milk, or anything likely to stick, pour cold water into it at once and let it stand. It will then be easily cleaned with a birch brush; and if necessary be given a final rub with sapolio. Always use enamelled saucepans if you possibly can.

You will find it a very good way to leave your scullery window open during the day, from the top if possible. And if you bring your towel-horse in to the scullery, your towels will have a good chance of drying in your absence.

I hope you will not think this too personal a hint, for it is one that I feel very certain you will see the good of. As you and Annie are going to walk to and from your offices daily, I strongly recommend you not to wear the same stockings two days in succession. You will find this applies to almost all your underwear, but especially stockings. And another bit of experience! wash your stockings at home. They will wear twice as long, and the comfort is infinite. I was first indoctrinated into this idea during a hot summer in Paris, where the friend with whom I stayed told me she washed her stockings every night. They were dry by morning. This is very easy to do in your own rooms. Soap the stockings well with sunlight soap. Soak for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then squeeze them well; turn inside out, soap again and give a rub, to finally remove the dirt. Rinse in tepid water, squeeze very dry and hang them on your line to dry. You will soon find the comfort to your tired feet quite balances the slight bother of washing them.

Above all, do not neglect your food, and live as carefully as if you were at home. That is one of the secrets of good health, and one of the reasons why "working women" so often break down through neglect of it.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

I.

Terror within her bosom, and without
The cries of men, the breathless rush of flight,
The bellowing of oxen, mad with fright,
The chaos all confounded of the rout;

II.

Under a smoky pall that clouds the sky
From blackened homestead and from burning farms,
Pale Panic stumbles, clasping in her arms
The hapless children of calamity—

III.

Ruin and desolation and blank fear!—
Poor fugitives! and all too scared to tell
The bitter agony of that farewell
To home, to love, to all that they hold dear.
Alas, poor broken hearts!—that such a thing should be,
And being, should be called *A Famous Victory!*

G. K. M.



A REMEMBRANCE CONNECTED WITH THE JUBILEE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

By C. A. MACIRONE.

In the "good days of old," of which it is a very great pleasure to write, there were floating in the air seeds of great movements, great changes; and it is sometimes interesting to trace the hidden first causes of these changes and sometimes inspiring to us (the humble unknown workers among the multitude who, like Henry Lawrence, try to do their duty) to find what small beginnings, with His blessing, will lead to very great results, like the little grain of sand which begins the river bar, and the falling stone which starts the avalanche.

For instance, in the great anti-slavery movement which thrilled and roused England a hundred years ago, Wilberforce's name shines in letters of gold, but behind Wilberforce there is the moving force of Clarkson's energy, and to those who know well the history of those times it is an open secret that the hidden fire of his zeal, which roused Wilberforce, and through him the nation, was lighted by the burning enthusiasm of a noble lady, who befriended and inspired Clarkson with her own horror of the slave-trade, till he fought through all obstacles to the emancipation of the slaves. Many other great movements will, if traced out to their beginnings, be found to have been started by the faith and courage of one resolute benefactor to his race.

The Sunday schools, which all over England give, not only religious teaching to hundreds of thousands of children, but kindness and sympathy between rich and poor, started in a poor cobbler's cellar in Bristol. The Sacred Harmonic Society, which has contributed so much to the love and culture of the highest music, was founded in a shop-parlour by one energetic man. And in the "Devil's Acre," called the moral plague-spot, not only of the metropolis but of the kingdom, one man, a City missionary, "by his energy, tact, and perseverance, has acquired such an influence over its turbulent and lawless population, as makes him a safer escort to a stranger than a whole posse of police, and has reared up within the district two schools and reformatories, and an industrial school, which has been attached to the Ragged School Union."

So courage, all ye solitary, perhaps weary, workers in a blessed cause. A small torch may kindle a beacon to flame far and wide and give a signal to the nation and safety to its people. To return to our subject. In the "good days of old," before home meals and hours were revolutionised (despite the comfort of parents) for the convenience of children and school-hours, when it was considered that daughters were to be a help to the mother and to make the social circle of home bright and interesting, even then (in Arcadia, as it were), affairs were not perfect.

Felicity is hard to get in this troublesome world, and to see where the shoe pinched at that time, let us draw a curtain from the veiled past, and see the interior of an old city home. There was much society there of a very easy and intellectual kind, for many friends lived near, and in the neighbourhood of those lighted drawing-rooms, where the welcome was so hearty and hospitality so genial, there was also an old mathematical society of eminent scientists, friends of the house, and in the near vicinity were homes of friends (for men of business then lived over their counting-houses or banks), in Devonshire Square, Union Street, Sun Street, Finsbury Square and Circus, close to us, and after Exchange and Stock Exchange hours, friends would stroll in and little knots of eager talkers, discussing science or art, or the events of the day, filled those pretty, old-fashioned rooms with animation and interest, partly on account of the attraction of the host, a great scholar and linguist, a cultivated musician, and an inventor much interested in mechanics. Also partly for the sake of the hostess, who had the talent of holding her *salon* and guiding the conversation, drawing out the talents of her guests and interesting herself in their pursuits. She was not in the least like what is called the New Woman, but a very gentle, pretty high-bred lady of the old school, more intent on making others shine than on any display of her own great abilities, so charming and unassuming and humble-minded that the most timid would expand in the sunshine of her influence, and be sure of her sympathy. In this *salon*, many wonderful ideas were started, and curiously it happened that many of the most important inventions of modern life were dreamed of.

Mrs. Gaskill's hints in *Wives and Daughters* of putting the kettle on and driving out by its steam, were foreshadowed when my mother spoke of possible future days when little carriages would go without horses, and a new crotchet of paving our streets with wood was seriously debated.

But of all the ideas and inventions which floated (amidst some lovely music, for host and hostess were too excellent musicians to omit that luxury in their social gatherings), one thing troubled my mother most, for it bore upon her daily anxieties for her daughters' education. "When I want a governess for my daughters," she said to an old friend, who took a deep interest in education, "how can I test the testimonials which I get with regard to these applicants. Ladies possessing every accomplishment under heaven, music, drawing, languages, even science, are recommended to me. The very people who praise these modern Crichtons are possibly, even probably, ignorant themselves of the very studies they profess to judge. There should be," my mother continued, "a public body, a recognised authority, for testing and certifying the fitness of teachers. And besides, there should be some college or institution which could train teachers, for teaching (unlike 'reading and writing, which comes by nature') is an art, and a very difficult one, and a system which needs study."

A bright idea struck my mother as she turned to one of the friends, who was listening very earnestly.

"You," she said, "are intimate with Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. The education of her child, our future Queen, must interest her in the subject generally, and her influence, if it could be thoroughly awakened to the good cause, would be a wonderful help towards ventilating the subject."

The idea struck fire, and began to kindle warmth and interest. Evening after evening the matter came up, and was argued and debated from side to side, the Duchess being still kept well in the foreground, and also the zeal of the friend who had access to such a splendid auxiliary well pricked on. He could not expect to have such a shield for the project, amongst a crowd of excited intellects, without being called to account for it.



"POOR FUGITIVES!"

But the friend was more than willing to be zealous in such a cause, for he was a schoolmaster himself, and knew the need and the danger, so from time to time he reported progress—progress, *alas!* sometimes slow, but "Slow and sure" is a good motto, and often a true one, and my mother kept the matter going, speaking of this hope and of her increasing difficulties in education. But we had first-rate masters, and as the project seemed to take form and life those masters were ultimately taken into the first series of professors for the new college, to be called "The Queen's," which started in the year 1848.

Dr. Bernays, the first German professor, was our master, Henry Warren (afterwards President of the Water-Colour Institute) was my father's and sister's drawing-master, and Sterndale Bennett was a friend.

The circle of teachers grew till it included the most eminent teachers in England, and my mother's plans were expanded into becoming a college to train pupils, as well as to form teachers.

The professors for the first term, which began on the 1st May, 1848, were the Rev. F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley, the Rev. A. B. Strettell, and Isidore Brasseur, Dr. Bernays, Dr. Beolchi, and the Rev. Samuel Clark. The Rev. C. G. Nicolay, the Rev. M. O'Brien, the Rev. T. G. Hall, John Hullah, Sterndale Bennett, Henry Warren. Amongst the early pupils we find the honoured names of Dorothea Beale, now headmistress of Cheltenham College, Miss Bishop, late headmistress of Holloway College, Miss Octavia Hill, Miss Louise Twining, and many other eminent women.

But no one in the crowded assembly that gathered for the first lecture would have thought that the quiet old gentlewoman, who would have been utterly unobserved amongst that brilliant audience, was in reality the first mother of the great college they came to honour.

THE STRIDES OF WOMEN.

By NORMA LORIMER.

THE women of Queen Victoria's reign will stand out in the history of our country as the pioneers of woman's rights. It is mainly owing to the fact that, in the history of our own time, we have been blessed with a sovereign who has had the self-respect and good name of her women-subjects so strongly at heart, that the women who have been foremost in the fight for the advancement of self-reliance and independence among the women of England, have been able to accomplish the astonishing work which they have achieved during the last twenty years.

If we look at the way in which our Queen has educated her daughters to be in every way intellectual and capable companions to their husbands, as well as loving wives and tender mothers, we have the proof very clearly before us that women who are, as far as possible, men's intellectual equals, and have their natural talents for art or literature cultivated beyond the conventional parlour-trick accomplishments, do in every way fill the capacity of mothers and wives more completely and happily than the women of the past, who were considered blue-stockings if they had the independence to insist on having an education in proportion to that bestowed upon their brothers. The old-fashioned idea that it was necessary to give the male portion of the family only (the bread-winners) a thorough and practical education is, we are thankful to say, dying out. Even without ill-health or force of adverse circumstances, the painful fact that the "bread-winners" very often failed to make a sufficient income to provide for the future of their wives and children, has proved to the more intelligent parents of our own days that their daughters must be qualified as well as their sons to take their places in the daily struggle for existence. Women are now no longer dubbed "blue-stockings," or regarded as unwomanly if they go in for a college education, or adopt a profession which at once places them on the plane of equality, intellectual and practical, with men. Even in the lifetime of some of the youngest of us, we can look back upon the intellectual strides of women, and there is not a self-respecting, active-minded girl who will not be thankful that she is commencing her womanhood on a higher level, and in a healthier period than fell to the lot of the pioneers who opened up the way for the coming generation. Poorly-paid governessing is now not the only means of livelihood open to the impoverished daughters of our middle-class, those distressed sisters of twenty years ago who tried to hide their own ignorance at the expense of their pupils. What they did not know themselves (owing to their miserable education, which had not been given to them in a manner that would enable them to impart their knowledge to others, or to earn their own livelihood, although in all probability their parents were well aware that their daughters would have to provide for themselves) was not advisable for their more intelligent pupils to know. We have to thank America to some extent for uprooting this most detrimental system. Our more independent and self-respecting cousins were wise enough to see that if their children had a refined and intellectual home-training with a gentle home influence surrounding them, it would not hurt them to attend the excellent grade-schools in their towns. This, to some extent, was a matter of necessity, for in the early days in the United States it was almost impossible to get a refined gentlewoman, however poorly educated, to enter a family as a governess—unless governesses were imported from England, in which case they usually got married soon after they landed. They were *raræ aves*; and so it came about that the sons and daughters of refined parents went to the grade-schools along with the children of smaller tradesmen and simpler people. In England high-schools took the place of grade-schools, but it was some time before parents began to see that a high-school education was both cheap and thorough, and that the girls who attended them had a chance of receiving as good an education as their brothers, up to the point of a university career. When this was once understood, governesses soon found that to earn a living and compete with high-school education, they must equip themselves thoroughly, and not only receive a superior education, but learn how to educate others.

This general infusing of knowledge amongst women and the new independence of mental thought, naturally awoke in the women of our day the desire to do something with their knowledge, and to take their place as possible factors in the busy world of workers. That women enjoy working and are in every way happier and healthier both in mind and body when employed (I am speaking, of course, of the great body of middle class women who have not money enough to live a broad and developing life, and who are limited by their means and surroundings to a busy life or narrowing one), we have very practical evidence. If we look over the autobiographies of eminent men and women in *Who's Who* we shall see there are one hundred and thirty women, mostly English women, or at least women whose work depends largely on England for support.

Has Mr. Douglas Sladen in his eminently readable and now universally recognised handbook to the celebrated English men and women of the day, done full justice to the latter? Judging by numbers only I should say not, for I note that among seven thousand biographies only about one hundred and thirty belong to women. But upon examination, the discrepancy is not so great as it appears, for a great many professions are denied to women, some of them necessarily so. And much of the book is naturally devoted to members of parliament, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, and clergy of the national church. But there are a few lady doctors, and most of them are in the book. Among the occupations which are open to women are the literary, artistic, dramatic, musical, and philanthropic. Especially among those who are distinguished in various departments of philanthropic work are women honourably numerous and prominent. And there is much to be gathered from the lives of eminent women, if we know something about their chosen forms of recreation and how they were educated, for in one or other generally lies the keynote of a woman's character. For instance, Edna Lyall's favourite recreation is yachting, and this seems thoroughly in keeping with the healthy tone of her writings. From this too short autobiography she gives of herself in *Who's Who* of 1898 we learn that her real name is Ada Ellen Bayly, and that she is the daughter of the late Robert Bayly, barrister. She was educated at Brighton, and she published her first novel, *Won by Waiting*, in 1879. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, our most eminent lady novelist, does not tell us how she amuses herself, but she is as a matter of fact a good cyclist. She was born in Hobart, Tasmania, in 1851, and is the eldest daughter of the still surviving Thomas Arnold, who was the second son of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby. She married Mr. T. Humphrey Ward, who was a Fellow and tutor of Brasenose College, Oxford. It is interesting to know that she had published three novels before she wrote the famous *Robert Elsmere* in 1888, which made her literary reputation. Besides being a writer of fiction, Mrs. Ward has published other deeper literary works of very high distinction. "Marie Corelli," who is perhaps the most widely read woman novelist among the middle classes in England, has a hobby for collecting wild flowers, and rare old books, of which she has a unique collection. Her favourite recreations are reading and music; her adopted father, Charles Mackay, a well-known song-writer and *litterateur*, though best known as the editor of *One Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry*, intended her to adopt music as her profession. She was sent to France and educated in a convent, where she received an excellent education and musical

training. When she was barely fourteen years old, she began to write an elaborate opera entitled *Ginevra da Siena*. She also wrote two songs, *My Sweet Sweeting* and *Romeo's Good Night*. Her first attempt at literature was three sonnets on Shakespearian themes, written when she was studying for her musical career. In her autobiography she tells us that it was a curious physical experience which occurred to herself, which caused her to write *A Romance of Two Worlds*, which was published in 1886, and proved such an instant success that she adopted literature as her profession instead of music. She is still, however, an excellent musician. Her very vivid imagination and her wonderful flow of language may be partly accounted for by the fact that, mingled in her veins there is Italian and Highland Scotch blood. She is unmarried and lives the greater part of the year in London. One of our older and simpler favourites, Helen Mathers, whose *Coming Thro' the Rye* was perhaps more widely read than any novel of its day, was born at Misterton, Crewkerne, Somerset, in 1853. Her maiden name was Mathews, and she is now the wife of the famous orthopœdic surgeon, Henry Albert Reeves, who is a leading member of the X rays society. She was educated at Chantry School, Frome, and her favourite recreations are needlework and gardening. She also lives in London the greater part of the year.

Miss Braddon, whose literary fame in England has waned in the last ten years, has still, however, a prominent position in literature, for her works, along with those of Ouida's, are more widely translated into foreign languages than any of our living women writers.

I asked a Norwegian friend of mine, who is well qualified to know, who amongst our novelists of the present day were best known in Norway and Sweden, and she told me unhesitatingly that Ouida, Miss Braddon, Edna Lyall, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward were certainly the most popular; she did not think that any of Mrs. Molesworth's were as widely read or as well known.

This sounds a curious selection for a nation that has produced Ibsen and Bjornsen.

Miss Braddon is now a widow—her husband, the late Mr. John Maxwell, having been the publisher of her books. She was born in London, and was the daughter of a solicitor. She was educated at home, and at a very early age was devoted to literature; and when only twenty-three years old she published her first novel, *The Trail of the Serpent*, in serial form. Her next publication was the popular *Lady Audley's Secret*, which at once made her famous. This was an unusual piece of fortune, as it is very seldom that an early book brings the writer either great literary or great financial success.

If we look over the list of novels written by eminent novelists, men or women, in *Who's Who*, we will find that it is more often a third or fourth book which makes a mark; and, indeed, there are many instances amongst them of a writer's fame not being acknowledged until many years after the publication of his first book.

Miss Braddon has published about fifty-two novels. Her favourite forms of amusement are riding, gardening, and music. She lives in a charming old house at Richmond-on-Thames.

Among our more modern writers Sarah Grand's name is very prominently before the public. She was born in Ireland of English parents; her father was a lieutenant in the English navy. When only sixteen she married the late Surgeon Major McFall. She travelled for five years in East China and Japan, and wrote her first novel when she was twenty-six. As every one knows, she has always interested herself in the woman's movement, and is an active member of the Pioneer Club and Vice-President of the Mowbray House Cycling Association. Her favourite pastimes are sociology, music, and country life. She is a graceful and expert cyclist. According to the *Literary World*, she adopted the pseudonym of Sarah Grand because Dr. McFall objected to her using his name for publications, and has since adopted it for her sole name.

Margaret Woods, whose delightful books are not as widely read as their exquisite beauty and literary excellence would justify, is the wife of the Rev. H. E. Woods, D.D., late President of Trinity College, Oxford. She is the second daughter of Dean Bradley of Westminster, and was educated at home and at Miss Cawthorpe's school at Leamington. Her two best-known books are *A Village Tragedy* and *Esther Vanhomrigh*; the latter is the most exquisite account of Swift's romance with Stella that we have in fiction. Mrs. Woods' favourite amusements are skating and bicycling; she is also extremely fond of gardening.

Amongst our most famous artists we have Lady Butler, whose "Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras" are world-famed pictures. Her maiden name, under which her most famous paintings were exhibited, was Miss Elizabeth Thompson. She was born at Lausanne in Switzerland, and married in 1877 General Sir William Francis Butler, the well-known author of *The Great Lone Land* and other books of travel. She lived for some years in Italy, and studied her art in Florence.

Rosa Bonheur, whose famous picture "The Horse Fair" we are all familiar with, was born at Bordeaux in 1822. "The Horse Fair" was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1853.

The list of lady artists who are English by birth is singularly small, and very few of them have achieved a position of great eminence. On the other hand the stage is represented.

Amongst the eminent women who are doing the best philanthropic work, we must mention Miss Octavia Hill. She was educated principally at home, and first undertook the management of homes for the people in London in the year 1864. She takes an active part in the Charity Organisation Society, Commons Preservation Society, Kyrle Society, and the Women's University Settlement, etc. She has written and published a good deal of literature connected with her own work. Her principal recreation seems to lie in bettering the condition of the poor and in doing good generally.

Another lady who has made a great name for herself whom one might class under the same heading is Mrs. Fawcett, widow of the late Right Honourable Henry Fawcett, Post-Master-General. She was born at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and her maiden name was Garrett. She has published beside her books on political economy, *A Life of Queen Victoria*, and *Some Eminent Women of Our Time*. Mrs. Fawcett is a good cyclist and is fond of music and needlework. Her sister, Dr. Elisabeth Garrett Anderson received her M.D. degree at the University of Paris in 1870. She was educated privately and began to study medicine in 1860. The Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians refused to admit her to their examinations; she was admitted to the examination of the Society of Apothecaries and obtained a license to practice in 1865. In 1890 she was elected senior physician to the New Hospital for Women, and Lecturer on Medicine, and Dean of the London School of Medicine for Women in 1896. Her principal amusements are travelling and gardening.

Three other very able and eminent women whom it would be well to mention before passing on to a few of our Society Leaders. The first is Miss Eleanor Ormerod, F.R. Met. Soc., F.E.S., whose works on Natural History are so well known, and whose position as a naturalist is quite unique. She is, I believe, our only woman naturalist who has attained a widely recognised position as an authority on agricultural entomology, and her recreation is also part of her profession, namely a great love of flowers and gardening. She was born at Sedbury, and is the daughter of George Ormerod of Sedbury Park, Gloucestershire.

The second is Miss Flora Shaw, author and journalist, who holds the unique position of the only woman writer on the staff of the *Times* newspaper. She is the head of the Colonial department of the *Times*, and has undertaken special commissions to South Africa and Australia in connection with that paper. She has, besides her journalism, written a good number of works of light fiction. With her should be mentioned Miss Billington, the well-known author, who is now at the head of one of the chief departments of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Among the great ladies who are leaders of society, as well as writers, we have Lady Dufferin, who accompanied her husband, Lord Dufferin, to Canada and India. She was Ambassadress in Russia, Turkey, Italy and France. Her first publication was an account of their Viceregal tour in India, the next was her *Canadian Journal*, and her last work is *A Record of the Three Years' Work of the National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India*. Another Canadian Viceroy's wife, the Countess of Aberdeen, has also published an account of her tour through canada called *Through Canada with a Kodak*. The beautiful Countess of Warwick is one of the busiest women-workers of the day. Lady Warwick is the only peeress whose name appears over the door of a shop. It is the depot of a successful needlework school in Bond Street. Lady Warwick is identified with many public movements. Both at Warwick Castle and at Easton Lodge she has established a complete organisation for the welfare of the poor and the nursing of the sick. Her special hobby is the encouragement of gardening, of which she has published an interesting account. The Countess is an expert horsewoman and an energetic cyclist; she is also a great reader, and looks out for every important new book on cycling. Her beautiful half-sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, in addition to being a clever authoress, also takes a great interest in the welfare of the poor, and has often given her able support to the Society of Women Journalists. Among the aristocracy there is one well-known artist, the Marchioness of Granby. Almost everyone is familiar with her delicate and charming silver-point drawings of her children. The Duchess of Bedford, whose name is so well-known in connection with good works, has for her recreations reading fishing, shooting, and natural history, in connection with which last it may be recorded that the Duke has the finest private zoological gardens in England, if not in the world.

We hear on every side, especially from young men, who are, perhaps, a little jealous of our studies, "Yes, you women are doing great things, but there has never yet been a woman in any art or profession who has been greater than any man in her particular line." Granted that this is so, let us ask them to consider how long we women have been competing with men; how many generations of us have been taught the need of mental concentration and taking life seriously; and then let us ask them to look at what we have accomplished in the short time we have been working.

SWEET WILLIAM.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By the Author of "That Horrid Boy Next Door," etc.



CHAPTER I.

OUR-AND-EIGHTPENCE, not a penny more, and there's Willy's cod-liver oil to get out of it, and the coal to pay for, and two loaves we owe the baker at the street corner!"

Betty Merrick laid down her pen, and propped her chin on her elbows.

"Yes; it has made a difference, having to have fires," she said slowly. "Coal is coal here, and wood is wood, when one can't really afford them."

"And we can't," said Meg, still fingering the two florins and few coppers ruefully. "Things have been different since mother died."

"She was so clever," said Betty.

"And her pictures always sold," put in Meg mournfully, with a glance at the painting on the easel.

"Yes, and so will yours, Meg," said Betty hopefully. "It really isn't half bad. In fact, there's something little short of wonderful in the way you've caught the right expression in the eyes," coming over from the table and standing before it. "And—now I look at it in this light, I think it is simply splendid. Oh, Meg dear, I didn't know before you were so clever. It must sell. Why, it's just enough to make one cry." Betty choked something down in her throat, which sounded strangely like a sob. "What shall you call it, Meg darling?"

"I had thought 'Sweet William.'"

"Capital!" cried Betty, clapping her hands. "He was mother's sweet William. Meg, you're a genius." And she threw her arms round the elder girl with an excitable little hug.

"No, I'm not, Bet. I'm not a bit clever. If I were we shouldn't live in this hole and be poor as we are. We should have proper food and decent clothes and plenty of friends. And you, Bet, would be at school now, where you ought to be at your age, instead of grubbing away from morning till night for dear life."

"But, Meg, I'm seventeen," began Betty, in a little injured tone.

"I don't care, my dear. You are still a child."

"I'm sure I try to look grown-up," Betty went on, struggling to get a peep at herself in the bit of cracked mirror over the cornice. "I've done up my hair and lengthened my frocks."

"And you are still seventeen. Beside, you've been left school a year. Mother wouldn't have neglected your education, cost her what it would."

"You don't neglect it either, Meg dear. Don't you spend hours helping me to grind away at my Latin grammar and French verbs, when you could be doing other things? And copying MSS. is only strengthening and improving my handwriting."

"Not when you burn the midnight oil to do it."

"But that's only because I want to get it finished. There is seventeen shillings when I take it home."

"You always say the same. But I tell you your health won't stand it no more than your tender years. Poor living and long days, shut up in a bad-smelling, sunless old garret——"

"And you, Meg?"

"Oh, that's another thing! I'm old and hardy. I can stand anything."

"No you can't," said Betty solidly; "and it's no use trying to think you can! Flesh and blood can only put up with a certain amount of wear and tear. And you're all we've got now, Meg, and if anything were to happen to you—well, I don't know what would become of us."

Betty had caught Meg's hands and raised a pained tearful face.

"There—there, Bet," said Meg, kissing her. "Don't go bothering that little head of yours about me. You need it all for your work. I shall take care of myself for your sake—and Willy's."

Margaret and Betty Merrick were sisters, renting the top floor of a cheap lodging-house, where they had lived with a little sick brother since their mother died. It was not in the nicest of localities, but the Merricks could not pick and choose with their slender means, and they were glad to get anywhere to be able to make them eke out. And Brook-field Street was cheap, though dirty and common and saturated with an everlasting odour of fried fish and chip potatoes. But the Merricks kept to themselves, and while they had lived at number thirteen three years, they knew little or nothing of the other people in the house. The man on the next floor below chose to nod to them when he was sober, but he only received a stony dignified glare from Meg, though Betty responded cheerfully enough. He was a workman with a large family, who very often came home tipsy and kept them awake all night "having it out with the missis."

Margaret Merrick was twenty-three—a tall, pretty, brown-haired girl with soft blue eyes and a "better-class" air about her which the landlady vulgarly described as "stuck-huppish," in spite of the shabby, thread-bare gown and worn straw hat. Betty did not look the six years younger, though she was bright and girlish, with little feathery ways and a merry tongue which even poverty could not check. She was lithe and graceful, with hair inclined to redness, a tender coppery shade and plenty of it, twisted round her head. Her eyes were blue—three shades deeper than Meg's. She had a small mouth, rosy and prettily shaped, and a saucy chin, with a white throat, round which she wore always a thick beaten gold chain with an old-fashioned gold cross curiously wrought at the end of it. It was her mother's when she was a girl, the last gift of a fond eccentric old uncle, and as Betty was her living portrait, the locket fell to her keeping. Willy, the boy, had a look of Betty, only he was thinner and paler, with fair limp hair and brown eyes, which long suffering had made sad.

As Meg pushed open the door leading into an inner room, a narrow bit of a place with a bedstead stuffed up in a corner, and just room enough for a chair and a washstand, the evening sun stole through the little window, for once finding its way through the crowded chimney-pots, and fell in a pure strip over the bed and the boy sleeping there. It lay softly and sweetly on the small white face on the pillow, brushing the young pain-drawn mouth, and turning, with the same soft touch, the yellow head into golden.

"Still asleep," said the girl, in a queer, strangled voice as she let the door fall noiselessly to again. "But how he sleeps!"

"Yes—he isn't so well again to-day."

Meg sat down in a chair near the window and stared through at the flaring posters on the wall opposite.

"The doctor is right—London is killing him, slowly but surely. He's dying by inches, and we can't help ourselves—our hands are tied. It is fresh country air—far away from here—he's dying for."

"We couldn't raise the money?"

"Only by selling my picture. We might manage it then. I came across a bundle of mother's old letters the other day. They're all tied up together there in the davenport. There was one—here it is—from mother's old nurse, Emma Crossland. It is written from Scarcroft—Elm Tree Cottage, Scarcroft. Shall I read it to you? It begins—

"DEAR FRIEND,—i got Your letter telin me master Merrick was Dead. it was a grate blow to me as it was all so Suden, and its awful for you miss Polly, Who has always been used To bein a lady to have been left without a penny in the world, with your Little children. But you wer always one to look on the Brite side of things and brave always, but paintin picturs aint So payin nowadays. i hope you will forgive me what I am goin to Say. i know i am only an old woman and You are the bewtiful young Lady miss Polly that you Always was. But i wud be glad if ever you wer wanting to Cum down to the old place agen if you wud cum and make my poor cottage Your home. there is 2 rooms upstairs that is Never used, And the front parlor cud be your privet sitting-Room and ther is a goodish Bit of garden strip with Plenty of stuff in it That is only spoilin For the want of eatin. i hope that you will Forget what i have sed, miss Polly. i know it aint for such as Me to hope that you'll cum under my roof, But i wud Always be Glad to see any of you if a rainy day Shud cum and we never know. i can't forget you Miss Polly and all those happy days we had together Up at the Big house tho you did go away like That and the old man was never quiet Rite after. But they have buried him now and Ther was your uncle old silas Hebblethwaite cum down all the Way from Barclay to the funeral and he was askin about you miss Polly And i spoke you fair Dearie, And he sed He used to be So fond of you and he did miss your bonny face Them wer his words and i know it was a tear that fell down his coat. "i am an old Fool, emma," he said, "but i cant Help it." And i conklude Now with all my harts luv for you Dear miss Polly and the little girls and Boys.

your old friend,

Emma.

P.S.—Ther is sum new folk Cum up at the Hall and they is makin terible altrations and Puttin up things moden they says, it aint The same old place now.

emma Crossland."

"Well?" asked Betty, as Meg tied up the letter again with the others.

"Well, you could write to Emma and tell her all about ourselves. How mother died from a cold she took tramping one wet night to Hatton Garden taking home a picture.

And that Willy is very, very ill. You can tell her what a sickly baby he was, and that he has never really shaken off a bad attack of scarlet fever he had when he was four, and what the doctor says about getting him away from here before it is too late. You might say I am selling my picture, and, if she will take him, we should like to pay her a little something a week to have him down at Scarcroft a few months."

"Yes," said Betty, "and I'll just write it straight away"—sitting down at the table and rummaging in the drawer for note-paper and envelope. "You might ring for some coal, Meg. The fire is nearly out, and the nights do get chilly."

"And I'll just slip round to Caleb Stretton with my picture before it gets too dark to see it properly," said Meg, rising and proceeding to put on her out-door things.

"Did you ring, miss?"

"Yes, Mrs. Moreton. May we have some more coal? I am afraid we have forgotten the fire and let it get quite low. We were so busy talking."

"Oh, yes, miss," said the landlady meaningly. "Oh, yes, you can have some more coal. But maybe you are aware that the last two lots ain't paid for yet?"

"Yes, I know," began Meg timidly, "but I had meant——"

"You shall have your money to-morrow, Mrs. Moreton," said Betty, scratching away with her pen, "only do hurry up with the coal now. I'm all shivery"—making a sound of chattering teeth.

The woman called down the stairs to Sarah Ellen to bring another scuttle up.

"An' don't go pilin' it on as if coals was picked up in the streets," she grumbled, as Sarah Ellen made up the fire with generous good-nature, "when the others is owin' for yet."

"Oh, we mean to pay you, Mrs. Moreton. We shan't rob you of a farthing. We shall have plenty of money to-morrow. Meg's going to sell her picture and get a lot for it."

Mrs. Moreton regarded the canvas with evident disfavour.

"Humph," she snapped, "I don't know as 'ow some folks is so much prouder nor others, when they is beggars just the same."

Meg coloured painfully. Betty made a great ink blot trying to contain her feelings.

"Ther' is plenty o' better folk nor you as would ha' turned out an' done some work afore now, instead o' sitting a-twisting their thums here, an' puttin' on fine lady airs an' making decent folks believe they is everythink when they is nothink. Call it paintin' picturs, do you? Sorry's the penny you'll get for that daub, I'll be bound; an' I may starve to keep you fine ladies."

"Mrs. Moreton!"

"And ther' is him ther', as is as well as I am, only that you mamby-pamby's him up to nothink. Why don't you prentis him to the green-grocer down the street, as is wantin' a errand-boy?"

"But, Mrs. Moreton, Willy is so ill."

"Ill, does you say? It's lazy he is, an' if he wer' mine I'd thrash him till he hadn't a whole bone left in his body, but he'd work, and hard too."

"Oh, hush, Mrs. Moreton; he will hear you. He sleeps so lightly."

The woman laughed a discordant, mocking laugh.

"Sleeps so lightly, does he? Well, he ought to know 'ow to by now, he's done it long enough, any'ow. No, he'll not die just yet, more's the pity. He knows when he's got a good shop, he do, an' he'll stick in it as long as he can. Die——"

But Betty had sprung between them, with flaming eyes and hot cheeks, her fists tightly clenched.

"Mrs. Moreton, you've said enough—more than enough. Look there."

The door leading into the bed-room was open, and the boy, half-dressed, stood listening.

"We've paid you your rent, and you shall have the money for the coal to-morrow—first thing. You should have had it for the last time if we could help ourselves. It is only a thousand pities we are left to your mercy. You can go now."

"Well, come along with you, Sarah Ellen, and don't go a-stoppin' ther' all day," said Mrs. Moreton doggedly. "As for him," pointing to the boy; "ther's no occasion to take care o' him. He ain't a-goin' to die yet."

(*To be continued.*)



THE BENEFITS OF A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

Of the six millions of people who inhabit this vast metropolis more than one half remain within it throughout the year, and a very large number have never, in the whole course of their lives, left its suburbs. Yet these people live, many of them to an advanced age, often without ever having suffered illness save such ills as are endured by every one. In other words there are people who live entirely in great cities living long healthy lives. From this it is obvious that a stay in the country during the summer is by no means a necessity. But is it beneficial or only a luxury? Let us see.

For some months before taking the usual summer holiday the thought of the approaching vacation is a great stimulus to mental energy. When the vacation is over we look back to it as a time of rest and enjoyment and this likewise is a mental stimulant, stimulating us to work well that we may again enjoy a like holiday next year. When the holiday is in progress the worries and anxieties often far outdo the pleasure.

This is especially so in very busy city men and mothers who take their families for the annual fortnight to Margate. But even these look forward and backward to their summer vacation.

To children the idea of a few days at the seaside is ever fraught with delight, and as at this time of life anxiety has no place in the mind, the enjoyment of children when on a holiday is far more genuine than any earthly pleasure can be to their elders. Perhaps the most interesting and enjoyable part of a seaside holiday is to see children paddling and building sand-castles. Now if you let children paddle in the sea, you must pay attention to certain cautions; first, never let a child paddle for more than two hours a day; secondly, always make them dry their feet on a rough towel before putting on their stockings, and thirdly, let them wear a pair of old shoes or sandals, or best of all, Japanese matted shoes while in the water. The first and the second rule if attended to, will prevent any serious affection following wading. Unfortunately, many mothers allow their children to paddle all day long, and the stay at the seaside, instead of ensuring the health for the coming

year, is too often the starting-point of a serious complaint. Children cannot stand exposure, and is not paddling in cold water all day exposure of the severest kind?

Children often come back from the seaside and a few days afterwards develop some illness. Now in nine cases out of ten the mother will tell the physician, and really believe it herself, that the child caught the illness from the house where they were stopping while at the seaside, when in reality the cause of the sickness was exposure. Few people seem to recognise what a serious accusation it is to bring against a lodging-house, that a disease was caught from it. Illnesses are very rarely caught from lodging-houses, though most people who feel "seedy" after a holiday think that they have caught something from the house where they were staying.

The second caution—to make children dry their feet with a rough towel after paddling—must be observed. Some people think that it is good for the health to let the sea-water dry upon the body. This is a great mistake, for wet feet are always to be avoided.

It may seem a little unusual to suggest that children should wear shoes while in the water, but the very large number of cases of cut feet that occur every year at seaside resorts is a sufficient reason for not entering the sea without some protection from broken bottles and hungry mussels.

The enjoyment and rest given by a holiday would alone be sufficient reason for advising all, to whom it is possible, to take an annual holiday. But from the earliest times it has been recognised that there is a special physical benefit in a holiday.

The good derived from the summer holiday varies considerably with the place chosen. Thus of two persons if one goes to Margate and the other to Bournemouth, they will not be affected in the same way. But the benefit depends not so much on the place itself as upon the person going. Thus, though Margate will agree thoroughly with three people out of four, it will make the fourth feel ill and miserable. Now if these four people go to Torquay, it will make the three of them miserable and depressed, whereas it will just suit the fourth. It is obvious it would be a great blessing if we could tell beforehand what place will suit us. But we do not want to visit the same place every year. We want variety of scenery with a constant form of climate.

We often talk of a "relaxing" or of a bracing climate, and this is the first division we can make. All bracing places are, to a certain extent, alike; and so are all relaxing places. But we must go further than this, for some people can stand one bracing place, whereas they are completely prostrated by another place equally bracing. We can make the following arbitrary divisions of the health resorts in Britain:—

1. Seaside, north aspect.
2. Seaside, east aspect.
3. Seaside, south aspect.
4. Mouths of rivers.
5. Channel Islands.
6. Moors.
7. Mountains.
8. Undulating country.
9. Woodlands.
10. Lakes.
11. Riversides.
12. Baths and hydropathic establishments.

Besides this classification one might divide resorts in a more scientific but less convenient way into the various soils, and so talk about a gravelly, clay, loam, chalk, or alluvial soil.

The first division has been chosen for the following reasons. It can be followed by anyone. Every one knows what a "moor" or a mouth of a river is, but it is not very many of my readers who have a very clear notion as to what is chalky loam, or "Wealden clay."

Again, the classification I have chosen corresponds in a certain degree to the kind of climate. All woodlands have much the same climate, though one may be on sand and another on clay or chalk. But the soil does have a certain, often a very marked, influence.

Seaside watering-places with a north or eastern aspect are very bracing. Margate, Folkestone, Hunstanton, Cromer are the best known of these, and the order in which they are named is that of their severity. For an ordinary hard-worked Londoner these are the best places for the summer holiday. But it is not all that can stand them. A day at Margate when there is a good wind will take your breath away, and does it not make you hungry? You could stow away twice as much food in Margate as you could in London, and instead of doing harm it does you good.

Seaside places facing south are far less bracing than those with a north aspect. The south coast of Devonshire and part of Cornwall is most enervating. For delicate people the South coast is better than the more vigorous north. People with poor digestions, or who suffer from rheumatism and neuralgia, do better at the south coast than elsewhere. If ever you are compelled through illness to winter at the seaside, it will almost invariably be Brighton or its neighbourhood that you are advised to go to. For Brighton is bracing all the year round, but it never has the rigorous climate of Margate, and is therefore far more suitable for wintering at.

The mouths of rivers are not good places for a holiday. Most towns at the mouth of rivers are liable to have rubbish thrown up on their shores.

The seaside does not agree with everybody. Asthmatics are usually made worse by a seaside holiday. This is said to be due to "ozone," which is always present in sea air, and is a violent irritant to the lungs. Gouty people and very stout people do not, as a rule, feel well at the seaside.

The moors of Yorkshire and Scotland stand second only to Margate in the keen fresh bracing air which is always present there. Personally I believe that a summer holiday on the moors is one of the best of all holidays for health and enjoyment. The Scotch moorlands are very healthy, notwithstanding their mists and chronic foul weather. The Scots that inhabit them are, indeed, among the most healthy people in Europe. For the dyspeptic old alderman a month's grouse shooting, or better still, tramping on the moors is the finest thing going, the air will just suit him, and the scarcity of port wine and other luxuries will help in an astonishing manner to pull him together again.

There are few spots in England more beautiful than the Peak of Derbyshire, but there are few more depressing. If ever you go there you will feel as though you had no energy, hardly sufficient energy to eat. Parts of Somerset, Devon, Cornwall and Dorsetshire are also terribly relaxing, and though delightful resorts for the very aged or for those suffering from certain serious incurable diseases, they are bad places for an ordinary mortal to spend her vacation.

The hydropathic stations in England are not so popular as the Continental ones, but there are several that are quite equal in their way to those of Homburg and Aix-la-Chapelle.

Chief among the English baths is Harrogate, with its nauseous and ill-smelling, but withal valuable sulphur baths. Bath, with its indifferent water, is also supposed to be of value in certain diseases.

There can be no doubt that the chief benefits obtained from "hydrotherapy" are due to the strict regimen in force at the hydropathic establishment and the change of air and scene. The waters themselves play a very secondary part in the treatment. The elaborate ceremonies necessary before drinking the waters and the complex and ingenious methods of bathing and being bathed owe most of the efficacy they possess to the effect on the mind of the sufferer. Personally I do not believe much in the virtues of the waters themselves but that hydropathic institutions do cure certain ailments, especially such as are due to over-eating, there can be no doubt whatever.

The best place at which to spend a vacation of a week or two is undoubtedly the ocean. To be upon the sea in a boat, a mere speck upon the vast sheet of waters, with no land in sight, with nothing but sea and sky and wind is undoubtedly the most healthy position on this earth. There are no microbes here. A small pinch of dust of a London room contains many, many millions of germs, sometimes some so virulent, that if inhaled they might produce the most fearful diseases. But on the sea, were you to examine every particle of air, you would not find one single microbe.

If you are a good sailor a sea voyage is healthful and delightful, but if you suffer from sickness, it is not only not healthful, but it is downright hurtful to go upon the sea, and as all who have suffered know, it is anything but enjoyable. People seem to get stranger ideas every day! I was told last week that sea-sickness actually did you good! Where does this remarkable assertion hail from? for apparently it is very commonly believed, but it is absolutely untrue! Sea-sickness does you harm, and it may do you great harm.

We may, therefore, take it for granted that a holiday away from town is beneficial both for the mind and body. Let us see how it is good for the body.

Undoubtedly the most important item in a holiday is the change of employment and the change of scene. I take this to be true because people feel better even after a stay at an unhealthy place, whereas we do not get much benefit from stopping at a healthy spot if we carry on our professions as we do in London. Besides this, the great cities themselves, thanks to modern sanitary science, are by no means unhealthy places. Many of the suburbs of London are among the most healthy places in England.

The second point is "the air." This is undoubtedly purer in the country or at the seaside than it is in London, and fresh air is the finest necessity of existence.

A third reason why country life is more healthy than London life is the amount of exercise indulged in. We think it a tremendous journey to walk half a mile in London, whereas most of us do our five to twenty or more miles a day when in the country. And here again comes in the vast importance of change of scene, for is not the exploration of unknown regions the chief stimulus to long walks?

At the seaside there is another healthy item, the bath. These baths are of two kinds, sea-baths and sun-baths. Both are very beneficial in moderation, but are liable to be abused.

Take your sea-bath when the sun is on the water, and do not remain in the water for over half an hour. Thoroughly dry yourself when you emerge, dress rapidly, and take a small meal afterwards.

Sun-baths are less troublesome than sea-baths. They consist in lying down on the sand and passively allowing the sun to bake you. That this is absolute idleness is unquestionable, but except that it is conducive to freckles, it is most healthful in moderation, especially to elderly people, who do not care for, or cannot stand the shock of the sea-bath itself.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

ADA.—Hairs grow upon the arms of every man, woman and child, only they are not equally conspicuous in all. We advise you to leave your arms alone. Of course, you might be able to bleach them with peroxide of hydrogen, and there is no harm in trying it if you wish to do so.

ENDOR.—You have, indeed, had a lot to suffer, but it is not uncommon for young women to suffer in exactly the same way as yourself. We have carefully read your letter and there is no symptom that you give us that cannot be accounted for by anæmia. There is a profound belief in the minds of girls that if you have anæmia you should take iron. This is quite right for nine anæmic girls out of ten; but for the tenth, iron is far worse than useless, if taken carelessly. This tenth girl has indigestion, serious indigestion, and her stomach cannot digest iron, for iron is a very indigestible drug. In these cases, it is absolutely necessary to treat and cure the indigestion. When this has been done, but not before, iron may be cautiously tried, beginning with the mildest preparation, *i.e.*, dialysed iron. If you will read the article on "Diet in Health and Sickness," which appeared in this Magazine last year, and the article on "Indigestion" which appeared in December, and also the various "Answers to Correspondents" which we have brought out from time to time in the present volume, you will obtain every detail in the treatment of indigestion. Remember to take an aperient such as liquorice powder, or a pill of aloes and nux vomica as often as it may be necessary, and be very, very careful about your diet.

A CONSTANT READER.—1. You will find "brilliantine" a useful application for making the hair grow. American bay rum is also very efficacious in some cases.—2. For red and rough hands wear gloves whenever you go out; wash your hands in warm water and be careful to thoroughly dry them afterwards. Glycerine and rose-water or glycerine and cucumber are useful applications for keeping the skin soft.

FLORENCE.—"Housemaid's knee" is an inflammation of the tissues in front of the knee-joint, and in ordinary cases does not affect the joint at all. It is caused by kneeling on hard floors, and therefore most commonly occurs in housemaids, whence its name. Prevention is better than cure, and if you cannot always prevent the occurrence of housemaid's knee you can at least reduce the chance of getting it to a minimum. You do this by always using a pad to kneel upon. Every housemaid should have a wicker-work pad or "kneeler." If she has not got one she should ask her mistress to obtain one for her; and when she has got it she should use it and use it always. Because it is a little extra trouble nine housemaids out of ten refuse to use a kneeling-pad. Of the very many cases of "housemaid's knee" that we have seen, not one has occurred in a maid who used her "kneeler" invariably. When once the condition has developed, rest from kneeling is essential. Rest in bed, with the knees elevated on a pillow, and the application of a hot fomentation or poultice to the knee will often cut short the condition. But when the affection has occurred once it is very liable to return. In these cases, strapping the knee, inunction with ointment and massage are often useful, but when a servant is incapacitated by often recurring attacks a surgical operation should be performed without delay, as this will cure her for good. The popular remedy of painting the knee with iodine is of exceedingly doubtful value.

UNHAPPY.—You evidently suffer from deafness due to obstruction in the tube leading from the throat to the ear. The treatment for this most troublesome condition is, first to get the throat in order, and then to try to "clear" the tube (Eustachian tube). You have had your throat seen to and an operation performed upon it. But what was the nature of the operation? Of this you tell us nothing. The second point, clearing the tube, can be done in two ways, first by introducing styles into the tube—this, of course, can only be done by a skilled specialist—the other way is by introducing special drugs into the throat, closing the nostrils, and swallowing. This action opens the mouths of the tubes and allows the drugs to get into them. The best preparation is menthol in paroleine (1 in 8) sprayed or painted upon the back of the throat. Menthol is an antiseptic, and is very volatile, and its vapours very readily enter the Eustachian tube. This simple manœuvre may be repeated two or three times a day. These cases of so-called throat deafness are always difficult, often impossible, to cure, but slight mitigation may be expected in nearly every case.

CANARY.—Decidedly the cause of your bird's trouble is insects (or rather mites). You should give the bird a bath of salt and water *every day*. Let him come out and have a fly round the room occasionally. If you can, you had better get another cage. Metal is far better than wood for cages. If you cannot get a new cage, thoroughly scrub out the old cage with soap and water, and dry it in the sun.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

B. J.—We think there must be some mistake in the copying of your musical passage. Two persons performing a pianoforte duet cannot possibly play the same notes in the same place on the keyboard! The sign you quote usually means that, in a repeated passage, the bar so noted is to be played the first time only, but in such a case it would occur in "Primo" and "Secondo" alike. We cannot help you further unless we were to see the music in question.

LILIAN.—1. We have inserted your quotation in "Our Open Letter-Box." The time you give us for answering your query is far too brief. We go to press some time before the magazine reaches your hands.—2. Koko for the hair is said to be harmless, but we cannot take the responsibility of recommending any patent toilet preparations.

E. GLADYS LAW.—Your quotation is not quite accurately given; it should read thus (with the next line)—

> "The light that never was, on sea or land;
> The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

The passage, which you will agree is one of the most beautiful in the English language, is found in a poem by Wordsworth, "Elegiac Stanzas: Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle after a Storm."

E. BRYAN.—We have pleasure in telling you that *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen* is by Mrs. Oliphant, and the publishers of the book are Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.—We do not think you could hope to see your story in any magazine. You dwell too much on details which are unimportant, and the story of a grisly bear attacking a holiday-maker in a Yorkshire village is not "convincing." Your style is fairly graphic, but we are afraid to give you hope of future possibilities of earning. Note that "oblige" is not spelt with a *d*.

PANSY.—The duet you mention must be adapted from the song "Pestal," which, now out of date, was once a favourite, though a melancholy strain. It was said that words and music alike were composed by a Russian political prisoner before his doom. The first verse was something after this style:—

> "Rest! it comes at last!
> And from a troubled dream awaking
> Death shall soon be past,
> And brighter worlds around me breaking.
> Hark, I hear sweet voices sing to me
> Soon thou shalt be free,
> Child of misery," etc.

Perhaps, guided by this information, your music-sellers could tell you the publishers of the duet "Pestal," or one of our correspondents may help you.

A DEVONIAN.—We can hardly tell you whether you can study for the Trinity College examination without the aid of a teacher, as so much depends upon your taste and ability, and your musical acquirements up to the present date. Probably you could do so, but we should advise you to apply to the Secretary, Trinity College, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, London, asking what music you would need to study, and all details as to the examination. We sympathise with you in your delicate health, and hope you will grow stronger.

SPIDER'S WEB.—We go to press some time before you receive your magazine, so that we can never answer queries in the "next number or two." For this we are sorry, as we should like to express our sympathy with you. Your sad verses are certainly, as regards literary merit, fully up to the average of the poems we receive for criticism. We trust that before this time you have come to feel less lonely. At first, in bereavement of the sort you have evidently experienced, the desolation seems intolerable, but the possibilities of life are wonderful, and we hope you have found comfort. We should encourage you to express your thoughts in this way if it is a relief to you.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.—1. You are certainly not too young for us to be pleased to receive and answer your letter, although your age would forbid us to criticise your verses too severely. You should not use the pronoun "they" in the line

> "Be near me when rough winds they blow,"

although it is needed for the length of the line. Never use superfluous words only as a make-weight. The adjective "balmy" occurs too often. The longing expressed in your lines for your own country is touching, and we praise you for trying to express what you really feel instead of what you know only at second-hand.—2. The 21st of August, 1880, was a Saturday.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—We do not advise you to try to write poetry. There are four mistakes in spelling on the untidy sheet you send us, and you use "knowest" for "knoweth." We should urge you to work hard at lessons, though we do not know your age. The reading of good poetry, which we are glad to hear you enjoy, will be an excellent thing for you.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

PEG (*Medical Profession*).—We are afraid that to a girl without means the medical profession is closed. To become a doctor involves five years' training and residence in one of the cities where there is a medical school open to women. Moreover, an excellent general education is needed as a preparation, and although you are doing your best to profit by the opportunities afforded you of Extension Classes, you will probably be at a disadvantage compared with a girl who has continued her general education at a high school up to the age of eighteen, instead of leaving school at fourteen, as you have done. Our advice to you is to continue to avail yourself, as you are doing, of all the educational advantages you possess, but to turn your attention rather to a business career than to the profession of medicine. A position in a superior kind of wholesale manufactory—for example, electrical works, a manufacturing chemist's, or a firm dealing in typewriting machines—would probably be one in which you might eventually do well.

AN OLD READER (*Hospital Nursing*).—Your friends have been misinformed. You are a suitable age for admission to the majority of hospitals. Apply, in Liverpool, to the Liverpool Training School and Home for Nurses, Ashton Street; Liverpool Northern Hospital; Royal Southern Hospital, and the Workhouse Infirmary, Brownlow Hill; and in London to the London Hospital, Whitechapel Road, E.; St. Bartholomew's, East Smithfield, E.C., or to St. Thomas's, Palace Road, Lambeth, S.E.

HOPE (*Poultry Farming*).—Poultry farming is, like many other occupations, a good stick but a bad crutch; that is to say, some money may be earned by it, but generally not enough to constitute a regular income. There are now many places where you could be trained in poultry farming alone; although you might be taught this business in connection with gardening, housewifery, or some other subject. You might apply to the Director of the St. Leonard's Poultry Farm, near Ringwood, Hants; ladies have occasionally been received there as pupils, we believe.

GREENHORN (*Teaching*).—For a post as teacher in the very best schools, including the first of those you mention, preference is given to candidates possessing a University degree or its equivalent; but to have passed the London Matriculation would be sufficient qualification for a post in many schools, or for a governess-ship in private families. We recommend you to consult the Teachers' Guild, 74, Gower Street, further on the subject. Elementary teaching is a branch of the profession which might offer you good opportunities for distinction at the present time.

DOMINANT (*Music Teaching*).—This offers a very precarious living to a girl, unless music is one subject out of many which she can teach, as in the case of a private governess. It is a great pity to overwork, as you evidently are doing; for loss of health means loss of money, as well as the deprivation of many sources of happiness. You should consult a doctor at once about your eyes.

ASPIRANT (*Book-keeping*).—You find you cannot settle down to domestic service, and, consequently, you are taking lessons in book-keeping. You must remember that there are book-keepers and book-keepers. We have known a woman earn £60 a year with board and lodging by acting as head book-keeper to a draper in a country town. Book-keeping in the drapery business, however, is very exacting work and implies long hours. In the lighter kinds of book-keeping, such as those you mention, the pay is often very low, and girls have difficulty in obtaining situations At a butcher's, for instance, you would not be likely to earn more than fifteen shillings a week, out of which you would be obliged to support yourself entirely. You would not be at all so well off as you now are. The point for you to consider is whether you have sufficient aptitude for business to become a first-rate book-keeper and to work long hours without over-strain. If not, you had better try to improve your position in domestic service by becoming a first-rate waitress and parlour-maid.

SCHOOLGIRL (*Savings Bank Clerkship*).—Examinations are usually held about twice a year in London and other centres; the dates are announced some time beforehand in the London daily papers. These announcements should be looked for on a Thursday. You had better try for a vacancy as Female Sorter. The subjects required are reading, copying MS., handwriting, spelling, arithmetic and geography. Sorters may be attached to any department of the Post Office. If you think of entering the Civil Service you had better not lose time, as you are sixteen, and, consequently, old enough to enter the examination for a post as sorter.

MADCAP (*Post-Office*).—See reply to "Schoolgirl."

GARNET (*Dressmaking*).—1. The address you require is the Scientific Dress-cutting Association, Oxford Circus, London.—2. December 13, 1871, was a Wednesday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVER OF FLOWERS.—The white heather means "luck to finder," and we have heard that it owes its introduction in England as a flower at marriages, or love-token, to the wedding of the Princess-Royal.

IGNORAMUS.—Cards are left on the occasion of a first visit on the hall table on going out for the purpose of giving your address, even if the lady were at home and you saw her. If you be married, you should leave your husband's card, in case there was a gentleman.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.



GOVERNESS.—Kent House, 91, Great Portland Street, London, W., a boarding house for students, clerks, teachers and others, is most comfortable and home-like. Single rooms can be had as well as double cubicles. The terms are moderate, and those who have been there speak most highly of the management. Address the Hon. Superintendent, or go and see for yourself.

EPILEPTIC.—We should think the Working Colony, Chalfont St. Peters, offered the best hope for your afflicted daughter. We are unable to find any homes under 10s. or 12s. per week. Perhaps some Incurable Home might undertake the charge of her for rather less.

HOLLY BERRIES.—It is a fact that the sun does put out the fire. The following is the explanation given. The action of the sun's rays, by rarefying the air causes it to flow more slowly to the fire, and even that which reaches the fire affords less nourishment—for it contains less oxygen than the same quantity of condensed air.

FLEURESTINE.—All persons born in Her Majesty's dominions, whether of British or foreign parents, are deemed to be British subjects.

M. R. McC. (Jamaica).—There is a book called *Unclaimed Money*, by Mr. Sydney H. Preston, and published by E. W. Allen, London, in which you could find all particulars. Other lists are also published by various agents who advertise, but we cannot say anything of their value.

ANNIE.—If the descendants are unable to support themselves, grandparents are obliged to maintain them, if able to do so.

T. B. C. W.—The months of the year could be represented by the children being attired as the flowers or shrubs of each month. December and January, mistletoe and holly; February, snowdrop; March, violet; April, hyacinth or lent lily; May, hawthorn and lilac, and so on.

MOTHER.—Let your children have the benefit of real holidays, not partial ones. An eminent physician expresses very strong disapproval of "holiday lessons." The brain of a growing child needs absolute rest. We have just read a *résumé* from a German medical journal of an article from a Berlin head-master, who has been making experimental studies on the now serious question of mental over-pressure in the education of children, and more or less applicable to all engaged in brain-work. After the rest of Sunday, Monday and Tuesday are the best days for study; the best working hours are in the morning after the rest of the night. After the holidays a strengthening and refreshment of the brain lasts for a period of a month. Thus the professor urges the necessity for a holiday in the middle of each week—on Wednesday or Thursday. He has discovered that the most fat'guing studies are mathematics, foreign languages, and above all else gymnastics, all of which should be made the morning's work; while natural science, English (or the native language of the pupil), history, geography, and religion should be relegated to the afternoon as the least trying of all, but there should be an interval of rest in the three hours' study of the afternoon.

MUCH WORRIED ONE.—We sympathise with you although not sufficiently acquainted with your circumstances to be your adviser. But we may remind you of the Divine admonition given in Philippians iv. 6; and by our Lord, see St. Matt. vi. 34. Fretting and worrying over present troubles, and anticipating others that may never be realised, is not only unchristian but it weakens certain of the brain-cells, wearing them out just as the continual dropping of water will act on a stone. All the other organs are affected through the brain, and causes disease in one or more of them; but the origin of the evil lies in the unhealthy and never intended wear and tear of the brain through worry—and worry kills at last! If you have but little time at your disposal for doing needlework for the poor of the parish, we recommend you always to have some knitting on hand, to be taken up at odd minutes, the wool or "fingering" being inexpensive. We are great advocates for the acquirement of this kind of work, as well as crochet wool-work, which are more universally practised abroad than here. So important is knitting regarded in Norway as a part of a girl's education, that a law has recently been passed rendering a girl ineligible for marriage until she have obtained a certificate of proficiency in this homely yet pretty art, as well as in spinning and in baking.

WINTON.—The special verse which the inquirer appears to have in her mind is, we imagine, that in the 1st Cor. xv. 58, "always abounding in the work of the Lord." There are many such injunctions to lose no opportunity in working for God, such as in 2 Tim. iv. 2, "Preach the word, be instant, in season, out of season;" also St. Luke xix. 13, "Occupy till I come," and St. Mark xiii. 35, 36, 37.

M. W.—Persons troubled with any weakness of the heart should beware of certain things. There is more to be avoided than done. The treatment is more of a negative than positive character. They should never run, nor mount more stairs, nor ascend more hills than might be avoided. Their food should be specially nutritious, because taken in small quantities, and of an easily digestive character, so that the action of the heart may not be impeded by pressure. For the same reason there should be no tightness in the stays or waistbands. There should be an ample amount of warm coverings over the bed, for when recumbent and asleep the heart makes ten strokes less in a minute than when upright, and in an hour 600 beats less! So, as an American Scientific Journal observes, you should compensate for lack of warmth in the blood-supply by special warmth in your external wraps.

IRIS.—The form of invitation might be "Mr. or Mrs. Jones request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Smith's company at the celebration of their silver wedding on the evening of April 30, 1898, from 9 to 12 o'clock." In America these invitation cards are printed in silver letters and sometimes tied with silver cords, as they were in former times in England. They should be sent out a fortnight previously. Coffee and tea, with cakes and bread and butter should be ready in an anteroom as people assemble, and at 10.30 the supper should be served. This would be a "stand up" one, and you would arrange for that sandwiches, jellies, ices, and everything that could be eaten either standing, or at tiny tables placed round the room. Bouillon in cups, and coffee will be required. A simple supper is easily arranged, but the handing round of refreshments is a great additional trouble, especially in a small house. If you have many people you will find it best to have a man in to wait, for if he be a clever person he is an immense assistance.

W. E. A.—We cannot decipher the fourth letter. It does not exist. Pronounce Don Quixote, as Quicks-ote; and Cervantes, as Sir-van-tees. De Stael is French, and the sound is not rendered by English letters. Your writing is too accurately formed to be described as "a scribble." If you wish to form it otherwise, select a hand you like, and copy it carefully every day till the habit is acquired of writing in the same style.

KITTY.—1. The Mount of Olives was the scene of the Sermon on the Mount.—2. The value of the crown-pieces of Queen Anne is very varied, from 7s. 6d. to £3 5s., according to date and condition. A hammered shilling of Queen Elizabeth is worth from 2s. 6d. to £1 13s., a milled one from 7s. 6d., and one was sold in London a few years ago for £10 5s. You give no description nor date, so we cannot say any more about them than give a general idea of values.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART IX.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

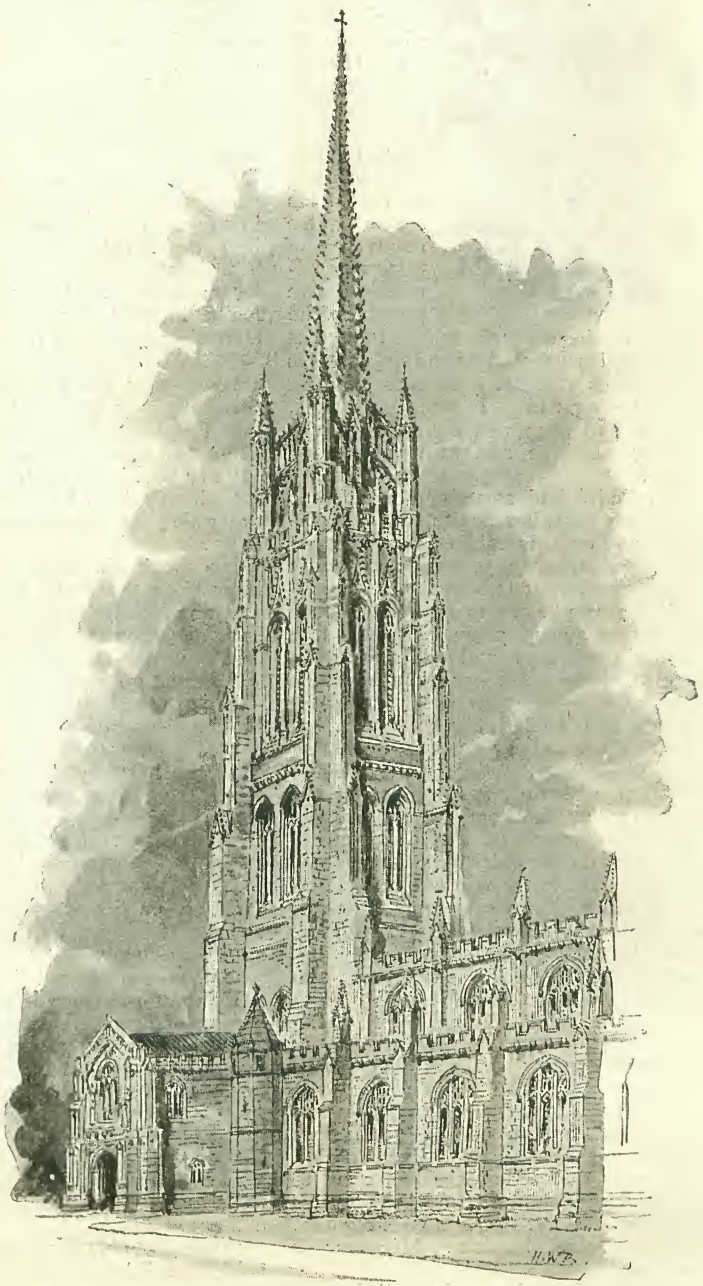
IN our two former papers we pointed out the richness and beauty of the Norfolk and Suffolk churches, and the value of those two counties as a field for the study of mediæval architecture.

Lincolnshire, which we are about to consider, is in a somewhat different way quite as celebrated for its splendid churches. Nowhere in England are grander parish churches to be found than Louth, Boston, Grantham, Heckington, and Holbeach. But there is one great peculiarity about the Lincolnshire churches. The county is divided into two parts by the River Witham, which are called respectively the Northern and the Southern Division. The Witham flows through the city of Lincoln and finds its way to the sea near Boston. Now, nearly all the fine churches are in the Southern Division, the principal exceptions being Louth and Tattershall, and what is still more remarkable is that while the Northern and larger division possesses only three or four stone spires, they are extremely numerous in the Southern Division. It is also not a little remarkable that the churches in the episcopal city and its immediate neighbourhood should be small and quite unimportant except, perhaps, for their remarkable antiquity, several of them dating from times previous to the Norman Conquest; so the glorious minster which looks down from its lofty hill in solitary grandeur, without a single rival to detract from its majestic proportions, forms an object which, externally at least, impresses the mind more deeply than any other church in Europe. Were the interior equally striking, it would perhaps have no rival anywhere; but the want of height in proportion to its width and vast length, is fatal to its claim to be considered "the most beautiful church in England."

The most remarkable churches in the county will be found in the neighbourhoods of Sleaford, Holbeach, and close to the Northamptonshire border. Amongst the Sleaford group are Ewerby, Heckington, Helpringham, Silk-Willoughby, Aswarby, Ranceby Braughton, Anwick, Swineshead and Sleaford—all of which possess graceful stone spires. The Holbeach group include Moulton, Long Sutton, Sutton St. Nicholas, Gedney, Gosberton, Fleet, and the noble church of Holbeach—all possessing spires. Three of the grandest, however, Louth, Boston, and Grantham, are somewhat isolated in position.

Louth is a very grand example of a parish church of a Perpendicular period with a tower and a spire nearly 300 feet high. It has, however, one remarkable peculiarity: the tower, as high as the battlements, is almost identical with that of Boston, and there is a tradition that they are works of the same architect; now Louth tower was commenced in 1501 by an architect of the name of Cole, but he either died or ceased to direct the works before the spire was built, and it is a curious fact that both of these beautiful works should exhibit their solitary defect at the same point, that is, at the junction of the tower with its superstructure. At Boston, instead of a spire or lantern starting from this point, an extra storey is added, which breaks up the continuity of the composition; above this, it is true, there is an open lantern of very beautiful form, but had the lantern been placed over the belfry storey the design would have been perfect. At Louth the spire does grow out of the tower over the belfry storey; but there is one defect, the pinnacles at the base of the spire are so lofty as to make the spire appear too small for so grand a

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LOUTH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

tower. This defect makes these two otherwise magnificent works less pleasing in general effect than the spires of Ewerby and Heckington, which are planned more in accordance with the Northamptonshire models. And it may be a question whether the beauty of the churches and their spires in the Southern Division of Lincolnshire may not be ascribed to the influence of the Northamptonshire school of mediæval architecture and their contiguity to that very remarkable county.

The absence of cruciform churches with central tower is a singular fact in the Southern Division of Lincolnshire, although many of the churches are unusually spacious.

Our reason for selecting Louth as our illustration is that it shows less Northamptonshire influence than any other spire in the county

It is impossible to travel through Lincolnshire and notice its magnificent church towers without being impressed by the fact that in mediæval times it was a more than usually prosperous county, and one which carried on a remunerative trade both by sea and land.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.



CHAPTER XI.

DR. ANDRÉ FÉRAUDY arrived at the little station at Poinville at six-thirty, and found Maturin waiting for him with the trap. Maturin had a great deal to tell him about the condition of things at Féraudy; the promise of the fields, of the orchards where the great cider apples weighed down the branches of the trees with the abundance of their fast ripening fruit. It was a fine year, Nature had been very bountiful, apportioning sunshine and rain with equal grace.

Dr. André had something to ask too about his aunt, her health and occupations, and on this subject also Maturin was voluble. The young doctor could not bring himself to ask about Génie—until Maturin began to speak about her of his own accord, telling his little tale of her usefulness and willingness—of how everyone loved her, even Madame Canière, who, everyone knew, cared for nobody and bullied her poor son, but would do anything in the world for *notre demoiselle*.

Madame Féraudy was waiting at the door to receive her nephew; her face was rigid, and her eyes dark with anxiety as she gave him the quick kiss that was all she ever gave in the way of caress.

"It was good of you to come at once," she said. "And you will stay with me some days, I hope. You are very thin, André," she said, looking at him lovingly. "Too thin, my boy."

"I am starving," he answered, trying to speak gaily. "That is the worst of this fresh country air, it is a very poor economy."

"We will dine at once—instantly, my boy. Génie has not come in yet, but we will put her dinner aside. Dear child! I have no doubt that she has gone to see Madame Lamotte, and they always keep her as long as they possibly can. Jeanne! Jeanne! quick! Monsieur is starving."

"It is all ready, madame," Jeanne shouted from the inner room, and as they went in she flourished off the cover of the soup-tureen.

In spite of Dr. André's assertion that he was starving, after swallowing a few spoonfuls he tried to hide that he was sending away his plate. It was the same with the delicately fried fish and chicken.

"For a hungry man you eat marvellously little," said his aunt rather drily; she was disappointed and her heart was beating fast.

"It is enough, *ma tante*," said the young man. "One loses one's appetite in town. Let Jeanne bring our coffee into the garden. Let us sit in the arbour, it will be cool and quiet there for our talk. See! how pretty St. Anne looks in that lovely glow. What a charming evening it is."

Madame Féraudy seated herself in the arbour—even her pride in her statue of St. Anne was put aside this evening. Her lips were dry when she began the subject so near her heart.

"My boy," she said, "I must begin, for already it is late. First of all you are going to stay with me for a few days?"

He shook his head. He had seated himself on the rustic table by her side and was looking out to sea. The sunset glow shone on the thin dark young face, and lit up the steadfast eyes.

"I must go back to-morrow, *maman*—back to the battle-field. The fever has broken out again."

"Ah, may God be merciful," said Madame Féraudy shrinking. "That is terrible at this time of year. Then, André—listen—you got my letter?"

"Yes, dear. I got your letter and I considered it carefully."

"And what am I to do, André!"

"You cannot do better, dear, than accept Monsieur Canière's offer," he said very slowly.

"You—you say so?"

He went on rather dreamily. "He is a man of excellent character—of much talent—he is doing very well in a most honourable profession. He can give her ease, even wealth, and all the bright pretty accessories of life that women love so well."

"That is a man's view of women!" said Madame Féraudy hoarsely. "All those advantages would be nothing if she cared——"

"But that also need not be wanting," said André looking still over the sea. "He can give her the best gift it is in the power of a man to give, his devoted love."

There was a moment's pause. Madame Féraudy was struggling with the conflicting feelings in her breast and with the strong sense of opposition to his conclusions. There was something in his face which awed her into silence, and forced back remonstrance.

Dr. André turned to her suddenly with a smile so sweet that the tears rushed into her eyes.

"So, *maman*," he said, "he must have his chance. We, the two stern guardians, must allow him every opportunity."

Madame Féraudy looked up at him and saw how his wistful eyes again wandered out to sea.

"André," she said, very low, "I had another hope, and it was very dear to me."

"Here is Jeanne with our coffee," he said in a quick common-place tone. "Pour it out, dear. You do not need to be reminded that I like plenty of sugar."

Jeanne put down the tray and went away. She sky was blazing with colour, it was becoming late. Jeanne thought to herself, "Surely it was very strange that Madame Féraudy had not begun to wonder why Génie had not come home." She grumbled a little as she went indoors; young girls should not be allowed so much liberty, it was not so in her day.

André put down the scarcely-tasted coffee.

"*Maman*," he said, "I know that you have had other hopes, it is natural. You have been my mother always, and it is very hard on you to see how unsatisfactory I am, and that I can never promise to settle down with you in a peaceful family party as other men do. But it is better to realise the fact, that it can never be. My life is dedicated to my poor."

"And must it be always so, André? Are you to have none of the common joys of men? none of their blessings—no loving wife? no little child?"

"No. I cannot drag a woman into my life of toil and poverty and even privation. I have no right to do so, and I would not if I could. I have no money now, *maman*, it is all sunk in the little hospice. My earnings in our quarter are just enough for me to live on alone. And after all, is this a time to talk of such things when we are on the verge of a fever which, mark you, at this time of year will be no trifle. Jeanne!"

He started forward, for Jeanne came running across the garden.

"Monsieur! Madame!" she cried. "Pierre the fisherman, old Battiste's Pierre, is here and wishes to speak to you."

The man, a rough seaman in a blue ribbed jersey, had not waited, but followed quickly in her steps.

"Madame," he began hastily, "I thought it better to see you. It is just this. My grandfather, old Battiste, has just come in; he says that some time between three and four o'clock your demoiselle passed him and she stopped and paid fifty centimes for a dish of sand-eels, and she was to take them as she returned from her walk. Well, Battiste waited, and when he had finished his day, he sat on the steps and dozed, and now he has returned. 'Pierre, *mon gars*!' he says, 'the demoiselle never came back, so take you the fish up to Féraudy. These young folks are so heedless; she doubtless came back over the rocks into the road and quite forgot that I was waiting for her return by the sands.' So I came with the fish and left them in the kitchen, but Jeanne tells me that mademoiselle has not come home."

"Which way did she go?" cried André startled.

"She went singing across the sands and round the point into St. Anne's Bay. There is no danger, the tide leaves a beautiful strip of sand bare at its highest tide; but *dame!* I thought she might have hurt herself slipping among those rocks. What do you think, madame?"

"Go at once! instantly! oh, my little Génie!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy; but André was gone already, and it was all that Pierre could do to reach his side as they ran towards the shore.

"My boat is there, it will be the quickest way into St. Anne's Bay," he gasped, and it was the work of a moment to unfasten the boat, and get out the oars, while they splashed into the water and climbed into her.

The two men rowed as if for their lives, neither wasted breath by talking. There was not a breath of wind which could help them with the sails, they must depend on their oars. The sun was down now and they rowed through the golden pathway of dying light.

At last they rounded the point, and the keen eyes of the two men ranged along the whole curve of the bay. Suddenly Pierre uttered a shout.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, "look! look! monsieur. There is a little figure at the end of the shrimpers' jetty! It does not move. Why does she stay there? See! the spray dashes over her. Is she mad?"

The two men shouted at the top of their voices as they tore the boat through the water. The tide was running in so fast!

At the sound of his voice André saw the little figure rise and struggle frantically, only to fall again on her knees.

"She is fastened, held down by something," cried he.

"Yes, yes!" gasped Pierre. "I can guess now; her foot is caught between the bars. I once saw old Benoîte's child caught so. Now, monsieur, pull hard!"

Another tremendous pull. They were nearly there. André threw down his oars and sprang to his feet seizing a heavy iron boat-hook from the bottom of the boat.

Then came the great green wave rearing itself up and falling heavily on the little figure, and a groan of despair burst from them as they saw her fall down insensible.

It was an awful moment. While Pierre fastened the boat, and springing on to the jetty caught Génie in his arms, lifting her head above water and holding her high on his shoulder, André leapt overboard into the sea.

From long familiarity with the coast, he was an expert swimmer and diver; but at first he kept his feet, then the water rose higher. But at last he discovered the mischief below, the heavy stone, the wedged bars. He could not move the rock by the greatest exertion of all his powers, but he managed to thrust the iron hitcher through the wooden bars and force them open, broken with the exertion of desperation.

A loud shout from above told him the work was done, and Pierre lifted the senseless girl into the boat just in time to lend a helping hand to André, who with bleeding hands, and arms curiously numb and tingling from over-exertion, could hardly have hauled himself over the side without assistance.

André immediately threw himself down by Génie, feeling her pulse, raising her head, while the water poured from her long loose hair.

"It is all right," he said. "Thank God and thanks to you, Pierre. Have you any brandy?"

Pierre produced a small bottle and André forced some drops between the girl's pale lips.

Presently he looked up again and said, "I am sorry that I cannot help you to row, my friend, but my side is strained and numb, it only wants rest."

"Ah, such exertion as that under water is a nasty thing; keep quiet, sir, and don't fret about the young lady. She was not long under water."

Pierre rowed fast. All the colour had gone out of the sky now, it was quite grey and dull, and the slight wind blowing through their wet clothes was very chilly.

Génie did not come to herself, not even when the boat grated on the beach and the whole party from the Maison Féraudy swarmed round her.

Among them they carried her quickly to the house and laid her in her bed, and Madame Féraudy insisted upon André's getting into dry clothes. He was so spent and strained that he could not do so without the assistance of good Maturin.

Pierre went straight home promising to come up early the next day.

Dr. André scarcely gave himself time to dress and swallow the hot cordial Jeanne insisted upon, before he went upstairs to his patient.

After a few minutes the reward came. Génie opened her soft grey eyes and looked up into his with a look of perfect rest and thankfulness. Then the eyelids closed and she fell into a deep profound sleep.

Madame Féraudy sat all night through watching by her bed and carefully carrying out the instructions the young doctor had given her before he allowed himself to rest.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

The Kind she Wanted.

Agent: "Here is a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate—not at all like some cyclometers which register two miles, perhaps, when you have only ridden one."

Young Lady: "Have you any of that kind left?"

Going Wrong and Going Right.—One may go wrong in many different ways but right in only one; and so the former is easy, the latter difficult; easy to miss the mark but hard to hit it.

Small Troubles.—The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us footsore, more than the rocks.

A Bridal Rhyme.

In many parts of Great Britain the superstitious make a point of observing whether on a wedding-day the sun does or does not smile on the bride. Sunshine is held to foreshow good fortune; no sunshine, bad luck, alas! In Devonshire the following rhyme is often repeated:—

"Ef tha zin 'pin tap 'er shine,
Then 'er'll 'ave boath cāke an' wine;
Ef 'e dü but 'ide 'is heyd,
There'll be no wine, an' little breyd."

Courtesy of the Heart.—There is a courtesy of the heart. It is akin to love. Out of it arises the purest courtesy in the outward behaviour.—*Goethe.*

Romance and Matter-of-Fact.

She was standing alone on the beach, at an American watering-place, gazing pensively on the ocean. A youth approached, then paused.

"No," he murmured, "I shall not disturb the current of her thoughts. She is communing with the spirit of this beautiful world."

Then she saw him, and, turning, said—

"I say, mister, how fur does this here mill-pond go, an' whar'bouts does it stop at?"

Idling and Working.—The girl who idles when she should be at work will have to work when she might rest.

The Schoolroom.—The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.



A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

THE SUMMER SUN.

By CLOTILDA MARSON.

"To please the child, to paint the rose, the gardener of the world he goes."
R. L. Stevenson.



THE year's primal burst of bloom is o'er," the spring is gone and the summer is come. Is the present better than the past? It is hard to answer. Many would choose the summer at once, forgetting all the freshness in each leaf and flower, and the moist scent of the earth which made the rare accompaniment to the main music of spring. Many do not hesitate to agree with the fine lines of King James the First's ambassador to Venice, in which he sought the utmost image of loveliness for his mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

"Ye violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known;
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own—
What are you, when the rose is blown?"

To him the summer alone could picture her who was "by virtue first, then choice, a queen," the summer, as he had seen it, perhaps in all its glory in

"The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair."

In Italy the natural mood of the country seems to be summer. The stone-pines stand in monumental calm against the intense blue sky, the frescoes crumble in the cool houses, and the green of the olives never spoils with dust and saves our eyes from glare. But, if Sir Henry Wotton had spent more time in his English home of "Bocton Malherbe, in the fruitful county of Kent," or by the green lawns of Eton, where he ended his life, perhaps he would have found it harder to take away the palm from the season when the leaves burst and the ash-buds look black in March, when the ferns uncrumble and the hedges are white with may. Yet however much we may long to be in England when April's here, there is one joy of summer that spring lacks. Only in summer can we lie outstretched upon the lawn the live-long day and delight in that indescribable sense of warmth and blessing in the brooding air and the distant haze, which suits so well with the down on the peach and the velvet petals of the rose. For the sake of that we can forgive the dusty, windy days, when the hedges look ragged, and even the trees are monotonous against the dull sky in their deepened green.

Come out with me into the garden this 22nd of June, when all the growing things seem holding Jubilee. The spreading branches of that gum cistus on the lawn have looked green for long, and have oozed a gummy resin that was fragrant in the sun. To-day it is covered for the first time with large shy white flowers, with a deep carnation heart, that have opened their crumpled white frail blossoms to fall to-night and scatter the lawn before they have time to fade. To-morrow and to-morrow a fresh troop will appear from the pretty bag-like buds with their long pouting lips, and bloom and fall in a day.

We have been bemoaning the breakage of the mowing-machine, but we are not sorry this morning as we look at that holiday carpet of bright yellow bird's-foot trefoil with the little red buds, and the sweet heads of the pink clover in among dark purple patches of self-heal, all flecked with the sunlight. The air hangs heavy as we sit under the walnut-tree and keep Jubilee with strawberries and cream, but when evening falls the air is cool and fresh, off we start in the donkey-cart across the straight marsh road between the streams to watch beacon-fires from the hill with its one strong oak, which is the highest point in our home-landscape. The night air is sweet with "the beauflower's boon," and the new-mown hay lies piled in heaps on either side of the road, away behind the willows—

"Deserted is the half-mown plain,
Silent the swaths, the ringing wain,
The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms.
The business of the day is done,
The last-left haymaker is gone,
And, on the pure horizon far,
See pulsing with the first-born star
The liquid sky above the hill,
The evening comes, the field is still."

On we jog, past the weird silver shine of the willows, so like those amongst which the child in the ballad saw Erlkönig's daughter crouching in the dim shadow. As we pass the village at the foot of the hill we find the aged, and the babies who are too young to climb and watch the sparks, assembled to see the distant glow and feel to the full this bit of history that has come so near to their own tiny village. It is hard to recognise faces under the tree at the summit, for they are all distorted into queer Alpine outlines in the lurid glow. We turn to look at the wide prospect dotted everywhere with bonfires and beacons, seventy-five in all, though it is not everyone who has patience to count them through. We watch them leaping up in the darkness and think of the hearts all over the English world warm with love of their country. One man takes a trumpet and plays the well-known tune, and all of us are glad of the friendly dusk as we shout out our enthusiasm for the Queen with voices, some of them unmelodious, but all of them in earnest. The bonfire is nearly out now, and the great eager flowers of sparks that flamed and died and flamed again, more briefly even than our cestus of the morning, are all scattered on the night air. It is time to clamber down the hill and go home to bed.

Many bright summer pictures pass before my mind as I sit here in the first chill days of September. How pleasant is the unusual sound of the scythe in the early morning as the grass falls in lines on the lawn among the beds of great pink and red peonies, and the scent of syringa and rose makes the air sweet around. The big purple feather hyacinths are toppling over with the weight of their soft rich plumes and touch the leaves of that luxurious York and Lancaster rose. The sweet-williams, with their "homely cottage smell," are very handsome this year, and make a gay hedge of every shade of fretted pink and freaked carnation in that long bed, whose pride is the bush covered with Etruscan damask roses.

Out in the lanes the summer fashions have begun. One day we take a long drive to the borders of Dorset to see the old farm among the hills, where Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy lived just a hundred years ago, and where they first knew Coleridge. The country changes after we leave Crewkerne, and the hedges are taller and wilder and the lanes deeper than at home. The dogwood, with its delicate white heads of flower, is out in crisp freshness, and every now and again the far lovelier water-elder glorifies the hedge with its snow-white flowers; each cluster looks up to the sun with the little blossoms in the middle and the large separate ones round the edge. The tall foxgloves are not all over, and they grow wild here and nod from the great hedges as we drive past Blackdown Church and near our journey's end. We seem breathing "an ampler ether, a diviner air," as we look round on the rare beauty of the great circle of hills—Lewisden, Pillesden, Golden Cap, Lambart's Castle and Greggy—among which lies the old farm with its quiet, unaltered rooms and the delicate plaster-work of its last century ceilings.

After our kind hosts had given us tea out of the old buff-coloured granite china, we climb the hill and try to catch a glimpse of the distant sea in a break of the hills. A peewit circles over our heads with its pathetic human cry, as we hold in our hand its downy baby with large frightened eyes, whom it had left a moment on the bare ground. We soon restore it to the mother and wander on over the thymy ground trying to learn by heart the great picture of this amphitheatre of the hills.

No wonder this year's crop of corn has been so unique, when we remember the lavish gift of sun that has shone upon us. In no other June for many a year have the roadsides been so gay. There is a hillside between Clevedon and Failand where the flowers seemed to be having a party of their own as we plodded up the hill one bright June day. Climbing everywhere are the bright yellow blossoms of the yellow bedstraw, making a sweet gossamer web of little yellow spots, like the hundreds and thousands that children love. The scabious is rich with soft lilac pin-cushions full of fairies' pins; the blue chicory is all over that bank in front of the old farm-house, and makes room in between for the feathery heads of greater knap-weed in gay pink, and the wide soft silky mallows who are the most richly dressed, perhaps, of all in this gay garden-party of the flowers.

July passes by and we wander in the heat by the canal where you can hardly see the water for the great flowering rush that nearly fills the bed and looks so green and cool with its huge pink sentinel head of flowers. It is very rarely indeed that that pink "boutomos"—as Homer called it, because the sharp spikes cut the tongues of the oxen—grows in such lavish profusion. Soon the villagers will cut it down, but now we can still bring home sheaves of the large pink blossoms with their touch of dark brown in the centre, and fill with it our tallest, clearest vases. In early records of these parts, in the days of the Edwards, rush-beds are enumerated among the possessions of the early owners. These late descendants take kindly to their reedy bed by whose side the bank is waving with high grass rich with "blond meadowsweet," and purple loose strife interspersed with saffron spikes of agrimony. The luxuriant white flowers of the wild carrot with their dark red centres and lovely green branching setting climb up the high bank and add to the dreamy wealth of nodding grasses and blossoms, over which the butterflies flit and the clouds move slowly in the deep blue.

The month wanes, and a windy day comes with hurried masses of bright-edged blue-grey

clouds in busy progress over the heavens. The air is warm, but there are many swells and rufflings in the clear river as I rest on the old stone bridge half-way to Ilminster How cool those tufts of comfrey look, hanging out their white and lilac bells with the curious sad stain on the petals, over the thick dark leaves from which they sprout. I should dearly like to find the "spotted comfrey or cowslip of Jerusalem" of which old Parkinson speaks, but "of that I told," he says, "in my former booke," and how can one house hope even to contain more than one of the delightful works of the communicative gardener of the seventeenth century? The water under the bridge flows on so silently, just as it did when the old coaches thundered over it long ago in eager rivalry. A noble old woman of more than eighty summers told me, the other day, with sparkling eyes looking more at the past than at me across the bason of peas she was shelling, about the old days before the canal was dug, when there were only two houses in the lower village and the common was not enclosed. Her father kept geese on the common and no doubt turned many an honest penny by means of it. When she was a maid she had to run out and stop the great coach as it thundered past and sell some of the geese to the coachman. How well she remembered hearing how one day two rival coaches would neither let the other pass, and dashed along for a mile abreast at a head-long pace, the gay ladies on the top shouting with laughter though in imminent danger of an overturn. The two cottages sent out their inmates to watch the race, and for once the geese were forgotten. No doubt as the winning coach rolled over the bridge where we are resting, there were merry shouts of triumph, but those gay folk are scattered long ago, and the highway is nearly turned to a by-way.

The last day of July is come. It is early yet and the morning mist lies on the garden in little puffs of down, indeed, as Keats fancifully says the—

> "Finely tapering stems,
> Had not yet lost those starry diadems
> Caught from the early sobbing of the morn."

As the sun mounts in a blue sky the air grows warm. Those yellow-and-white water-lilies under the bridge beyond that red cottage look very cool as we bicycle past them on our way to visit a lovely old stone manor-house. There is already a threat of autumn in the bright red berries of the arum peeping from the ditches, but the elderberries are still quite green, and the young oak leafage is still fresh enough to recall the spring. The red in the oak-leaves is as lovely still as when Chaucer noted the

> "Branches broad
> That sprongen out ayen the sunné shene,
> Some very red, and some a glad light grene."

The large pink patches of rest-harrow with its woody little stems which do not speed the plough, look very gay against the strips of camomile daisy which grow wherever the turf has been taken up. When we bend into the by-lane, we find the darker pink of the red barzia in among the sweet spikes of the yellow agrimony. Another lovely pink flower is the wood-bettony; it is very common about here, and the vivid blossoms peeping from the soft leaves are so much brighter than most of the dead-nettle tribe that they are worth learning, though not quite easy at first to distinguish from wound-wort or stachys. Hampered as we are by town ignorance, these hedge-row friends are too dear not to deserve at least an effort to find their Christian names. We get farther and farther from frequented paths as we pass that cottage which is edged all along with white and pink garden mallows in a gay fringe. The road bends and brings us near a great withy field deep in summer green. The old stone bridge over the river gives us a peep of a deep bay of true bulrushes. Their swaying green forms and black plumes, the moist dark hair waving in the sea seems to us an embodiment of the water-spirit. Beyond them stretches a high bank, all motley with wild mallow, with its darker veins in the transparent pink, and great masses of wild parsnip, with its graceful leaves and soft-spreading yellow flowers, "red loose strife and blond meadow-sweet among." One more turn and we have reached the old stone gables of the midwater homestead, once a court where generations of a good old county stock lived out contentedly their quiet lives. How gay the roses are in the half quadrangle that faces the road. The kind inmates allow us to step into the cool panelled hall, where we admire the richly-wrought iron fire-back with the ducal crown, and look at the dark oil picture over the fire-place, let into the panel and stained with age, but still distinguishable as a hunting-piece of some reckless Nimrod of the past, who would hunt on Sunday while the devil showed him the way as he sat horned and hoofed in a tree hard by. But step with me through the low stone door into the rare old red-walled garden beyond. What a presence there is of Sir Roger de Coverley under that ancient speckled holly with all the stiffness vanished owing to the unpruned luxuriance of years. The young tufts grow straight upwards, quite pale lemon-white, with spots of red in the centre, out of the sloping green branches. It is a lovely tree, and our hostess tells us it makes sad work when the gales come and toss the branches about. On this still day—for the breeze has fallen—there is nothing to disturb those downy yellow-and-black guinea-fowl chicks nestling in the old pail tilted against a graceful tall stone column with a ball at the top, which is covered with roses. There are other columns further on, part of some stately colonnade of the past, but the garden can never have looked lovelier than it does to-day when random nature has decked it out, and not some gardener with ruthless scissors and broom.

We peep into the cool dairy, with its great pans of sweet milk. It was once the kitchen where, no doubt, madam was once not too fine to superintend the brewing and baking that went on in the huge brewing corner and the immense bread-oven that are pointed out to us. The library and drawing-room are low-ceiled and simple, but how pretty with their painted panels and corner-cupboards delicately gilded and ornamented with the family arms. No doubt its shelves were fragrant once with pot-pourri stored in old china, perhaps like Mrs. Tulliver's that her sisters found fault with "'cause o' the small gold sprig all over them, between the flowers." We think of the awed words spoken, perhaps, those long years ago when news was brought of the snowy day in January and the deep groan that passed through the crowd when the king's head fell on the block. History and dates seem strangely real as we stand in these old rooms, reverently kept indeed, but dwelt in no longer by the kinship who lived there in the past. The old house was alienated once for conscience sake, but the times changed and the old owner returned. We linger near the plum trees in the garden, and peep through the tall stone gate at the disused bowling-alley beyond, and think of the fair faces and old love-stories of the past. No doubt there was gay laughter here and sorrow too in this Cupid's alley of long ago.

> "It may be one will dance to-day,
> And dance no more to-morrow;
> It may be one will steal away
> And nurse a life-long sorrow.
> What then? The rest advance, evade,
> Unite, disport and dally,
> Re-set, coquet and gallopade,
> Not less in 'Cupid's Alley.'"

No one seems to suit the low-ceiled rooms like Mackenzie's "Country Dowager." Do you remember that last century word-picture? "She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward," her beautiful, her brave, "fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red-and-white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedside, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it . . . . Methinks I see her seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow, for a pause or explanation, their shagreen case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family Bible. On one side her bell and snuff-box, on the other her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag. Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's . . . . I could draw the old lady at this moment—dressed in grey, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window, scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass, the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honeysuckle-tree, which often threw its shade across her book or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. 'It has stood there many a day,' said she: 'and we old inhabitants should bear with one another.'"

With this quiet old picture we may say good-bye to the old manor-house and our pleasant summer memories.

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS."

By C. E. C. WEIGALL, Author of "The Temptation of Dulce Carruthers."

It is certainly in this bustling age of ours a far less remarkable thing to have travelled over many lands, and through many seas, than it used to be in the days of our grandmothers. So that no doubt an increased number of the girls who took THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, when first this excellent periodical started on its career (and I shudder to think how long ago that must be, since I have been a subscriber from the very commencement) are either obliged to travel from choice, or encouraged to do so from inclination.

Our grandmothers. Why, the very name brings back the thought of slim domestic girls in country gardens, busy with their *potpourri*, or their lavender bags, and content with their quiet reading of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or the numberless stories of Miss Edgeworth, beginning with her *Purple Jar*. The very thought of crossing the channel was repugnant to the minds of our mothers' mothers, and

the preparations for a journey to London exceeded tenfold the preparations that we should think necessary for a voyage to Japan.

A few days' parting from home was heralded by several tears and many farewells. Whereas now we shake hands calmly with our nearest relations and receive their good wishes that we may be not too cold in Siberia nor roasted to death in Rangoon, with as much *sangfroid* as though we were going to the nearest town to do some shopping.

But, since so many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are probably compelled more from necessity than choice, to go down to the sea in ships, perhaps a few hints from one who has travelled a good deal may not be unwelcome.

We may either be following the drum in Hong Kong or India, or intending to spend a pleasant six weeks in Malta with some friends, in the height of the season.

At any rate our preparation will be the same. And we shall have equally as much to think of, if we are going out unattached, or as the wife of one of the soldiers of the queen.

To begin at the beginning, since it is always as well to do things thoroughly, we will suppose that we are going to Bombay, which is a voyage of some three weeks, and that we have not had much time to prepare for the intended journey.

I must not touch upon the outfit requisite for such a journey. For, an article concerning a foreign outfit must of necessity occupy some pages, to be attempted in at all a thorough manner.

But we will begin with our packing, supposing that we have procured everything necessary. And believe me that packing tactfully needs more forethought for a voyage than most people imagine.

To begin with, the less luggage that we have in our cabin, so much the better for our own comfort and that of our fellow-travellers.

And since the greater part of our boxes must go down the hold, it is necessary to select a good low box for our cabin trunk, suitable for slipping under our berth.

The remainder of our trunks and boxes must be labelled carefully, and bestowed in the hold. And here again forethought is necessary, for on a long voyage the captain arranges that his passengers may have a chance, once a week, of getting anything from the lower recesses of the ship that they may require. And the necessary baggage is hauled up from the hold, and placed on the deck at the passengers' disposal.

Therefore, in labelling them, it is advisable to procure labels printed clearly in colours, "Not wanted on the voyage," and again, "Wanted on the voyage." And in the "Wanted on the voyage" pack everything that your wildest imagination may conceive of your being likely to require, such as extra linen, towels, cool dresses or medicines.

In your cabin trunk you must place three changes of linen, thin and thick. Two pair of shoes, one pair of boots, plenty of warm stockings, and also thin ones for going on shore at the various ports. A hot bottle, a thin serge skirt, with plenty of clean shirts and smart ties. A large number of handkerchiefs and a smart hat.

You must take with you plenty of warm wraps. A driving coat, golf cape, sealskin, or whatever you may possess in the shape of out-door garments. For even in the height of summer the Channel and the Bay of Biscay are cold enough to freeze one to the bone. And a hot bottle is often a comfortable possession at night in one's bunk.

A warm travelling rug or a thick shawl is almost a necessity for the first part of the voyage. For the early mornings on deck and the evenings are always chilly. And of course a roomy deck chair, that can be procured for about three shillings, is a necessity. As is also a cushion for one's head.

The thin serge skirt will probably be cool enough for landing in, even if the weather be tropical. But if expedient, it is preferable to provide yourself with a pretty white drill gown, or cotton, for going on shore. For the habit of too many English ladies is to land, say at Malta, in the most slovenly attire. So that for the honour of our native country, as well as for our own gratification, it would be as well if the intending traveller were to land at Gibraltar and Malta, at least, where the garrisons are large and critical, smartly gowned. A waterproof holdall, for hanging on the cabin wall, is a necessity. In it you will place sponge and tooth-brush, brush and comb, hair nets, hair-pins, and pins.

And in the pockets you will be able to place all your trinkets and your veil and gloves when you retire for the night. But your money should be slung round your neck in a small canvas bag made for the purpose. As to the drugs that are expedient for you to purchase for the voyage they had better be few in number, and carefully chosen.

A bottle of chlorodyne and a phial of Carter's little liver pills are all that you will require. And above all do not forget a plentiful supply of lemons in case of sickness. For very often the supply on board ship is limited.

Avoid every remedy for sea-sickness as you would the plague. They are worse than useless, and are often most injurious. And also be quite certain that you take no stimulant of any sort as a preventive.

Spirits or wine make the sufferer infinitely worse during sickness. But as a tonic, when recovering, or if the sickness is really alarming, a glass of dry champagne will often give great relief, sipped with a little ice.

And as the best champagne is extremely costly, and bad champagne is worse than useless, this fact will act as a good deterrent to anyone who might by chance be tempted to exceed the dose.

A large number of people fly to the aid of brandy or whiskey, thinking that in stimulant they will find a remedy for the terrible suffering of sea-sickness. But if you will believe in the advice of one who has tried everything under the sun, nothing but patience has any effect upon the disease.

If the traveller is a bad sailor, it is an excellent thing for her to lie quietly down in her berth directly the vessel weighs her anchor, and in a recumbent position, grow accustomed to the strange movement of the ship, and the noise of the engines.

And above all, make up your mind to come on deck every day, however ill you feel, and make up your mind that whatever your suffering may be it is a matter entirely of the nerves, and that it can be conquered. Was anyone ever sick in a shipwreck or a fire at sea?

So make up your mind, oh traveller whom I have escorted to the quay and even on board of the east going ship, that you will be ill for a few hours, and then oblige yourself to resume the daily life of the ship, merely avoiding cold baths and unwholesome food, and confining your drinks to lemon squashes, and iced soda water.

Then, on board ship, as in every condition of life, unselfishness comes into hourly play. You will probably have one or two ladies in your cabin, and you must remember that an unselfish woman always considers the wants and wishes of other people before her own.

If your companion is not ill, you must disguise your sufferings as far as possible. And if she be a worse sailor than yourself, there are so many ways in which you may help her.

Lend her your smelling-salts, or bathe her temples with Eau-de-Cologne, or see that her arrowroot is tempting, and if the stewardess has no time to feed her with it, take the cup yourself, and give the contents to her by spoonfuls.

Then when she can come on deck, muffle her in a shawl, and lend her your own close-fitting little cap that you have used for your own sick days, and coax her up on deck.

Nothing brings out the good and bad side of a woman so plainly as travelling by sea.

For nothing gives a greater scope for unselfishness to have play. It is possible for the companion of one's cabin to make herself so unpleasant that the voyage becomes almost unbearable. Or on the other hand, friendships have been formed by the intimate association of life in a passenger steamer, that have never been broken while life may last.

And above all, if there be children on board ship, never complain of the noise they make, or frame cutting remarks that are calculated to hurt the sensibilities of their mothers and guardians.

Life on board ship is not easy for anyone, least of all for a small child, who is deprived of nursery and toys at one fell swoop.

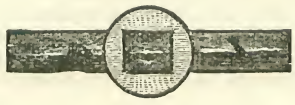
And I have seen many a girl win the praise and thanks of the captain and officers of the ship as well as from the passengers, by forming a little fairy story party in the afternoon, and attracting all the children on deck around her, and by that means keeping the crowd of small souls merry and quiet for an hour or two, during which time the fractious Indian official with the liver, and the bilious lady with the affection of the heart, could have their afternoon nap on deck in peace, and when the lovers could play their game of deck quoits, or have their talk by the bridge in safety, without being in momentary dread of the appearance of a child with a buttery mouth, and a design upon their peace of mind.

And so the voyage with its amusements and its dreariness slips away, and we are landing in India almost before we realise that the hardships of the Bay are over, and the blinding heat of the Red Sea is a thing of the past.

And if this short talk of mine has conveyed any helpful suggestions to any reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who is about to brave the perils of the deep, I shall feel more than thankful. For perhaps I shall have helped to make an ocean voyage more agreeable by suggesting this little leaven of unselfishness than it otherwise might have been. For a ship is a good emblem of the world, laden as it is with souls full of various aims and different virtues, and alas, different vices.

And just as we see the companion of our cabin, at her very worst, with dishevelled hair and lack-lustre eyes in the morning, so does every man, woman, and child shut up in the small compass of one of our passenger steamers, see us day by day, stripped of every pretence, since we have to live our lives in public, from sunrise to sunset. And therefore, may God help us to live as Christians and to show by our lives what we believe in our hearts, even during these few weeks spent at sea.

Unselfish, even in the trials of sea-sickness, which, if it be not profane to say so, trieth the very reins and heart.



TO THE IDEAL.

By E. NESBIT.



To you, dear lady of my every thought,
My dreams, like white-winged homing pigeons fly,
And, 'mid the pleasaunce by your presence wrought,
They build their nest in glad security.

Nor dare I grieve because not yet I come
Myself to that sweet garden where the hours
Bring ever to your path new sheaves of flowers—
Not yet may make that heart of yours my home.

For though I may not look upon your face,
Nor in your garden gather bud or leaf,
My dreams live in a happy holy place,
And from their haven sanctify my grief.

How could I make the toilsome pilgrimage
With fluttering dreams imprisoned in my breast?
But they have won a goodly heritage,
And the long road will lead me to their nest!

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART IX.

ON GLORIFYING GOD IN DAILY LIFE.

"Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. x. 31).

When we met a month ago, I think I told you that the mind of one of my dear girl correspondents was much exercised by the text I have just quoted. She was anxious that one of our talks should be on this subject, that we might help each other to understand it. Probably you remember her words—"It seems by that verse we must not do anything unless we glorify God by it."

The question had suggested itself, "How can I possibly do this at a place of amusement, or at a dance, for instance?"

We are all apt to attach too much importance to what we consider the great things of life, and we often value too lightly the constant opportunities afforded us by our simplest daily duties. It is these lesser matters, pertaining to every-day life, which enable us to show Whose we are and Whom we serve.

Those who have just begun to love Christ and love to prove their love by service, almost always look around for some great thing that they may do, or some sacrifice that they may make. They cannot at once realise that it needs as constant prayer, effort and self-denial, to live the Christ-life, bit by bit, in the sanctuary of home and the narrow circle of daily life, as it does to give largely to labour in the mission field, or to work amongst squalor and poverty in the slums.

At home, the daughters of a family generally perform their duties in comparative privacy. There are few to see, and, at best, few to praise. What is done with much painstaking and an honest desire to please, is often taken as a matter of course, though any omission of duty, or work carelessly done, is, naturally and properly, noticed, and the defaulter called to account. Sometimes we older people are not so ready to note what calls for words of praise and encouragement, as we are to find fault. I have often felt that in dealing with the young it has been good for me to sit quietly down and try to recall my own girlish days, with the many faults pertaining to them, in order that I might deal more kindly and justly with those of others. But this is going aside from our special subject—how "to do all to the glory of God."

Now, my dear girls, I want you to commit three sentences to memory. They contain very few words, so they will be the more easily borne in mind.

The Soldiers of Christ are always on duty.

The Servants of Christ work, always, in the presence of their Master.

The Children of God are never out of their Father's sight.

If these great truths are impressed on our memories we shall feel the importance of every word and work of ours, as tending either to the glory of God and our own progress in all that is best, or the opposite.

We shall realise that it is not by waiting for the chance of doing some great service, forgiving a great wrong, or making one great sacrifice, but by availing ourselves of the little ever-present opportunities of daily life that we do all to the glory of God.

The spirit in which we do a thing is as important as the act itself.

In regard to our daily work, whatever that may be, we shall throw our hearts into it, doing with our might whatsoever our hand findeth to do. We shall not shirk a plain duty because it happens to be an unpleasant one, neither shall we do what we know to be the right thing in a wrong way.

I am sure you will all understand how easy it is to do this if we have not in us "the mind that was in Christ." We may obey a command, because we dare not do otherwise. We may outwardly conform and inwardly rebel. We may do just as much as self-interest impels us to do, but not the best of which we are capable.

We may render forced service with a look and manner which make the receiving of it a burden to the one who is dependent on our help.

We may use hard, harsh words to those younger than ourselves, with the result that the sensitive little ones are sorely wounded, and the sturdy offenders rendered obstinate or defiant.

Moved by the spirit of our Master, self will be forgotten. Service will be gladly and cheerfully rendered, and loving words of sympathy will go with it.

We shall look upon all work as for God, and realising that all good things come to us from Him, we shall give our very best in return, even under the most trying circumstances. The memory of our Master's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me," will come into our minds and cheer us on, though the work may be trying, or the daily path strewn with difficulties.

So in the spirit of your Master, you, my dear girl-friends, will act towards those younger children of the household or the schoolroom over whom you are set in authority by years or position. In dealing with little rebels you will call to mind how Christ's tender words, "Come unto Me," fell upon your ears, when you were miserable under a sense of wrong-doing. You will not be able to use the harsh, scolding words and threats, or the sharp blow which often comes first of all. The memory of God's great love to you, His oft-times disobedient child, will render such means of conquering little rebels quite impossible in your eyes.

It is wonderful what a loving touch will do! Reproof may be absolutely necessary, but if a kind arm is passed round the offender and



THE IDEAL.

words of blame are gently uttered, such outward signs will show that it is no pleasure to the speaker to have to find fault or to punish.

I do not mean to say that all children will prove amenable to kindness, but it is consistent with the spirit that was in Christ, to follow His example and use loving methods first of all.

We must remember, dear girls, that the mere doing what is right, in the right spirit, "As unto the Lord," is for His glory whatever the result may be.

By speaking about our daily work and duties first of all, I have perhaps disappointed that one amongst you whose inquiry referred to places of amusement and gay social gatherings. I have always felt that I should like to have a talk with you about games, beginning with fireside ones, and amusements of various kinds, public and private. At the same time I cannot, and I would not if I could, lay down any hard-and-fast rule about these things.

The opinions of really good and earnest Christians differ very widely on this subject. Parents have a right to permit or forbid your joining in amusements which may be innocent in themselves, but unsuitable to your position or likely to interfere with more important occupations. No girl who desires to act in the spirit of her Divine Teacher and example, will ever act in open opposition to the wishes of her parents, or indulge by stealth, either in society, amusements, or the reading of books to which they have expressed their objection. Nay, more. The Christian girl will study the spirit of a parent's teaching as well as his direct commands. Conscience is a good guide—an infallible one when it whispers a reproof or a caution. Few will make a mistake in refraining from a thing when conscience suggests even a doubt as to its expediency, to say nothing as to the absolute. right or wrong of it.

Doubtless it seems comparatively easy to work for God's glory, but very difficult to carry the Spirit of Christ into every place. To rejoice in the sense of His presence even in our hours of social gaiety, as well as in our graver pursuits. We are apt to think that we want help in our work, but not when we play.

It is many years since I came to the conclusion that we most need Divine help when we are the least conscious of the want.

I wonder how many of us, if sitting down to a game at chess, or draughts, or any other fireside game, have thought of lifting up our hearts to God in a petition for a right temper in the doing of it.

I believe we may do such a simple thing as this to the glory of God, or we may disgrace our Christian profession over the doing of it. We consider a fireside game as something outside the track of duty to God and our neighbour. But is it?

Look back for a moment, dear girls, and ask yourselves a few plain questions.

Have you never seen people get angry and show all sorts of evil tempers over a game?

To come nearer home. Have you never lost your temper when your opponent has won repeatedly?

Can you refrain, not only from showing annoyance, but from feeling it when you are on the losing side?

Or, if you are successful, can you conquer the inclination to exult in your good fortune, and by so doing take a little from the disappointment of your opponent?

It is the people who are thoroughly in earnest, in everything, who find it hardest to join in a game without showing over-anxiety about winning it, and are most trying for others to encounter.

How well I remember on many occasions watching two friends playing at bagatelle in my own home. They were equally in earnest in doing their best, but one could lose and rejoice at his opponent's success. The other became irritable if by chance he failed repeatedly, and would throw down his cue and discontinue the game, showing anything but a Christian temper. This happened one day to the real distress of the successful player. He looked sorrowfully after his friend who had made a too hasty departure, and said with a sigh—

"He is so fond of the game that I cannot refuse to play with him, but I always dread winning, because I know how ill-success annoys him. To-day I should have been delighted to lose every game; but I simply could not, and I must be honest and do my best even in play."

A dear old clergyman who used to drop in for a game at chess, draughts or bagatelle, after a hard day's work, used to charm us all by the sweetness of his manner and the pleasure he took in the contest. It was delightful to watch his face when his opponent made a good move or stroke, and he was ready alike to commend it, and announce his intention to beat it if possible. Whether a winner or loser, he left off the game with a smile and a word of thanks to his opponent for having given him pleasure by joining in it.

"I go back refreshed to my work after these little relaxations," he would say, "and perhaps all the more so if I carry away the memory of a reasonable share of success."

Such a spirit, and the sight of that happy old face seemed to sanctify the memory of every visit.

When I was a girl I laid down two rules with regard to fireside games. First, that I would never join in one in which money was staked, even if it were but a halfpenny; secondly, that if I lost my temper over a game I would discontinue playing it for a time, or if needful, give it up altogether.

I have found these rules a great safeguard, and I am sure if we find any amusement, whether at home or abroad, exercising an injurious influence over us, it is best to give it up at any cost of self-denial.

A gentleman once told me that when he was a youth and learning a mechanical trade in some large works, it was a custom with him and others of similar age to spend every spare moment in playing a card game. There was no gambling, or the semblance of it, but it became dangerously absorbing to the players. "We could think of nothing else," he said. "At the dinner-hour we could scarcely give ourselves time for the meal, and often ate and played simultaneously. Happily for me, I was brought under Christian influences and led to look upon many things in a different light from what I had done before. Amongst others, I realised the sin and folly of being in bondage to a game. I gave it up at once and never played again."

We all have to judge for ourselves to a great extent as to the expediency of joining in certain amusements, by the effect they have upon us at the time, and the way in which they influence our home-life.

My dear girl-correspondent, in alluding to two kinds of amusement which she greatly enjoys, writes, "If I could really see that they were unfitting a Christian, I would give them both up."

To her, and to all of you, I say, "Ask yourselves how you feel after the entertainment, or the gay, social evening is over. Has it given you a distaste for the quiet atmosphere of home? Are your plain duties more irksome to you? Do you long for frequent indulgences of the kind and feel inclined to be discontented, if your companions have a larger share than you have."

Temperaments differ so widely. One girl can go to a place of amusement, enjoy it thoroughly and retain a pleasant memory of all she saw and heard, yet feel perfectly contented if a long time elapses before she has a similar treat. In another, the one indulgence excites a craving for more, and she is constantly seeking excitement and longing to be anywhere rather than at home. Whatever amusement produces such an effect should be given up altogether. There will be no safety in half measures. As I said, when we were talking about the influence of books, you can soon tell whether any kind or place of amusement is likely to lead your thoughts in a right direction or otherwise. Think the matter over, ask God's guidance and act accordingly. Only you may be sure of this. If you feel that you cannot take with you to any place the spirit of the Master you profess to serve, or like to think that you are in His sight, you cannot go there either with safety or comfort to yourself. You will not be happy at the time, and your memories will yield you no satisfaction.

Do not imagine, however, that even in a gay social gathering you can have no opportunity of doing many things to the glory of God.

It is often very hard to fight against an envious spirit, if others are repeatedly preferred before you. It is not easy to be contented with and thankful for such things as you have, when conscious that your simple dress, which has often done duty before, contrasts so strongly with the fresh and costly one worn by an old schoolfellow.

It calls for much of the spirit of Christ, for you to sit in some quiet corner, apparently overlooked for the time, and yet to feel no loneliness but to set aside the thought that you are slighted, because, in your large-hearted love for your neighbour, you rejoice in witnessing her enjoyment.

If you are the girl who is receiving an extra share of attention because of your social position, your rich attire or, it may be, the God-given beauty which attracts admiration, you may win gratitude by withdrawing yourself from it a little, and taking your seat by the old schoolfellow in her well-worn dress in the quiet corner. You may show her that old friendship is not forgotten, that you know and love what that simple dress cannot conceal or a costly one enhance—the beautiful mind within. You may divert some of the attention from yourself to your friend, without patronising her, but by showing your own affection and esteem for her in the sight of all around.

In short, you may find joy in the joy of others. Link self in the effort to gladden the heart of your neighbour, and return home the happier for every effort in this direction. Even in the very matter of eating and drinking, it is not only possible but easy to bear out the spirit of our motto-text to-night.

Who has not seen the eagerness displayed at social gatherings, by guests of all ages, to secure the first places at the tables and a large share of the choicest viands?

Our Lord Himself, in speaking of invited guests, "marked how they chose out the chief or uppermost rooms at feasts." He bade His hearers learn a lesson of self-denial and humility, and practise it even at a festive gathering, adding, "For whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

What need be added to such plain teaching as this?

I will only say to you, my dear girl-friends, that as Christ never gave a command which it was impossible for us to obey, with the help of the Holy Spirit, the more we think of it the more fully we must be convinced that it is possible for you and me, "Whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, to do all to the glory of God."

(To be continued.)

SWEET WILLIAM.

By the Author of "That Horrid Boy Next Door," etc.

CHAPTER II.



MEG, I'd like to be errand boy to the greengrocer. Let me?"

"Willy," said Meg, drawing him to the sofa, with the tears starting in her soft eyes, "you're not to think of anything Mrs. Moreton has just said. She is a dreadful, wicked woman, who does not love us because we are poor. And she knows we are all alone in the world."

"Yes, dear, that 'ow it is. She be a bad 'un just—she's a reg'lar old vixen!" said the girl, who had lagged behind, wiping her eyes on her apron. "It's the worst place as I've been in. It's somethink shocking the way she carries on, an' stints the eatables, an' I wouldn't stop in the 'ouse another minit', but for you, my dears. I know as 'ow she can't do just as she'd like wi' you when Sarah Ellen's ther'. Ther's two of us to play at that game, and I've got a temper, too, as bad as 'ers, ev'ry bit of it. I wouldn't like to say as 'ow I wouldn't"—Sarah made a pass with her fingers across her throat—"when I gets desp'rate. Yes, miss, slick."

"It's very good of you to trouble about us, Sarah. But we shouldn't like you to get turned away on our account."

"Oh, no, miss, she'll not turn me away. Gen'rals like me ain't picked up in a minit', as can scrub an' wash an' cook, and all for half-a-crown a week. No, miss, she knows when she's got a good 'un. An' the market's very bad just now. Ther' ain't no decent girls to be 'ad for love or money. Besides, when she ain't rowin', she says as 'ow I'm worth my weight in gold. But I must be goin' else she'll be up 'ere agen after me. But don't go mindin' anythink she says, Miss Meg. She's a hard sort as ain't got no feelin's, an' it's just Sarah Ellen as'll look after you, dears, an' keep the old dragon off 'im."

"Thank you, Sarah," murmured Meg gratefully. Betty's impulsiveness completely carried her out of herself, and she finished up with giving the lodging-house drudge a tremendous hug.

"She's a gem," said Betty, as the girl clattered away downstairs. "And now, Meg dear, you'd better get off with your picture while there is any light left. I'll look after Willy."

Meg was soon ready to start out.

"Good luck," said Betty, "and we'll have tea ready by you get back."

They watched her go along the street and turn the corner.

"Dear old Meg. I do hope she'll get a lot for it," said Betty, moving away from the window and busying herself with cups and saucers. Sarah had brought up the kettle and put it on the fire, which was now burning up beautifully. Willy was warming his hands and watching the little playful flames with his great thoughtful eyes.

"Bet," he said suddenly, "aren't I ill enough to die?"

Betty nearly dropped the teapot she was lifting from the cupboard. Then she broke into a little laugh.

"Oh, Willy, what nonsense you are talking. You die? Why we couldn't spare you, even if you were ill enough." He came over to the sofa and the girl sat down beside him. "And so, Willy," she said, "Meg has gone to sell her picture. And then we are going to send you right away from here—from black houses and dirty streets and wicked people, to where you will soon get well and strong. It is lovely in the country. I went once with mother, when I was a very little girl. But I remember it all so well. The sky was bluer there, and the sun didn't make your head ache or scorch you like it does here. And whichever way you turned you saw nothing but fields and trees and flowers. I recollect we had tea at a little cottage in a sweet-smelling flower-garden. I can see the wicket gate, where we went in, and the sun shining on the funny, flagged path and the hens clucking over the porch. There were rows and rows of cabbages and green lettuces and gooseberry trees. And musk grew wild all about the door, and roses hung off the walls. I had new milk and sweet oatmeal cakes and eggs, fresh eggs for tea, and home-made strawberry jam. I never forget that tea. I haven't had one like it since. And when we came away the woman there gave me a big bunch of roses to bring home. But they seemed to droop as soon as we got into London, and they died after a few days, though I tried to keep them alive. I believe I cried when they died. I was so fond of them."

"Shall I go there?"

"Well, not to that place or that cottage. But where you are going, you will be well looked after and loved, Willy. She was mother's nurse, and she will take you to her heart because of her."

"When shall I go?"

"As soon as Meg sells her picture."

"To-night?"

"Well, no—not quite so soon. Perhaps to-morrow—or next day."

A fit of coughing took hold of the little fellow. When it was over he lay back in Betty's arms completely exhausted.

"Shall I have any pain there?"

"No, darling. You will leave all that behind you. Scarcroft air will soon blow the roses into your cheeks, and all those aches and pains out of your poor little body. Emma will nurse you well."

"What will you and Meg do?"

Betty shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, we shall just jog along in the old way. Perhaps someday we might make a little extra money and come over for a day and see you."

"And I could meet you," he said with a feeble smile.

"Yes, Willy, think of that. And we shall hardly know you. You will have grown into such a healthy boy."

And then he sank into a kind of torpid state, and lay like that, with a quiet sickly smile hovering round his mouth, until Meg came home. But his dull ears caught the sound of her footsteps coming up the creaking stairs. He rose to his feet and staggered to meet her.

"Meg—the picture—I can go, can't I?"

The door opened and the girl came in. Betty saw at a glance things had not been successful. Meg sank into a chair and groaned.

"Hush, Willy darling. Don't bother Meg. She is tired."

The girl tried to speak.

"Never mind just now, dear," whispered Betty, and the girl's head fell back again on her hands. "And Willy is going to lie down a bit," she said gently, as she led him back to the sofa. "There's a brave boy. Meg is so tired—she works too hard. When she is rested we will have tea. But you—you won't ask any questions to-night, will you, Willy?"

"Poor Meg—no," he said, as he tucked his hand beneath his head and lay down. "And she mustn't mind about me, you know. I'm a lot better, aren't I, Bet?"

Betty checked a tear and stroked the little head lovingly.

"Yes, dear," she said, with a big effort, avoiding Meg's appealing eyes, and the boy was satisfied.

That night after Willy was in bed the girls sat in the window talking. The lamp opposite threw a sickly glare over the dark room. Below in the street, the lights blared out from the shop windows on to the crowds of coarse men and women moving up and down. The thoroughfare was busy to-night. Cabs rolled to and fro to the theatres, costers with their barrows of cheap fruit bawled and shouted with the butcher at the Australian meat shop, now and then a landau drove by with its elegant occupants lounging languidly back against the cushions and looking with disgust on the poorer quarters; while a few ragged children danced with wonderful agility to the strains of a hurdy-gurdy.

Meg watched them with her hands folded idly in her lap and her sweet sorrowful eyes wet with recent tears.

"Yes, that was what he said. It was of no use to him; the subject was uninteresting and the general treatment of it was not good. He said people didn't care to buy pictures of sickly boys' faces. I couldn't keep back my tears, and I think he noticed them. His tone seemed softer when he spoke to me again. He let me leave it a day or two, and he would do the best he could for me. I might look in again."

"Poor old girl," said Betty, with her head nestled up against Meg's shoulder. "Well, never mind, dear. I'm going for my seventeen shillings to-night, and we shall be able to scratch along another day or two." She jumped up briskly and began to fasten on her saucy little cap. "Oh, don't despair yet, Meg. Who knows what fickle fortune may do for us yet? Do you know I believe it all means patience."

"Yes," responded Meg; "but patience won't pay the rent or buy something to eat. No, fortune is not good to us."

"Nonsense, Meg," laughed Betty with a kiss, as she ran out, and Meg heard her singing as she tripped away down the stairs—

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

(To be concluded.)

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.



CHAPTER IX.

THE first months of Beattie's life after her return from Switzerland passed rapidly and uneventfully. The freedom from the routine of school was at first pleasant to her though she missed the society of her schoolfellows. But when she went to the distribution and was eagerly and affectionately welcomed by the girls and kindly by the governesses, she felt she would have liked still to be among them, with regular occupations and all the little troubles and ambitions and pleasures which had become familiar to her. Sometimes she was at a loss what to do with her time. To many girls the period between the wholesome routine of school and their introduction to society is particularly trying, and sometimes causes a sense of dissatisfaction which leads to unexpected results. Under wise guidance the time may be a valuable one. But left to themselves girls often become, during these months, morbid and restless, mind and heart have grown accustomed to regular and sustaining interests, and feeling the lack of them suffer in consequence.

Beattie was not sufficiently studious in disposition to go on with her lessons alone, although she devoted herself to mastering the accomplishments which her aunt expected of her. Mrs. Swannington took her driving and walking and shopping, and Beattie's eager, ardent young spirit found this rather monotonous. There was a large and capable staff of servants, and therefore there was no need for her to interest herself in household affairs; the cook would have been horrified at her suggesting to make a cake or do anything in the kitchen, and even the arrangement of the flowers was done by Mrs. Swannington's French maid, who would have been very indignant if Beattie had superseded her. Elise had exquisite taste and no doubt did them better than Beattie. The mending, much more the making, of her clothes was left to other hands than Beattie's, and the designing of them was of so great a pleasure to Aunt Ella that it would have been useless for her niece to give the matter any consideration. Sometimes she paid visits with Mrs. Swannington to intimate friends of the latter, but she had little interest in the small talk and gossip, and got very weary sitting among the grown-up ladies and handing cups of tea. Most of her own friends were now out of her reach in the daytime, some being still at school and others, such as Margaret, starting on their careers, She wrote long letters to them and received many affectionate effusions in return, but this did not take the place of good, wholesome, personal interests. Beattie was not much given to meditation as a rule, but she did begin at this time to think a little about things; the meaning of life, the reasons for this and that, and wonderings as to what the future would hold.

She thought of Michael sometimes. She did not regularly read the paper, and if the Swanningtons had noticed it they had not told her of the death of his brother. But one day, about a month after the event, Norah Gilman had written to her and mentioned it, telling her too that Sir John had had a stroke, and that Michael had for the present given up his visit to Paris that he might be with his parents. When she answered this letter Beattie asked Norah to tell Mr. Anstruther of her sympathy, and, again through Norah, received a message of gratitude in return. That was all the intercourse they had had. But often when Beattie was sitting alone or walking silently with Mrs. Swannington she recalled the happy days at Crabsley when he and she had become such friends, and hoped the time would not be very long before they met again. Although she had known him such a little while he seemed more to her than any of her girl friends; she had never before known any young man intimately, though several came to Aunt Ella's entertainments and talked to her and paid her compliments. Somehow, although she did not know why, Michael had brought out deeper feelings than anyone had ever done. Even to Margaret she had never talked so freely, not because she was reserved, she was too impulsive for that, but because no one had touched that part of her nature to which he appealed, or made her feel that it was possible not only to understand but to do things great and true and noble.

Presently Beattie "came out," and now all was changed. The Swanningtons had a large circle of acquaintances, and most of them were rich people who went in for a good deal of entertaining. The *débutante* who was so bright and pretty and danced so well was an acquisition in any ball-room, and Beattie never knew what it was to have to sit out while other girls were dancing, or to wonder, in trepidation, if anyone would ask to take her to supper. For a little while she lived in a whirl of excitement. Aunt Ella, who enjoyed accompanying her and witnessing her triumphs, never refused any of the invitations, and Beattie basked in the sunshine of her favour and in that of all about her. She was an object of envy to many others who considered themselves less fortunate, girls less gifted by nature, who tried to please and failed, and girls less easily satisfied who approached their pleasures in a critical spirit, and had learnt that all is not gold that glitters, but had not got so far as to cease to care for glittering things which were not gold. If they had they would not have envied Beattie.

Beattie's time was filled up now. The late hours at night necessitated lying in bed in the morning. Then there were afternoon at-homes, dinners, theatres, dances.

Aunt Ella, catching the fever of dissipation to which she was naturally prone, entertained as she had never done since her marriage, as she had never been able to do in fact, for people would come for the chance of being with Beattie whom she had failed to attract. Even Mr. Swannington, who preferred out-door pursuits to social functions, and had been wont to confess himself bored by the latter, caught the infection, and not only did not grumble at the constant presence of strangers at his dinner-table and in his drawing-room, but became an urbane and genial host. He was almost as fond of Beattie as if she had been his daughter, and it pleased him to see her happy, her voice and laugh the gayest, her face the brightest, and herself the most admired of all present. It brought a sort of distinction upon himself which to a man who was never likely to be more than a mediocrity or gain any personal distinction was very gratifying. It was bought too so very easily. The cost of champagne and ices and floral decorations and delicate dishes was as nothing compared to the pleasure of being important, especially to a man whose wife's balance at the bank gave him a comfortable sense of security in the midst of any little extravagances she might be guilty of.

Beattie, during those few months received many bouquets and bon-bons and, it was rumoured, offers of marriage. But her heart remained untouched. She liked everybody, and was kind to everybody, but no one could consider that she showed him special favour or encouraged him in any undue expectations. She never flirted, though some people accused her of doing so. She could not be so popular without having enemies. But as a matter of fact she was still a child at heart, perfectly frank and natural and spontaneous, and, if not so ignorant of her own charms as she had been, still as utterly lacking in vanity. Besides she was too kind to willingly wound the feelings of others. If people mistook her eager manner, her sympathy, and her unfeigned enjoyment of their society for more than was meant that was their fault and not hers. To Beattie everyone was worth talking to, her buoyant, loving disposition gave forth happiness in the society of others, and received it. She had her favourites, it is true, but, though she had ceased to consciously think much about him, none of them compared with Michael Anstruther; no waltz in the crowded ball-room, no light and merry chatter in the dim conservatories, no praises of herself conveyed in delicate attentions, were equal to one of those talks with Michael on the beach at Crabsley with the

summer sea before them, his grave eyes fixed on her face, and his manner betraying the homage he was yielding to her girlish beauty. She began to understand Michael better now that life had opened before her, to apprehend what had been his feeling towards herself though by no means realising its intensity. If she had formulated her idea it would have been: "If Mr. Anstruther had not gone away, perhaps he too would have grown to care for me in time. He was sorry to say good-bye."

It was not till the end of April or early in May that Norah Gilman came up to London to pay her promised visit to her cousins, which had been postponed partly from her own disinclination for it, and partly because her father had been poorly and she had insisted on staying with him. The past six months had tended to deepen Norah's natural seriousness, and by showing her the sadness of life, the worthlessness of so many things people count of value, in the presence of crushing sorrow and broken health, had drawn her more earnestly to the consideration of those things which alone avail when realities have to be faced. Lady Anstruther too, now that she thought it no longer so probable that Norah would marry Michael, had ceased to endeavour to fit her for the position she would occupy as his wife. After all, why should she make the girl conform herself to the world? For her, the death of her son and the shattered health of her husband had broken the ties she still had to it. Herself an invalid, it was unlikely she would mix with it again, and the things which comforted her now in many a dark and trying hour, were not those which the world had given her. Even, she told herself, the joys of married life were so easily turned to grief, the husband of her youth was bereft of his strength, and she must hear his complainings and see him suffer; of her children, three had been taken from her, and of one of these she could only think with sorrow. Michael too, for whom she would have made any sacrifice, she could not save from unhappiness. She could no longer give him all he desired.

Seeing that this was so, why should she wish that Norah should attach herself to perishable things? If it seemed strange that so young a girl should ask nothing of life, but be content to walk in quiet shadowed paths, yet was it not well with her? She had the peace of God, and Lady Anstruther sometimes envied her serenity. But she did not know that Norah too craved an earthly gift. The depth of her love for Michael was hidden even from his mother.

Michael had remained at Woodfield during the terrible time which followed Geoffrey's death. There was no one but himself to attend to all that was necessary. For him, the aspect of the world was suddenly changed. His boyhood was quite over now. He was a man in feeling as well as in years. The enchantment of youth, its hopefulness, and its pleasures seemed gone. Were his ambitions to be set aside also? Must he renounce the profession he had chosen and to which he was devoted, in order to minister to the declining years of his parents and to attend to the estate? His very being cried out against it. At first there could be no question where his duty lay, and he followed it; but during the long winter weeks he grew more and more restless, and however he hid his feelings from Sir John and his mother, Norah could see he was longing to be gone.

With the death of his brother Mike's prospects were sufficiently changed to make him a far more desirable suitor for Beattie, but he shrank from putting this before the Swanningtons, or turning his brother's death to his own advantage. Still, he intended to go and see them again before very long, and if he were favourably received, to ask that the period of his waiting might be curtailed. Yet somehow since the shock of Geoffrey's death with all that followed it, his nerve had suffered, he had a discouraging premonition of failure; and when, being in town, he did call once, to find the drawing-room full of visitors, and Beattie not at home, he lost courage still further. Mrs. Swannington had little attention to spare for him and her politeness was somewhat frigid. His inquiries for Beattie showed him that she was not apparently pining for him. She was mentioned several times by others, and he learnt that she was the centre of attraction to a circle in which he had no part. He waited some time hoping she would return from the entertainment at which she was, but finally left without seeing her. Mrs. Swannington asked him how long he would be in town, and learning, regretted that they were engaged every day of his stay. Beattie, she said, would be sorry to miss him. But she did not tell Beattie he had called.

Aunt Ella knew Michael's position was improved, but she had taken rather a dislike to him since she had refused him for Beattie. Moreover, she hated gloom or undue seriousness, and it must be confessed that Michael, in his mourning black and with a rather miserable expression of countenance did not add to the general enlivenment and seemed rather out of place among the lively visitors, all acquainted with one another, and indulging in banter and light laughter. Mike was young enough to be somewhat intolerant of the surface aspect of society and he thought these people frivolous and shallow. His ideal of Beattie was such that he could not adapt her to these surroundings and he left feeling that she was farther out of his reach than ever.

When he returned to Woodfield he was more than usually quiet and grave. The Gilman boys declared that "old Mike had got awfully dull," and Norah noticed that he seemed to have lost hope and interest. He would not ask his parents to let him go. A dogged sense of duty kept him. But Norah spoke to her father about it, and he opened Lady Anstruther's eyes to the unconscious selfishness of which they were being guilty. A week later, at her wish, and with his father's consent he escaped like a bird from its cage.

In spite of the lower portion of his body being paralysed, Sir John began to regain his general health. His intellect was still vigorous, and he became able to interest himself to some degree in the management of his property and such other matters as came under his attention. He read a good deal, and he had an attendant who was sufficiently well-educated to be something of a companion to him. Lady Anstruther, now that she was unable to do much visiting, found her friends came to her, unwilling to lose sight of one who, without being beautiful or in any way conspicuous, had yet by her charm and kindliness and culture and a certain elegance both of appearance and manner been always welcome and always popular. Her maid had been with her for many years, and two or three times a week Norah Gilman always came to tell her news of the village, or to ask her advice, or to hear part of the letter which had come from Michael. Sometimes too she had one to show, for Mike during the autumn and winter had seen so much of Norah that it would have been strange if their intimacy could have stopped abruptly at his departure. He relied on Norah for truthful accounts of his parents' condition or for any home news which they would not be likely to give. Perhaps, he hoped too that sometimes he would hear about Beattie through her, but at this time there were no letters from Beattie to Norah, and the friendship between them did not seem to be progressing.

Nevertheless it was the hope of seeing Beattie Margetson which was chiefly before Norah as she prepared for her visit to London. Her first enthusiasm about her friend had naturally died a little during the period of absence and her absorption in other interests. Perhaps, too, she was somewhat disappointed that Beattie's correspondence had fallen off. She felt that she had not taken a strong enough hold of the girl for her interest in her to survive separation, and perhaps it was rather unreasonable to expect it. Norah was modest enough to think herself unlikely to be an absorbing person to the beautiful girl who had so many friends, but she was fond of Beattie at any rate, and almost her first question to Mrs. Gilman after their meeting was to inquire after her, and express a hope that she would see her soon. Mrs. Gilman laughed.

"You mustn't expect to see much of her, Norah," she said. "I don't. She is whirled about by Mrs. Swannington to entertainments of all descriptions and at all times, and all the young men are in love with her and all the young women envy her. And she is just as much a child as ever, I think, though they are doing their best to spoil her. I've asked one or two nice people to dinner next Tuesday, though, and they are coming, so you will be able to judge for yourself."

Among these "nice people" was Cecil Musgrave, whose portrait Mrs. Swannington had noticed when she visited Mrs. Gilman. It was curious that it was at her house Beattie met for the first time both Michael Anstruther and the man who was to be his rival.

(To be continued.)

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," etc.

CHAPTER II.

SICK ROOM DON'TS.

"MAGGIE," I said, next day to my friend, "the reason why I want particularly to learn all I can about nursing is that it will not only make me more useful at home in case of illness, but also in the village as I told you yesterday."

"Yes, so you said yesterday," said Maggie. "Of course you have no village nurse."

I shook my head.

"And father lets me go sometimes and see sick people."

"You might be of great help to them," said Maggie, "if you could put them in the way of nursing their sick with a little intelligence."

"They say a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," I said.

"Yes, granted if that little knowledge is tried to be used about things and subjects of which the person knows nothing. But I do not think you will do much harm with the lessons I am giving you now."

"Well, here is my notebook," I said; "do begin."

"I am going to put the lesson in the form of 'don'ts,' and they will be easy to remember."

Don't have strongly scented flowers in a sick-room. Those which have no perfume are desirable, as they make a room look cheerful. But be careful to change the water frequently.

Don't let a sick-room be on the ground floor or basement. The quietest room is the best, and the higher up it is the better.

Don't have any carpet under the bed. Some people keep boxes under their beds and stow away all kinds of things there, thereby preventing the ventilation so necessary for a healthy bed. This rule should obtain at all times whether people are ill or well.

Don't forget when a window is open at the top that in foggy or very cold weather the air should be filtered by your having nailed a piece of flannel across the aperture. In towns, too, it is a good plan to nail a piece of gauze across the open space, as that prevents the entrance of smuts, and in the country it is equally useful in keeping out insects.

Don't hang a thermometer near a fireplace or a window. The proper place for it is on the wall either at the top of the bed or as close to the patient's head as can be managed.

An ordinary thermometer should be in every house; it costs but little, and in some cases of illness is an absolute necessity. From 60° to 70° F. is the usual temperature for a sick-room, and the nurse should make it her care to keep the room at the same temperature, avoiding more than a degree or two during the twenty-four hours.

Two o'clock in the morning is the coldest and three o'clock in the afternoon the hottest time of the day, and you must look at your thermometer at these times and see that it does not rise or fall.

To prevent this you can draw a blind down more in the heat, and at night, if you are up with a sick person, or have to keep their fire in, pay particular attention to it at that time.

Don't keep fire-irons in a sick-room. They only cause noise and are in the way. An old walking-stick is an excellent substitute for a poker. To brush up the hearth and so keep the fireplace in order can be done noiselessly, but to scrape up the cinders with the shovel causes sounds which are little less than torture to some people when they are ill, and are certainly very disagreeable at all times. In cases where all noise must be avoided, it is a very good plan to strew about an inch of earth under the grate. Then the ashes and cinders fall upon it, making no sound, and when you want to remove them you can do so almost unheard, as you run your shovel into the earth and lift up some of it with the cinders on it.

Don't keep up a fire at night by placing coals on it in the ordinary way which causes more or less noise. Put on a pair of housemaid's gloves, or one only is enough, and taking up the coals in your fingers make up the fire gently. Another excellent plan is to have your coal-scuttle made up for you before you settle your patient down for the night. Let the coals be placed in paper bags and the scuttle filled with them. When the fire needs renewal all you have to do is to place one or more bags on it, and as the paper soon burns the coals do their duty.

Don't omit to soap the window-cords so that they may work quietly, and it is well to oil hinges and locks of doors for the same reason.

Don't crowd the washstand with medicine bottles, etc. If you have a cupboard in the room keep all such things in it, and if not they can be kept in an adjoining room. Failing that you can make a good medicine cupboard if you do not already possess those sold for the purpose.

"How can that be done?" I inquired, for I was getting tired of writing down the Don'ts, and Maggie saw it.

"Any old fruit box or soap box can answer the purpose," said Maggie. "Have you such a thing in the house?"

I thought we had, and as I returned very shortly with a good large one we set to work after lunch in arranging it.

Tom, who loves anything to do with carpentering, gave willing assistance, and having taken off the top of the box which was useless, he planed it nicely and lined it all with glazed paper. The outside we covered with American cloth, and then we nailed a frill all along the upper edge, for we were supposing the box to be used in the same position as when lying on its side. This frill or curtain was cut up the middle, and thus the future contents would be kept nicely protected from the dust. Tom ran to the village to buy four strong eyes at the shop where all kinds of things are kept, and we nailed them on to the box, and then by their aid fastened the home-made medicine cupboard into its place in Aunt Elsie's new room.

"How far are you from a doctor here?" asked Maggie.

"Four miles," I said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because it makes it all the more important that you should have a cupboard set apart for things likely to be needed in case of accident or illness."

"There is a small cupboard with two shelves in the store-room," I said; "would that do."

"Capitally. On one shelf you should place all poisons and things for external application apart from the others."

"What ought to be in the cupboard?" I asked, and Maggie gave me this list, saying as she did so that she had named only a few essentials, and that the list might be extended very much.

THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD.

Castor oil, sal volatile, hazeline, powdered borax, Rigouot's mustard leaves, cascara tincture or tabloids, oiled silk rag and lint, essence of ginger, Condy's fluid or any disinfectant, carron oil, mustard flour in a tin, linseed meal in a tin, zinc powder and zinc ointment, glycerine, medicated cotton wool, flannel for compresses.

The following articles should also always be kept among others which will suggest themselves to every one:—

An india-rubber hot water bottle, a clinical thermometer, a graduated medicine glass, a drop measure, an air-cushion, a feeding-cup, a spatula, a wire-handled throat brush, some bandages and safety-pins, patent food-warmer and night-lights.

"Remember," said Maggie, "that all poisons should be kept in coloured bottles and labelled poison, as well as being kept on a shelf apart. You cannot be too careful, Nell, if you have a cupboard of this kind in a house about keeping the key or at least letting it be known where it is kept and leaving the door always locked, for fear of children or servants tampering with its contents."

"What is a feeding cup used for?" I asked.

"For a patient who is too ill or too weak to sit up. If you have not a proper feeding-cup at any time that one is needed, a small earthenware tea-pot answers the purpose if you are careful only to fill it about half, and not to remove the cover."

"When I can I shall get all these things," I said. "And now, Maggie, about giving medicines, are there not some rules?"

"Certainly there are, and I will tell them to you," said Maggie, as I got out my pencil again.

"You should always read the label on the bottle of medicine. Give the medicine at the time ordered. When medicine is directed to be taken three times a day it should be given at 10 A.M., 2 P.M. and 6 P.M. When it is ordered to be taken every four hours, it should be taken at 8 A.M., 12 noon, 4 P.M. and 8 P.M.

"Never give a medicine during the night unless the doctor expressly says you are to do so.

"If medicine has to be taken every two hours it is supposed that it is to be given during the night.

"Always measure the dose accurately in a medicine glass, and do not rely on the marks on the bottle, which are not always to be trusted.

"If a medicine is to be given 'after food,' it must only be administered if food has been taken.

"Medicines should always be shaken before being poured out, and you should hold the bottle so that the label side is upward. This prevents any drops of the liquid defacing the writing on the label and rendering it illegible.

"Always clean a medicine glass after using it, and keep a separate glass for oil or any medicines which have a very strong taste.

"After taking a nasty or acid medicine the sick person should wash out his mouth, and if he eats a crust of bread or a biscuit it will help in removing the taste.

"There should always be an interval of half an hour between taking a medicine and a meal. There are however, exceptions. Some medicines such as cod-liver oil, malt and tonics of arsenic and iron are generally taken at or very soon after a meal.

"The last thing at night or early in the morning is the best time for all medicines of an aperient nature, and should be followed by a hot drink a little time afterwards."

"Are there not ways of taking medicines so as to disguise their taste?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered Maggie. "You can write this down if you like:—

"Powders can be mixed with honey, sugar, treacle or jam. Another excellent way is to sprinkle them between two slices of very thin bread and butter, or to dissolve them in a little milk.

"Saline draughts should be brought to a person in two glasses. Let the patient hold the larger glass in his hand and then pour in the contents of the smaller.

"Castor oil can be beaten up in hot sweet milk, strong milkless coffee, or hot broth with salt in it. Another way is to thoroughly moisten the inside of the glass with brandy, then measure the oil into it and add a little brandy—about half a teaspoonful."

"Thank you, Maggie," I said, "now I think I have written enough for to-day. Suppose you get your things on and come out for a walk in the village."

"Nothing I should like better," said Maggie. "I want to explore it."

"It is so tiny that you will soon know it," I said. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, Maggie, that Aunt Elsie is quite excited about the new room and looking forward to it, and she even consents to having the feather bed put under the mattress. She is a dear old thing, and quite delighted to hear that you were teaching me a little about nursing."

"That is right, I was afraid perhaps that she would resent our innovations particularly about the carpets, but she has lived a good deal in France and is familiar with parquet floors and only islands of carpet here and there."

We walked on through our little village, and bent our steps towards Ansella Anderby, who was, as I told Maggie, a young girl who was a great invalid.

"I daresay you will discover many things which might be done to make Ansella more comfortable," I remarked as we came within sight of the house.

Maggie smiled. "Naturally a nurse's trained eye discovers needs very quickly. Then you see I have done some district nursing."

"That was nursing the poor in their own homes was it not?"

"Yes. I think I like it almost better than hospital work."

"But it must be much more difficult," I said, "for in a hospital you have all the proper appliances and everything to help you."

"Yes, that is true, but you see in district nursing we try to kill two birds with one stone, and show the poor how best to nurse each other and to use such things as they have by them. Of course I take a bag with me with two spatulas, one for making poultices and the other smaller for spreading ointment, bandages, lint, some ointment and various small things which may be needed, but still one has to resort to makeshifts for endless things."

"What kind of things?"

"Substitutes for hot water bottles for instance," said Maggie. "These can be done in several ways. Hot bricks wrapped in flannel, hot bran bags are very good, and if that is not possible I have often taken ordinary wine or beer bottles that seemed pretty strong; corked them up very securely and wrapped them up in flannel. Of course one must be very careful in seeing that they do not leak. As we are on that subject, however, I must warn you that if you are giving a hot water bottle or its substitute to an unconscious patient or some one who is paralysed and has lost sensation you must be very careful not to place the hot bottle or whatever it may be against his skin, as by so doing you may burn him and produce a sore. Always let a blanket intervene, and do not let the bottle be placed in close contact with the person."

"I will remember," I said, and at that moment Ansella's sister came running out of the house towards us.

"Oh, miss, I am so glad it is you. Ansella be very bad, and mother's out, and I don't know what to do."

We followed the child quickly into the cottage and found Ansella certainly in a state of great discomfort, for she was seated in a wretched-looking arm-chair, her head thrown back, evidently in a dead faint.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

INEZ.—The "black spots" on your face are comedones (blackheads). Some weeks back we discussed this subject at full length, to which description we refer you. Read it carefully and follow every detail exactly and you will obtain relief.

MARION.—1. "Holes" in the skin of the face, connected with acne, are of two kinds—the minute scars left by pustules that have healed, and the enlarged "pores" or openings of sebaceous and sweat glands which invariably accompanies acne. For the first nothing whatever can be done, and, truly, the scars are so minute that it is no hardship to put up with them. The second—enlargement of the openings of the glands—is a congenital condition (probably). The openings gradually get smaller and smaller after about twenty-five years of age. A lotion of glycerine and borax will help to check excessive secretion from the enlarged glands.—2. We have thoroughly threshed out the subject of superfluous hairs and cannot repeat our statements. If you will read the back numbers you will find all that we can tell you of this condition.

SARAH.—How frequently we hear patients say that they only have one lung. Every human being that ever lived, who was not a monster, was born with two lungs; and every person who ever died, died with two lungs, and every person living is living with two lungs. Women are very fond of going to a physician complaining of only having got one lung. What do they mean? and from whence do they get this extraordinary idea? Of course one lung may be almost incapacitated by disease; but this is not what women mean when they say that they only have one lung, for if you ask them what has become of the other lung, they *always* answer "I coughed it up some time ago." It would be impossible to cough up a lung, far more difficult than it would be to swallow a leg of mutton! This week we have seen ten "one lung" women. Of these, six neither have now nor ever had anything wrong with their lungs. Two others have had bronchitis, but have two perfectly healthy lungs apiece, at present. Of the other two, one has bronchitis now and the other has phthisis. You may rest content that you have two lungs like the rest of mankind. Of course we cannot tell you whether they are healthy or not.

S. N.—The cause of the great toe being driven beneath the second toe is invariably ill-fitting boots. If you can, obtain boots of the right shape, with a separate compartment for the great toe. These boots can be obtained at most first-class shops, and if well made, are not uncomfortable.

FAIRY QUEEN.—Flat-foot is due to two causes—badly shaped boots and excessive standing. If you read the article on clothing in the March number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, you will find information about flat-foot.

RACHEL.—The following is a very good carbolic tooth-powder:—

	Parts.
Orris root	30
Cuttle-fish	30
Powdered hard soap	30
Magnesium carbonate	500
Precipitated chalk	500
Carbolic acid (pure)	5
Attar of roses	3

Mix these ingredients very well together, and be careful that the carbolic acid does not stick together in one lump, but is equally distributed throughout the powder.

A SOUTHSEA READER.—Unhealthy conditions of the finger-nails, although very common, are but imperfectly understood, and, consequently, the treatment for them is unsatisfactory. Cut and trim the nails down to the "quick," but do not touch the rim of the nail near the root with the knife. If the nails are thin and weak the root of the nail should never be trimmed and the nail should not be scraped. Of course if you have any affection of the fingers, this must be seen to. Of all applications not one is really satisfactory. Lanoline may be used, but it will not prevent the nails from splitting. Bathing the nails in alum-water (one teaspoonful of alum to a pint of water) is sometimes efficacious in causing nails to grow thicker and stronger.

MOTHER.—There is one form of goître (or rather there is a disease of which one symptom is goître) which does affect the heart and causes palpitation. This disease is the exophthalmic goître or Grave's disease. It is called "exophthalmic" (ἐξ, *ex*, out of, and ὀφθαλμος, *ophthalmos*, the eyes,) because extreme prominence of the eyeballs is one of the symptoms. Ordinary goître, or "Derbyshire neck," rarely, if ever, causes palpitation until it gets to be of very large size. Goitres when they are large often causes difficulty in breathing from pressure on the windpipe. When this happens immediate operation is imperative. Usually the only symptom of goître is the prominence of the throat.

A YOUNG MOTHER asks us how to cure dilated veins on the cheeks. She tells us that she is a great tea drinker, but never has indigestion. Nevertheless, we are sure that the dilated veins are due to the tea that she drinks She must give up drinking tea. She also asks us whether we would advise ichthiol? Yes, we do advise ichthiol, either in pills containing two and a half grains, or else as an ointment consisting of two parts of ichthiol to one hundred parts of lanoline. On the whole we think that in her case more benefit would be obtained from the ointment. Lanoline alone is of very little good as an ointment for this condition, but it forms an excellent vehicle for the ichthiol. Sulphur ointment is a very useful application, but in this condition ichthiol is better.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

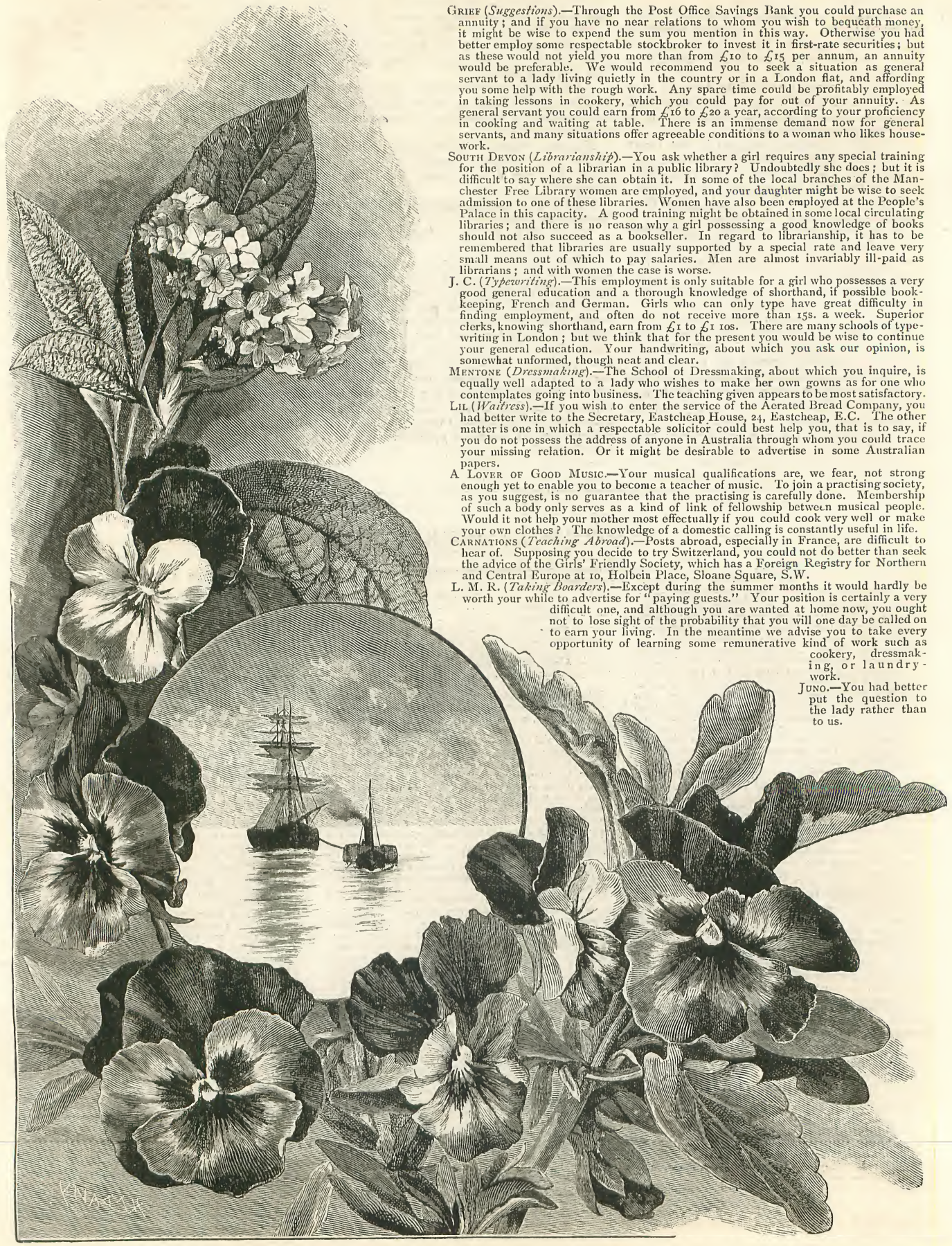
P. A.—The sentiment of your verses is very good, but it would not be kind of us to lead you to hope that you would ever be able to write for publication, if that is what you mean. "Long" and "on" do not rhyme, nor do "lonely" and "going by." "True Sympathy" is by far the best. If it helps you thus to put your thoughts into rhyme, we see no reason why you should not continue to do so. We appreciate your neat and careful manuscript.

RITA (New Zealand).—We should advise you, as we have advised many of our correspondents, to join the National Home Reading Union, which has members in all parts of the globe. There are Reading Circles and private members in New Zealand. If you do not know of any, address the Secretary, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C. We sympathise much with you in your delicate health and longing after higher culture. Read all the works of Ruskin you can lay hands on, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, Kingsley, and scan our columns for advice to those with the same wish as your own. We understand your feeling inclined to "despise others" for frivolous conversation, but try not to encourage the tendency. Rather look for what is best in their words and disposition, and help to draw it forth by your example.

ROBINA.—The thoughts expressed in your friend's poem "To a Solitary Snowdrop" are good, but not original, and the lines are in no sense poetry. There is no music in them, and the length varies irregularly. Contrast the first line (seven syllables) with the last (fourteen), and this in a metre in which the lines should be equal in cadence! Thanks for your kind words.

MOONLIT GARDEN.—You have omitted your signature, so we are unable to compare your present enclosures with the last.—1. We cannot praise the two poems now sent. "The Angel of Death" (which you might certainly call "A Reverie") is written in no recognised metre, and it is incorrect to say "bolts and bars—availeth nought," also to say "thou doth."—2. Your writing is unformed at present and your *g*'s and *y*'s are too long and curly.

CHARMION.—1. Certainly we endeavour to return MSS. *if* stamps are enclosed for the purpose. We have returned yours also, as you did not know this rule.—2. We cannot praise your story. The composition is defective. You should not say "a good bit over the medium height;" it is too colloquial an expression. The rector's falling in love the instant he meets the farmer's daughter is not very convincing, and we do not admire his subsequent behaviour, nor the tendency of the story to describe handsome clergymen as demigods whom all women must adore!



GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

GRIEF (*Suggestions*).—Through the Post Office Savings Bank you could purchase an annuity; and if you have no near relations to whom you wish to bequeath money, it might be wise to expend the sum you mention in this way. Otherwise you had better employ some respectable stockbroker to invest it in first-rate securities; but as these would not yield you more than from £10 to £15 per annum, an annuity would be preferable. We would recommend you to seek a situation as general servant to a lady living quietly in the country or in a London flat, and affording you some help with the rough work. Any spare time could be profitably employed in taking lessons in cookery, which you could pay for out of your annuity. As general servant you could earn from £16 to £20 a year, according to your proficiency in cooking and waiting at table. There is an immense demand now for general servants, and many situations offer agreeable conditions to a woman who likes housework.

SOUTH DEVON (*Librarianship*).—You ask whether a girl requires any special training for the position of a librarian in a public library? Undoubtedly she does; but it is difficult to say where she can obtain it. In some of the local branches of the Manchester Free Library women are employed, and your daughter might be wise to seek admission to one of these libraries. Women have also been employed at the People's Palace in this capacity. A good training might be obtained in some local circulating libraries; and there is no reason why a girl possessing a good knowledge of books should not also succeed as a bookseller. In regard to librarianship, it has to be remembered that libraries are usually supported by a special rate and leave very small means out of which to pay salaries. Men are almost invariably ill-paid as librarians; and with women the case is worse.

J. C. (*Typewriting*).—This employment is only suitable for a girl who possesses a very good general education and a thorough knowledge of shorthand, if possible book-keeping, French and German. Girls who can only type have great difficulty in finding employment, and often do not receive more than 15s. a week. Superior clerks, knowing shorthand, earn from £1 to £1 10s. There are many schools of typewriting in London; but we think that for the present you would be wise to continue your general education. Your handwriting, about which you ask our opinion, is somewhat unformed, though neat and clear.

MENTONE (*Dressmaking*).—The School of Dressmaking, about which you inquire, is equally well adapted to a lady who wishes to make her own gowns as for one who contemplates going into business. The teaching given appears to be most satisfactory.

LIL (*Waitress*).—If you wish to enter the service of the Aerated Bread Company, you had better write to the Secretary, Eastcheap House, 24, Eastcheap, E.C. The other matter is one in which a respectable solicitor could best help you, that is to say, if you do not possess the address of anyone in Australia through whom you could trace your missing relation. Or it might be desirable to advertise in some Australian papers.

A LOVER OF GOOD MUSIC.—Your musical qualifications are, we fear, not strong enough yet to enable you to become a teacher of music. To join a practising society, as you suggest, is no guarantee that the practising is carefully done. Membership of such a body only serves as a kind of link of fellowship between musical people. Would it not help your mother most effectually if you could cook very well or make your own clothes? The knowledge of a domestic calling is constantly useful in life.

CARNATIONS (*Teaching Abroad*).—Posts abroad, especially in France, are difficult to hear of. Supposing you decide to try Switzerland, you could not do better than seek the advice of the Girls' Friendly Society, which has a Foreign Registry for Northern and Central Europe at 10, Holbein Place, Sloane Square, S.W.

L. M. R. (*Taking Boarders*).—Except during the summer months it would hardly be worth your while to advertise for "paying guests." Your position is certainly a very difficult one, and although you are wanted at home now, you ought not to lose sight of the probability that you will one day be called on to earn your living. In the meantime we advise you to take every opportunity of learning some remunerative kind of work such as cookery, dressmaking, or laundry-work.

JUNO.—You had better put the question to the lady rather than to us.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 964.] JUNE 18, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ON THE CORNISH SHORE.

SHE is standing by the wicket
Of her olden Cornish home,
And she listens to the breakers
That are dashing into foam;
Then her eyes with tears are filling,
And her sighs she cannot stay,
As her lover draws her closer still,
The while she hears him say:
"While still shall dash the breakers
On this rugged Cornish shore,
I shall love you, I shall love you,
As time passes, more and more!"

O'er their heads the stars are peeping,
Yet the word they cannot say
That may be the last between them
P'r'aps for ever and a day!
Still their hands are locked together,
And their hearts together beat,
Till a silent kiss, and he is gone,
The while his lips repeat:
"Till cease to dash the breakers
On this rugged Cornish shore,
I shall love you, near or distant,
As to-day, for evermore!"



All rights reserved.] "THIS RUGGED CORNISH SHORE."

She is standing by the wicket
As in days that used to be,
But the only sound anear her
Is the moaning of the sea!
Since her lover sailed across it
Now have vanished years and years,
And no word from him has ever come,
Yet 'midst the waves she hears:
"While still shall dash the breakers
On the rugged Cornish shore,
I shall love you—living—dying—
Till I cannot love you more!"

EDWARD OXENFORD.



DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Madame Féraudy came downstairs on the next morning she found her nephew gone. At first she could not believe it, it seemed impossible, but a letter left on the table attracted her attention, and with a full heart she opened it. An enclosure fell out addressed to Eugénie Lacour.

Madame Féraudy could not restrain her tears when she read what André had written to her.

"MY DEAREST *maman*, dear to me as my own mother, do not blame me that I leave you abruptly like this, but think of me with patience and, above all, love me still, even though I am obliged to disregard your wishes in this one matter.

"I go because I dare not see Génie again. I am too weak. Yesterday I thought it but a small thing to conquer my love for her, but when I saw her lying senseless in that terrible strait, the terror, the agony I went through, tore away all illusion.

"Well, dear *maman*, pray for me that with a willing heart I may make this last consummate sacrifice for God and His poor. But I am only a man, I cannot see her again, and I will not—for her sake also. She thinks of me gently, tenderly. I have seen affection in her sweet eyes; and a certain wistful pain like that of a misunderstood child because I have been so cold. It is best so. She will think this sudden departure cold, perhaps unkind. Let it be so. A love is awaiting her which will comfort and fill her heart, if it has been a little wounded by my hand. Be loving to the child; a motherless girl is a very tender being. Some day perhaps, not now—but afterwards—you may tell her that if it had been God's will I might have told her of my love, but the Shadow of the Cross is upon me and it points the way into a world of hopeless pain.

"God bless you, dear *maman*. Your devoted,

"ANDRÉ.

"P.S.—Give this enclosed letter to Génie. You need not fear to do so."

Madame Féraudy rose and brushed away her tears.

"He is a very saint," she said to herself. "And I must be an old sinner to mind so much."

There was a great deal to do all day in the house and Madame Féraudy felt cross and put out when message after message came from the Canières.

"Monsieur and madame's compliments, and did Mademoiselle Lacour feel a little better?"

Madame Féraudy sent all the messages up by Jeanne conscientiously.

Génie lying, tired and unnerved in her little bed, was touched to the heart by them. Their assiduity was such a contrast to the cold fact that she learnt from Jeanne that Dr. André was gone—gone without waiting to see her or to hear her thanks. She cried a little when she first heard it, then she brightened up over the messages, and smiled, well pleased, when a large bouquet was brought to her with her twelve o'clock luncheon.

She tried to get up in the afternoon, but was so stiff and faint that she was obliged to return to bed, and this was followed by a greatly distressed message and a touching description from Jeanne of the white face and agitation of Monsieur Jean when he heard it.

Jeanne herself was touched by this devotion. It was evident, she told herself, that Dr. André had no wish to marry mademoiselle, so, heart and soul she would wish Monsieur Canière success.

Madame Féraudy was very busy all day, or thought herself so, so that it was not till late in the afternoon that she went upstairs to sit with Génie.

The girl was lying in her little white bed, and the snowy linen was scarcely more colourless than her little face. Madame Féraudy went up to her and kissed her lovingly.

"My little one," she said, "you look white and sad. How do you feel now?"

"I am much better, *maman*, and Jeanne has been bathing my foot with the stuff Dr. André sent me. It has soothed the pain. He seems to be always there to save me," she faltered, her voice breaking a little, and her grey eyes looking up very wistfully into those of her old friend.

"His mission in life is to succour the distressed and heal pain," said Madame Féraudy.

"Yes," said Génie gently. "But it is hard, very hard, to have to take all and give nothing. When I heard that he was gone without seeing me, without letting me tell him my gratitude, my deep gratitude to him then—then—" she could not finish.

"Then you were sorry, *mignonne*? I know the feeling well. He will never think of himself. My child, he is not like other men, he is a saint."

"I know, he is too far above us to care for our thanks, but, *maman*, it is hard."

"Ah," said Madame Féraudy, "sometimes, not often in life, it is given to us to see a life dedicated as his is to the service of God, and one must not interrupt it, Génie. One must stand back and let it pass on, unhindered by our simpler, more selfish wishes."

Génie lay back with closed eyes, through which the slow tears stole one by one.

"You should have seen him, *maman*, as I saw him, standing by me when I

woke. He looked so noble, so exultant, and I thought—I thought that it was because once more he had saved me, a second time had come just at the very moment in which my greatest need had come. And when I went to sleep I was so happy, so content. But this morning, *maman* dear, when Jeanne told me that he was gone, I knew the truth, that he did not care. I was no more to him than any other object of his charity."

She had just ceased speaking when Jeanne came in with a little basket, a message with it.

Monsieur Canière had been over to Quintan where he knew of a man who kept hot-houses, and had procured some grapes of which he begged Mademoiselle Génie's acceptance.

"He is so good, so very kind," said Génie languidly, and she sat up in bed and ate some of them with pleasure.

Madame Féraudy saw with a thrill of pain that Dr. André had been right. His abrupt departure had hurt Génie deeply. Her fancy, which had dwelt on him of late, was chilled and thrown back. And she knew that she must not interfere, that she must let the girl turn with gentle gratitude to the love which lavished grapes and toys at her feet, and André in his letter had said, "Let it be so."

For two or three days Génie was obliged to remain in bed, but on the Sunday after her accident she was allowed to come down.

She felt very weak and shaky as she came out of her room and stood at the head of the staircase, but taking courage she was about to begin the descent when Monsieur Canière, who had evidently been waiting for her appearance, dashed up three steps at a time and offered her his arm.

Génie was very glad of the support, and touched by his air of devotion as he led her into the white *salon*, and arranged cushions for her on the sofa.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he exclaimed, "you do not know what we have been through, my mother and I! How we have lived on messages and assurances that you were better. You look so pale, as if the suffering and shock to the nerves had been very great. We cannot bear to think of it."

Madame Féraudy came in, and Jean Canière took his leave lingeringly, assuring her that he would not fatigue her for the whole world.

When he was gone Génie said languidly, "How good-looking Monsieur Canière is, *maman*. I never remarked it before."

Madame Féraudy could not help it, she said abruptly—

"He is not to compare in looks with André, *mignonne*."

"Perhaps not," said Génie with irrepressible bitterness. "But Dr. André's face is fit for St. John or the Archangel Michael in a picture by Raphael, whereas, for every day use, less sublimity is better."

Then Madame Féraudy knew that the work was already half done.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PUZZLE COMPETITION REPORT (MARCH).

PRIZE WINNERS.

One Guinea Each.

A. A. Campbell, 15, Cambridge Drive, Glasgow.
M. A. C. Crabb, Red Hill, Rickmansworth, Herts.

Half-a-Guinea Each.

E. C. Milne, 170, Oakley St., Chelsea, S.W.
Constance Taylor, 6, Market Place, Peterboro'.
Henry Wilkinson, 18, Airey Terrace, Gateshead.
Sophie Yeo, 17, Portland Square, Plymouth.

Seven Shillings Each (for ingenuity of design).

Gertrude A. Cashell, 35, Downs Road, Clapton.
Blanche Holmes, Malvern House, Acock's Green, near Birmingham.
Kate Seaman, 111, Saltram Crescent, Paddington.

Very Highly Commended.

C. Adams, W. J. Barrett, S. Bentley, F. W. Honniball, Edith B. Jowett, Meta Kelway, Rev. H. McNaught, J. D. Musgrave, Mrs. Paulin, Margaret Robertson, Janet Scott, Lillian H. Sampson, V. M. Welman, M. Wilkins.

Highly Commended.

Eliza Acworth, L. B. Ashford, Sybil Atkinson, Edith K. Baxter, Annie Bedingfield, Dora N. Bertie, Ethel Biggs, W. M. Butcher, Annie J. Cather, C. A. Cooper, Rev. J. Corkey, Mrs. R. H. Field, Mrs. Grubbe, Robert H. Hamilton, Edith M. Harcourt, Edward St. G. Hodson, Catherine M. Kingwell, Daisy V. Kingwell, J. A. Kingwell, Nellie Knight, Edith E. Lane, Ruth Lawrance, Ethel Raffety, Hugh Reynolds, Alice Seaman, Amy Swinger, Ellen C. Tarrant, Mrs. A. Wallace, Lilias Walter, Connie Whitmore, Emily M. P. Wood.

Honourable Mention.

Alice Burt, Leonora Clark, May B. Clements, L. Clews, May Connell, Nina E. Coote, Kate Daniels, Edith K. Ellis, Annie Fitt, Daisy M. Freeman, A. E. Goodwin, Edith L. Howse, Eveline Mahood, Maud Miller, B. Neve, Miss Oldfield, L. M. Todd, Frances Walpole, Agnes Whipham, Edith M. Younge.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

WHEN we first saw the pile of puzzles we found no difficulty in controlling our delight. After a casual examination we had even less in expressing our despair. It was indeed a strong temptation to pick out all the good-looking ones, arrange them in order according to their beauty, and settle our award in that way.

But that stern sense of duty which never forsakes a puzzle editor—excepting when he runs away—forbade, and with many a sigh we began to solve. It was some comfort to find that, with the solution to help us, our task was less difficult than we had feared. We must humbly confess, however, that a few devices baffled us altogether. Our first impulse was to regard these with profound respect, but on reflection, this feeling was somewhat modified. "If you," said we to ourselves, "cannot solve one of these familiar puzzles with the help of the solution, either you must be seriously unwell or the puzzle must be too difficult to be of much service to mankind at large." We cheerfully accepted the latter alternative, marked the puzzles "t. d." and kept them out of the prize-bundle.

We are bound to say that, taking the puzzle as a whole, not much originality was displayed. Most of the work was a "colourable imitation" of our own. For instance, the second line usually ended with pictures of a *can*, a *knot*, and a *fly*. True, various kinds of cans were introduced; even the knot was not always obviously a knot, and the fly sometimes appeared as a blackbeetle, sometimes as a cab and once as a Lord Mayor's coach. But, however expressed, the idea was the same, and long before we had finished our work we were a little tired of it. It is one thing to perpetrate a crime oneself and quite another to tolerate it in anyone else.

Of the non-pictorial puzzles, the most irritating were those which substituted another letter for the right one. In this form a becomes b or y, or anything else you like. The result is a most bewildering conglomeration of letters. If you have sufficient time to study it you find a clue and the mystery vanishes. Is it unkind to say that we do not see where the ingenuity of the maker is to be found in such a puzzle?

The knight's move puzzle, of which we had three or four varieties, is pretty, but it is not new.

The simple fact is that new puzzle ideas are now very difficult to create and the old ones have been done to death. The hieroglyphic form is possibly the best of those extant, for it presents so much scope for freshness of treatment. But even it can be played out, as our readers will find one day.

FOREIGN AWARD.

ON CLOTHING.

PRIZE WINNERS (*Seven Shillings Each*).

Lillian Dobson, 18, Havelock St., St. Kilda, Victoria, Aust.
Mrs. and Edith Hardy, Finch St., E. Malvern, Victoria, Aust.
Elizabeth K. Peacock, 8, Lock St., Auburn, Melbourne.

Very Highly Commended.

Annie Barron (Montreux), Winifred Bizzey (Canada), Annie I. Cameron (British Guiana), Mrs. Haybittel (Cape Colony), Annie Jackson (Canada), J. S. Summers (Bombay).

Highly Commended.

Mabel Ayliff (Cape Colony), Margaret L. Baller (China), Mrs. F. Christian (Bengal), Bertha Dyke (Buenos Aires), Fontilla Greaves (Barbados), Anna I. Hood (France), A. Horne (Wellington), Philippa M. Kemlo (Cape Colony), Mrs. E. R. Manners (Bengal), Maud Caton Ogilvie (Deccan), Mrs. Sprigg (Cape Colony), Ada F. Sykes (Calcutta).

"THE FATHER OF THE SYMPHONY": JOSEPH HAYDN.



THE eighteenth century has been called the "Genius Period" of musical history. It greeted the fifteen-year-old Bach and Haendel, and witnessed the development of their powers. It gave us, in its thirty-second year, Joseph Haydn; in its fifty-sixth year, Mozart; in its seventieth year, Beethoven, and just three years before its close it lent us Schubert.

Truly a noble record!

Of these six masters, three were Germans—Bach, Haendel and Beethoven; the remaining three—Haydn, Mozart and Schubert—were Austrians. The Germans are thinkers, and the music which they have produced appeals primarily to the intellect. The Austrians, while less profound, are more graceful, and while less learned are more gay. Their music is lighter than that of their northern colleagues, and the gaiety which is so marked a characteristic of their lives, finds utterance in the brilliant harmonies and dancing rhythms of their compositions.

A true child of Austria we find in Joseph Haydn. Listen to one of his symphonies and, be you ever so sad, ever so sulky, it will tease you and coax you till all your ill-humour disperses like mist in the morning sunshine. When he was an old man a friend commented upon the peculiar cheerfulness of his church music. "I cannot help myself," answered the aged musician, "what I have, I give. But when I think of God, my heart jumps so for joy, that the notes run as if off a reel. And as God has given me a joyous nature, He will surely forgive me if I serve Him joyfully!"

It has been claimed for Haydn that he is the father of humour in music. This keen sense of humour must have served him well in his checkered life, for domestic happiness he had none. He was the second of twelve children. His father, who was a wheelwright, had built the little house at the end of the principal street in the village of Rohrau, which is still standing, and into it he moved on his marriage with the cook from a neighbouring mansion. Mathias Haydn and his wife had musical tastes. He played the harp by ear and they sang together. Little Joseph sat on a bench in the corner and took part in the performance, pretending to play on an imaginary violin, consisting of two pieces of wood with which he imitated exactly the gestures of the village schoolmaster. A distant relative, named Frankh, who was music director at the small neighbouring town, Hainburg, happened to hear him one day when he was six years old, and, pleased with the child's pure intonation, offered to undertake his musical education. The mother was strongly opposed to the idea, as she would have preferred to see her son a priest or a schoolmaster, but her prejudices were finally overcome, and master Joseph, or Sepperl as he was called in the Austrian dialect, was soon established at school at Hainburg. Frankh was a good teacher and Joseph an apt pupil. As he said himself, "learning came easy" to him. He became a good singer and learnt to play most of the instruments then in use, even including the drum, for, on one occasion a drummer being wanted for a procession, Frankh pushed young Sepperl into the place, and showed him how to beat. A funny little figure he must have looked, for he was so small that the drum had to be slung on the back of a school-fellow of his own height, who happened to be a hunchback, and thus the curious procession moved on. Haydn always retained a fancy for the drum, which plays an important part in his "Surprise" and other symphonies, and he greatly astonished the band which he was engaged to conduct in London, when quite an old man, by a display of his skill in this branch of musical art.

Two years after his removal to Hainburg Sepperl was heard by Reutter, the music-director of the famous cathedral at Vienna, who, pleased with his "weak, sweet voice," and finding that he could sing a shake, proposed to take him back with him and finish his education. The little village lad could scarcely realise his good fortune, and happy indeed was he when he found himself among the scholars in the cloisters beneath the beautiful spire of St. Stephen's. Here he learnt singing and violin and piano-playing from good masters, as well as Latin and other subjects, but he received no instruction in harmony. Reutter only gave him two lessons during all the time that he was with him, but, as Haydn himself said, he had the gift, and by dint of hard work he managed to get on.

In 1745 his brother Michael joined him as chorister. Michael was the sixth of the twelve children and was very musical, though he does not seem to have gained much success. Some of his compositions are still occasionally performed, but there was as much difference between him and his brother Joseph as there was between Sebastian Bach and the best of his sons.

After Joseph and Michael had been at St. Stephen's for some years the elder boy's voice began to break. This angered Reutter most unreasonably, and he only waited for an excuse to expel the unhappy boy. An opportunity soon presented itself. Joseph, with that love of fun which distinguished him through life, was, as a lad, addicted to practical jokes, and seeing one day a little comrade's pig-tail bobbing in front of him and a pair of brand new scissors gleaming beneath his hand he could not resist the temptation to introduce them to one another. The pig-tail fell, and master Joseph was sentenced to a caning. In vain he begged to be let off and declared that he would rather leave than suffer such an indignity. He was told the thrashing was to come first and after that he could march.

It was on a cold, wet evening that he found himself turned into the streets of Vienna, without home or friends, but after wandering about half the night he met a poor actor who had pity on his forlorn condition and took him home to his humble lodging.

Joseph was now sixteen. He succeeded in getting a few pupils, and a kind Viennese having lent him a hundred and fifty guldens, he rented an attic, got an old, worm-eaten piano and set to work to study composition from books and from the Sonatas of Emanuel Bach, which he mastered completely. His friend, the actor, obtained a commission for him to compose a comic opera, for which he was fairly well paid and, having plenty of courage and perseverance, he managed to keep himself afloat.

In Germany and Austria most people live in flats, and thus it happens that a millionaire and a mechanic may be living beneath the same roof—only the mechanic will have rather more of the roof. In the house which was topped by Haydn's attic there lived Metastasio, the greatest opera-librettist of the day, and the author of the clever but severe lines—

> "Between a singer and musician
> Wide is the difference of condition,
> The one repeats, the other knows
> The sounds which harmony compose,
> And he who acts without a plan
> May be esteemed more beast than man."

Metastasio was very wealthy and he had the guardianship of a rich, young Spanish girl. He was not long in discovering the genius up in his sky-light, and he engaged Haydn to teach music to his ward, who had singing lessons from the celebrated Porpora. In this way Haydn gained the friendship of the Italian *maestro*, who engaged him as accompanist to his pupils, and who took him with him to the baths of Mannersdorf in Hungary, where he gave him lessons in composition, in return for which Haydn had to act as valet as well as accompanist. In consequence of this connection with Porpora he became acquainted with the principal musicians of his time, including Gluck, who advised him to go to Italy. This, however, there was no possibility of his doing. He was also introduced to a very wealthy amateur named Fürnberg, who invited him to his house and who encouraged him to compose his first string quartett—a style of composition in which he was destined to excel and to earn for himself the name of Father of the Quartett as well as of the Symphony.

The first quartett was soon followed by others, and Haydn's prospects began to brighten. He raised his terms for lessons from two guldens a month to five, and somewhat later Fürnberg introduced him to the Bohemian Count, Ferdinand Morzin, who engaged him as music director and composer. The Count had a small but well-chosen orchestra, and Haydn, with his salary of twenty pounds a year, now bethought him of taking a wife. An old school-fellow at St. Stephen's had introduced him to his family, and Joseph's choice had fallen upon the youngest sister. As, however, she had determined to become a nun, and the father—a wig-maker—was unwilling to lose so hopeful a son-in-law, good-natured Haydn was easily persuaded to transfer his affections, or at least his attentions, to the elder sister, who was three years older than he. The wedding took place in 1760 at St. Stephen's, and a sorry marriage it proved for the bridegroom.

Disagreeable, bigoted, extravagant and bad-tempered, Maria Anna seems to have had scarcely any redeeming quality, and Haydn, whose nature was too kindly and too joyous to be warped or soured, soon made up his mind that domestic bliss was not his portion and that he must find happiness in himself. Not long after this marriage Count Morzin dismissed his band, but Haydn was immediately engaged by Prince Esterhazy, one of the richest princes in Austria and one whose family had been known for generations as devoted lovers of art and music.

This prince had a good orchestra at Eisenstadt, and Haydn was appointed second conductor, the first being an old man, Werner, who died a few years later. To please his prince, Joseph taught himself the baryton, an instrument on which his patron performed, and which was something like the violoncello, but, finding that this plan was quite unsuccessful, Prince Nicholas not at all appreciating the skill of his rival, Haydn quietly forgot his new accomplishment and confined himself

to composing music for the instrument—a much more pleasing compliment!

Not satisfied with his residence at Eisenstadt, Prince Nicholas later built for himself a magnificent place on a distant estate, which had, prior to this time, been very unhealthy. The improvements he made rendered it not only habitable, but transformed it into a most delightful spot, equalled only by Versailles for beauty and magnificence. Here he built a marionette theatre, and, having brought over his entire orchestra, received princely visitors, even including the Empress. He became so fond of this place of his creation, which he called Esterhazy, that he spent almost all the year there. Very few of the musicians were allowed to bring their wives, which, though a deprivation to many, must have been rather a relief to poor Haydn. Even he, however, felt the banishment from all artistic society, though, on the other hand, he acknowledged his advantages. "My Prince," he says, "was always satisfied with my works. I not only had the encouragement of constant approval, but as conductor of an orchestra I could make experiments, observe what produced an effect and what weakened it, and was thus in a position to improve, alter, make additions or omissions, and be as bold as I pleased. I was cut off from the world, there was no one to confuse or worry me, and I was forced to be original."

The whole band of musicians was devoted to Haydn. On many occasions he interceded with the Prince on their behalf, especially with the object of shortening the visit to Esterhazy, that they might rejoin their families. It was for this purpose that he conceived the droll idea of his Farewell Symphony, in which one instrument after another ceases to play, the performer slipping quietly away, until only two violins are left. At the first performance one of these was the Prince's favourite. His Highness took the hint, and, laughing, exclaimed—"If all go, we may as well go too!" Haydn's object was attained.

In the year 1779 the Esterhazy Theatre was burnt down. When the new one was opened an opera by Haydn was given under his direction. It was played later in Vienna, but none of his operas have lived. He judged them very fairly himself, when he said in answer to an invitation to perform one at Prague—"My operas are calculated exclusively for our own company, and would not produce their effect elsewhere."

If he had followed Gluck's advice and had gone to Italy they might have been better, but we should not have had the Haydn whom we love, and without Haydn, Beethoven would scarcely have been possible.

Prince Esterhazy occasionally took his musical company to perform at the large towns in Austria, and Haydn was by this time known all over Europe; even from Spain he received enthusiastic letters, and from London he had several good offers both from publishers and concert managers. The latter offered him any terms if he would come to London, but nothing came of their attempts, and at length Salamon determined to try what personal influence would do. The music publisher, Bland, was sent to Vienna, but finding that Haydn was still at Esterhazy he followed him there. A funny story is told of their meeting. Bland arrived in the morning when Haydn was shaving, and at the door he overheard the irate composer abusing the bluntness of his razor in no gentle tones, exclaiming at last—"I would give my best quartett for a good razor!" Back to his lodging rushed Bland, and returning presently with his own good English one, presented it in triumph to the master and received in return Haydn's newest quartett, which is still called the "Razor Quartett." Bland also obtained the copyright of several other works, but he could not persuade Haydn to come to London. It was not until 1790 that this object was accomplished. Then, Prince Esterhazy having died, and his conductor having settled down in Vienna, Salamon himself appeared on the scene. Haydn could no longer plead his other engagements, and the Englishman succeeded in making terms with him. Mozart, who was devoted to Haydn, was rather fearful of the experiment. He spent the hours prior to the master's departure with him and saw him off. "Papa!" he exclaimed, "you are not educated for the great world, and you speak too few languages."

"But my language is understood all over the world," answered Haydn smiling.

The visit to England was a grand success. Everywhere the composer was received with enthusiasm, although Haendel was then at the zenith of his fame. After he had been some months in London Haydn visited Oxford, where the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on him. Three grand concerts were given in his honour; at the second one his Oxford symphony was performed, and at the third he conducted in his new doctor's robes.

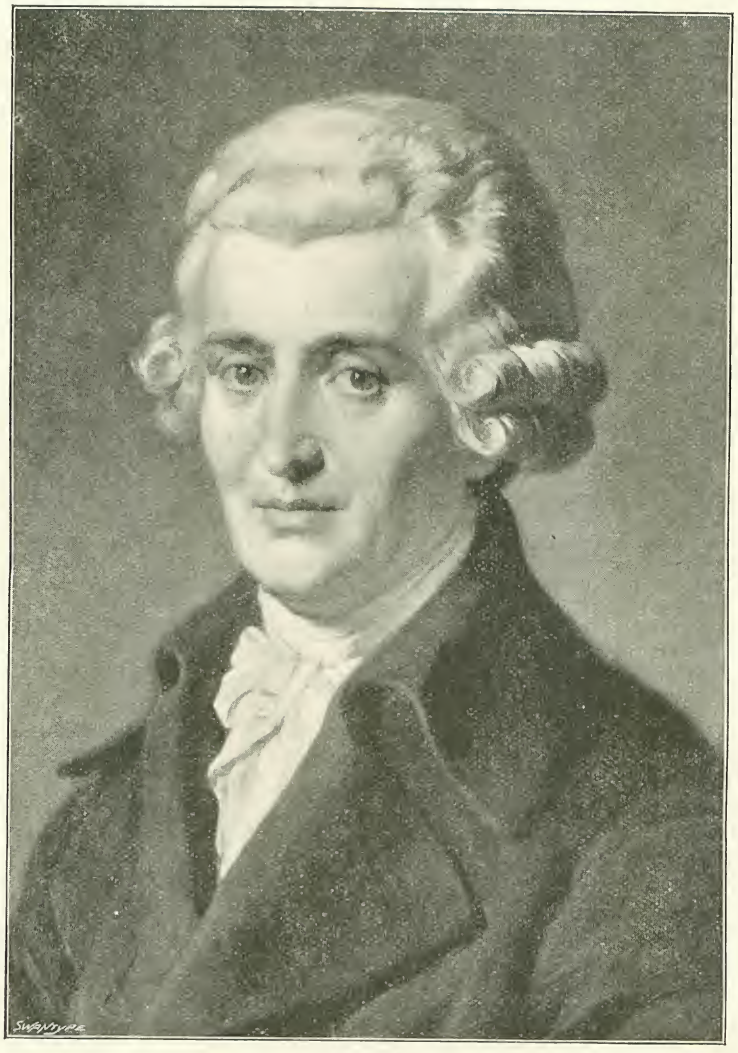
On his return to Austria his Grand Imperial Mass was performed. This work is called the "Nelson Mass" in Germany, because it was first given during Nelson's visit to Eisenstadt. Our great naval hero was so much impressed by its grandeur and beauty that at the end of the concert he begged Haydn to give him his pen, and handed him in return his own gold watch.

The first visit having been so successful Salamon persuaded Haydn to come to England again in 1794. Concerts were organised at which he conducted his works, the "Surprise Symphony" being an especial favourite. Among the costly or curious presents that were showered upon him before his departure were a talking parrot and six pairs of cotton stockings with themes from his compositions worked into them.

Whilst visiting England Haydn had often envied us our National Anthem, and one of his first tasks on his return home was the composition of the celebrated Austrian hymn, "God Preserve the Emperor!" This was one of his favourite works, and only a few days before his death he had his chair wheeled up to the piano and played it three times over. He has made use of it in one of his finest string quartetts—the one known as the "Kaiser Quartett."

The highest point of Haydn's fame as a composer was not reached until the composition of the two works of his old age—"The Creation," and "The Seasons." Salamon, the English concert agent, had offered him a text compiled from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, for the subject of an oratorio. This he took back with him to Vienna and gave to van Swieten, who altered it considerably. Haydn then set to work with the keenest delight. "Never," he says, "was I so pious as when composing the 'Creation.' I knelt down every day and prayed to God to strengthen me for my work." In 1800 it was engraved and then it was given everywhere. In England it was first performed by the Three Choirs; in 1800 at Worcester, in 1801 at Hereford, and in 1802 at Gloucester. Excepting "The Messiah" no work was ever so popular.

Stimulated by the success of "The Creation," van Swieten persuaded Haydn to compose a second oratorio, and provided him with a text which he had arranged from



JOSEPH HAYDN.

Thomson's "Seasons." The new work was as well received as the first had been; opinions are still divided as to which is the finer, and no one hearing either would imagine that it was the work of a man of seventy years of age. But Haydn's muse never grew old. His last active appearance in public was in 1803 when he conducted a performance of his cantata, "The Seven Words of Our Lord on the Cross," for the benefit of the hospital fund.

He composed very little after "The Seasons." He was working on a string quartett in 1806, and two movements of it were completed, but in despair of ever being able to finish it, he added the first few bars of one of his vocal quartetts. "All my strength has vanished quite, old and weak am I," and those words he had printed on a card to send to friends who inquired for him.

Once more he appeared in public, but it was as a listener in 1808. It was at a wonderful performance of "The Creation" conducted by Salieri, at the university. Haydn was carried into the hall in a sedan chair and placed amongst the highest ladies of the land, and costly shawls and laces were brought to wrap about his feet and shield the old man from any possible draught. The oratorio begins with a weird confused murmur, intended to represent chaos; wilder and ever wilder grows the music till it seems to be one hopeless tangle, then suddenly there is a pause. One deep voice is heard—

"And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said—*Let there be light!*"

The whole chorus joins in the divine command, but hushed and in the minor key. Then follows—*And there was light.*

In glorious, full major chords the whole band and chorus proclaim the coming of the light. You can see it grow light, as the music pours forth its joyous tones. The effect on the whole audience that night, with the aged composer in their midst, was electric. He, completely overpowered, called out—

"Not I, a greater than I has made it!"

At the end of the first part it was thought best to take him away. Many friends pressed forward to bid him farewell, amongst them, Beethoven, who threw himself upon his master and kissed his forehead. At the door Haydn turned round and lifted up his hands, as if he would bless those present.

He lingered for a year after this, but in March 1809 he passed away. Funeral services were held in the principal towns of Europe, when the news of his death was made known, and Mozart's beautiful "Requiem" was performed at his burial. He had no children, but to all the world of music he was "Papa Haydn."

ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

SWEET WILLIAM.

By the Author of "That Horrid Boy Next Door," etc.

CHAPTER III.

It was late when Betty came in. Her old step had lost its lightness; there was a little dejected air about her.

"Beastly thing," she said, flinging her cap to the other end of the room, and stabbing the leather arm of the chair viciously with her hat-pin.

"What is the matter," asked Meg.

"Matter?" echoed Betty—"why, everything's the matter! There's that old Murray gone off abroad, and he'll be away months; and he left no message for me, the woman said, no money and no work! But what is the matter with you? Has anything happened while I've been out? Has that old cat been at it again? How white you look, Meg—and you've been crying."

"It is Willy."

"Yes?" asked Betty anxiously.

"He is worse. The doctor has just been and he's left some medicine. It's all he can do for him. He says Willy ought to have been sent away from London long ago."

"But—he doesn't think he'll die?"

"He didn't say so; but his face was very grave. I can't get it out of my mind," she said shivering.

"Oh, Meg," said Betty, sitting up and looking frightened. "Oh, dear, what shall we do if he dies?"

"No, no; we *must* give him proper support and get him away from here."

"Yes, but how?" asked Betty, beginning to cry. "We've no money and no hopes of getting any. Oh, Meg, you are right, fortune is not good to us." She leaned her head on the table and sobbed aloud.

"Betty, we must hope and pray," whispered Meg. "God is good; He cannot desert us now we have most need of Him."

But the girl's sobs only grew wilder.

"Oh, no. Heaven can't see us shut up here in this miserable garret. If He could see us He wouldn't let us be poor like this; He wouldn't have let Lesley Murray go away as he did, and Caleb Stretton would have bought your picture. Oh, no—no—no! How can He hear us when everybody is clamouring at the same time?"

"Betty, darling"—Meg spoke calmly as she slipped down beside the younger girl and wound her arms tenderly about her—"where is your faith? Have you forgotten the 'still small voice'? Betty, when we thought we were all alone in this big, wicked city He was by our side, holding our hands, guiding our feet, shielding us in His strong, loving arms from the rough world's touch. Brave little heart, look up. Put all your trust in Him—till the end."

"Till the end," came softly through Betty's tears.

"And now I have thought of something. To-morrow I shall go to Caleb Stretton and tell him—everything. He is kind and will lend me some money on my picture. There is sure to be a letter from Emma with this morning's post, and we'll get Willy off straight away."

Betty looked more cheerful. Things were not going to be so very bad after all.

"That is right," said Meg. "You see, it is only for a little while."

But there was no letter next morning, and the girls wondered.

"She may be dead. Ten years is a long time," suggested Betty.

But Meg shook her head.

"I don't think so somehow," she said. "We may hear yet. We must wait."

"She may come herself," said Betty. "Wouldn't that be jolly?" She was standing looking in at Willy's door. "But, oh, she must be quick! Every moment is precious. Meg," she said hoarsely, catching the girl's arm, "I sometimes think, and I can't help it, that the country Willy sees is not ours, but that within the portals of Eternity, and the music he hears, which he calls singing-birds, are the harps of heaven, and they are not Emma's arms holding him so tightly, but the Good Shepherd's."

"Betty, dear."

"I can't help it, Meg. I try to be brave like you, but I can't—oh, I can't!"

"Poor little thing!" soothed Meg.

Later Meg set out on her errand. Caleb Stretton was in, attending to a customer when Meg entered the shop, timidly at first, but gaining confidence when the man's kind eyes found their way over to her. He left the old gentleman examining a portfolio of sketches while he went to speak to her.

Meg told her story and Caleb Stretton listened. When she had finished he laid five pounds on the counter and asked her if that would be sufficient.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Meg gratefully, as her eyes filled with tears. "Thank you so much—oh, thank you so very much!" She turned her head away to hide her scarlet cheeks, and, picking up the money with a last murmuring "Thank you," went out.

"Who is that young woman?" asked the old gentleman.

He was a tall, thin, old fellow, with a kind, honest face and yellow-white locks falling beneath the shabby silk hat. He bore marks of the country in his dress, which was old-fashioned and shiny about the seams. He wore a gay muffler and woollen gloves, and rubbed his spectacles on a bright-patterned cotton handkerchief.

"Her mother was a customer of mine. I bought a few pictures of her. A day or two ago the young lady brought me one of her own, which I am afraid I cannot accept."

"They are very poor," observed the old gentleman.

"Very. It is a marvel to me how they live."

"Large family?"

"Three. The girl you saw here just now, who seems to be the bread-winner, and a young sister and brother—a little sickly chap, always ill."

"Orphans? Dear, dear! You lent them money I saw."

"Five pounds. The doctor has given the boy up, but they imagine they can save him by sending him away into the country."

"I suppose it would come in useful—the money I mean—if the picture were sold?"

"Oh, yes! But it is a crude piece of work, poorly finished and lacking in breadth and general treatment. Then the subject——"

"May I see the picture?" asked the old gentleman, a queer light coming into his eyes. The painting was brought, and, putting his spectacles on his nose, he commenced to study it carefully. "Dear, dear," he said suddenly, "what a likeness!"

"Yes—but the subject is poor, and the high lights——"

"Fiddle-sticks to your 'high lights'!" interrupted the old gentleman strangely, taking off his spectacles and cleaning them again. "It is like Polly—little PollyMorgan."

"A relative?" asked the man civilly.

"Relative!" thundered the old gentleman. "She was all that was left to me in the world—all I loved—little Polly Morgan. It killed my brother when his child went away to London with that man Merrick."

"Merrick?"

"Yes, sir. A scoundrel, sir, a ne'er-do-well—a scape-goat! He dragged her here.

There were some children. I believe he died leaving her without a penny to bless herself with." The old gentleman mopped his eyes on the gaudy handkerchief.

"Merrick, sir?"

"That's what I said. William Merrick he was called. Do you happen to know any family of that name?"

"The young person we've been speaking about is a Miss Merrick."

"Egad — she is! And this is her picture. Ah, what do I read here? 'Sweet William.' Can this be young Merrick? Yes, there is a likeness. It is Polly's face, but not her eyes. I can't forget them. They laughed themselves into my old heart many, many years ago. What do you know of these Merricks?"

"When I first knew them, nearly seven years ago, the mother used to bring her pictures to me. She was a little woman, with red golden hair and blue eyes."

"Yes—yes. My little Polly. Go on."

"She has been dead three." The old man's head moved up and down and a tear trickled down his furrowed cheek and fell to the floor. "They lived then in Eaton Square. Now they rent a wretched garret in Brookfield Street. See," he turned over some pages in an old account book. "Paid to Mrs. Polly Merrick."

The old gentleman put out his hand.

"Polly Merrick," he muttered, in a thin cracked whisper. "The little girl who used to climb up on my knee and throw her little arms round my old neck—dead!" He stood motionless for a few minutes with his head bent. "Well, well. That little dancing bit of a thing has danced itself out of my lonely old life." He raised his head and addressed the picture-dealer.

"I'll take it," he said, nodding towards "Sweet William," and drawing a cheque for a hundred pounds from his pocket-book. "Send it down to my address. Here is my card."

The man read, Silas Hebblethwaite, Northgate, Barclay.

"You needn't say anything to the girl about me. I have a surprise in store for them. What a curious thing I should tumble over them quite by accident, when I've been seeking them out for years. And Polly dead —pretty little Polly Morgan. Well, well, I'm a lonely old man and there's her children. I'll just take the next train back again to Scarcroft to old Emma Crossland and we'll come up together for them. And Emma—won't she be glad? Well, good-day, sir, good-day. I'm very much obliged to you, sir—very much obliged." And old Silas Hebblethwaite walked out and down the street with a lighter and firmer step than he had done for years, muttering all the way, "Well, well, poor pretty Polly Morgan. But I'll take the children for her sake."

But a week had passed away before Meg Merrick called again. One day, a young girl, dressed all in black, with a pale pretty face, entered the shop and laid down five pounds in gold. It was only when she spoke that Caleb Stretton recognised her.

"I hope," he said, "it was not too late."

"Yes. When I reached home after leaving you that day he was unconscious. He never spoke again, and the next morning he died." She wiped her eyes and bent her head.

"I'm sorry. I hoped to have good news for you. Your picture has sold for a hundred pounds. I have the money here."

She took it silently without lifting her head and left the shop; but Caleb Stretton saw the tears beneath the girl's hood.

"Meg," said Betty that night, "I wonder why everything comes too late. If we had had this money a day or two sooner we might have saved him."

"He died bravely," said Meg in a far-away whisper. "He was in the country. He could hear the birds singing, and see the flowers growing, and feel the soft warm air, when he became a little 'bird of passage.' God should know best."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Betty drearily.

"And yesterday, we didn't know how we were going to live. Well, God has sent us this money to let us see He has not forgotten us, though we are hidden away up here. And now my picture has sold, Caleb Stretton will take more."

Just then voices were heard coming up the stairs and Mrs. Moreton's louder than the rest.

"This way, sir—this way, ma'am. An' I just reckon as the dear souls 'll be glad to see you."

Meg sprang to her feet and looked at herself quickly in the glass over the cornice. With a deft touch she smoothed her hair and rubbed away the tear-stains. Betty rushed round tidying things up a bit. The door opened and they came in. In the semi-darkness the girls saw an elderly gentleman in a flowered muffler and frock coat followed by a little plump woman, with a big country bouquet and a well-stocked basket.

"Some candles and a fire, sharp," ordered the little woman first thing, setting down her basket and flowers on the table. "Bless me, what a place. I thought we'd never get to the top of them blessed stairs. It's fair taken my breath away. And where's Miss Polly's children?"

"It's Emma," screamed Betty, and the next moment they were laughing and crying in her big motherly arms.

"And now, my dears," said Silas Hebblethwaite, with a little suspicious cough, "can you guess who I am?"

A slim girl came forward in a dingy black frock. She had a lovely oval face with pretty hair falling about it and shining blue eyes and a twisted gold chain clasped round her white throat.

"I think I know," she said. "It must be none other than Uncle Silas."

Was the old man in a dream or was this really his little Polly hanging once more round his neck. The soft hair swept his withered old cheeks, the warm kisses hung on his lips, and the full round blue eyes which laughed up into his face were those he had worshipped thirty years back. *Pretty Polly Morgan lived* again.

"Polly, my little girl?" he faltered.

"No, but Betty—Betty Merrick. She is dead, poor little mother. But I never could have mistaken you. I knew you at once. It was just as mother always said. I should know you, by the kindest, dearest old face. She never forgot you. When she was dying she took this from her neck," fingering the locket. "Do you remember it?" He did, for his hand shook as he held it. "She kissed it for the last time. 'Wear it, little Betty,' she said; 'and keep it safe for his sake.' It never leaves me day or night, and nothing would induce me to part with it, because it holds the dearest memories on earth, my mother's, and," said Betty, lifting one of the wrinkled hands gently to her lips—"and yours."

How energetic Emma was, and how she bustled round, setting things to rights and making the cheerless old garret look even cosy. The fire crackled and spluttered in the grate, and danced on the tea-things, running up the worn leather sofa, pulled up to the fire, and flickering across the beams and on the soiled paper walls. Old Silas Hebblethwaite sat in the broken rocker with Betty kneeling on the rug at his feet, chattering away to him, while Emma turned out all the good things in her basket, and Meg arranged the flowers in a broken-necked earthenware jug.

And what a lot they had to talk about over tea. And when they told sorrowfully how Willy died, how Emma sobbed and the tears coursed one another down the old man's cheeks.

"Well, well, he's fought his little life's battle, and it's done with," said Uncle Silas. "There are some of us who are too frail for this world of weal and woe, and God winnows them. And now," he said, clearing his throat and looking queerly across at Emma, who nodded her head. "Now comes my bit that I have to say, and why we came here to-day. Yes," he said, rising and holding out his arms, "it's to carry you down to Barclay. There's the big old house lonely enough down yonder, waiting for Polly's bairns to come and laugh out the cobwebs and rub the rust off an old man's life."

And the next day a cab drove up and took them away, and Sarah Ellen sobbed behind the door for an hour after they had gone, which brought about a row, and ended with Sarah Ellen giving notice.

Meg knows now who it was that bought "Sweet William."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To test a wall paper for ascertaining if it has arsenic in it, set a piece alight, and if it gives out a smell of garlic it is almost certain to contain the poison and should not be hung in any room. Another test is to pour over the paper a weak solution of hydrochloric acid; this will turn any green in the pattern into blue.

To raise the pile on plush or velvet, damp on the wrong side with clean water, then hold the material on the wrong side over a hot iron, and rub up the crushed place with a clean clothes brush.

CLOTHES-BRUSHES should be washed occasionally in soda and water like hair brushes—taking care not to wet the backs (which would take off the polish). They get very dirty with use; but it is astonishing for how many years people will use them without washing them.

A LEATHER that has been used to rub up brass articles after polish should not be used for rubbing up teaspoons or anything that will be put to the mouth. This is because of the poisonous nature of some of the brass polishes.

A MEDICAL man declares that bananas are the very best food for typhoid fever patients, for though they are a solid substance, it is not one that will irritate the lining membrane of the intestines, which in this disease become inflamed and gorged. The banana also contains 95 per cent. nutrition, and is in every case a valuable food.

LINOLEUM should not be washed with soap and water, but only tepid water, then rubbed with a cloth that has been dipped in milk and then well dried with a soft clean cloth.



THE CHINA CUPBOARD.

"HOW TO HANG CHINA.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

BITS of beautifully coloured oriental china may be so inexpensively bought in these days that it is easy for our girls to make their own rooms pretty. Jars of bright satsuma, plates of fine Japanese ware, saucers of dragon ironstone, cost only a few pence. But the frames to mount them on come to as much more. Out of sixpence a week, our young readers might collect quite a wealth of richly-coloured treasures. It would need more than treble that to hang them on the walls as decorations. The following plan has been proved for many years and not found wanting. I flatter myself that, like the white knight's pudding, it is my own invention with a foundation of experience instead of blotting paper.

Buy a penny packet of large white hooks—common dress hooks. They can be procured without accompanying eyes.

String three of them on a strong, fine piece of twine, taking care that all the hooks point one way. Now fix them equidistant on the edge of your plate.

The back must be very strong. Draw the twine as taut as you can. It will form a triangle.

Be sure and tie the ends together very firmly as everything depends on this knot. Then either leave a loop, or attach another piece of string to form one.

This last is to hang on the brass-headed nail previously hammered into position.

For very heavy plaques tape is firmer and stronger than twine, or the gold wire sold for hanging pictures is dependable. It is not so easy to manipulate as string, and requires nippers to twist it together. Be careful to renew cord or tape or wire occasionally. The metal hooks ironmould tape after a time and leave it unsafe. They eat through string and rust wire. But, in a dry room this apparatus for hanging china will last for a couple of years. It can be renewed, when necessary in a few minutes.

I cannot close this paper on hanging china, without giving a few hints as to grouping. Nothing is so ugly as isolated spots on a wall. If you have only one plate to hang, place it close by a picture, not away from every other object.

If you have several arrange them round a common centre.

Group families together. Hand-painted Chelsea, cream-coloured Wedgwood, royal blue crown Derby, common golden earthenware or willow pattern, according to their order. In this way the full beauty of each piece is added to, and intensified.

In some future paper, perhaps, the Editor may tell a few of the marks by which we can recognise "treasures" when we come across them. But remember that beauty of form and colouring is quite independent of intrinsic value or cost. An artistic eye will pick up such for a song if the said eye is kept wide open and educated in a Ruskinesque fashion.

THE SORROWS OF GIRLHOOD.

BY LILY WATSON.

PART VI.

LOSS OF FAITH—BEWILDERMENT AT MODERN IDEAS.

THE subject that forms our title can only be approached in these pages with a certain amount of reserve. It is obviously impossible to enter into minute details in this, as in other difficulties that beset the modern girl. For, should religious doubts be first suggested and then solved, it is very probable that the doubts would remain with some reader, and the solution be forgotten. All that I can do therefore is to try affectionately, and in a general manner, to give help where it is needed in this trouble.

It is a very real trouble in this *fin de siècle*, when there is a feeling of unrest abroad, and many clever books and periodicals are permeated by a spirit of scepticism. Girls cannot avoid—at least many thoughtful girls cannot—their share in this heritage. They may lead healthy, happy lives, entering with zest into out-door occupations and amusements; may be expert bicyclists, tennis-players, and everything that is "up to date," but silent hours will come, and thoughts on the graver aspects of life will come also.

It is for the healthy, morally sane girl I am writing. There is a sort of religious doubt and melancholy among women which is the offspring of ill-health, and is purely a morbid condition. For this, no argument or reasoning will avail much, and it is the general health which needs vigorous bracing.

Another word of caution is also necessary. There has been, perhaps, of late too general a tendency in some quarters to glorify the "honest doubter." There is such a thing as a shallow and conceited pleasure in professing to doubt everything just because it is considered a note of intellectual distinction so to do. The faith by the aid of which parents have lived unselfish, beautiful lives, and died calm and holy deaths, is lightly waved aside as being unworthy the attention of some impertinent young student fresh from college. I do not however, think that girls, from the very constitution of their nature, are the worst offenders in this respect, so perhaps it is hardly necessary to dwell upon the point. Only I may just say—hold your faith reverently, as a sacred possession. Do not let the first superficial article or pamphlet that comes in your way, upset it like a house of cards! One reads of such cases in which apparently fervent and earnest souls have, at the bidding of some half-educated scribe, cast Christianity from them almost without an effort. It is strange and sad, and shows that there must be something gravely lacking in the very foundations of the faith which can thus collapse at a touch.

This leads me to the need for an intelligent faith, on which pages might be written; but my object is rather to help and comfort those who are in trouble at seeing what is dearer to them than life, in danger as they think.

For a time, indeed, a girl may be content to take everything for granted. She will perhaps be indignant that every one does not see, in religious matters, exactly as she does. "Why, of course it is so-and-so," she may reply, in a surprised tone, should anyone want her reasons for any form of belief. Or she may be of a humbler, wiser mould and yet never know the faintest breath of doubt. While the life is good and beautiful, it is cruel to disturb this serenity, even though one may suspect "narrowness" in some degree.

> "Leave thou thy sister when she prays
> Her early heaven, her happy views,
> Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
> A life that leads melodious days."

So Tennyson sang, in words that have often provoked cavil and question. It is always a dangerous thing, however, to try to destroy a belief that has become part of the nature, unless one has anything else better to put in its place.

Some women, then, go through life untroubled by doubt in any form. Others, again, are very different. As they approach the threshold of womanhood their views may become "unsettled." Sometimes this arises from the society in which they find themselves. They have lived in unquestioning compliance with their father's mode of faith and worship, until they are suddenly brought into contact with others who believe and worship in a somewhat different way, and what they had thought as stable as the solid earth, seems to yield beneath their feet.

"Have they not the Bible as their guide?" it may be asked. Yes, and they should never fail to study it; but they cannot help seeing that others with equally conscientious intentions, draw somewhat different conclusions from the Bible, on one point and another.

There is danger in such a crisis. Because one doctrine which may, after all, not be of vital moment, is questioned, it seems to the inquirer that everything is questioned, and a state of mental chaos, with often great spiritual distress and bewilderment, is the result.

There is a class of stronger minds that have more claim upon our sympathy.

These are they who, as they enter upon life in earnest, cannot resist the inroads of doubt. Dear and cherished beliefs, they cannot help seeing, are quietly assumed in many quarters to be "outworn." To strengthen these suggestions comes many an inner questioning caused by the problems of the world. I well remember, when a very young girl, how glibly I used to try and console sufferers from bereavement, or from sorrow in any form. "We know it is all for the best," was my hackneyed form of consolation. How differently one now looks upon sorrow of the deepest kind! "All for the best!" It is wiser not to use such words before the mystery of human loss and anguish. Does not the Saviour at the portal of a grave, show us the better way?

"Jesus wept."

This leads me to one important consideration.

There is much in the world that it is better not to try and explain. Many doubts have been occasioned or strengthened in the young by well-meant efforts on the part of their elders to answer the problems of life, either with regard to personal or general application. For instance, one is told when brought face to face with the pressing questions raised by the

bitter cry of the outcast poor, "It is good for us to have the poor and needy with us, because our feelings of sympathy and compassion are called out." This statement may be true, but, given as a reason, it raises more doubts than it solves. Who are we, forsooth, that we should suppose our fellow-creatures are to groan in misery for our spiritual improvement? The sufferings of the innocent child who is doomed to be an invalid—nay, the very existence of evil in the world at all—are accounted for in the same calm, self-assured manner.

Such questions are better left unanswered altogether. It is wiser to bow in reverence in the presence of an acknowledged mystery, and wait the fuller solution; not trying to explain, because we are not in a position, as yet, to explain.

"But," you say, "my doubts and difficulties come from no such reason as this. No one has tried to solve the problems of the universe for me in a futile manner; my doubts arise from another and a deeper source."

There is a text which is very helpful to those who are thus perplexed and bewildered.

"If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching." John vii. 17 (Revised Version).

One thing in seasons of speculative doubt and difficulty is usually plain—*what to do*. What one ought to believe may be surrounded for awhile by mist and bewilderment, but right action is happily easier to discern. In doing the right, in working for others, while prayer is offered for more light, light will often come. To engage in some unselfish task, rather than to sit down and vaguely speculate, is the surest way of solving doubt and mental trouble.

A book which may be of great value to girls who have known religious doubt, or are bewildered by modern ideas—I do not recommend it indiscriminately—is a short biography, *A Record of Ellen Watson*, by Anna Buckland (Macmillan & Co.). It describes the brief career of a girl of wonderful promise. She won an exhibition at Bedford College, a Girton scholarship, and (not accepting the latter) became the first mathematical student of her year at University College, London, gaining the Meyer de Rothschild exhibition. She was a favourite pupil of the late Professor Clifford. Of pure, unselfish aims, she nevertheless did not accept Christianity. Gradually, however, she came to receive it with deep faith and joy, through no pressure from without, but from the need of her own nature.

Her words, which we commend to thoughtful girls, are significant: "For me, in all my perplexities of belief—not that I allow myself to dwell on these; I think it is wasted energy—I am convinced that the one thing to be sought after most earnestly is a holy life, growing more and more in union with God, through utter submission and continual reliance."

Her unselfish, beautiful story, cut short so early, lends force to her words.

There is much also in Browning's poem "A Death in the Desert" that has been helpful to myself, and may be so to others.

The poem represents the Apostle John at the point of death. He lived to a great age. He is just passing away, but is roused to give words of counsel to his disciples. And, through all the obscurities of a very difficult though beautiful monologue, we arrive at something of this result:

"Many are already beginning to ask about the truth of the facts, which I have seen, have stated, of the Lord's life; and down through the ages many more will question. The best answer, you will find, is to point to Christianity itself, alive, vigorous, a redeeming, elevating power. This is my teaching: do not waste time, when time is so precious, in trying to prove over and over again each detail of what has once been accepted and woven into the fabric of Humanity.

"Start from the point at which you find yourself; be not always reverting to the foundation and searching after origins.

"'How did fire come into the world?' an artificer might be for ever questioning. Would not one reply to him—

"'What boots it to inquire?' The great thing of importance for men is to use it now you have it.

"So with the living fire of Christianity. Use it now you have it. Go on from the point at which you have already arrived.

"I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.
Wouldst thou unprove this to re-prove the proved,
In life's mere minute, with power to use that proof,
Leave knowledge, and revert to how it sprung?
Thou hast it; use it, and forthwith, or die!"

There is much in this thought to help and enlighten. Precious time and mental energy are dissipated in the consideration of these "doubts." Instead of nursing them, *act*, and light will come.

As you look over the world, you can see that Christ is the Leader of the progressive part of the human race.

You can see that the lessons He taught are permeating society, and that the more closely He is obeyed, the happier are men, and the better is the world.

There is a fine passage, written by R. D. Blackmore, which is very significant. "Nothing shows more clearly that our faith is of heaven than the truth that we cannot rise to it until it raise us thither . . . . True Christianity, like hope, cheers us to continual effort, exalts us to unbounded prospect, flies in front of our best success. Let us call it a worn-out garb when we have begun to wear it; as yet the mantle is in the skies, and we have only the skirt with the name on it."

Yes; the more reverent the study, the purer the life, the more earnest the aspiration, the closer and clearer will be our vision of the Christian verity, and our perception of

"That God which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

LILY WATSON.

VARIETIES.

A Curious National Custom.

"I was so mad," said the lively young American lady, "that I could have eaten a pound of nails."

The listening English tourist made a note in his commonplace book that evening. "Anger is so well recognised as a nervous complaint in this country that the natives are in the habit of taking iron to counteract it."

What is a Pessimist?

Papa, what is a pessimist?

A pessimist, my daughter, is a person who never goes out on her bicycle without expecting to puncture her tyre.

At the Grave of Charles Dickens.

A well-known author remarks somewhere that it is a melancholy fact that young people of the present day say they cannot read Dickens. This statement may be illustrated by the following dialogue heard recently in Westminster Abbey:—

He (*instructively, pointing with his cane to Dickens's grave*): "Charles Dickens."

She (*hesitatingly*): "Charles Dickens? A writer, wasn't he?"

He (*rather impatiently*): "Yes—he wrote some tales."

"*She*: "Just fancy!"

How to Teach a Parrot to Talk.

Some people say that in order to teach a parrot to talk it is necessary to cut or split the poor thing's tongue. This is quite a mistaken idea.

When you go near Polly's cage always greet the bird with kind words, for a great part of the secret of getting a parrot to talk consists in your first winning his affection and confidence.

You should teach him just a few words to begin with—not long sentences—and you must keep repeating those until he has fairly learned them, and when you are saying them perform some little action in connection with them which will impress the words on your pupil's mind and memory.

For instance, if you wish to teach him to say, "Polly wants his dinner," repeat these words distinctly to him, at the same time giving him some food.

When you want to teach him to say "Good-night, dear," don't keep repeating the short phrase to him at all hours of the day but only at the proper time, and the same with the greeting "Good-morning."

It isn't necessary to be out of sight when teaching Polly to talk. Stand near his cage or perch, and speak distinctly and not too fast.

A Sympathetic Employer.

Dear Old Gentleman: "And so that is your employer going to the funeral of one of his clerks?"

Young Clerk: "Not a clerk but a distant relation of one of the clerks."

"Indeed! I am sure that is very thoughtful."

"Yes, much too thoughtful. Whenever any of us lose a relative and tell him about it he always goes to the funeral."

"And do you object to such kindness of heart?"

"It isn't kindness of heart, sir. He goes to make sure that the funeral isn't an excuse for a day off."

Waiting.

"Serene I fold my arms and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.
I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.
The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

John Burroughs.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By ELIZA BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

Amber.

I HAVE in my museum a piece of amber in which some small flies with gauzy wings can be plainly discerned. Ages ago these insects must have alighted upon some resin oozing out of a pine tree of a species that is now extinct (*Pinus succinifer*) and held fast by the glutinous sap, they were embedded and enshrined there, until, in the course of time, the resin became mineralised into what we call amber.

Although this substance is occasionally found in England and France and rather plentifully in Australia, the chief supply comes to us from the south-eastern shores of the Baltic. A forest of the amber-yielding pine must have existed there long ago. It is now submerged, and in calm weather the fossil trees and immense deposits of amber can be discerned on the ocean-floor.

The amber fishers, clothed in leather and provided with hooked forks and hand nets, wade into the sea and gather such fragments of amber as may be floating on the surface; but the larger and finer pieces are obtained by rowing out from the shore and raising the masses of amber with pronged forks and nets. Even better results are obtained by divers,



FLIES IN AMBER.

who work under water for five hours at a time, prising up large blocks of amber from the weed and sand in which they are embedded; these are hauled up to the boats and brought to shore.

Amber is chiefly used for mouth-pieces for pipes, partly because of its smooth surface and originally on account of the belief which prevails in Turkey that it cannot transmit infection.

Some amber, like my own specimen, is as clear as yellow glass, while other pieces are more or less clouded.

The first mention of this substance is in Homer's "Odyssey"—

"An artist to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains."

So we learn that necklaces of amber are of high antiquity.

As many as eight hundred different kinds of insects have been discovered embedded in amber, all formerly natives of warm climates, but now extinct.

If a piece of amber is firmly rubbed upon flannel or cloth, it will become so electric as to attract small pieces of paper, which will adhere firmly to it. To this electric quality we may trace its Greek name of *Electron*, from which our word electricity is derived.

If we like to experiment with a piece of amber and apply it to a candle, it will burn, giving out a rather disagreeable odour and black smoke; but, if we blow out the flame, there then arises a white vapour which exhales a pleasant aromatic scent.

To this Milton refers when he says in "Samson Agonistes"—

"An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger."

As may be gathered from numerous references in our old poets, the aroma of amber was used in the Elizabethan age to give gusto to foods and wines as well as to perfume garments.



POLISHED QUARTZITE PEBBLE.

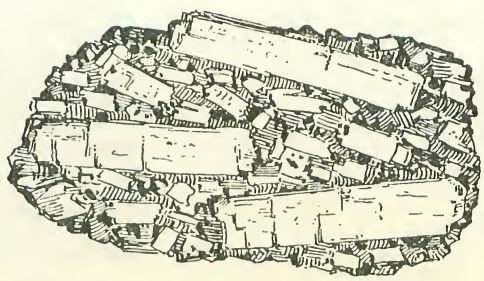
Rocks and Stones.

It has always been a source of interest to me to observe the various kinds of stones I meet with in a morning's ramble.

Living, as I do, where quartzite pebbles abound, I am always being reminded that the sea once covered this place, although it now stands between 400 and 500 feet above it, and that it was by the sea's action that these stones were rolled backwards and forwards, until all their angles were smoothed away. In fact, they are exactly such as we may find on any sea beach at the present day.

"Where rolls the deep, there grew the tree;
O earth, what changes hast thou seen?
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The silence of the central sea."

Common flints out of a chalk-pit are usually dark grey or black within the outer white crust, but our quartzite flints are beautifully stained, banded and veined, and partake of the nature of agate and cornelian. When polished they form ornamental paper-weights. Red jasper, fit to be cut into seals, is also abundant here.



CORNISH GRANITE (*showing orthoclase crystals*).

Blocks of pudding-stone are occasionally exposed in our fields as the plough turns up the soil. This stone was once grey mud, into which pebbles large and small became embedded, then, in process of time, the mass hardened into solid rock which, when sawn into pieces, will take a fine polish, the stones in it looking much like plums in a pudding, hence its common name.

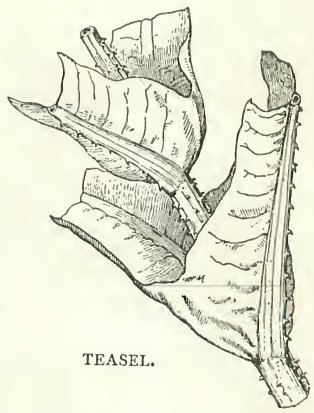
Some of my readers may live in mountainous places where granite rocks exist; these will afford an interesting subject for study.

Granite consists mainly of three substances, the white or yellowish grains being quartz, the pink felspar, and the black mica.

In the Museum of Geology in London we can see case after case filled with specimens* of polished granite of every description and of great variety of appearance.

That which is mainly felspar is bright pink or dark red; some pieces are light grey as quartz predominates, and the darker kinds are full of mica.

I always glance at the heaps of stones by the roadside, since a very slight knowledge of



TEASEL.

geology tells me where they are likely to have come from, and an otherwise uninteresting walk along a dusty road may be enlivened by a little thought about the materials of which the road itself is made.

Even the kerbstones of the London streets, when washed clean by a heavy shower, reveal by their varied tints of grey, red or pink, that they have come from quarries in Scotland, Cornwall, Devonshire, or the Isle of Man.

In the beautiful Cornish valley of Lamorna, blocks of granite measuring twenty-five feet in length by eleven feet in diameter, have sometimes been cut, and the plinths for the railings of the British Museum came from the Carnsew quarries in Cornwall.

Should any of my readers pay a visit to the Land's End, they will be able to observe in the curious columnar granite blocks on that coast the pieces of felspar (of the variety called *orthoclase*) sometimes as much as three inches in length, which give this granite a very distinct character.

* This museum in Jermyn Street is always open and quite free of access.

It is quite worth while to know something of the nature of the country in which we may happen to live; to learn, for instance, whether the soil is gravel, chalk, clay or sand. I am often surprised to find young people unable to answer an elementary question upon this point, because they have never given any thought to the subject.

In some places it is easy to see at a glance of what the soil consists, every hedgebank displaying either clay, stones or chalk, as the case may be.

Other places, especially on level ground, grassfields and arable land, do not reveal much about the nature of the subsoil.

Railway cuttings, gravel pits and excavations are aids to a knowledge of the soil which lies beneath the surface, and clay has an unpleasant way of insisting upon making itself observed in the miry footpaths which make our walks so tiring in the winter months.

These remarks may set some students thinking upon the simple problems of geology, to which I hope to return in next month's ramble.

Wild Teasel (*Dipsacus Sylvestris*).

If my readers can find a specimen of wild teasel growing in some hedge-bank they will, I think, be interested to hear a little about its structure and uses.

It is a striking-looking plant growing from four to six feet high with a straight stem and opposite leaves, which have the peculiarty of uniting at the base so as to form a cup-shaped receptacle holding nearly half a pint of clear water. Into this liquid, small insects fall and become decayed; the wind also blows dust and dead leaves into the water, so that in time it becomes rich in organic matter. This is absorbed by the plant and tends to nourish and strengthen its growth.



WILD SUCCORY.

These leaf-basins also serve another purpose. It is necessary that the flowers should be fertilised only by winged insects, and there seems little doubt but that the water retained at the base of the leaves tends to isolate the central stem, and thus snails, slugs, and ants are prevented from crawling up to the flowers.

The common cow parsnip has huge inflated sheaths at the base of its leaves, which contain water both to nourish and protect the flowers in a similar manner.

I have not met with the smaller species called Fuller's teasel (*Dipsacus Fullonum*). It is cultivated in some parts of England and very extensively abroad in France, Austria, and other parts of Europe.

I read in the *Treasury of Botany* that in 1859 we imported from France nearly nineteen million teasel-heads, valued at five shillings a thousand.

The bristly seed-vessels are employed by manufacturers to raise the nap of cloth. The capsule consists of very sharp elastic points hooked at the end, and when rows of these spiky balls are affixed to a small wooden frame they form a kind of currycomb, which when drawn over the surface of woollen cloth raises up a soft nap.

The process has been imitated by machinery, but the Fuller's teasel is, I believe, still extensively used.

The poet Dyer alludes to this useful plant.

"Soon the clothier's shears
And burler's thistle skims the surface sheen."

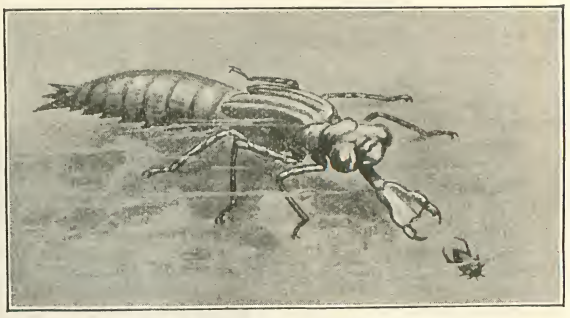
A burler is a man who pulls out the "burls," or small knotted lumps in wool or thread.

One other characteristic of the teasel is worthy of remark. The bristly flowerhead expands its florets irregularly. First a band of pale lilac will appear about the middle; when that withers a row of florets above and then one below will expand, but never can we find the handsome flower-head all expanded at once. It cautiously opens a little at a time until the insects have done their work and all the florets have been fertilised.

Wild Succory (*Cichorium Tutybus*).

Some plants seem to have a strong preference for dry, dusty roadsides and footpaths. The plantain, for instance, never flourishes more vigorously than on a well-trodden path, and the wild succory is another plant so associated with roadsides that the Germans call it "keeper of the ways."

When growing wild, succory presents little beauty in its leafage; its stiff, wiry stems spring up out of the hard chalky soil which it prefers and into which it sends down a long tap-root in order to collect all possible nutriment and moisture. Even its lovely sky-blue flowers have a tantalising way of growing without stalks, one here and one there,



DRAGON-FLY PUPA. (*Natural size.*)

scattered along the stem, so that we cannot form a bouquet of them; and almost as soon as they are gathered they close up before we have time to admire their beauty. They need not, however, be thrown away, for they will expand again in water if placed in sunlight.

Succory takes its place among the flowers included by Linnæus in his floral clock, formed of such plants as opened and closed their blossoms at certain hours of the day. It is an early riser, and greets the morning sun with its star-like flowers between four and five o'clock.

"On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour when, as the dial true,
Chicorium to the towering lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue."

As if to make up for this early blossoming



DYTISCUS MARGINALIS AND LARVA. (*Natural size.*)

the petals begin to close between nine and ten in the morning, and the plant sleeps for the rest of the day.

I have given the hours as observed by Linnæus at Upsala. They are probably different in England, and on cloudy days the flowers scarcely open at all.

Some years ago I dug up a root of wild succory and had it planted in my garden in good soil and in a sunny aspect. In the course of years it has amply repaid me by growing into a sturdy plant three or four feet high, and in this month, when it is always covered with its star-like, exquisite blue flowers, it forms one of my cherished garden treasures.

Chicory or succory is largely grown for the sake of its tap-root, which, when dried and ground, is used to mix with coffee.

The endive we use for salads is an allied species, a biennial plant derived originally, I believe, from *Chicorium pumilum*, a wild plant still found commonly along the shores of the Mediterranean.

Fishing for Insects.

Towards the end of this month every little stream and pool abounds with insect life.

Of this there may be no appearance on the surface, but a few sweeps with a muslin net will bring to light a variety of interesting creatures.

Provided with a canful of water and a net, I went off this morning to my pond to see what I could find. Passing the net through some water-weed I was not long without finding greyish-green beetles leaping vigorously in my net; these were water-boatmen *(Notonecta glauca)*. The body of this insect is shaped just like a boat and the two long hind legs with which it propels itself are feathered like oars.

This beetle swims on its back and spends much of its time resting on the surface of the water, diving now and then to catch some insect on which it feeds.

I hardly liked to touch a sluggish crawling grub which was burying itself in the mud that I had brought up in my first haul from the pond.

This creature, however, was well worth examination, for it was a dragon-fly larva, provided with a remarkable lobster-like claw with which to seize its prey. As the grub lies concealed in the mud some insect approaches it, and as soon as its prey is within reach, the claw, which has been folded up out of sight, is darted out and secures the insect with unerring aim.

I was presently fortunate enough to secure several of the larger kinds of beetles, and amongst them *Dytiscus marginalis*, the male possessing smooth brown wing-cases and the female having furrowed elytra. The curious discs upon the fore legs of these insects are worthy of notice, for they possess the function of suckers and enable the beetle to fix itself firmly to any solid substance.

Securing one of these beetles in a jug, I tried to pour it and the water into a globe, but the beetle, to my surprise, remained at the bottom of the jug holding itself firmly there by its suckers.

The larva of this genus is well named water-lion, for it is fiercely voracious, preying upon all kinds of other water insects, and has a peculiarly repulsive aspect with its pair of curved cruel-looking jaws and flat snake-like head. When I tease it with a piece of twig it flies at it, and will defend itself when attacked with a dogged sort of courage. It always seems to me like a shark amongst the milder inhabitants of the pond.

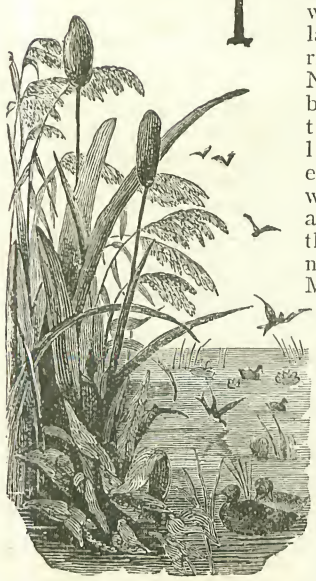
I must not be tempted further to describe what our net brings to light.

If we place our captures in a globe of water and then read about them in some handbook to natural history, we shall not fail to learn many interesting facts about the curious habits of the creatures inhabiting our ponds and ditches.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER X.



THE Swanningtons were rather late in arriving, and Norah was beginning to be a little uneasy as to whether after all they would not appear. Mr Gilman was looking ominously at the clock and then at his wife, and the other guests, especially the men, were just beginning to feel they had a grievance against some person or persons unknown, when the door was flung open and the delinquents were announced, Aunt Ella, rustling and perfumed and with an irreproachable coiffure, for which the discerning might make allowance for a slight unpunctuality, and Beattie looking so fresh and dainty and charming, that the grievance was immediately forgotten.

Norah had no opportunity to do more than smile at Beattie, for the arrival of the Swanningtons was the signal for the announcement of dinner. Norah went down with Mr. Swannington, Mrs. Swannington with Mr. Musgrove, and Beattie with a young man who was *attaché* to the Russian Embassy, and who, having a keen appreciation of champagne, and a natural fund of lively conversation, kept himself and her amused and interested during the many courses, much to the annoyance of the gentleman on her right, who was anxious but not able to decide if his fair neighbour were prettier full face or profile.

Mr. Swannington was satisfied to have Norah as his companion. He was not a person who cared for much conversation, and he obtained a sincere gratification from the soup and *entrées* which was denied him if he had a too lively partner. Norah was pleasant and unaffected, and he had no fault to find with her except that she was not old enough to appreciate a good dinner when she had one. Mrs. Swannington too was satisfied with the partner Mrs. Gilman had selected for her. She had a thoroughly womanly weakness for good looks, and Cecil Musgrove was handsome in the style that most appealed to her. He was fair and had such regular features and such a fine complexion, that he was familiarly known as "the beauty." He was indeed so handsome that no one expected him to be clever; nevertheless Mr. Gilman was not alone in believing him likely to take a prominent position in the world by-and-by. He had private means and was, moreover, the idol of a rich aunt who was a widow and childless. It was little wonder that an individual so fortunate and so gifted was much sought after, and perhaps thought the world was not altogether mistaken in the good opinion it had of him.

In one thing, however, he was the despair of this said world, especially the matchmaking part of it. He openly expressed his preference for the society of married women to that of girls. Perhaps because he was so good-looking himself he was not very easily impressed by mere prettiness in the young ladies he met. His two sisters, who were both married, had been beauties, and his mother had been the toast of two counties in her girlhood. People always said that if Cecil married he would choose an ugly wife from the mere attraction of opposites, but the thing which annoyed them was that he did not seem inclined to marry at all.

"Any girl would be glad to accept him," said the wise among the gossips, "and, of course, no man cares for what he can get too easily."

But one among them, left till she had turned sour, remarked, "Every girl has a rival in his affections. Cecil Musgrove is in love with himself."

But as a matter of fact he was not. He was not a particularly sentimental person. He had a good opinion of himself, but it was not warm enough to deserve the name of love. Mr. Musgrove was not emotional, and he existed very comfortably without loving any one in particular.

Aunt Ella and he got on excellently. The lively little lady did not bore him, on the contrary, she entertained him very well, without making any undue call upon his intellect. And Mr. Musgrove, although he was an advocate for

a liberal education for women, was no admirer of an undue intellectual development. No one took Mrs. Swannington seriously, unless it was herself; they laughed with her and at her, and Mr. Musgrove, who mentally compared her to a pouter pigeon in appearance, and criticised her lazily during the meal, yet saw no one with whom he would sooner have gone down to dinner, although he cast glances occasionally in the direction of the neighbour to the young *attaché*.

"That young lady entered the room with you, did she not?" he said presently. "But it is not possible she can be your daughter. Is she perhaps your step-daughter?"

"She is my niece," said Mrs. Swannington, "and she lives with us. This is her first season, and she is making the most of it."

Mr. Musgrove did not care for *débutantes* as a rule. Nevertheless he continued to look with interest at Beattie.

"She has been very much admired," said Aunt Ella complacently.

Mr. Musgrove politely replied, "No wonder."

"For me," went on Aunt Ella, playing with her bread, that Mr. Musgrove might have an opportunity of observing her hands, "I find my position rather a responsibility. One has to do what is best for the child; but I sometimes think lately my task would be easier if she were plain."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Musgrove amused.

"One often wonders how it is," went on Aunt Ella, "that so many charming women are single, while one sees women ugly, uninteresting and even disagreeable, married comparatively young. But of course the reason is clear; the beauty thinks nothing of admiration, she is used to it, so she can pick and choose, and perhaps she lets slip her chances; but your plain woman—some one pays her attention; she is amazed, delighted, such a thing was unlooked for; at once she responds, and there the matter ends—they are married."

Mr. Musgrove gathered from this that Miss Margetson was rejecting offers. Perhaps he was meant to. Aunt Ella was a clever woman in her way, and she knew something of human nature, especially man nature. Moreover, now that the time had gone by in which every unmarried man was a possible suitor for her hand, the day had arrived when she saw in them a possible suitor for Beattie's. However, although she found Mr. Musgrove good-looking and agreeable, and had assured herself that he was a bachelor, the chief matter—that of his prospects—had not been laid bare to her, and she would not regard him as eligible till it had been. She did not make her niece the staple subject of conversation. A few hints as to the girl's indifference to admiration, and she had given him a lazy ambition to try if he would find her indifferent. That was enough. Then the talk drifted to other channels. But in the drawing-room Mrs. Swannington lost no time in establishing herself by her hostess, and having made discoveries beyond her expectation agreeable, felt that she was indeed a fortunate woman, and that the plan of campaign must be arranged as soon as possible. One thing was at once clear to her. She must open the eyes of that stupid Mrs. Gilman, who did not seem to realise her opportunities, to the chance that lay in her power of winning the gratitude of her husband's friend. It was for her to enable him to meet as frequently as possible at her house the young girl who would make him so charming a wife.

The unsuspecting Beattie meanwhile was chattering away merrily to Norah who, now that she saw her again, felt the old fascination return. Beattie's very joyousness, her absorption in the present, her interest in everything about her, although something scarcely comprehensible to the graver Norah, was in itself a charm. Though not remarkable in herself, Beattie had the power of stimulating others; as one of her friends once said, she was like a bracing wind. Norah grew brighter as they chattered together, her laugh rang out once or twice. Lady Anstruther would have wondered at her if she could have seen her pensive little friend listening to Beattie's stories of some of her doings, and appearing to take pleasure in sympathising.

"Oh, there are the gentlemen," said Beattie, pausing in the middle of a sentence; "and I have scarcely seen anything of you. When will you come and spend the day? At least, I haven't a whole day. Let me see, to-morrow?—no, I am engaged in the morning. Oh, yes, and in the afternoon too, and in the evening. Aunt Ella has a dinner-party Thursday? Thursday, I have only the morning free."

"Thursday Cousin Alice wants me to go shopping."

Beattie made a grimace.

"Friday? Saturday? Oh, come Sunday—then we can have a long talk. I have never asked you about Mr. Anstruther."

"He is abroad," said Norah blushing. She always reddened when he was mentioned unexpectedly.

"But you hear from him?"

"Oh, yes."

"Is he happy?" asked Beattie. Happiness was to her the most desirable thing in the world, and she could never bear any one to be otherwise. Norah said—

"He is studying hard; and he likes that, you know."

"Here comes Aunt Ella with that gentleman who took her into dinner. What a nuisance! I was afraid we shouldn't be allowed to talk. Now mind you come on Sunday. I shall expect you directly after dinner, and stay all the afternoon and evening."

Aunt Ella introduced Mr. Musgrove to her niece.

"Now, Beattie, I cannot let you monopolise Miss Gilman," she said, bestowing on Norah one of her most amiable smiles. "Mrs. Gilman will spare her to us one day, I am sure. Come now and tell me about yourself, my dear," and thus Mrs. Swannington ensured the first *tête-à-tête* between Mr. Musgrove and Beattie.

Beattie was one of those girls who are so perfectly natural at all times, that they do not have one manner for their own sex and another for gentlemen. Mr. Musgrove, who was a trifle *blasé*, and inclined to be bored, had looked rather enviously at the two girls, evidently so genuinely interested in one another. His knowledge of young ladies had led him to believe them all somewhat artificial, and at any rate only tolerating one another's society when there was no gentleman present. But he was sufficiently observant to see at once that Mrs. Swannington's niece was just what she seemed, and that she neither simulated pleasure in the society of her girl-friend, nor was unduly elated at the prospect of his. Unlike Beattie herself, Cecil Musgrove was intensely critical. He had some knowledge of character, and was prone to dissecting the human mind and analysing motives to a degree that was fatal to enthusiastic admiration of his fellow-creatures. As he sometimes said, "he never let himself go," and perhaps to this was due some of his success. A mind which is dominated by other minds cannot so easily pursue an even course as that which is absolutely independent; and your hero-worshipper is apt to be led astray even by his heroes.

"So I hear this is your first season," said he to Beattie.

Beattie nodded and smiled.

"Yes," she said, "and I am enjoying myself so much.

"What do you enjoy?"

Beattie opened her eyes wide.

"Why, everything. I love people, you know."

"Do you? Now, I think the world would be more tolerable without them."

"Without people? Why, it wouldn't be the world. What a funny idea. Don't you love your fellow-creatures?"

Mr. Musgrove laughed.

"Not much."

"Why?" said Beattie. "Perhaps they have treated you badly." And she was prepared to be sympathetic.

"No, not particularly. On the whole they have, no doubt, behaved to me as well as I have deserved."

"Well," said Beattie, "then the only thing to be said is that you must be very hard-hearted." And she regarded him with as much severity as she was capable of.

Mr. Musgrove found her frankness refreshing. She was evidently quite in earnest, too. He pretended seriousness himself.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe you have stated a fact. You have only known me a few minutes, and yet you have told me the truth about myself. I am hard-hearted."

"Since you have confessed it," Beattie said, looking at him from under her lashes in a way that an accomplished flirt would have given anything to achieve, "I should advise you to set to work to cure it. You lose so much happiness. I should try and care for someone if I were you, and as soon as possible. I daresay you won't find it very difficult."

Mr. Musgrove passed his hand across his moustache. Beattie gave her advice with such absolute sincerity that it would have been cruel to let her see he was smiling at her.

"Do you know," he said, "I really feel inclined to follow your advice. In spite of my callous temperament it does at the present moment seem excellent."

"I hope you will," said Beattie.

If Aunt Ella could have overheard this beginning of their intercourse, she would certainly have congratulated herself. As it was, she watched them complacently when a few minutes afterwards Norah was taken away to sing. During the song Beattie looked at the singer, but Mr. Musgrove kept regarding her with as much persistency as was consistent with good manners.

"He certainly admires her," thought Aunt Ella, "and really she is looking lovely to-night. That white silk is worth all I gave for it, and I am very glad I had it cut round at the neck."

Mr. Musgrove, who did not feel the remotest interest in Norah, and thought the song indifferently rendered, was indeed giving his attention to Beattie. But he was not thinking of her looks; he was trying to find out if there was any affectation in Beattie's apparent absorption in the music, and decided there was not. It gave her genuine pleasure.

"I think Norah Gilman has such a sweet voice," she said, turning to him when the song was finished.

"It hasn't been trained much," he answered.

"I don't understand about that," said Beattie. "But it is fresh and pure like a bird's, and there is something in it that goes to your heart."

"Ah," he said, laughing, "it goes to yours. My hard one, you see, it didn't penetrate."

"I don't believe yours is so hard as you make out," said Beattie. "But I am sorry you didn't care for Norah's singing."

"Are we going to hear you presently?" he asked.

"Oh, no; I am only learning. I don't care to sing before people, only I have to sometimes because Aunt Ella insists."

"I hope she will insist to-night."

And she did. Aunt Ella did not think very much of Beattie's vocal powers, but she knew she showed to advantage when she was singing, and moreover she wished Mr. Musgrove to have the opportunity of looking at her without fearing a breach of good manners. The designing little lady saw that he availed himself of his chances. But Cecil was not thinking, as she expected, of Beattie's face or her figure or her dress. but of herself. "She hasn't much mind," he said to himself, "and she is quite undeveloped, but she is capable of a great deal. I wonder what it is in her appeals to me. I believe I could be really fond of her."

And on that probably Mrs. Swannington would have been justified in building hopes.

Mr. Musgrove left soon after Beattie's song, as he was due elsewhere, but he had accepted Mrs. Swannington's invitation to go and see her on her next at-home day. Mr. Gilman went out of the room with him, and as he was lighting his cigar, he praised Beattie to his host. Mr. Gilman subsequently repeated his words to his wife, and Mrs. Gilman, with a desire to please, repeated them to Mrs. Swannington. Mrs. Swannington availed herself of the opportunity to instil an idea into Mrs. Gilman's mind.

"They would make a charming couple," agreed the latter. "They are both so exceptionally good-looking. I have never known Cecil enthusiastic about anyone before. And Robin is so fond of Beattie; he would be delighted."

So the silly woman fell in very easily with Mrs. Swannington's wishes, and actuated partly by kindness, partly by vanity, and partly by that instinct of matchmaking which is in the nature of some ladies, determined that the two who had met for the first time at her house should do so again. She had been contemplating getting up a performance for a charity in which her husband was interested. It was to take the form of some elaborate tableaux. She easily obtained the promise of Beattie's aid, and presently she asked Mr. Musgrove to help also, taking advantage of a call he was making upon herself, during which she mentioned that Beattie would be taking part. The readiness with which he accepted led her to think her suspicions were right, and that he was attracted by the girl. With this preconceived notion she was able to see in the least attention he paid her during the rehearsals a meaning beyond any he intended. Mrs. Swannington watched the two also with sanguine expectations. These were not lessened when one day, during the rehearsals, Mr. Musgrove, who lived in a fine house at Campden Hill, which had been left him by his father, asked her if she would give him the pleasure of dining with him with Mr. Swannington and Miss Margetson, to meet his sister, Mrs. Coverdale.

"What could be more pointed?" said Aunt Ella to her husband. "Mark my words, Arthur, before the season is over, he will have proposed to Beattie."

"It seems to me very hard, my dear Ella, that a man mayn't ask me out to dinner with my family without wanting to marry one of them."

"I shall have every reason to congratulate myself," said Aunt Ella, ignoring his remark entirely. Which perhaps accounted for Mr. Swannington remarking with what was, for him, unusual acidity—

"There is such a thing, my dear, as counting one's chickens before they are hatched."

Aunt Ella had the last word.

"And why not," she said, "if one is a little careful about the hatching?"

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

ROSE IN POLAND.—We remember you well and are glad you have written to us again. You might certainly find a holiday engagement in an English family, and might apply, in the first instance, to the Association of German Governesses in England, 16, Wyndham Place, Bryanston Square, London, W. The Lady Principal would perhaps kindly advise you. From your well-written letters we should judge that you would be an acquisition in any family.

WILDFLOWER OF THE MOUNTAIN.—Dear child, we are glad you "do not have to write for a living," as your lot would be a terrible one indeed! Your verses are halting in metre and contain nothing original. You begin in lines of eight syllables each, e.g—

"How gently fall the cooling showers,"

but soon we have lines much too long, e.g.—

"The air with its song the nightingale fills."

"Elfin" is not a noun but an adjective. If you like to go on writing verse in hours that are *quite* leisurely there is no actual harm in it.—2. Your second question about Puzzle Poems you can answer for yourself by consulting the back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, which we are glad to hear you have taken for so long a time.

A HAPPY LASSIE.—1. We are glad you can adopt this title in spite of delicate health. You have our deep sympathy, and we can honestly say that we seldom receive a letter in a handwriting we admire so much as yours. It is neat, uniform, prettily and gracefully formed, and most pleasant to read. You also attend to the much-neglected art of punctuation.—2. Perhaps one of our subscribers can tell you of the poem you seek, based on the text, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning," and illustrating the idea that sorrow pays a transient visit—joy comes to remain.

EVERETT GORDON.—There are many handbooks on composition. We think most highly of Dr. Abbott's little book *How to Write Clearly*, and advise you to get it. Mr. Walter Besant once formulated eleven rules for the writing of fiction, of which we transcribe the more important:—

1. Practise writing something original every day.
2. Cultivate the habit of observation.
3. Work regularly at certain hours.
4. Read no rubbish.
5. Aim at the formation of style.
6. A great element of dramatic skill is selection.
7. Never attempt to describe any kind of life except that with which you are familiar.

We need hardly say that these rules are intended for those who work in real earnest.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

LILIAN asks us to give the author and the last verse of "The Mill will never Grind with the Water that has Passed," commencing—

"Work while yet the daylight shines."

C. PEGLER wishes to know where she can get a poem entitled "The Faithful Negro Boy," which appeared in the *Children's Friend* between 1870 and 1880.

SYBIL kindly writes to inform "M. Lilith E., Los Angeles, California," that the poem beginning "I have been here before," is by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and is entitled "Sudden Light."

Mrs. Rivers, Miss Williams, Mary L. Collins, and "Bertha" (whom we thank for her pleasant letter) answer Lilith's second query, and send the last verse of the charade she quotes, the answer to which is "Campbell":—

"Call ye my Whole, aye, call
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day:
Go, call him by his name,
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave."

1829. *W. Mackworth Praed.*

MEDICAL.

ANTICIPATION.—We do not think that caries of the spine would produce spots, such as you describe, upon your face. Wearing a poroplastic belt would not produce face-spots ordinarily. If the jacket produces irritation or eczema by galling you (as it is very apt to do, if it does not properly fit), this may spread on to the face and so produce spots that way. There is a direct connection between seborrhœa of the scalp and acne of the face. One might almost say that the latter was the result of the former. You cannot expect sulphur ointment to cure you *at once*, it takes some little time to act, weeks, often months, in an intractable case. A short time ago we gave full directions for the use of sulphur ointment in the correspondence column. For the seborrhœa, a hair wash of a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of warm water may be used. A little of the sulphur ointment rubbed into the scalp from time to time will also do good.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—We gather from your letter that you suffer from "stuffiness" in the nose; that your nose and one side of your face is swollen; that your nose is dry, without discharge, but that there is a bad smell occasionally noticeable only to yourself; that your throat is quite right, but you are slightly deaf. This trouble has lasted nine or ten years, and previously (fifteen years ago) you had something wrong with your nose which was cured at a hospital. Your nose is the seat of chronic inflammation of a rather serious kind. The prominence of one side of your face suggests that the condition has extended into the cheek-bone (which is in connection with the nose). The bad smell which is only observed by yourself is also suggestive of inflammation inside the cheek-bone (maxilla). The "white powder" you mention was probably the following:—sodium chloride, 1; sodium bicarbonate, 1; borax, 1; and white sugar, 6. The best possible advice that we can give you is to go to the hospital where you were treated before. If you do not wish to do this, you might use the above powder as a lotion for your nose. Dissolve one teaspoonful of the powder in a tumbler of tepid water and use it as a spray or lotion with which to wash out the nose.

E. T.—To get rid of warts. Wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and soap. Then soak your hands in warm water for ten minutes. Having dried your hands surround the warts with vaseline so as to protect the surrounding skin. But do not let the vaseline get on to the wart itself. Drop one drop of glacial acetic acid on to the wart, wait three minutes and then well rub the wart with solid nitrate of silver (lunar caustic). Repeat this treatment in four or five days' time if necessary. We have never known this method to fail.

"PLEASE HELP ME."—Your hands are large, red and clumsy; the nails are thick, the fingers are swollen at the tips, and your hands are subject to chaps and chilblains. You ask us for a remedy for all this. First do all in your power to improve the circulation. Do not take a cold bath in the morning till the weather gets warmer. When the circulation is incompetent there is nothing like a cold bath for breaking up the health altogether. Walking and cycling in moderation will improve the circulation. A generous and easily-digested diet is necessary. An aperient should be taken occasionally. Cure your indigestion by attending to the rules that we have given from time to time. Secondly, look to the local condition of your hands. Wash your hands in *warm* water, use a good soap, rub them thoroughly dry after washing. Always wear gloves when you go out. Do *not* scrape your nails, there is never any advantage in thin nails. Wash your hands two or three times a week in spirit or eau de Cologne and water. The cream you mention, viz., lanoline, vaseline and resorcin is a very good application, and we advise you to continue using it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

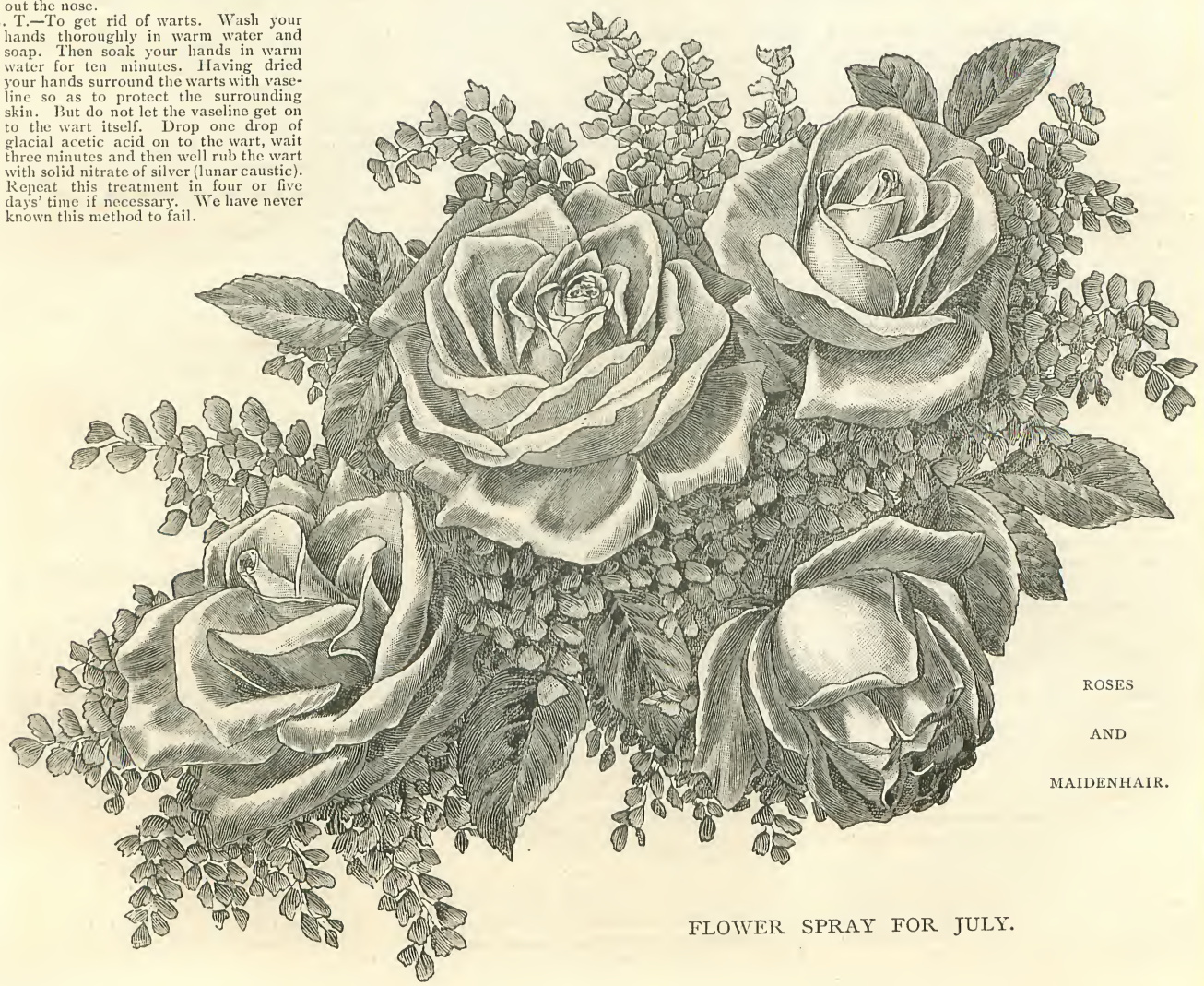
D. JONES.—1. We only answer two queries. Give your linnet a pagoda cage. Give him a bath at least three times a week in shallow water. Remove the sliding tray that it may not get wet, which must frequently be scraped and scalded. Change or replenish the water he drinks twice a day, and give him "summer rape-seed," old, but sound and glossy, and give him some groundsel twice a week, and once a week a thimbleful of canary-seed. Keep him free from any draught. Yes, they are satisfied with a breeding-cage provided with nest materials. You can pair in March or April, depending on the season, and they sit for thirteen days. To prevent the hen eating her eggs replenish her seed-box the previous night. You should get a book on birds.—2. Clean your teeth alternately with camphorated chalk and tooth soap twice a day at least. Write to the publishing department about back volumes of our magazine.

T. R. will find the question of the Round Towers "of Norfolk and Suffolk Churches" treated when we come to describe the Norfolk examples, and a theory respecting their origin will be offered. We thank T. R. for his remarks and information respecting the thatched-roofed church towers; but it is a question whether this singularity can be exactly regarded as an architectural feature, in fact, it has always struck the writer that they are more likely to be make-shift substitutes for some more durable kind of roofing which has perished or been removed for want of repair. It should be noticed that they are generally found in small rather humble churches; but a drawing by Higham made about 1818 shows one of the truncated round towers of the Abbey Church of Bury St. Edmund's roofed with thatch which was certainly a substituted covering. Many of the Norfolk and Suffolk Churches, Eaton and Woodbastwick for instance, are covered with thatch; but it is doubtful whether any of these thatched roofs date back more than two centuries. Early Saxon churches were certainly thatched, but only when they were built with wooden or whattled walls.

ROSE.—Unless under special circumstances everyone comes of age at twenty-one. The Queen, however, was declared of age at eighteen by Act of Parliament. We wish you wrote a better hand, but you could much improve it by writing copies from any good writing you may admire.

PUZZLED.—1. Cards are left on a first visit in order that there may be no mistake as to the address of the visitors. In the case of the invalid mother her card should be left, or the joint card of herself and her daughters, even though she may not visit personally. The brother's card should be left by them in the same manner that a wife would leave her husband's.—2. Always leave cards when people are not at home, of course, one of the wife's and two of the husband's.

L. DEANE.—The black currants should never remain on the trees till too old. This is the cause of their hardness; the skins have dried. Also over-boiling and too little moisture. If the season be a dry one it is often impossible to prevent the dryness of the skins.



ROSES AND MAIDENHAIR.

FLOWER SPRAY FOR JULY.



VOL. XIX.—No. 965.] JUNE 25, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

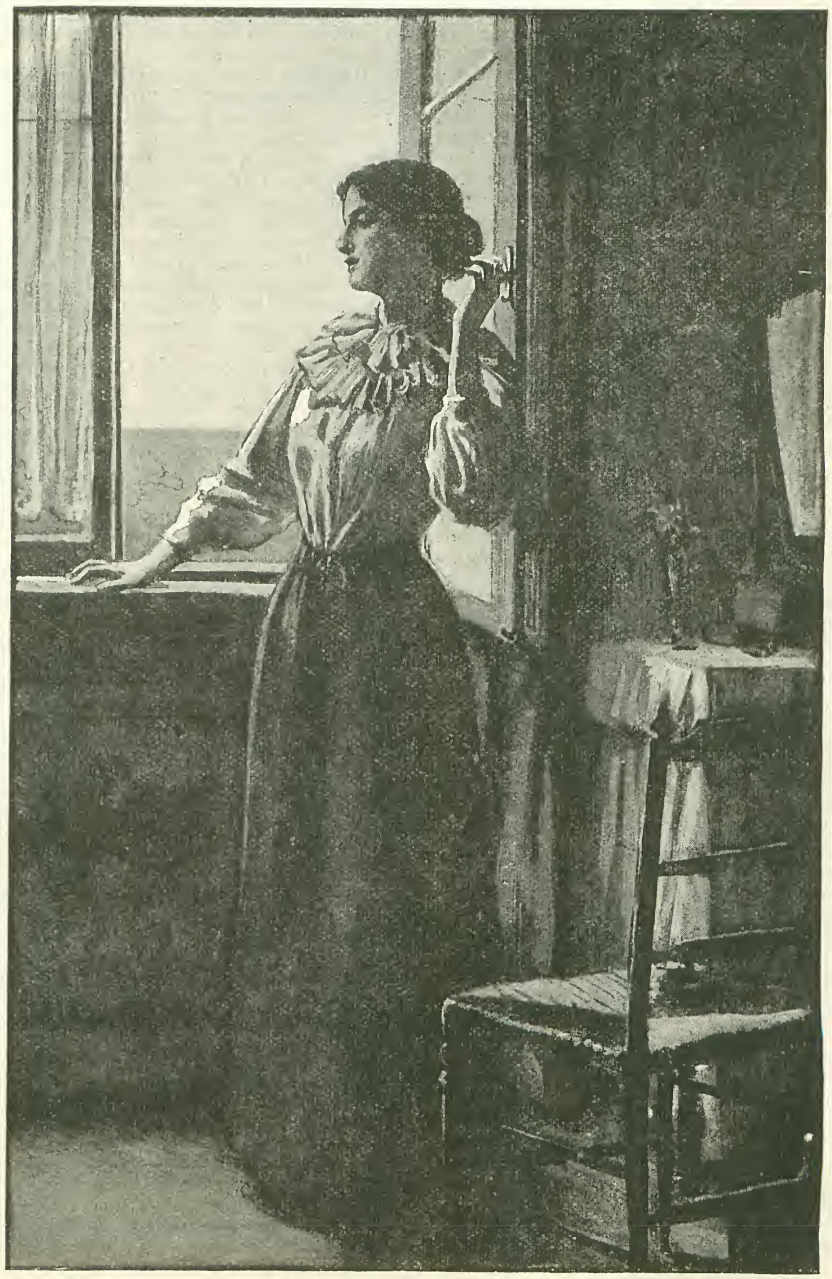
PHYSICALLY he was nothing unusual: fairly tall, fairly strong, neither dark nor fair; eyes grey, mouth hidden by the regulation moustache. Any one meeting him would have taken his measure as a very decent specimen of the average, well-fed, educated young Englishman—informed, observant, not intellectual nor even bookish. Then had he been spoken to, he would have been pronounced a bear, for he would have stared, bowed, and passed on, leaving no hint of the trivial fact that he had not heard what was said.

Those who knew Alan Bancroft measured him differently according to the width of their own foot-rule. His brother and sisters found him a very good fellow as far as he went—a useful family encyclopædia of small facts to be applied to in argument, in his right place on the shelf. His father thought him a failure because a life's expensive training on the most approved methods had not enabled him to enter the business. Even his mother thought Alan's capacities could not be up to the average, since, in spite of the boasted triumphs of the oral system, he could not lip-read more than the most ordinary commonplaces; really, it was tiresome to write so much, and, of course, she could not permit the manual alphabet on principle. His voice had been rescued, and that was something; but, after all, he had never really lost it, and he seldom used it. He never could be got to mix with ordinary people, or share the every-day pursuits of the young folks around him, and in a matrimonial view he was, of course, though the eldest son, quite ineligible. Perhaps the only person living who gauged him correctly was a little old maiden lady living now miles away, and that was the measure of a woman.

She had come to him as governess years ago, at a crisis of her own life, and the torn tendrils of her heart had twined round the little mortal of four, in mere self-preservation, until, waking one morning to find herself independent, she had found also that she could not wrench them away, kept silence as to her good fortune and remained. She had taught him on a system of her own, which only involved merging all her life in his; entering into his pursuits, cultivating her own talents and giving them to him, fertilising his mind and teaching him to till it for himself. Three talents he had—a retentive memory, an observant eye, and a hand to transfer what he saw to canvas. These she strenuously cultivated, and, finding her own artistic ability unequal to helping his, she obtained an entrance for him to the local art school, which was of a superior order. Here he quickly arrested public notice, all the more easily that his father was well known, and then his success was her undoing.

Local wiseacres who know so well what other fathers of families should do, began to talk about the lad and question why, with his evident capacities, he should be left to the limited powers of an old-fashioned governess. The oral system was

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CICELY.

the latest educational craze; its glories were held up to the gaze of the parental eyes, and one day Adelaide Grey found herself dismissed. Alan was sent to an oral school.

But somehow expectation failed. Alan did not only make little of lip-reading, his general progress seemed arrested; he did not grow. He had kept pace with Harold in Latin and Greek; these failed him, his pencil lost its cunning. Nothing of old had delighted him more than Harold's chemical experiments; he had been first in every game. Nothing seemed to interest him now; he grew taciturn, shy, forgetting the low curriculum of the school, and the effect of uncongenial companionship. His people measured his capacity by his attainments, and said Miss Grey had thought too much of him, petted his conceit, galvanised him beyond his scope—lifted him above his level.

When he grew too old for school, and Harold went to college, they sent him to the continent with a tutor—one of the teachers of his school. He travelled a year or two, and returned very much as he had gone, but older in his habits and with a look in his eyes, a nameless something of manner which they half admired, half feared; it was unusual, and they did not like the unusual.

Even Cicely Owen shared this feeling—pretty Cicely, who had come years ago, a yellow-maned little maiden, to the art school, and taken her place at the easel next Alan's. Her lithe fingers had been as clever with his language as her pencil; her bright eyes as quick to interpret as to see the superiority of his talent to hers; her frank nature prompt to own and rejoice in it, as to make friends, and ask help.

She and her mother, a colonel's widow, had been living here at the time of her father's death, and Mrs. Owen had had the sense to remain where she was known and the exact amount of her income not. Of course they were poor, she made no attempt to hide it; but she was a gentlewoman. "The Bungalow" just down the road outside Curzon Park, though small, was comfortable and quaint with outlandish contrivances and curiosities brought from India, Egypt—wherever the colonel had been. These interested Alan. He was allowed to frequent the Bungalow. Cicely was a sad little hoyden, but a nice child. The girls were told by no means to imitate but to be kind to Cicely and allow her to join their games when it was possible for Alan to do so. She honestly preferred his company, for the girls were rather finical young ladies; she never could understand why he should not be as good company as any one else; she never forgot he was her first friend. They were chums in the happy healthy fashion only possible to the young folks of the frankly simple cultured class. Many a game of chess and bezique was lost and won in quiet corners; many an afternoon spent sketching in the glen while the rest were at some society picnic. Often Alan was at the Bungalow when they were at some social function, and though the girls said all that saved Cicely's frocks nicely, they took care not to tell Alan so, and he never thought of it.

Now things were different; a vacuum intervened in some way. They had not corresponded; Cicely was too active to be a good correspondent. She did not seem to care to take things up again or interest herself in Alan or his doings.

"For, after all, it's not our business, mother, what Mr. Alan Bancroft does; and if I am not to go there, he cannot come here."

"My dear, why not? I am sure they were always most kind to you."

"Yes—when Alan had to be amused; but when he left, and Bee left school and made a few fashionable acquaintances, oh, quite another thing!"—with a dramatic imitation of Mrs. Bancroft which relieved her feelings considerably.

"Now, of course, she must insist on Alan's friends accustoming themselves to the oral system which he knows I hate."

"How can you be so foolish, Cicely?"—in the complaining way Mrs. Owen's friends were wont to attribute to the Indian climate. "After all the trouble and expense to which I have been put to help you on. That is the only social door open to you, and you will deliberately close it against yourself for a fancied slight. Mrs. Bancroft meant nothing personal."

"Did she not? Then what of Beatrice? She uses the alphabet herself when her mother's back is turned. It is my fingers she objects to; she would equally object to Alan's hanging on my lips. He shan't have the chance! I have no time to waste repeating and repeating my sentences—they must find someone with less to do." And to this she adhered.

Alan seemed to acquiesce. He called once or twice and then desisted, and Cicely's visits to Curzon Park were restricted to a very formal call with her mother on some of Mrs. Brancroft's at home days.

But when Harold returned from college he was not so acquiescent. He protested vigorously. Cicely was no end of a girl, and as for Bee Bancroft, we all know what B.B. pencils were. Anyhow, he and Alan were not going to be cheated of their friends. He hooked his arm in his brother's and marched him off forthwith to the Bungalow.

But somehow the visit was not the success it should have been. Cicely was at home and exceedingly gracious to both the young men. She brought her sketches to show Alan, but perhaps the great masters he had seen had spoilt amateur art for him; he did not seem to admire them much, and Cicely, who really painted very well in a small way, was piqued, and drifted into a *tête-à-tête* with Harold. Neither noticed how long a chat it was, both forgot how slow it might be for Alan. They chatted of athletics, mutual friends, bicycles, the last new song—that led to Cicely's new piano, and of course it must be tried. The day waned, the dusk crept up the earth, and both forgot the still figure leaning against the casement, watching the overspreading bank of grey, with the underline of gold across the west.

When they remembered they were sorry and apologised. He put them off with quiet indifference. They thought he had not cared, and said what an equable fellow he was. But he would not accompany Harold again.

Harold's steps were bent that way again and yet again, and after a while oftener; he had left college, and as yet had settled to nothing. Presently he would go to London and read for the Bar, and he was supposed to be studying at home now. No doubt he was in a fashion, but those last exams. had pulled him down; and then he had not come out as he knew he deserved, which was damping to the ardour, and he had no extensive acquaintance in this place; his friends were not dead, but gone before, he was wont to say. And then Mrs. Bancroft took her girls to Scarborough, which created an absence Cicely helped to fill.

And Harold never thought what he was doing, until going down to the river through the abbey ruins one day the two came face to face with Alan himself coming up. They did not know that for an hour or two he had been down there under the trees, waiting behind his paper and briar-root. Cicely quite forgot that on Thursdays, of old time, a favourite, boat had always been reserved for Alan; and had no idea that all the summer through the old compact had been silently kept. Any everyday young fellow would of course have told her. Alan was waiting for her to find out. Harold had met her quite casually in the Row just now, and after calling at the library they had strolled round here, in mere idleness, and both were much more startled than the occasion warranted on meeting Alan at the turn of the path. He had no appearance of the avenging angel, he lounged along in boating flannels, his cap on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets, his briar in his mouth; and he did not pause, though they stopped involuntarily; just removed cap and pipe, and pursued his way, shaking his head indolently at his brother's gesture.

They went on, vexed, angry; Cicely with a strange flutter in her throat. Harold roundly voting his brother a bear. "He's grown a regular snob since he went abroad, it's that underbred tutor fellow's doing—I never thought old Alan could be such an idiot."

"No, it's not that—it's the oral system, it has made him shy and awkward. Miss Grey always said it would."

They had reached the top of the steps leading down to the river. Cicely's downcast eyes were full of tears; she made a false step, only a quick catch of Harold's saved her from a headlong fall. He kept her hand for safety's sake, till they reached the bottom. Then she withdrew it almost pettishly, wishing she had vetoed his suggestion of the river, that she could get rid of him; now, of course she must go.

Harold had a distrait companion. He was himself unusually silent as he pulled up the shining rushes in the warm September sun, and glanced with some anxiety at the girl's averted face from time to time. She was plainly distressed—what about?

Never mind him, Cicely, he did not mean to be rude. I'll speak to Alan."

"Indeed you must not. He was not rude, he—he—can you not see? He is wounded, he is lonely—and he is so—so—" her voice died away in something like a sob, and Harold wondered; it was not like Cicely to get upset in this way, for though sympathising, as all nice girls must be, she was too healthy to be emotional.

"I expect he finds this place dull after the excitement and interest of travel," she said presently, to cover her discomposure.

"Slow—it is, at this time of year; no one about but beanfeasters. I've a great mind to go to Scarborough to mater and the girls; I would if——"

"If what? Certainly I'd go—" with an alacrity for which he was unprepared.

"If you were going too, Cicely."

"That is nonsense, and my company can't detain you, for mamma and I are going away too."

"Where, when?"

"I don't know, it's not arranged."

"Cicely, tell me when you know. I declare to you I shouldn't know what to do with myself, and seeing how soon I shall be stewing in London."

"Go to Scarbro'."

"Hang Scarbro'!"

"Harold, it is not so cool here as I thought it was going to be. I think I will go home now and have a cup of tea, I'm thirsty."

"Let's go on and have tea at the Ferry."

"They don't make it fit to drink. I would rather go home. If you want to go on you can put me ashore, and I'll walk back." There was nothing else for it. Harold turned his skiff and pulled homewards a little sulkily; everything seemed out of sorts this afternoon, but Cicely was too good-natured and too wise to allow this state of things to continue, he must not meet Alan like this; she rallied her forces, and by the time they reached the stage had charmed him out of his temporary mood, and they set off homewards amiably enough. But raising her eyes as they passed along the

river bank, she caught a glimpse of Alan's face once more. He was leaning over the old wall above, and intuitively she knew he had been waiting there in the sun all the afternoon; and had they gone to the ferry and returned at sundown, or by moonlight, he would have waited still.

He disappeared instantly as she glanced up. Harold did not see him. She said nothing; she said little for the remainder of the way, and as they turned out on to the turnpike pleaded weariness, and took a passing tram which would set her down at the door of the Bungalow.

Harold sauntered home pondering. Alan was jealous evidently, and Cicely was sorry—naturally—good little soul. It was a pity; it was hard on Alan. But then Cicely was the only girl he knew, while he himself preferred her to so many. Yes, he certainly preferred Cicely to any of them. And it stood to reason she must prefer him, of course. The idea of condemning Cicely to a marriage like that, it should not be; he would save her. His folks might make a fuss, but he would show them he meant to please himself. He would find out where the Owens were going—the mother will tell him. Cicely should see that he was not to be put off. As for Alan, poor fellow, it was too preposterous; the sooner he got over it the better, and he must see it.

Yes, he saw it; he wandered on seeing nothing else, until he woke with a start to find himself in the cathedral cloisters, awhile he leaned over the stone-work glaring into the grassy quadrangle, then gathered himself up and passed on. His shortest way home lay through the building; he need not go out again, and round it. He pushed open the heavy door and slipped in.

The sun shone brilliantly through the glorious blues and red of the west window, tinting the bare wall and the discoloured trophy of dead heroisms drooping its rugged, moth-eaten folds aloft there; slanted coldly through the high north windows, gleaming up into the dim roof, glistening on the cross, leaving the chancel in deep shade, out of which pale sparks of gaslight glimmered weirdly—the gates were closed.

He was not ready yet to pass into the busy streets outside; he wandered aimlessly, professing to look about as if he had never been here before, until he woke up a second time to acute self-consciousness now. Straight before him stretched a great cartoon, painted in long past years on the cathedral wall: just here a king, bowed, grief-laden, clutching the balustrade of a stairway for support, as he feebly hurried to bewail the son who had heartlessly betrayed him; there another father deliberately raised his hand in sacrifice of all his hope, and near again, calmly buried the wife of his youth out of his sight—all the one old story of human love and loss—the grinding of the mills of God. Measured by the eye of God, which was greatest, the man who sacrificed, or the man who bewailed his joys.

He was not alone; sightseers passed and gazed. Over there a woman sat busily stitching hassocks and chatting to an acquaintance; vergers were preparing for evensong; worshippers gathered; soon the white line of choristers would wend through the chapel yonder, chanting prayer and praise from which he was shut out. Already the organist had climbed into his seat, and was flooding the place with waves of harmony—Alan could feel the swell and vibration where he stood.

Now the chancel gates were open, he slipped in; worshippers came, and the choristers. He rose mechanically when the people rose, and knelt when they knelt, and then he forgot and knelt on unconscious behind the pillar there in the rear.

The anthem pealed out; he did not know it, but in his brain some words began to stir and struggle and take shape and beat with measured rhythm, and repeat themselves:—

> "All I could never be,
> All men ignored in me,
> That I was worth to God."

He raised his eyes wonderingly to the great window before him, lifted himself, and stood upon his feet, and threw up his head, for he knew he was worth the ransom of the Christ.

> "Heaven's gates are not so highly arched
> As princes' palaces; they that enter there
> Must go upon their knees."

* * * *

Harold did not find out where the Owens were going. The first time he called, Cicely was out, Mrs. Owen lying down with an "Indian" headache; the second the bell evoked but hollow echoes, the blinds were down, the place deserted—they were gone. He immediately despatched a wire to Scarborough, packed his portmanteau and followed.

Meanwhile Alan, under sudden inspiration, had arranged to go and see his old governess. It was not far by rail, but he seemed in another world from the moment he saw her waiting in her pony-chaise outside the little station. The feeling grew with every inch of the way he drove through the sunny September landscape as they chatted in the old familiar fashion, and culminated in a shock as he entered the pretty drawing-room, for there, looking very sweet and pleased to see him, was—Cicely.

Perhaps she was not so cool as her fresh summer costume helped her to seem—for it was summer still in the daytime in this nook in the hills—as she explained that she and mamma had been going to Llandudno; but mamma had friends with her and Elizabeth, and she had asked Miss Grey to have her instead.

"I had no idea you were coming," she said.

"And I—I had no idea you were coming," he said, thinking she might have told Harold, and fancied he had known.

"Of course not. How could you? I told no one." And he wondered greatly. He was very grave all the evening. Of course he could not stay the two or three weeks he had meant; he must write and ask to be called to Scarborough.

Cicely too was quiet. Miss Grey saw something was wrong, but wisely made no sign.

Next day he took fishing-rod and lunch and remained away all day, and retired after tea to "write letters."

Cicely, passing through the hall later, saw but one note, and without looking at the address, immediately guessed.

The house door stood open. She stepped out and looked into the star-lit night. Yes, there was a faint scent. She followed it down the garden path, and at the end found the red spark which created it, and the man who created the spark leaning over the wall.

"Aren't you cold?" she said. "It is chilly out here." And with a great gentleness she laid light fingers on his coat, drew it together, buttoned it over his chest, and turned up the collar.

He tossed his cigar away over the wall.

"You will be cold," he said. "Go in, please; I'll come."

"But won't you tell me first? Excuse me, Alan——"

"What is it, Cicely?"

"You have written to your folks?" He nodded. "Did you say I was here?" Again he nodded. "I told you I did not want them to know."

"No. I beg your pardon, I did not understand that."

"I said I told no one I was coming here purposely."

Alan looked away and pondered. Then, thinking this was fear lest Harold should misunderstand the situation—

"That's all right. I explained. He will know."

"But if I don't wish him to know?"

Alan was very slow to see.

"He will not mind, Cicely. I will go. I asked for rooms."

Cicely was very patient.

"He might take it into his head to come, and I don't wish it. Alan, when Miss Grey showed me your note and asked if you should come, I was so glad. I thought we should be so happy again, just as we used to be before the oral system came between us."

The pretty fingers trembled and stopped, her face was turned away, and a sob shook her. A great light descended out of heaven upon Alan.

"Cicely, has it only been the oral system all this while?" And Cicely took his hands and bowed her face upon them.

* * * *

"But, Cicely, how can you possibly prefer me? Harold will be vexed."

"We can't help that. A woman measures a man by his capacity for loving, and a man who makes most fuss cares least. You might know the man who is willing to give her up is the one the woman is sure to want!" laughing up at him out of the breast of his coat. Then, sobering, "You won't tease me about the lip-reading, will you? It makes me nervous——"

"My darling, this is the only lip-reading you shall ever be bothered with." And he stooped and kissed her under the watching stars.

FRANCES HAYDON.



IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XI.



AS for five years Mr. Musgrove had been master of a house with a staff of well-trained servants, his old nurse being established as housekeeper, as moreover everything about him evidenced solid comfort and luxury (a man's luxury—a woman has a different idea of it), Mrs. Swannington could find no cause to pity him as a helpless bachelor. There were no evidences that a lady's care was needed in the house. The dinner was excellent, as gentlemen's dinner-parties are apt to be, and the late Mr. Musgrove having been a connoisseur in wines, and having always a well-stocked cellar, the guests of the son never had any reason to complain on that score. Mrs. Coverdale, a beautiful but rather cold young woman, acted as hostess, but it was evident her brother could do very well without her. He was a courteous, attentive, and even charming host, and Mrs. Swannington was in ecstacies. To Beattie his manner was, or so she thought, markedly warm, and when, during the course of conversation, he mentioned a hope that one day soon she would spend a day on his house-boat, Aunt Ella felt that matters were progressing as favourably as the most anxious could desire. After dinner not even Mrs. Coverdale's ill-disguised boredom, for she was a woman who turned down the light when only other women were present, could chill the sanguine lady, and her spirits were higher than ever when, on the entrance of the gentlemen, Mr. Musgrove went at once to Beattie and proceeded to show her some of the pictures in the drawing-room, many of which were really valuable, and to explain to her the identity of various members of his family, who were represented by some lovely miniatures. Mr. Musgrove's present position, as evidenced by his surroundings, was sufficiently satisfactory, but coupled with the prospects for his future held out by the Gilmans, who had spoken of his own talents and the expected inheritance of his aunt's wealth, it was almost equal to her ambition. Moreover, Mr. Coverdale, who was as talkative as his wife was silent, and was the personification of a snob, did not fail to impress Mrs. Swannington by constant mention of important and aristocratic acquaintances of his own. Indeed, before the evening was over the little lady was persuaded that Beattie would before long be moving in a sphere where millionaires were common, and where people of title and consequence would combine to do her homage. As the niece rose in importance so would the aunt, and Mrs. Swannington determined that, however brilliant the assemblies in which she might by-and-by take part, neither her diamonds nor her dresses should be unworthy of notice.

Of all that was going on in Mrs. Swannington's active mind, stimulated by his old wine and strong coffee, Mr. Cecil Musgrove was sublimely unconscious. And for that matter he was unaware that he had given her any cause for the wild imaginings in which she was indulging. He was a man past thirty, and having been for some years independent, he was in the habit of inviting to his house anyone who interested him, or of whom he desired to see more. Beattie was not the first young lady who had partaken of his hospitality. Perhaps Aunt Ella was not the first relative who had planned plans and dreamed dreams. To this man, who had been in society for nearly fifteen years, and seen a good deal of life in one way and another, Beattie was little more than a beautiful child. It is true he had taken a fancy to her, and it is possible he might have a fleeting notion now and then of future possibilities, but he was a man who acted deliberately and carefully, with much premeditation and keen insight into probable developments. He was the last person to marry in haste, fully understanding that there is such a thing as repenting at leisure. He was too much of a gentleman to allow any girl to be spoken of in connection with himself through indiscreet attentions, and if it had not been that the wish was father to the thought, neither Mrs. Swannington, nor subsequently Mrs. Gilman, would have made up their minds that he was devoted to Beattie. Most certainly Beattie herself would have been the last to think of such a thing. She liked Mr. Musgrove, but was not in the least disposed to be sentimental about him. As they drove home that evening she talked about him and his surroundings with perfect frankness, and her appreciation was expressed without any reserve. Aunt Ella listened and smiled and nodded from time to time at Uncle Arthur, who was dozing on the opposite seat, and on whom her pantomimic comments were utterly thrown away.

Beattie was taking home with her a parcel of books which Mr. Musgrove had asked to be allowed to lend her. He had soon discovered that her mind was somewhat uninstructed, and being himself a man of literary tastes he took a pleasure in introducing others to his favourite authors. It needed little discernment to ascertain that neither of the guardians of Miss Margetson would do much for her intellectual development, and it gratified Cecil Musgrove to do something towards forming the taste and educating the mind of this charming young lady. He saw that she was by no means wanting in intelligence, and he thought it would be interesting to watch her growth. He had always lamented in his sisters that they had been satisfied with their good looks to achieve success in life, and prophesied that when they had attained middle-age they would be considered stupid. "A beautiful woman without a mind is a perpetual disappointment," he would say. "She attracts only to weary." And so, to save Beattie from such a condition of empty-headedness, he sent her away with a volume of Ruskin, some selected poems, and the translation of a beautiful little Italian story of which he begged her acceptance.

With this part of the evening's programme, Aunt Ella, if not in sympathy, was far from displeased. If Mr. Musgrove had suggested that Beattie should learn Hebrew she would have taken it as a sign of personal interest and at once ordered a grammar. "Of course," she thought, "if he wants a wife that cares about books, Beattie will have to read them. In the position she will occupy she will have to meet clever people, and though for my part I always consider the men, and still more the women, who are called clever the stupidest of all, still I suppose they understand one another."

So, with motives more disinterested than Mrs. Swannington gave him credit for, Mr. Musgrove began the task of instructing Beattie, an employment not without fascination to himself and altogether beneficial to Beattie. She had neither time nor inclination for much study, but she was an eminently teachable person, and gradually the contact with the thoughts of loftier minds than those of common men, the breathing from time to time of an atmosphere purer and fresher than that of the every-day world, began unconsciously to affect her. In the world of thought there are those who sow in tears and reap in joy their harvest; but there are gleaners too who have neither ploughed, nor sown, nor reaped, nor borne the burden and heat of the day, but they come upon the field and gather here and there a little, and go away the richer. Of such as these was Beattie.

Just about this time too she had been seeing something of Norah. To Norah the life of the intellect was as nothing to the life of the spirit, but there are points where the two come close. This must be so, seeing that all beauty and all nobleness comes from the Father of Light, and Beattie found as she became better acquainted with her girl friend that that which was all new to her was familiar to Norah, who had read a great deal and instinctively

chose the best. Mr. Musgrove held a very different creed from Norah Gilman, and would have had scarcely any sympathy with her on any point, and yet somehow these two combined to produce one effect on Beattie. She began dimly to perceive that there was something in life beyond and above anything Aunt Ella had taught her. This perception became clearer as time went on, but it made no difference in her outward life. The sun was shining brilliantly and she was perfectly happy. It is only when the night is dark one is thankful to remember there is a star shining overhead, and looks for it in the blackness.

The tableaux were a complete success. They took place in the Chelsea town-hall, which was crowded, and the illustrated papers selected for reproduction in a notice of the performance a group in which Mr. Cecil Musgrove and Miss Beattie Margetson were the central figures.

It may well be imagined that two people so gifted with physical beauty were conspicuous on an occasion when looks are the main requisite, with all the accessories of stage lighting and make-up, and when the postures and costumes and surroundings were arranged by the foremost of the rising artists of the day.

One of the subjects selected for four groups was Longfellow's translation of Jasmin's touching poem, "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé." In this, somewhat reluctantly, Norah had been induced to take part, and she represented the village girl Margaret, who had lost her sight. Baptiste, who was to have been her husband, but is about to marry Angela, was undertaken by Cecil Musgrove, while Beattie was the bride. In the first group, which had for a background—

"The mountain-height
Where is perched Castel-Cuillé,
A merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
For their delight and our encouragement.
Together blending,
And soon descending,
The narrow sweep
Of the hill-side steep,
They wind aslant
Toward Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant.
The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day.
It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden."

In the second tableau poor Margaret is seen "in her cottage, lone and dreary," the quiet and pathos of the scene a great contrast to all the life and light and colour of the brilliant one which had preceded it. She has just learnt from her little brother Paul, that the bridal procession has passed by. In the distance the song is heard faintly. Then follows the scene in the church. Angela in her wedding clothes, decked with her crown and flowers, hears, as in the poem, all round her whisper—

"How beautiful! how beautiful she is."

Baptiste has just placed the ring on her finger and pronounced the word which betrays to the listening, tortured Margaret that it is indeed her lover who is marrying another. She has raised the knife with which, but for the fact that "anguish did its work so well," she had meant to take her life.

The last scene of course is the churchyard, where the hearse containing the body of the dead blind girl is being carried, "village girls in robes of snow Follow weeping as they go."

Of all the tableaux this series was the most successful. The contrasts were so effective, and all the peasant dresses were so bright and pretty, besides which the simple pathos of the poem thus shown to them went to the people's hearts. Norah really looked her part, and without possessing dramatic power yet somehow was naturally able to identify herself with the character of the pathetic peasant girl.

"A branch of ivy, dying on the ground."

But though she gained sympathy, it was Angela who was most noticed. Beattie, who always threw herself into everything she did, entered into the spirit of the poem. In the first scene, the brightness, the music, the presence of the other girls and the unusualness of her surroundings excited and pleased her. She looked so brilliant and young and lovely that it seemed hardly possible for Baptiste to continue sad for the thought of Margaret. Everyone was asking "Who is she?"

How it came about there was no knowing, but somehow an idea spread that she and Cecil Musgrove were lovers indeed. More than one of Mrs. Gilman's friends said to her after the performance, "Is it true that those two are really engaged?" Mrs. Swannington was one of those who heard the question; once she was asked it, and her negative was less decided than Mrs. Gilman's. She had a hope that this very evening the engagement would be an accomplished fact.

Indeed there seemed little doubt that Mr. Musgrove was falling under the spell of Beattie's fascination. He could not fail to share in the general admiration of one so fair as she looked that evening, and as they stood together and he held the hand on which he was supposed to have placed the ring, the thought came to him that the part they were playing now might one day be enacted in reality. Cold as he habitually was, he could not be quite unaffected by her presence. He kept close to her even when they were off the stage. Some of the flowers she wore had been his present. And though he was not a man given to the paying of compliments and the making of pretty speeches, he did not attempt to disguise his delight in her appearance. Beattie received his attentions in a way that tended to increase his interest in her, though it might have made some men hesitate as to their acceptability. She did not show any of that confusion or timidity, with which some young girls meet the advances of men older than themselves; neither did she give evidence of special eagerness or satisfaction when he laid himself out to please her, as some of the ladies of his acquaintance might have done. She did not seek, perhaps she did not desire his love. To the spoilt man of the world her absence of any art was absolutely refreshing. Sometimes he was a little piqued at her indifference. Less frankness on her part would have pointed to a greater power over her. He was a man on whom possession was apt to pall, but he cared to obtain possession. He felt he would like to make Beattie fond of him. And yet he hesitated. Marriage was a great step and he was more ambitious of power than of love.

After the tableaux there was a *soirée* in the body of the hall. Music and refreshments were provided, and those who had taken part in the performance joined their friends. Most of them kept on the becoming fancy dress in which they had been appearing, and made the most of the inevitable congratulations and compliments. As usual the most beautiful were the least vain, and there was no self-consciousness in Beattie as she moved about with Cecil Musgrove, "If she were my wife," he thought, "I should certainly be proud of her," for he noticed more than she the glances which followed them.

Presently, having found her a seat he left her to fetch her an ice. Two old ladies were sitting behind her, gossiping, pointing out people to one another, and talking about them with the freedom which is as common as it is injudicious. Beattie, looking about her, did not at first notice what they said, but presently her own name caught her ear. In some mysterious way, a lowered voice seems to penetrate further than the one employed in common speech, when something is said that is not meant to be overheard.

"Oh, yes," said the speaker, "I was asking the same question. They say Mr. Musgrove is very much in love with her."

"Well, she is certainly very pretty, and I am told she is rich," said another voice.

"He might do worse."

Beattie had grown hot all over. She was blushing furiously when Cecil returned to her and could not meet his eyes. How dared people talk about her and him like that? She was indignant, ashamed, and felt a disposition to cry. Mr. Musgrove found her strangely quiet and constrained. He wondered what had happened to her, and could only suppose she was feeling a reaction

from excitement or that she was tired? For the first time since he had known her he felt she was not quite at ease in his society. She asked him presently to take her to her aunt.

Beattie was not a person who could easily keep things to herself. When she was pleased or sorry, or interested, she was always disposed to tell someone about it. In the carriage under the cover of the darkness she told Mrs. Swannington what she had overheard.

"They oughtn't to say such things, Aunt Ella; I have never thought of marrying Mr. Musgrove."

Aunt Ella laughed.

"You are a silly child, Beattie. What is there to be so angry about? There is no doubt that Mr. Musgrove thinks a great deal of you. Anyone can see it, and if you weren't such a baby you would understand. I believe myself he is in love with you! and," she added, "if you heard what he says to the Gilmans about you, you would see I have reason for my beliefs."

"Oh," said Beattie, "I hope he doesn't care for me."

"You hope he doesn't!" said Aunt Ella, amazed and angry. "Why, what nonsense! You ought to consider yourself a most fortunate girl."

Something in her aunt's voice silenced Beattie. She suddenly felt sorry she had followed the impulse which had prompted her to speak. She would not have done so if she had imagined Mr. Musgrove really loved her. If he did he ought to be the first to tell her so. Somehow Aunt Ella's attitude of mind towards the subject made her feel as if she had been unmaidenly to mention it. But as they drove on through the darkness, Mrs. Swannington humming the air of the song the peasants had sung, and Beattie busy with her thought, it flashed upon the girl's mind that if she had any feeling towards him, she would have been too shy to tell even her aunt that their names had been coupled together. And would not something of gladness have mingled with her confusion?

"I don't care for him," she said to herself, "and so I am right in hoping he does not care for me. And yet, suppose he does? Could I learn to love him? Should I like to be with him always? Should I mind if I never saw him again?"

And then for a moment her thoughts reverted to the day when Michael Anstruther had gone away from Crabsley. She remembered the loneliness, the sense of void, the length of the days that followed his departure. She saw the dark, boyish, earnest face. She recalled the sense of companionship, of mutual comprehension they had in one another's society. She knew of nothing in which Michael was superior to Cecil; indeed it would seem as if the older man had the advantage. And yet, if at that moment she had had to choose between them she would have chosen Michael.

At that moment. But impressionable, easily influenced, and warm-hearted, what might not time and persuasion do? If he loved her?

(*To be continued.*)

GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

PART III.

IN AND OUT OF PRISON.

"I was in prison and ye visited me."

Pioneer.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, passed to her rest.

A Few of the Present Workers.

Mrs. Meredith, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Battersea, Miss Bartlett, and Miss Cadbury.

OF all work undertaken by women in the present day for the sake of comforting and helping the sad, the afflicted, and despairing of their own sex none requires more tact, discretion, and self-control than that of visiting the prisons and helping discharged prisoners; and even these qualifications would avail but little unless the women-workers believed in humanity and loved it.

It is not a work handed down through the ages from women to women; it is an outcome of this nineteenth century, started and set going by one gentle, delicate woman in 1818, a period of our history when, if any woman moved perceptibly out of the ordinary ways of life, she laid herself open to misconstruction and even contempt, for the days of Woman's Mission had not then dawned.

One of the characteristics of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the pioneer prison-visitor, which so peculiarly fitted her for the work, was that in every human being, however degraded, she saw the spark of divinity, which, as she said, might be overlaid with sin, vice, and ignorance, but was never wholly extinct. She believed in all, and despaired of none, and such, I take it, should be the spirit of those who would be her successors.

When she first visited the wards of Newgate she found them so demoralised that even the governor entered with reluctance. In fact, they were more like dens of wild beasts.

Clever woman that she was, she found her way to the hearts of the prisoners by caring for their children. But all this is matter of history, and I have to deal with the work of to-day, which is so quietly and effectually performed that outsiders have no idea of its extent and influence.

To begin with Mrs. Meredith—all the love of her heart, her means, her energies, her great organising talent, her fascinating manners, her strength of chnracter, have been and are devoted to the service of the class of women known as criminals. She has immense power over them, and whatever their sins and shortcomings they know how to reverence and love her. I happened to mention to some of them that I was going to see Mrs. Meredith, and their quick response was, "Pray, lady, give her our love,"

Her interest in female prisoners began as a child, and her earliest recollections are of visits to Irish prisons with her father, and Bible-readings in gloomy cells. As she grew older she yearned intensely to improve the condition of women undergoing long sentences of penal servitude, and she spared no efforts to gain permission from the Director-General of Convict Prisons to visit them in their cells. At length in 1866 she succeeded, and every morning for some years she journeyed from her home in Bayswater to visit the prisoners in the London prisons. In her own words, "I had personal dealings with every individual in Brixton Prison, then the chief convict prison for women; with some as they sat at work, with others in the infirmary as they lay in bed, and occasionally in the cells with those condemned to solitary confinement. I had perfect freedom to converse with them and to inform myself as to their condition."

The conclusion she arrived at was that help was even more needed at the time of their discharge than during the actual period of their imprisonment, for passing out of the prison gates they found themselves once again in the midst of their degraded associates, and necessarily fell into the old temptations unless love and sympathy were powerful enough to make them pause. It was the recognition of this fact that started the Prison Gate Mission, the members of which take their places among the criminal gangs waiting to receive the discharged prisoners, and take them past the public-houses to a good breakfast, which was presided over for many years by Lady Emily Pepys.

Nor was this the only outcome of Mrs. Meredith's knowledge of the needs of these poor people. She rented two houses next her own in Bayswater which she opened as a Refuge, where women needing help could get it, and a kind encouraging word besides.

But Bayswater was eminently respectable, and objected very strongly to the intrusion of this class of woman into their midst, therefore Mrs. Meredith removed her Refuge to Nine Elms, and under the sanction of the Home Office it became the "Discharged prisoners' aid," in connection with H.M. prisons. She opened a laundry here in 1867 in order to give employment to those whom no one else would engage. In 1881 the laundry was removed to Clapham Road to what had formerly been the marble rink. It is still there, adjoining the headquarters of the various missions carried on by Mrs. Meredith and her many helpers.

So rapidly did her work increase, that help became necessary. The first to volunteer was her sister, Miss Lloyd, who has been her steady assistant from that day to this; gradually others volunteered, till now she has an army of three hundred and seventy-five devoted women-workers, seventy only of whom are paid, and

they all spend their lives in the service of outcast women and their neglected children.

We spent some time in the laundry last week, where we found as many as sixty women and girls, all discharged prisoners, working quietly and industriously; and in another room, those who were not strong enough for laundry work were occupied in making felt slippers, rugs and dusting-brushes. For a day's work each receives one shilling and two good meals. I hope one day to tell you all I saw here and at Princess Mary's Village Homes, where the children of prisoners are cared for by Mrs. Meredith—there is not room in this sketch.

One of her great desires is to detach prisoners from their friends when they come out of prison, for unless this is secured, they almost invariably fall into the old grooves and habits of crime.

There is no limit to Mrs. Meredith's sympathies where women prisoners are concerned. I think it is a beautiful thought of hers that every woman in prison, not only in England but in other countries as well, should receive a letter on Christmas morning, prettily illustrated and in her own language—not printed but written—to remind her of the season, and to show her that she is not forgotten by friends outside. Think what this is to each individual shut away from all life's joys?

If Mrs. Meredith did nothing else her name would be held in reverence and love. God grant her life and strength to continue her works of loving service to the criminal class.

The appointment of lady visitors to female convict prisons was not decided on until 1895, when the first to be nominated were Adeline, Duchess of Bedford and Lady Battersea, the first for long sentence prisons and the latter for short sentence prisons; Miss Cadbury and Miss Bartlett were also visitors in the latter.

By long sentence is understood from three years to five, ten, fifteen, and reaching to life sentences; short sentence from a week to three years.

Strictly speaking the only long sentence prison for women in this country is that at Aylesbury, lately removed from Woking, where about two hundred women and girls are working out their sentences; many for very grave offences, and several for life. The years of imprisonment may be reduced to two-thirds by good conduct, and many succeed in getting this reduction.

The work for these ladies was new and might have been very difficult had not the authorities done all in their power to render it possible. The appointment of lady visitors to the various prisons is a most merciful deed. Think what their presence means inside those walls; the kind words spoken, the interest displayed in the prisoners' past, the mention of husband and child, the pleasure of being called by their name instead of by a number, and to feel that they may look forward to these glimpses of happiness at stated times during the long years of imprisonment. Why, it makes all the difference in the world to the poor women shut away from outside life and hope.

Of course, the success of this new departure in prison life must depend in a great measure on the character and capability of the visitors appointed. It is essential that they possess the power of real, true, human fellowship and sympathy without indulging in sentimentalism; it is equally necessary that their compassion be bracing and their sympathy have moral force.

These qualifications are possessed largely by the ladies appointed in 1895; they are gaining influence over the prisoners who trust them, and the governors, matrons and chaplains look upon them as fellow-workers.

Any break in the fearful monotony of prison life is a boon; this was seen last year at the re-opening of the chapel at the Aylesbury convict prison. It had a cheering influence upon the prisoners, and as the Duchess went through the workshops and twine rooms and among the women gardeners after the service, she noticed that they looked happier and brighter, and some of them said, "The church will be like home to us," while others remarked, "We feel out of prison on Sundays."

Any reasonable suggestions made by the visitors for the benefit of the prisoners are listened to by the authorities and granted if they do not interfere with the prison discipline.

Adeline Duchess of Bedford, speaking from her own experience, says that "To be of use the visits should be frequent and regular, that visitors should each keep a diary recording all dealings with each individual case, that it is better to know a few prisoners well than many superficially, that promises once made by lady-visitors to prisoners must be strictly kept and confidences respected, and that hope must be the keynote of their work."

The help given by these ladies to prisoners before their discharge is very important, and in many cases influences the whole of their after-life for good. We cannot give details of this lady's visits to the Aylesbury Prison, as they must be held sacred between her and those whom she comforts and strengthens. It is enough for us to know that she is working, and that she is exactly the one to cheer and brighten and build up the characters of those among whom she ministers.

Short terms are those varying from a week to three years. Lady Battersea, Miss Cadbury, and Miss Bartlett are all visitors in short-term prisons.

Short-sentence prisoners are under great disadvantages. The time they spend in prison is not sufficient for visitors to gain a hold on their hearts or consciences, nor have they the opportunity of lessening the term by good conduct.

Many of the prisoners have been dragged down by bad companions, drink, or evil inheritance, and the value of lady-visitors is often very great.

The quiet of the cells is sometimes salutary, and they will occasionally turn to the visitor voluntarily, and as Miss Cadbury says, when such an opportunity arises the visitor must answer to it by showing at once that she is a friend and not a judge.

I have been astonished to find that long-term prisoners look down upon short-term prisoners, and consider themselves greatly superior to them. When I asked for an explanation the answer was "short terms" go in and out of prison for dirty, mean actions or for drunkenness, while the "long terms" are in for some great intellectual failure, or for the committal of some crime through accident."

One of the great difficulties in dealing with short-term prisoners is the impossibility of believing them. They love to baffle the visitor by false statements, and are quite pleased if they succeed.

A lady, after listening to a woman who is constantly in and out of prison, said—

"But is it not a very dreadful state to be in, that of being obliged to tell lies for your living?"

"Not at all, ma'am; we like it."

"Like it?" said the lady. "Do you never think of the end of those who tell lies?"

"It never troubles me, ma'am; but I have heard of some afraid to die when the time comes."

"Suppose your time was come, wouldn't you be afraid, too?"

"I don't know about being afraid, but I shouldn't be surprised if I told the truth then."

"It may be too late in a dying moment to get out of the grasp of the father of lies," said the lady.

"There, ma'am, you'll never terrify me. I don't mind and I don't care nothing about the fire and brimstone. I'm not a criminal; I'm only a poor beggar, and that's the truth."

"I thought you were often committed for drunkenness?"

"Not I, ma'am; I daren't drink lest I should tell the truth." * I give this as a specimen of the difficulties met with by lady-visitors.

"No work is harder," says Miss Cadbury, of Birmingham, "than that among inebriates, for whom short sentences are useless. The far larger number of our short-sentence prisoners come in through drink, many of whom belong by right to what is called good society."

Miss Bartlett's experience is that if a visitor wishes to gain the confidence of the prisoners she must not be the least official either in manner or dress, but be as natural and sincere as possible. In illustration of this she says that a very refractory girl had been placed in the punishment cell, and for many days she was not allowed to see her. At length permission was granted, and Miss Bartlett waited in the matron's room, trembling secretly, and wondering what she should say to the culprit.

Presently the girl entered and, as she did so, burst into a laugh so natural and infectious that she could not help joining in. This broke the ice, and they became fast friends. The girl improved wonderfully, and when she came out married a steady, good man, and last year sent Miss Bartlett a photograph of her first baby.

A visitor must deal with the prisoner as woman to woman, not as woman to criminal, if she is to be of real service.

All lady visitors speaking from their experience say that short sentences are a mistake. They harden the girls, whereas long sentences are better for the women and better for society generally.

Lady Battersea tells a pathetic story. During her visits to the Protestant prisoners the Roman Catholic priest asked her if she would be so good as to visit his women as well. One of these was taken so ill that when her sentence expired she was dying and could not be removed. It was very bitter to her to die after all in prison, but Lady Battersea in her own infinitely tender way, soothed her by promising to send flowers to be put on her grave, so that it should not look like a common prisoner's grave. This removed the sting, and cheered her greatly, and she told all who came near her of the good news.

It is by such little acts of womanliness the hearts of these poor people are reached and taught to hope.

The work being done both for women and girls to prevent them drifting into crime, and being criminals, to lift them out of the condition, would fill the whole number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Quite an army of gentlewomen are devoting their lives and means to this end. Not the least Christ-like work is taking the little children of the criminal class right away from their surroundings, caring for them and training them to be good useful members of society. An account of this special work I hope to give some other time, if I am allowed by the Editor to do so.

The whole work in connection with prisons which has been growing all through our dear Queen's reign is one that will do it honour, and be the means of making good citizens and loyal subjects out of those who might have been a terror in our midst.

"I was in prison and ye visited me."

* This is part of a conversation between one of Mrs. Meredith's helpers and a woman always in and out of prison.



GOWN OF MUSLIN OVER COLOURED SILK.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

In the frocks for to-morrow as well as in those of to-day, the prevailing element is extreme lightness, and all the airy character that is given by *tulle*, gauze, and *chiffon*. But none of these, alas, are inexpensive, nor calculated to suit the purses of those who have an allowance only to dress upon. So we must fall back on something which is nearly as transparent, and far less expensive. This is found in the new woollen grenadines and gauzes, and also in those of even cheaper descriptions, made in linen and cotton. These are of wide width, generally forty-five inches, and so though the price may look large, there is so much material for the money, it is not dear. Those who have old coloured, or black silks, or satins, will now be able to make use of them, and even a pattern of the most flowery kind will not be a drawback; for some of the prettiest dresses are composed of brocaded gowns, with an overdress of gauze or grenadine.

All our illustrations in the present number are intended for summer use, and are of thin materials, so that you can see how to make use of any dresses you may have of silks or satins, or even of colours, and patterns in the way I have described. Our first one, which shows a gown of muslin, made-up over a silk underskirt, is a case in point, as it may be used for anything in the way of material. The muslin skirt has one of the fashionable Spanish flounces, which is edged in its turn with another narrower flounce, on which are several rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. The top of this flounce has a double heading. The bodice is of the muslin made over the same coloured silk. The cape has the rounded corners of the newest models, and is of a very pale grey cloth. It has three capes, and each is edged with rows of gathered white ribbon. There is a high collar which is lined with white satin, and covered with lace.

The figure at the back is wearing one of those new straight-cut sacque jackets, which seem to have made a fresh appearance this season, and have been adopted as a suitable shape by the waterproofing companies, and it commends itself to everyone, as easy to put on, with room underneath it for any amount of frills and furbelows. But though it is sensibly designed and convenient, it is rather an unbecoming garment, though for country wear and for driving, nothing can be more suitable.

Tucks and flounces are the two forms which our skirt decoration takes to-day; but is it not wonderful to see that the plain skirt has so many votaries, when it has been in favour so long. In the "Gown with tucks, and the lace skirt and flounces," both styles are shown. The first gown is made of one of the new *voiles* in pale grey, trimmed with pale blue. The tucks on the skirt are an inch in width, and all run horizontally; but those on the bodice are vertical. The sleeves are also tucked, and the bodice has a lace yoke, and a shaped cape of the blue silk and guipure lace sprays. The parasol, or more properly *en-tout-cas*, held by this figure, will give an idea of the wonderful way in which those of the present season are decorated with gathers and folds inside, where most of the ornamentation is seen this year.

The second figure, with the lace flounced dress, shows almost the prettiest lace gown that we have seen this season. The material is Russian net, insertion and lace; and the style of making is carefully shown. A frill of net or lace goes round the shoulders, forming,

with a second frill, the shoulder epaulettes. The sleeves are gathered, and finished by frills at the wrists. This dress may be made up over a colour, or over black.

We are still devoted to grey, and so many of our newest gowns will be found to be of this colour, in various materials, that it seems almost like a uniform, The grey is relieved with pale yellows, pale blues and pinks, and plenty of white. In the way of blues turquoise is always prominent and seems to be more popular than the *perveuche*, or periwinkle blue, with its rather colder tints. Neapolitan violets, in all their shades, are much worn, and the darkest red-purples are constantly used as dresses in cloths, and even cashmeres. Dark blue for tailor-made gowns is extremely popular, and is relieved by bands of white braid, or even of gold and silver. Fawn-coloured cloth gowns are of a novel shade, which is composed of a good deal of pink, which gives a pleasantly warm tone to it; and the new drabs appear to me to be much yellower in tint. String-colour, burnt straw-colour, and putty, are all in favour for neutral coloured gowns. Very deep rose-pink, and *cerise* and yellow of a very clear tone, are much used on hats. On the French hats the mixture of colours is something remarkable; green, blue, mauve, yellow and pink, being all represented in force on a recent importation. Two colours which are growing in popularity for dresses are the tangerine yellow and hyacinth blue. The first is seen in cambrics and silks, and in richer materials for evening dress. The latter promises to be the colour for tailor-made gowns of the fine thin summer cloths. It is also much seen in silks of a light kind for summer dresses. Green shades are very bright and crude; and nothing can exceed the brightness of some of the silk blouses, in such hues as rose-pink, yellow, poppy-red, or lettuce-green.

Something must be said here about the newest materials for summer gowns, of which the one most in evidence seems to be the taffetas, *glaces*, and shot, which have taken the place of foulards and other light silks. For people who require non-washing gowns, these are excellent materials, and their price is surprisingly small. *Voiles* are the next for economical purposes, and they are so transparent they are almost grenadines, and there are a number of new woollen materials which partake of the canvas and hopsacking weavings, and possess the attractions of both. The canvases I should particularly recommend, as they really seem everlasting.

And now I must devote some of my space to the charming muslins which are being shown. Beginning with those white ones in boxes, with Swiss embroidery on them, and intended to be made-up over silk slips, to the beautifully printed Organdy muslins which are used to make the most charming blouses, which are either flowered or striped, as the wearer prefers. *Piqué* and linen gowns, or rather coats and skirts, will be as much used as ever this year, and the report is, that the white *piqué* skirts of last year will be worn this year with coloured blouses, and the white coats with coloured skirts. There are plenty of white muslin blouses both plain and spotted to be seen, the latter are far more costly than the former in the shops.

Our last illustration gives us one of these pretty muslin frocks which was white with a small spot or sprig on it. It is trimmed with rows of insertion and tiny frills of the muslin. The collar-band and the waist-band are of green velvet, to match the muslin in shade, and the revers are lined with green silk as well as the *plastron* in front. The skirt may also be worn over a green lining, but instead of silk, batiste and sateen are often used, the new sateens being very superior to the old.

I am sure you will already have had your attention drawn to the *chiffon ruches*, which form such a feature of our trimmings this summer. They are much used for decorating both day and evening bodices. On the former they are often laid on in trellises or squares, which cover the whole surface of the bodice. They are made and sold in all the shops in the chief colours; but no shades of any of them. Black, white, cream, navy blue, and red are those mostly seen. The next fashionable trimming is piping, which seems as much in favour as it was last year. The accordion pleatings are much in favour, and so are flutings of all kinds. Nearly all the corners this year are rounded, none are left square, and this fashion extends to capes and jackets, which have rounded fronts; the frills of the former meeting under the chin, as shown in our illustration. There is no change in the shape of collars, as the high one is such a universal favourite, it will take some time to dislodge it. I had nearly forgotten to include baby-ribbon in my list of trimmings. It is gathered at one edge, and not in the middle, and is applied to dresses in a kind of trailing pattern which takes time and skill.

The very newest hats from Paris are turned up in front, and are called *Polichinelle*. Under the brim, where it is turned up, there is a *bandeau* of feathers, flowers, or ribbon, or else velvet made into one of the favourite rosettes which are seen on so many hats. Several curling tips are arranged at the side; and at the back there is a wired bow of *chiffon*. A great deal of trimming is used on all our hats, but there are some straw shapes which have so much straw trimming on them that



GOWN WITH TUCKS, AND LACE SKIRT WITH FLOUNCES.



MUSLIN FROCK.

they need very little else. There are several new materials for millinery, amongst others *tulle* with all kinds of fancy patterns on it, and the shaded *tulle* which shows two colours in the width. Gauze and velvet are also used, and a good deal of *chiffon*, but this is twisted and wired in such a manner that it does not get out of shape very soon, and is more lasting. Paste ornaments add brightness to all our hats and bonnets, and black and white seem to me to be still the most favoured mixture. Roses are more worn than any other flower, but nasturtiums and carnations will, I think, be much employed later on. They are both the most beautiful imitations that can be imagined. Lilac and laburnum in mauve flowers are superseding violets, and I notice that the yellow poppies are produced in profusion, and will be used later on no doubt. The toque is as well loved as ever, and consequently bonnets have been less seen; but just at present there is an invasion of bonnets with strings in some of the best milliners' shops, and so we may begin to wear them before long.

In many quarters I hear that we are to return to the wearing of white stockings this year, and that great preparations are made to supply this expected need. White cashmere stockings are embroidered with white silk, and are prepared for garden-parties, and all out-of-door dressy occasions. White silk and spun silk are also to be found, and the cashmere in white will be worn with the white, tan, green, and grey leather boots, which are so much to be seen in the shop windows. I do not believe, however, in any wholesale adoption of white stockings, for we have all proved the comfort of black ones for so long. Certainly we should have to change our white stockings in London every day, or at least every second day, and even then, with the protection of shoes, they would not be clean.

The Redingôte has been lately much seen, but it is an expensive garment, and too cumbrous for walking-wear. Amongst our expenses this year we shall have the white and cream-coloured lace and muslin neckties, which every one is already wearing, and the increased amount of lace which decorates us so profusely. Though there are fewer veils to be seen, still I notice that white lace washing ones continue to be supplied by the fashionable milliners, to be worn with sailor hats; for bicycling specially. As regards all others, I hear they will not be worn if there should be hot weather.

No more large fans are to be used. Instead of them we are to have the very small fans of the Louis XIV. period; and there is no doubt that they will be easier to carry than the large ones. Any fan small enough to be bestowed in the pocket is a very distinct boon. Very pretty little Spanish ones are to be found, and also small Japanese importations, which are pretty enough to be used with evening attire.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

NEW boots and shoes should not be tried on in the early morning, but later in the day, when the feet have expanded with exercise.

HALF a pint of sweet oil taken immediately is an effectual antidote to most poisons.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT two months had elapsed since Dr. André's return to Paris, during which the fever epidemic raged without intermission, increasing in virulence as a hot August was succeeded by a stifling month of September.

One night about twelve o'clock Dr. André went into the *pasteur's* house. The door was opened to him by a very old woman who knew him well, the only one of Père Nicholas' household remaining with him.

"Come in, come in, monsieur, and sit down. The *pasteur* came in ten minutes ago, and is changing his coat. I have got an omelet and a bottle of wine for him. Sit down, and I will do the like for you."

Dr. André obeyed, and old Amélie went off muttering to herself, "*Dame*, those who work must eat."

Father Nicholas entered a few minutes later, refreshed by rapid ablutions.

"Well, André, do you want me?"

"I shall want you to-morrow morning—not to-night, my friend."

"Who for this time?"

"A terrible sinner, Antoinette Lacarte; she will go about sunrise, she is in a stupor now, so it would but waste your time to go sooner. Poor soul, she comes from the Landes, and talks and babbles of the fresh winds blowing over the wild open dunes."

"And have you done anything about Gaston the sweep's children? six little ones, the eldest ten years old, and the mother dead."

"Yes, they are all right. Sœur Eustacie is with them, two of the children are very ill; the baby died an hour ago. Sœur Eustacie could not leave the boy of three years old, he was choking so; that is the worst of these dreadful throats. The baby was weak and small, she made no fight for her life, but died here, in my arms. What a pretty thing a little baby is. The poor, little, sunshiny, pretty things—how could one bear to see that awful fight for breath, and cry of pain, if one did not know that the angels were waiting to carry them straight home."

"Ah, it is not the children who break one's heart," said Father Nicholas. "Tell me, my boy—this Antoinette."

"She is a great sinner, father, but listen. Do you know how she caught the fever? She was about to fly (as all who can do so must) out of this den of infection, when her maid was taken ill, and she stayed to nurse her. She could get no help, for the hospitals are full. The woman died; they are all dying now. God help us! and she was taken ill herself. It is her life, you see, her very life that she has given for another."

"Poor soul, poor soul! Do not mind if her death is terrible. She must go through it, and drink the cup of repentance to the very dregs. She must suffer. Death-beds after all are not meant for the lookers-on. They are realities, played out between the soul and its Maker. Our human interference is over, except in the way of intercession. And that last new treatment of yours, does it not succeed?"

A look of care crossed the young man's brow. "It ought to succeed," he said. "Anyhow, it seems to alleviate pain, but who can recover in an atmosphere like this? Every breath you breathe is pestilential! They die and they die! If only a great storm would come; nothing else will break the spell. But one must try to be patient. In the hospitals they are almost in despair."

"It is fearfully hot to-night," said Father Nicholas, wiping his brow. "There is not a breath of air, and the smell of the streets is horrible."

"Thanks for your hospitality, my friend," said Dr. André rising to his feet, "I must be off now. I must look in on one or two people as I go home, but I promise myself a few hours in bed. I shall be at Antoinette Lacarte's house by five to-morrow morning. Good-night, sleep well."

An hour later, his last visits over, Dr. André was slowly mounting the stairs to his own room when a door opened, and Nanon looked out wildly.

"Oh, *docteur!*" she exclaimed, "thank God it is you. Come in, it has come, the last of them!"

"Poor Nanon," said Dr. André softly. "Poor Nanon. Remember that God is good."

"So you say, *docteur*, but the good God has forgotten me!"

"That can never be, my friend," said Dr. André. "Let me come in."

"But you also need rest! You have had that breathlessness again? You ought to sleep. Oh! what shall I do?"

"What you shall do is very simple *ma bonne*. Take me to my little Fifine."

He went through the little room and opened a rickety door into another apartment. On a little low pallet Fifine was lying, the half-starved cat beside her. When she saw Dr. André she leapt up, and threw her arms round him, falling back again with a choking cry of pain.

He laid her down and covered her carefully while he took the burning little hand into his.

"How long has this been going on?" he said gently to her mother.

"Since mid-day, and I knew that you were at the hospital and could not come."

"I wish we could get this little one into the hospital," said Dr. André, but Nanon shrank back with a shuddering cry—

"Oh no, no, dear *docteur*, no one ever comes out alive now!"

"Do not be afraid, Nanon; she cannot go there, for there is not a single vacant bed."

"Ah, that is well," said the poor woman breathing freely.

All this time Dr. André was trying the child's temperature. When he glanced at his clinical thermometer he did not betray his consternation; the fever was raging.

Presently he got up, went to the table and wrote out some directions on a leaf of his pocket-book.

"Here, Nanon," he said. "Quick, take this round to the hospital. Give it to the night-porter, and if you wait a few minutes he will give you all these things. Go quietly, it is very hot and there is no use in hurrying."

Nanon hastily put on her ragged bonnet and went out, not trusting herself to glance at little Fifine, who was tossing and moaning pitifully.

After a few moments had passed Dr. André was startled by hearing the child's voice saying with great difficulty—

"Monsieur."

"My child." He came close to her.

"Now mother has gone, tell me—am I going to die?"

"Yes, Fifine."

"Will it hurt?"

"For a very little while, Fifine, and then never again, child, never again!"

"Do not tell mother."

"We need not tell her, Fifine."

"When it hurts, will you hold my hand?"

"For a little while, Fifine, yes—and then——"

"Then, monsieur?"

"You will see Jesus."

"And will He love me, monsieur? I am so naughty, so ugly, they say."

"He will love you, Fifine, nothing can separate you from His love. There will be no more tears, no more sorrow there, no more naughtiness."

"You know it, monsieur?"

"I know it, Fifine."

"And will you come soon, monsieur? I love you so."

"I don't know, my child. Perhaps, but there is so much still to do."

"You will come when you are tired then, and cannot work any more?"

"Yes, Fifine, and rest."

The child dozed a little while, then he made a slight movement to rise, but the little hot fingers clenched tightly on his hand.

"Don't go! don't go! You promised to hold my hand, for it hurts! it hurts!"

And André sat down quietly.

Presently Nanon hurried in with the medicines and remedies from the hospital, and she held up the little dark tangled head while Dr. André tried to pour the medicine down her throat, but it was of no use, she could not swallow.

"Oh, try again, try again, dear *docteur!*" cried the poor mother, but the next trial failed also, and Nanon looked up at him with dumb despair in her eyes.

They tried all the resources of science through the night, but nothing seemed to avail. Dr. André could not leave the child, but as daylight streamed in message after message came for him. To some he was able to send directions written down, to others a verbal message that he would come presently.

About eight o'clock a twisted note was brought to him by a little street urchin.

"Do not waste time coming to Antoinette Lacarte, it is over. I was with her at the end.

"NICHOLAS."

Nanon suddenly uttered a low cry.

"*Docteur! Docteur!*"

The change had come. Dr. André remembered his promise and held the little hand fast. But perhaps it did not hurt, for when the last fluttering breath had ceased, little Fifine's face wore a still, rapt expression. It must have been so with the little children of yore, when Jesus took them up in His arms and blessed them.

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Prune Mould.—Half a pound of good prunes stewed in a pint of cold water until thoroughly tender, when carefully remove the stones. Add to them the juice of half a lemon, a little more water, four ounces of loaf sugar and an ounce of gelatine. Put all into a stewpan together, let it stand for an hour, then simmer on the stove for half-an-hour; when it has boiled up once, put into a mould, and when quite set turn out and serve with a whipped cream around it.

Other stewing fruits to our hand in winter are pears, dates, dried apricots and Normandy pippins. The two last-named require soaking in cold water previous to cooking.

Almond Cheesecakes.—Pound two ounces and a half of sweet and bitter almonds mixed, and add to them a quarter of a pound of butter, beaten to a cream, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar and the grated rind of one lemon. Beat together the yolks and whites of three eggs well, and mix the ingredients thoroughly together. Make some light pastry with a quarter of a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of butter, and line some patty pans with it, pouring the mixture in the centre. Place strips of blanched almonds on each cheesecake and bake a light brown. These are delicious.

A Fours Salad.—Slice evenly and thinly one cold boiled Spanish onion, a small boiled beetroot, a large potato, also boiled and cold, and a cucumber. Lay the slices alternately in a shallow dish, garnish the edge with picked watercress, and dress with pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar.

HOW TO WRITE ENGLISH VERSE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

PART III.

ANAPÆSTIC AND DACTYLIC VERSE.

"Thĕ Ăssȳ | rĭ(a)n căme dōwn | lĭke thĕ wōlf | ŏn thĕ fōld, |
Ănd hĭs cō | hŏrts wĕre glēam | ĭng ĭn pūr- | plĕ ănd gōld, ‖
Ănd thĕ shēen | ŏf thḙir spēars | wăs lĭke stārs | ŏn thĕ sēa |
Whĕn thĕ blūe | wăve rŏlls nīght | lȳ ŏn dēep | Gălĭlēe." ‖

This is a good and characteristic example of anapæstic verse. The line and the stanza alike represent the anapæst in its most popular if not in its most favourable English form. An anapæst, as the scansion above has already signified, consists of two short syllables followed by a long one ⏑ ⏑ –. Anapæstic verse has long lost its popularity. For a brilliant period, under the spirited auspices of Messrs. Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell and company, it might almost be said to dominate the lyric and short narrative poem. Who does not know and admire "Young Lochinvar" and "Tamburgi," and "The Meeting of the Waters" and "The Irish Harper"? Down to the period when Wordsworth's influence had thoroughly leavened the literary instinct of England, the anapæst had things pretty much its own way. It was swift and gay and nimble: it gave of its own momentum a swing which the writer might vainly have sought to inspire: its beat was so firm and mechanical that once set in motion even imbecility, ignorance and a bad ear could hardly fail to maintain it. But its excellences were also its weaknesses. It was monotonous, wearisome, inflexible. The ordinary writer had it under no better control than had Goose Gibbie the heavy charger of Lady Margaret Bellenden. It had a hard mouth, and it carried the rider with grievous bumpings into all sorts of awkward places. I doubt if Tennyson ever wrote an anapæstic line. Wordsworth did venture once or twice to tread the anapæstic measure: and a sad dance he was led. It carries meditation as a wild ass carries a basket of eggs. Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Morris, Patmore, Rossetti—I cannot recall its use among the later men. Robert Browning did furnish one memorable example of anapæstic verse—as it should not be written:—

"Nĕck bў nĕck, | strĭde bў strīde, | nĕvĕr chāng | ĭng ŏur plāce." ‖

on such wise goeth the simple dromedary—whose misfortune it is—when he is in particularly high spirits—to jolt his rider asunder.

At the present moment then, be it remembered, the once fashionable anapæst is under a cloud. I doubt if he will ever emerge. But you must know all about him, and be able to manage him all the same; for though no longer served as a joint, he still contributes his elements to the stock of English verse.

The difficulty of writing anapæsts resides in the paucity of syllables truly short. Think of the destitution which could make a writer accept *stride* as anything but a very long syllable. Three consonants (one of them an *s*) to start with, then a resolute vowel, and after that a consonant with a mute sound, adding at least to the length of the syllable as read.

Schleicht: if Browning had written in German, with a light heart he would have made a short syllable of that. Verily he would, bless his godlike brain and his elephantine ear. (By the way, elephants are more musical than I was allowing: they all perform a little on the trumpet.)

Another stumbling-block to the modern anapæstic bard is the prevalence of little words. It takes practice and some natural gift not to kick dissonance out of those loose stones. The more monosyllabic the more vigorous the verse will be; but the *verve* will be won at the price of the music. Browning's lines are a splendid specimen of powerful narrative: the very scramble of the verse adds to the breathless effect of the whole effect. One might have thought even the ungainly short syllables a part of the intention, had he reserved them for such an effect as this. But he scrambles and shambles under Juliet's window—in his new pumps—quite as badly as when he runs over cobble stones to mount his stout galloper Roland.

"Jŭănī | tă, bĕhōld | ĭn vōlū | mĭnoŭs whīte, | Lĕŏnō | rā thĕ beāu | tĭfŭl, rō | sĭlў brīght!" ‖

There! That is a fair sample of anapæstic run. The slightest clogging of consonants: the clearest and softest vowel sounds: the sharpest clink of the long (or accented) syllables—these make up the ordinary excellences of the verse.

The anapæstic stanza is frequently written with rhymes in the alternate lines:—

"Wĕ măy rōam | thrŏugh thĭs wōrld | lĭke ă chĭld | ăt ă feast, |
Whŏ bŭt sīps | ŏf ă swēet, | ănd thĕn flĭes | tŏ thĕ rēst; ‖
Ănd whĕn pleā | sŭre bĕgĭns | tŏ grŏw dūll | ĭn thĕ Eāst, ‖
Wĕ măy ōr | dĕr oŭr wings, | ănd bĕ ōff | tŏ thĕ Wēst." ‖

That is not a favourable example of Tommy Moore's skill as a lyrist. The lines hop, instead of flowing, by reason of the excess of monosyllabic words. Then the rhymes have quite a *curiosa infelicitas*—an elaborate infelicity. They all fizz and sputter with sibilants—a terrible defect in lines meant to be sung. Furthermore, the vowel *e*, especially when long as in *east*, shuts up the mouth, and the voice is squeezed out as juice from a reluctant lemon. And, yet once more, the almost identity of the sound in the two pairs of rhymes confuses and worries the ear.

One of the chief pleasures of verse is the contrast of the alternate rhymes.

Notice the gain in clearness and in charm which belongs to these lines by the same hand. They represent the most popular of all anapæstic stanzas:—Four anapæsts in the odd lines; three anapæsts in the even lines.

"Ĭt ĭs | nŏt whĭle beāu | tў ănd yoŭth | ăre thĭne ōwn, |
Ănd thў chēeks | ŭnprŏfāned | bў ă tēar, ‖
Thăt thĕ fēr | vŏur ănd fāith | ŏf ă sōul | măy bĕ knōwn |
Tŏ whĭch tīme | wĭll but māke | thĕe mŏre dēar." ‖

Here there is still too much suggestion of an agile wooden leg, but the rhymes are vastly better. Short anapæstic lines are hardly fit for anything but comic verse. Their bumpiness is cruel:—

"Yoŭ măy rōmp |
Ĭf yŏu lĭke ‖
Ŏn ă cōmp- |
ĕtĕnt bĭke." ‖

But here is a passable stanza:—

Alternate rhymes: 2 anapæsts in each line.

"Dŏ Ĭ slēep, | dŏ Ĭ drēam, |
Dŏ Ĭ wōn | dĕr ănd dōubt; ‖
Ar̆e thĭngs | whăt thĕy sēem, |
Ŏr ăre vĭs | iŏns ăbōut? ‖ *

I hope that what I am now to say has been anticipated by all my readers. In the third line there is an irregularity. The anapæst has one short syllable docked—is in fact not an anapæst ⏑ ⏑ –, but an iambus ⏑ –.

Exactly. That independence is not a laxity, but the assertion of a principle. The first foot of an anapæstic line is variable. All that it wants, in fact, is a long syllable, or, let us say, an accent.

I do not mean to say that there is absolute licence in the matter, but under the government of a good and practised ear this opening foot may stand:—

(1) ⏑ ⏑ – |
(2) ⏑ – |
(3) – |

Beginners should never make experiments: metrical, like other liberties, are dearly won.

Ĭf mў rēa | dĕrs wĭll fōl | lŏw ăs wēll | ăs thĕy cān |
Thĭs ĭār | frŏm ĕlāb | ŏrāte mēt | rĭcăl plān, ‖
Sōon | thĕy shāll mūt | tĕr, ŏr lōud | lў ĕxclāim, |
Dāctў̆l ŏr | ānăpæst! | whāt's ĭn ă | nāme? ‖

Pause and consider. In that last line we have raised a point of some importance.

A dactyl is, individually and separately, an anapæst turned upside down. Instead of two shorts and a long ⏑ ⏑ –, it is a long and two shorts – ⏑ ⏑.

"Stĭll fŏr ăll | slĭps ŏf hĕrs, |
One ŏf Evĕ's | fāmĭlў. ‖
Wīpe thŏse pŏor | lĭps ŏf hĕrs |
Ŏozĭng sŏ | clāmmĭlў." ‖

That is a sample of pure dactylic verse, and pure samples are few. The English accent is not dactylic, and the difficulty of maintaining it is proved by the quotation. Except fāmĭlў and clāmmĭlў there is not a good dactyl in the four lines. All the rest are either lumbering or forced. And yet Hood was a master of every metrical resource, and that poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," has always been considered one of his finest metrical achievements.

As a rule, not a dactyl but a long syllable ends the line in so-called dactylic verse:—

"Wārriŏrs ănd | chīefs! | shoŭld thē | shāft ŏr thē | swōrd ‖
Pierce mĕ ĭn | lēadĭng thĕ | hōst ŏf thĕ | Lord." ‖

That is the characteristic dactylic verse. If a rhyme be introduced in the middle of the line—a difficult introduction to bring about—the long syllable still comes where it did:—

"Tāke hĕr ŭp | tēndĕrlў, |
Lĭft hĕr wĭth | care, ‖
Fāshiŏn'd sŏ | slēndĕrlў,
Yōung ănd sŏ | fair." ‖

Here is an example of dactyls, written with rhymes only in the even lines. It will be noticed that there is a singular effect of continuity, and also an atmosphere of wildness and desolation. Of course the sense has most to say to this. Still the metrical movement is an essential element in their effect, and upon that movement the substitution in the even lines of a trochee (– ⏑) for a long syllable (–) has a potent influence:—

"Whēre bў thē | mārĭshĕs |
Bōomĕth thē | bīttĕrn, ‖
Nĭckăr thē | sōulless ŏne |
Sīts wĭth his | ghīttĕrn— ‖
Sīts ĭncŏn | sōlăble, |
Frĭendlĕss ănd | foelĕss, |
Wāilĭng hĭs | dēstĭnў— |
Nĭckăr thē | sōulless." ‖

* I take the liberty of omitting the last two lines of the stanza.

I must not leave my readers without an opportunity to study another striking and very famous dactylic experiment. It is "The Skylark" of the Ettrick Shepherd:—

"Bīrd ŏf thĕ | wīldĕrnĕss, |
Blīthesŏme ănd | cūmbĕrlĕss, |
Swēet bĕ thў | mātĭn ŏ'er | mōōrlănd ănd | lēa ! ‖
Ēmblĕm ŏf | hāppĭnĕss, |
Blēst bĕ thў | dwēllĭng-plăce, |
Ō tŏ ă | bīde ĭn thĕ | dēsĕrt wĭth | thēe ! ‖
Wīld ĭs thў | lāy ănd lŏud, |
Fār ĭn thĕ | dōwny clŏud, |
Lōve gĭves ĭt | ēnĕrgў, | lōve gāve ĭt | birth. ‖
Whēre ŏn thў | dewy wĭng, |
Whēre ărt thŏu | jōurnĕyĭng ? |
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth."

Now that is a passage to be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested. It is full of instruction. Note first of all the enormous superiority of the first six lines to the last. Poor Hogg's dactyls drive heavily as he gets deeper into his stanza. "Dwelling-place" is not an Ariel, but "downy cloud" is a fat boy in Pickwick of a dactyl.

You see Hogg was introducing the effect of a rhyme on the last, instead of on the first (and appropriate) syllable of the dactyl. Wílderness is not followed by Búilder Ness—as the ear—with excellent right—expected. We have wílderness and cúmberléss. Once Hogg managed the thing pretty well, and then he got into difficulties.

Something may be said for the effect if it be aimed at consistently from the first, as by Scott in—

"Whēre shăll thĕ | lōvĕr rést
Whōm thĕ fātes | sēvĕr," |

where one might fairly scan the line—

"Whére | sháll the | lóver | rést" | —

four accents instead of two.

But Hogg trips off airily with his—

"Bīrd ŏf thĕ | wildĕrnĕss"—

dactyls pure and simple—and then plunges into bogland, never to emerge.

Also notice, as a horrid blemish, the anapæstic catch and stumble in the last line. Nothing more unmetrical ever was written. The reason why the thing hurts the ear, like a snowball with a stone in it, or a German band in a fog, is this: the two unaccented syllables of the line before (the -ĕyĭng of joūrnĕyĭng) are carried forward by the ear. The last accent in a certain musical sense is really the end of every line. Consequently we have this result—

"-ĕyĭng thў lāy."

It is a result not to be tolerated. In English verse three successive unaccented syllables are an abomination.

But now to get back to that point of importance from which we have been compelled to recede.

Dactyls change into anapæsts as readily as chameleons turn colour.

Take those lines of Byron's, and put either one or two short syllables at the opening of each—

"Ŏh wār | riŏrs ănd chīefs ! | ĭf thĕ shāft | ŏr thĕ swōrd
Shŏuld hăve piērced | mĕ ĭn lēad | ĭng the hōst ŏf thĕ Lōrd." ‖

Where are your dactyls now, eh?

Make the same experiment with the first quotation from "The Bridge of Sighs," only throwing the four short lines into two long ones:—

"Ănd stīll | fŏr ăll slīps | ŏf hĕrs, | Ōne ŏf Ēve's fāmĭlў : |
Ŏh, wipe | thŏse pŏor līps | ŏf hĕrs, Ōōz | ĭng sŏ clām | mily." ‖

Truly in this case the experiment does not come off so well. At the end of each line there are two unaccented syllables left out in the cold, and there is therefore the effect of three unaccented syllables (as for example, ĭlў ŏh,) in the following line. But remember that this poem of Hood's is *sui generis*. In all our poetry there is nothing like it. And even in this one instance, which does in part tell against my theory, you feel, do you not, that the general swing of the verse *is* anapæstic?

I would not have my readers think that there are no separable metrical qualities in anapæstic and dactylic verse. There are. Written consistently, the latter has a more delicate, more flexible, more sensitive flow. It is less rapid and less strong than its more popular brother. Hood's wonderful poem would have lost half its pathos had it clattered into anapæsts.

None the less, my assertion is not to be gainsaid—a syllable prefixed and your dactyls are anapæsts. And as ordinarily written the change does constantly take place.

Of late there certainly has been a tendency to work in dactylic measures. Mr. Swinburne in particular has conducted some interesting experiments to a success impossible in almost any other hands. But this phenomenon hardly proves more than an increasing difficulty in impressing individuality upon the well-worn ways of verse, and a consequent increasing impulse to force a way into bypaths and bohereens. Possibly dactylic forms may establish a temporary settlement in English poetry, but they will always be pressed, and finally they will be oppressed, by the sturdy native measures. Dilettantism may grow all kinds of exotics under glass, but these things will never thrive in the open. Poetic, like any other force, will follow the line of least resistance; and that line is indicated by the ordinary collocation of words. Our talk—our careless writing—shows the step of the language, and that step, beyond all doubt, is iambic. A sudden stress of emotion will often drive the prose-writer into unconscious blank verse. Did it ever drive a man into dactyls?

Here is some of Mr. Swinburne's long-drawn music:—

"Over two shadowless waters, | adrift as a pinnace in peril,
Hangs as in heavy suspense, charged with irresolute light,
Softly the soul of the sunset, | upholden awhile in the sterile
Waves and wastes of the land, half repossessed by the light."

Exquisite, but not *kindly* English verse; and, moreover, if read with its natural pauses, it is as anapæstic as dactylic in its flow.

And for a last example of anapæstic forms, please study these rollicking bits of Ingoldsby Legends:—

(I.)

"Whereas a dead gentleman, surname unknown,
Has been recently found at his Highness's banquet,
Rather shabbily drest in an *amice*, or gown,
In appearance resembling a second-hand blanket;

(II.)

It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,*
An egg—with a little broil'd haddock—at most
A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
And then—let me see!—
He had two—perhaps, three
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gunpowder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*—
Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree.
In fact, I and *my* son
Mix black with our 'Hyson,'
Neither having the nerves of a bull or a bison,
And both hating brandy like what some call 'pison.'
No matter for that—
He had call'd for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,
And his 'specs' with the tortoise-shell rim, and his cane
With the crutch-handled top which he used to sustain
His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs,
And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs—
Thus arm'd he set out on a ramble—alack!
He *set out*, poor dear soul!—but he never came back!"

Is it not easy and agile? Nobody ever managed this verse like Barham.

* Harsh. Metrically this is better:—"A breakfast of bacon."

VARIETIES.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue; nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.

THE BEST OF FORTUNES.—A Greek maiden being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied, "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted and virtue without a stain—my inheritance from parents who had these and nothing else to leave me."

NOBILITY.—We cannot always be doing noble deeds, but we can always do the most commonplace acts nobly. It is this pure intention which turns the most menial work into gold.

FOND OF FICTION.

"Do you enjoy novel-reading, Miss Belinda?"

"Oh, very much; one can associate with people in fiction that one wouldn't dare to speak to in real life."

NOTHING NEW.—"Everything," says Goethe, "that is worth thinking has already been thought; we must only try to think it again."

SOME PEOPLE.—The goodness of some people is like some kinds of fish—you must pick out a good many bones before you get anything worth having.

GOOD BY COMPULSION.—There is no virtue in doing right simply because we have to.

COOKERY RECIPES.

ENTRÉES.

Fricassee of Chicken.

Ingredients.—A chicken, milk and water to cover, one ounce and a half of flour, one bay-leaf, one blade of mace, one small onion, one stick of celery, salt, twelve white peppercorns, a bottle of button mushrooms, half a gill of cream.

Method.—Skin the chicken and cut in joints, cut the breast into nice pieces; put the chicken in a stew-pan with the mace, bay-leaves, onion, peppercorns, salt and enough milk and water to cover; put on the lid and simmer very gently for one hour and a half, take out the pieces of chicken and arrange them neatly on a hot dish. Strain the stock, mix the flour smoothly with a little milk, bring the stock to the boil and stir in the flour, let it cook well and then add the cream; pour this over the chicken; have ready the mushrooms heated in the liquor in which they were preserved; drain them well and arrange them in big spoonfuls round the chicken.

Veal Fillets and Mushrooms.

Ingredients.—One pound of fillet of veal, two ounces of mushrooms, half a shalot, a sprig of parsley, one ounce of fat bacon, some button tomatoes.

Method.—Cut the fillet of veal into round pieces as for veal cutlets: make a mixture of the bacon, mushrooms, shalot and parsley, all chopped very finely, and spread this on the veal fillets; lay on a buttered paper on a greased tin and put a thickly-buttered paper on the top, bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes, dish in a circle with cooked button tomatoes round.

Veal Cutlets.

Ingredients.—One pound of fillet of veal, egg, bread-crumbs, good dripping for frying, thin rashers of bacon, mashed potatoes.

Method.—Cut the veal into nice round pieces and flatten them with a chopper dipped in warm water; brush with beaten egg and dip in bread-crumbs, flattening these on with a knife. Heat about three ounces of good dripping in a small frying-pan, and when it smokes put in the cutlets; fry them a good golden brown both sides, then lift them out carefully and drain on soft paper. Have ready some nicely rolled thin rashers that have been cooked on a skewer in the oven until crisp. Work the mashed potatoes in a saucepan over the fire with a wooden spoon until thoroughly dry, then turn them on to a floured board and work them into a roll with the hand. Arrange this roll in a ring on a hot dish, brush it with beaten egg and let it brown in the oven; arrange the veal cutlets on this with a rasher of bacon between each. Put some well-cooked green peas or any other suitable vegetable in the centre of the potato border and pour brown sauce or tomato sauce round the base.

Egg Cutlets.

Ingredients.—Six small hard-boiled eggs, about one pound of sausage meat, egg, bread-crumbs, brown sauce, deep fat for frying.

Method.—Shell the eggs, flour the hands, a knife and the paste-board, and spread the sausage meat on the board in a thin layer; wrap some neatly round each egg in a pear shape making the sausage meat lie close to the egg; egg and crumb the eggs very carefully and fry them a good golden-brown in deep fat. Drain well; have ready some small square pieces of fried bread on a hot dish, cut the fried eggs very neatly in halves, lay a half on each piece of fried bread, garnish with fried parsley and serve at once. Hand brown sauce with the egg cutlets.

Stewed Kidneys.

Ingredients.—Six sheep's kidneys, one pint and a half of milk, four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of butter, one ounce of flour, three-quarters of a pint of stock browning, some small round tomatoes.

Method.—Skin the kidneys, cut them in halves and cut away the fat, melt the butter in a stewpan, and fry the kidneys brown in it; warm the stock and pour it over them, put on the lid and let it simmer very gently until tender, about one hour. Mix the ground rice smoothly with a little cold milk, boil the rest of the milk and stir in the ground rice; stir and cook well, season with pepper and salt, and when it is very stiff pour it into a wetted border mould; turn out when cold, brush with egg and let it take a golden brown in the oven and heat through. Place the kidneys neatly on the rice border, mix the flour smoothly with a little cold stock and stir it into the stock in which the kidneys were cooked; stir and boil well, colour with a little browning, skim well, add pepper and salt and pour the sauce over the kidneys. Have ready some small round tomatoes cooked till tender, or some potato croquettes and pile them in the centre of the border.

Mutton Cutlets.

Ingredients.—Some best end of neck of mutton, egg, bread-crumbs, fat for frying.

Method.—Saw off the chine bone and saw the rib bones so that each cutlet has about two inches and a half of bone. Cut the cutlets with a bone to each, trim very neatly, scrape the bones very clean. Egg and crumb well, flattening the crumbs on with a knife taking care to leave the bone clean, Heat the frying-fat until it smokes and then lay in the cutlets, fry a golden brown both sides, drain well, put a little paper frill on each and dish on a border of potato or round a pile of any suitable vegetable.

Mutton Cutlets à la Napolitaine.

Ingredients.—Some best end of neck of mutton, some well boiled macaroni, about three ounces of grated cheese, bread-crumbs. Fat for frying.

Method.—Cut the cutlets as for ordinary mutton cutlets, brush them with egg and dip them in grated cheese and bread-crumbs mixed; fry in good dripping and serve round well-boiled macaroni, that has grated cheese sprinkled over it.

Jugged Hare.

Ingredients.—One large hare, one pound of rump-steak, three onions, nine cloves, one carrot, one turnip, two sticks of celery, one blade of mace, twenty-four peppercorns, two bay-leaves, one sprig of parsley, three ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, one dessertspoonful of salt, one dessertspoonful of red currant jelly, water to cover, a glass of port wine.

Method.—Clean the hare and cut it in joints; save the blood for the gravy. Fry the pieces of hare and the beef in the butter in a large frying-pan. Stick three cloves in each onion and put the vegetables, parsley, mace, bay-leaves, peppercorns and salt in a large stewing-jar with the pieces of hare when they are fried and the beef. Warm the stock and pour it into the jar. The liver should be fried with the rest of the hare but should be put aside to be used later. Put the lid on the jar and let the contents stew gently in the oven for three hours. Pound the liver and rub it through a sieve; take out the pieces of hare and beef and put them on a large hot dish and keep it hot while you make the gravy. Strain the stock from the jar into a saucepan, saving a little of it to mix with the pounded liver, stir the latter into the stock as soon as it boils; mix the flour smoothly with a little cold stock and add this, and when it has boiled strain in the blood; do not let the sauce boil after the blood has been added. Stir in the jelly and let it dissolve and add the port wine. Pour this sauce over the hare on the dish. Garnish the dish with forcemeat balls, made as follows. Mix a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a shalot finely chopped, pepper and salt mixed with enough beaten egg to bind it. Roll into balls and fry brown in a little dripping.

Darjeeling Curry.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of beef steak, one large onion, one apple, four ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of red currant jelly, one ounce of grated cocoanut, three-quarters of a pint of stock, one dessertspoonful of chutney, one tablespoonful of good curry powder, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, well-boiled rice, half a teacupful of cold water.

Method.—Slice the onion and pound it to a pulp in a mortar; mix the curry powder smoothly with the cold water, melt the butter in a stewpan, put into it the curry powder and onion, stir and cook over the fire until the water boil away and the onion browns in the butter; chop the apple finely and put that in and the steak cut in small square pieces and let all fry brown, but take care not to let the meat get hard, which it will do if cooked too quickly; warm the stock and pour it over, add the cocoanut and the salt, put on the lid, put the stewpan to the side of the fire and let all cook very gently for three hours. Add the lemon juice, chutney, and red currant jelly and serve. Patna rice that has been cooked in fast boiling water for ten minutes and dried on a sieve near the fire, should be served on a separate dish.

Roast Fowl.

Method.—Have the fowl drawn and trussed for roasting. If possible roast it in front of a clear bright fire, but if not do it in a moderate oven. Put the fowl on a greased dripping tin and put plenty of dripping on the breast for basting. It will take from three-quarters of an hour to an hour according to its size. Just before it is done dredge it with flour and put back in the hottest part of the oven for a few minutes to brown well. Take it off, put on a hot dish; pour off the dripping, pour a little nice stock in the tin, dredge a little flour in, boil it up and pour a little of this gravy round, but not over the fowl. Serve the rest in a sauce-boat. Bread sauce should be served with roast fowl.

Boiled Fowl.

Method.—Have the fowl drawn and trussed for boiling with the legs inside. Rub a little lemon juice over the breast of the fowl to make it white, butter a small clean cloth and tie the fowl in it. Put it in a saucepan with cold white stock, bring slowly to the boil and then simmer gently from an hour to an hour and a half according to the size. Serve rolls of bacon cooked in the oven or in front of the fire round the fowl and pour white sauce over.

Sauce for Boiled Fowl.—Work an ounce and a half of fresh butter with as much flour as it will take up; put three-quarters of a pint of the stock in which the fowl was boiled in a saucepan, bring it to the boil and then stir in the butter and flour; add pepper and salt and a pinch of ground mace, boil well and lastly stir in two tablespoonfuls of cream.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

MARGARET PLANTAGENET.—Your quotation—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

is from Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, act iii. scene 3. It is particularly appropriate when used in connection with the work of the poet Wordsworth, which may account for your friend's mistake in attributing the line to him.

HONEYSUCKLE.—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," is from a poem entitled "Isle of Beauty," by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797-1839).

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together."

is from "The Passionate Pilgrim," a poem by Shakespeare (xii.); "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," is by Keats (*Endymion*, Book i.). We feel a little doubtful whether we are not answering three questions in referring these *three* quotations to their source, and our rules restrict us to two!

L. M.—We fully understand and sympathise with your wish to earn a little money, but in all kindness we must assure you that there would be no chance whatever of doing so by your pen. In the second verse of your poem you employ "thou" and "you" alternately in addressing the violet; "alone" and "home" do not rhyme, and so on. It is a difficult matter to make money even by poetry of some merit. Is there nothing else that you can think of which would employ you and be remunerative? We may add that we only accept the work of experienced writers for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

PERSEVERANCE (Argentine).—We have read your paper on "Work" with interest. You need practice in expressing your thoughts. It is not quite correct to call *thought* and *work* "qualities," and there are many instances of a similar looseness of expression. You should not, in an essay, use the sermon-like phrase "let us consider for a few moments." Then this is not a grammatical sentence:—"The fault lies with ourselves for being impatient, expecting all to run smoothly in our path, and bitter murmurings when it naturally does not do just what we individually want." One could not parse "bitter murmurings" as being in any case, and what does "it" mean? There are many mistakes in spelling, e.g. "reconize," "indespensable," "percepible," "irratation," but as your letter and essay show you to be an educated woman, it is probably lack of care that causes these slips. Have you seen a book by Dr. Abbott, *How to Write Clearly?* With all these criticisms we wish to help, and not to discourage you; for your remarks on unselfishness, tact and cheerfulness as being necessary to good work, are very sound, and your quotations are particularly apt.

UNA CONCHA DE LARECHO.—We were glad to hear from you, but have received no former letter. Your lines are very fair, but there is a well-known valentine couplet in English much resembling their commencement, i.e.—

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Lilies are sweet and so are you."

We have inserted your request for a French correspondent.

ESPÉRANCE.—We are pleased to receive your pretty letter in its vernal green. "A Birdie's Lay" is the better of the two poems. The thought is fresh and sweet. In "Violets" you should not use "thou dost" in addressing a plural substantive. It is the third poem on violets we have before us at present for criticism. It is impossible to say that you might not, with study and perseverance, one day "write something worth printing." But you would need to work hard, and devote your attention to the best literary models.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN.—Your writing will ultimately be good if you take pains. It is a free flowing hand, but your down strokes are too thick at present. You should not say "If you will excuse me for saying so, but I don't think much of your puzzle competition." Either the "if" or the "but" should be omitted to make a grammatical sentence. Your criticism is not very explicit, as you give no details of what provokes your disapproval.

A WOULD-BE POET.—Only just thirteen! and for that age, dear child, your lines are not at all bad. They are, almost without exception, correct as far as metre goes. But you are right in modestly supposing you are too young to fulfil such an ambition. Read good poetry instead of, as yet, trying to compose it.

GERMANY.—We cannot tell you of "a vacancy in a good school in Germany for a junior English governess," in August or September. Perhaps you would hear of one by writing to the Governesses' Home, Kleinbeeren-Strasse 22, III., Berlin (London secretary, Miss Green, 23, Warwick Road, Earl's Court, S.W.). You might at least derive information from this source where to apply for what you require.

VIOLET.—Any musicseller would procure for you a copy of Tosti's song "Good-bye." It is published in E♭, F, G, and A♭, net price 1s. 4d.

CELANDINE.—Your verses show that you do not understand the laws of rhyme and metre. A poem is something more than a series of lines, varying in length, written below one another. We thank you for your kind letter, but consider you would do better to employ your leisure time in study.

M. ROOKER writes to tell "A New Reader" that "B. M." is a Mrs. Macandrew, living near Ivybridge, South Devon.

M. E. H.—No anthem composed by you has come to hand, we regret to say, otherwise we would gladly give you our opinion on it.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed:—

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be August 16, 1898; from Abroad, October 18, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

NORAH CREINA.—Your verses are on the whole above the average of those we receive for criticism. The first verse is, we think, the best—

"I ask not that my barque sail smoothly ever
Across life's sea,
That tempest's blast, or rising wave, should never
Come near to me;
But that when dark and stern the storm clouds lower,
Thou wouldst watch over me in danger's hour,
And safely to Thy haven, by Thy power,
Wouldst pilot me."

In the second verse the ear is offended by "would" and "wouldst" close together, and "do" is used with "weep" simply to make the line long enough. It is a little difficult to answer your query as to "wasting your time," but if you are neglecting no obvious duty by writing, we should recommend you to persevere. Read the poet Southey's advice, quoted in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for June, 1897.

PINK HEATHER.—1. We have asked for the composer of the piece, "Ade, du liebe Stadt," in our "Open Letter-Box."—2. Your sister, Marigold, would like one of the books on astronomy by Richard A. Proctor, such as *Easy Star Lessons*, *Half-Hours with the Stars*, and *The Flowers of the Sky*. We can only answer two questions at one time; but think you will find your inquiry about toffee answered in back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

DORIS.—As you are twenty-six we are afraid you cannot hope for much success in learning the piano for the first time. The hand should be exercised on the keyboard from childhood to give it the necessary suppleness. You might take a few lessons to see whether it was of any use for you to persevere, but we are unable to encourage you very heartily.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MARIE ARAPIAN, care of British Post Office, Smyrna, Asia Minor, would like to correspond and exchange stamps with girls in the West Indian Islands, Canada, South and Central America, Africa, India, Oceania and the Far East.

JESSIE WHITMELL, Dormansland, Lingfield, Surrey, wishes to correspond with a French girl, and thinks that each should correct the other's mistakes.

"UNA CONCHA DE LARECHO" would like to correspond with "the French young lady if she has not found anyone else yet." Doubtless some French correspondent will volunteer, as we cannot identify the special one referred to.

A German governess, ELSIE HUPFER, 10, Place des Célestins, Lyon, France, would like to correspond with SPERO, Ireland.

French correspondents are asked for by Miss GERTRUDE STERLING, 94, Algernon Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.; and PENSÉE, who is 16, and would like a correspondent about her own age.

Miss L. POTTER, 9, Crossley Street, Halifax, Yorkshire, would like to correspond with either a French or a German girl.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

ADELAIDE asks for the verses of a poem beginning—

"Word was brought to the Danish king,
Hurry,
For the love of his heart lay suffering."

Miss C. GUNDRY (Arne), kindly writes to tell "Mademoiselle Nemo" that the quotation she asked for in our March number, is from "Studies of Girls," Part ii, "The Girl who Endured," by Isabella Fyvie Mayo, in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for March, 1883. Miss Gundry offers to lend the number if desired.

Miss MARIA A. WARD suggests, in reply to "Vee," that there is an admirable version of Old Mother Hubbard in the style of the *Idylls of the King*, by the late Sir Edward Hamley. It appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for January, 1872, and begins—

"The widowed chief of Hubbard's ancient line
Turned to her cupboard cornered anglewise,
Betwixt this wall and that, in quest of aught
To satisfy the craving of Sir Tray,
Prick-eared companion of her solitude."

Miss WARD (25, Tudor Road, Hackney, N.E.) offers kindly to lend "Vee" her MS. copy if she cannot get the magazine.

We have two answers to "LUCIE'S" query; one from "A CONSTANT READER (Braemar), who tells her that the author of the poem she inquires about is Charles Kingsley, its title "Step by Step: the other from DORA ALISON (Dalkeith), who says the poem is called "Upward," and its author is J. G. Holland. The stanza, Miss Alison remarks, is not exactly as quoted by "LUCIE," but runs as follows:—

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round."

"BLACK LUFFY," asks if one of our readers can give her the poem in full entitled "An Advent Serenade," by M. E. Sangster, which appeared in a number of Harper's *Young People*.

DORIS asks for a poem entitled "The Late Lamented."

PINK HEATHER (Russia) wishes to know who composed the piece "Ade, du liebe Stadt."

OUR SUPPLEMENT STORY COMPETITION.

"A FLOWER OF LIGHT."

A STORY IN MINIATURE.

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).

Sybil, Lorne Street, Lady-Bank, N.B.

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.).

Kate Densham, Olden Lodge, Purley, Surrey.

THIRD PRIZE (10s. 6d.).

Letitia E. May, Tremayne, Alton, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

Rosa Cooke, Lowestoft; Eva M. Moore, Cumberland; Agnes Cheverton, Portsmouth; "White Heather;" Lucy Richardson, York; Sybil M. Combe, Great Yarmouth; "Catherine;" "Beckington;" Elizabeth Chamberlain, Fareham; Cécile Rahier, Brest; Carolina M. Porter, W. Hampstead; S. E. Bryans, S. Wales; Elsie M. Garnett, Burton-on-Trent.

TO THE COMPETITORS.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—I must begin by stating that a certain competitor, whose name does not appear in this list, is equal to the winner of the first prize; but unfortunately she has disqualified herself by writing on both sides of the page. The task of picking out the best, among such a large number of really good essays, is a very trying one. The younger girls, of twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, have greatly distinguished themselves. It has been a true pleasure to me to be in touch with all these unseen friends of mine.

Among this mass of papers, there has not been one which deserves to be called a failure. Every essay bears, more or less, the stamp of capability; so that I can honestly advise all the competitors to try again.

Always your friend,
SARAH DOUDNEY.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

"A FLOWER OF LIGHT."

LUCE ALDERWOOD is an orphan, living for the past five years with her rich uncle in his palatial mansion, just on the banks of London's river. Mr. Alderwood is a widower, and has one son, Edgar, who is abroad. Edgar has had every indulgence that, to his father's mind, would make a young man's path pleasant; but Edgar's views differ widely from his father's, and when at last he marries a gardener's daughter, his father bitterly disowns him, and Edgar, with his young wife, seeks a home in Australia. Luce is taught by her uncle to consider Edgar as a heartless and ungrateful son, and herself as her uncle's heiress.

Previous to this, Luce has lived a quiet life at Wood Farm, her aunt's home, and the influence of that gentle home is in her heart still, though her uncle tries to make her forget them, telling her that a life of pleasure and sunshine is the life for a beautiful flower such as she—a flower-de-luce. Luce bends to his influence, and enjoys the sunshine, and the power her beauty gives her. Claud Franklin is the one, amongst her many admirers, to whom her heart responds. He is on the point of declaring his love to Luce on her birthday; but is warned by his sister, Maggy, who pretends to Luce to be her devoted friend, that there is something wrong, and he hangs back. Luce feels the difference, and the first cloud comes up on her sky.

Mr. Alderwood dies suddenly, leaving no will, and Luce finds that after all her uncle's fortune will go to Edgar. She is overwhelmed chiefly at her uncle's seeming neglect of her, after all his years of kindness, and at the thought of Edgar's unworthiness. Claud and Maggy desert her now that she has no fortune, and she gladly turns to the true hearts at Wood Farm, where a loving home welcomes her back, with no hint of reproach at her neglect of them when in her uncle's mansion. But Luce feels reproached by their kindness, and their influence begins again to work in her life. She engages herself as daily governess to a family living near, and one day, when out walking, encounters suddenly Claud Franklin in company with a Miss Pansy Cotton, a reputed heiress. The meeting is a shock to her, and crushes for ever a hope that lingered in her heart; but she learns in time that it is well that our joys have wings, so that they lead us to higher things, instead of being a chain to keep us to earth. An accident to her youngest and best-loved pupil, Tony, leads to her meeting with a Mr. Martyn, and with him she forms the closest friendship of her life. She discovers that he has met her cousin, Edgar, in Australia, and expects to hear nothing but dishonour about him. Instead of this, Mr. Martyn assures her that Edgar has been misjudged all along—that it was his utter loathing for the vanity and shams of his father's circle, and the intense longing which he had for equality and fraternity, to which his father was utterly opposed, that drove him to seek a new and purer life with the young and innocent May, who loved him for himself alone, and who had paid her devotion with her life. Luce is melted by the pathetic story, and gives Mr. Martyn a message of peace to Edgar, which he, with a curious smile, promises to deliver. One afternoon, as he is in the garden with Luce, her cousins Libby and Chrissie appear, accompanied with Mr. Bernard Rayne, an old Australian friend, who addresses Mr. Martyn as Alderwood, and Edgar Alderwood has to discover himself. In his confession, he tells Luce that her uncle's fortune was, after all, only an accumulation of debts, which he is now busy clearing off—for he has been prosperous in Australia. Chrissie marries Bernard Rayne, and on the same day Luce and Edgar are married, each feeling that the thorny paths which lie behind had led them into a "large place"—even love's home. Libby, the gentle elder sister, we leave, quietly busy amongst her labours of love. And Luce has learned now that it is nobler far to blossom in the shade, cheering others' gloom, than to live in the glare of pleasure for self, withering at last, even in the sunshine.

SYBIL,
Lorne Street,
Ladybank, N.B.

OUR NEXT STORY COMPETITION.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject:—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR JULY."

LOVE AND WAR, by Patricia Dillon, Author of "During the Terror," etc.

We offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT for the month is all about.

One page of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in an unsealed envelope with the words "Stories in Miniature," written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is July 20th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

Examiners:—

The Author of the Story (Patricia Dillon), and the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.



NOTE.—In consequence of an unexpected increase in the number of questions sent to us by our readers, we find that we cannot make room in our ordinary numbers to answer them all. We therefore give this Supplement to avoid the disappointment of those fair questioners who are awaiting their answers.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

TEASE.—1. There is a decided difference between the two staccato marks. The "dot" shortens the sound of a note about one-half, so that a quaver with the dot over it would be equally divided into a semiquaver and silence; the "dash" means that the sound of the note is to be made as brief as possible, the greater part of its value being silence. Therefore the dash is more "staccato" than the dot.—2. Scales are practised in many different ways: sometimes "with an octave between the hands, finishing off with the chord" sometimes in thirds, and so on. There is no invariable rule, and you should comply with the directions of the teacher you happen to have.

READA.—Your quotation beginning—

> "Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,"

is from Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn, Third Evening, Theologian's Second Tale—Elizabeth*, part iv.

H. H. H.—You also select "eventide" and "the nightingale" for your theme. You need to be more careful about your rhymes. In this verse there are no rhymes properly so called—

> "There, in the silvery moonlight,
> Perched on a yielding spray;
> By the rippling brook accompanied,
> It pours its melody."

"Thy note all others hush" is an ungrammatical sentence. "Note" is the nominative to the verb, and should take the singular "hushes." The verses, however, are quite equal to the average of those sent us for criticism. As to whether it is waste of time to write poetry, we should advise you to consult the poet Southey's advice quoted in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for June, 1897.

A LOVER OF POETRY.—1. We do not know whether you wish for detailed explanations of each allusion in the lines you quote, but in that case our rule as to "only two questions" would be broken. The whole poem breathes, what is freely expressed by Whittier, a passionate indignation that, in the name of the mild and merciful Saviour, such atrocious cruelties should have been inflicted by man on his fellow. Priests have consecrated banners, sanctioned war, and tortured heretics; Calvin even burned Servetus "by Geneva's lake"; the Quakers were persecuted by men who themselves had fled from persecution. "Is there not to be an end to this?" cries the poet. The Flamen no longer presides over Roman sacrifices, and the altars of Mexitli (tutelary god to the Aztecs, after whom they named their empire Mexico) are no longer stained with blood, then—

> "Wherefore turn
> To the dark cruel past? Can ye not learn
> From the pure Teacher's life, how mildly free
> Is the great Gospel of Humanity?"

2. While thoroughly sympathizing with Whittier's indignant words upon this theme of persecution, and its inconsistency with the religion of Christ, we cannot see that "capital punishment" (upon which we express no opinion) quite comes under the head of the infamous outrages that he enumerates.

LUDO.—Your handwriting at present is large and childish, but there is the foundation in it of a good hand, and all you have to do is to persevere and practise. There is no earthly reason why your writing should prevent your becoming a teacher if you take pains to improve.

EILEEN AROON.—1. Your height is decidedly tall for your age.—2. Your writing and composition are (not "is") quite up to an average degree of merit, and we are glad to hear that you passed "with honours in everything" at your last examination. Also we are pleased to know you enjoy "Sisters Three" and "A Child of Genius." If you "like French and German immensely" you are sure to get on, and we wish you all success.

Miss H. E. GRACE sends us the rules of the York Road Sketching Club, together with the subjects for the year 1898–99. She also brings before us her new club for copying. We quote from her letter:

> "As many would-be members of the Sketching Club are quite unable to join because they cannot paint from real objects, and there seems to be a wide-spread demand for good work to copy from, I have started "The Copying Club," trusting by a careful and varied selection of water-colour drawings, etc., to supply that which seems so much required. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER would, I believe, help it more than anything else in getting known in those remote country places where it would be most useful."

We may add that the subjects for the Sketching Club (13th year) seem to us to be chosen in a really artistic manner, and named in a way that is felicitous and poetical. Address for rules of either club, Miss H. E. Grace, 54, York Road, Brighton W.

E. J. G.—Your quotation:—

> "Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords of life,
> Smote the chord of Self, that trembling passed in music out of sight."

is from the poem "Locksley Hall," by Tennyson.

A LANCASHIRE WEAVER.—1. "MS." is not the name of any special make of paper. It is short for "manuscript"; and "MSS." is used for the plural "manuscripts." You would employ the expression "manuscript" as distinguished from "letter" paper in buying the former at a shop; but there are a great many different descriptions of it. It would not be wise to write anything intended for publication in an MS. or manuscript book with hard covers.—2. You ask "how I should send it to a publisher if I wrote anything?" You would post the MS. to the editor of any magazine for which you thought your article suitable, enclosing stamps for its return in case it were rejected. We must warn you that it is not easy work thus to appear before the public.

FLO.—1. Any good German grammar that you can easily get hold of will help you. Otto's Grammar (price 3s. 0d. net in England) is very good; Meissner's is 2s. 7½d. net; Macmillan's "Progressive German Course," 1st year, is 1s. 1½d. net. Try one of these.—2. The grammar of your letter is quite correct. We think you are a most sensible girl to resolve to learn German thoroughly while you are in Germany, and hope you will carry out your plan.

A. S. C. D.—We gladly commend your information to our correspondent who lately inquired about the author of "Ezekiel." "B. M." was a daughter of the Mr. May whose signature on Bank of England notes was so familiar. You say this information was not given you in any secret manner, therefore we do not hesitate to print it on your authority.

TOMY.—Your writing is too small and insignificant to be deserving of very high praise, though it is neat and legible—far better than a large untidy scrawl.

GERTRUDE ACKERMANN.—Many thanks for your pleasant and grateful letter. You will observe your name under International Correspondence.

A YORKSHIRE LASS.—Bravo! We are very glad that you took our advice with such good results. We can quite understand your difficulty about study. It is a very common one with women of all ranks. Their time is too often supposed to be at the beck and call of every trivial claim. As the "Senior Oxford" is a University Examination, the Senior Oxford certificate is of higher value than that of the First Class College of Preceptors. Write for full details of either examination and of the advantages the certificates will offer, to H. T. Gerrans, Esq., Clarendon Buildings, Oxford, and the Secretary, College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

E. C. H.—Your letter makes us reiterate a wish we expressed recently in this column: that we could have a private talk with the correspondent who so frankly and confidingly seeks our advice. It is very hard to give you counsel without knowing a little more of the circumstances. We cannot say your feeling is "wicked," but if it is possible, you should uproot it. Never allow yourself to dwell upon it, or nurse and encourage it, as it can only lead to unhappiness. If all your efforts are in vain, try to let the trouble be a purifying and ennobling force in your nature, making you wish to lead a better and a higher life. There is nothing wrong in prayer offered in the manner you describe. We sympathise with you, as your letter is so modest and womanly in its tone, and wish we could help you.

A. MOORE.—1. The lines in "An Ungratified Desire" are occasionally halting.

> "Sometimes 'tis given unto us"

is not a musical line, as although there are the right number of syllables in it, the accent falls on syllables that should be unaccented. "My Dream" is much better. The idea is very good. You should not use two exclamations Oh! and Lo! as rhymes in verse 3. Cultivate your ear by reading good poetry.—2. We always endeavour to return MSS. when a stamp is enclosed, and shall be pleased to criticise your short story.

E. C.—Write to the publishing office of The Boy's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C., asking for the holiday number in which "The Bishop and the Caterpillar" originally appeared. If you enclose 6d. and 2d. for postage, you will probably receive it. Should the number chance to be out of print, you can find the poem in Alfred Miles's *Platform Reciter*, part i.

ST. ELMO.—The wish you express to know "something more about" the author of books you admire is a very natural one, but in this case the details of the author's life are not known in any general way to the public.

MADGE.—1. Write to Messrs. T. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, London, asking what a journey from Orkney to Leipzig would cost, and stating by which class you wish to travel. You will receive full particulars.—2. We believe that there is no restriction of the sort you name in admitting pupils to the Leipzig Conservatorium, but here also you can obtain full particulars by writing—An das Directorium des Königl. Conservatoriums der Musik, Leipzig, Germany. A little pamphlet (in English) will be sent you. There are other good schools of music in the town.

B. A. D.—You had better write to the secretaries of either examination—H. D. Gerrans, Esq., Clarendon Buildings, Oxford, and Dr. J. Keynes, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge—asking whether and where you can obtain copies of past examination papers.

TWO DUTCH GIRLS.—We cannot advertise any special make of tennis racket, but the one you name is considered excellent in England. We insert your request and praise your well-written letter.

IRENE.—1. The Author of *Margaret Catchpole* was the Rev. Richard Cobbold, incumbent of Wrotham near Diss, in Suffolk. The incidents of the book (published in 1845) are founded upon fact, for Margaret Catchpole was a servant in the family of Mr. Cobbold, brewer, of Ipswich, father of the Rev. Richard Cobbold. Her really wonderful adventures made such an impression on the son of the house that he wove them into a romance which became extremely popular. "Truth is stranger than fiction."—2. Dean Church's tales of ancient history are very good. Perhaps one of these would suit you on the subject you name: *To the Lions, The Burning of Rome, Stories from Virgil, Roman Life in the Time of Cicero.* Many thanks for your kind little letter.

WALLFLOWER—1. Your extract beginning—

"The reason firm, the temperate will,"

is from an exquisite poem by Wordsworth, the first lines of which are—

"She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament."

2. Address simply, The Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56 Paternoster Row, E.C.

G. R. (Shrewsbury)—We can never undertake to answer our correspondents through the post. Your letter and enclosure show that you do not understand that writing for the press is a profession which requires many years of education and training. We certainly "buy articles written for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," but they are the work of competent writers, which work alone commands acceptance and payment anywhere. Every poem should have some sort of metre in which it is written: that is to say, the lines should be of certain ordered lengths and cadence—a rule which you will see your verses do not obey. We sympathise with your pity for "The Drunkard's Child."

EAST ANGLIAN.—1. We have asked for your duologue in "Our Open Letter-Box."—2. You do not say whether the songs to be sung in costume are for one sex only. We have heard "Where are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?—Old Style and New Style," very effectively sung; the first by a quaint shepherdess and a gentleman of quality, the second by a girl graduate and a young man of the present day.

MADGE.—"The Bishop and the Caterpillar" is a delightfully humorous recitation quite suitable for a lady. You can obtain it from the *Boy's Own Paper* Office, 56 Paternoster Row, by asking for the number (price 6d.) in which it first appeared. It is also to be found in *The Browning Reciter*, by Alfred H. Miles. "Hiawatha's Photographing" in a book called *Poets at Play* is amusing. Several capital recitations are also to be found in *The American Reciter* (price 6d.) by Alfred H. Miles. *What to Read at Winter Entertainments*, edited by Frederick Langbridge (56 Paternoster Row), contains a good selection. "The Walrus and the Carpenter" (*Through the Looking-Glass*, by Lewis Carroll) is also effective if well done.

RACHEL M. WESTLAKE (New Zealand).—1. We are very much interested in your letter, and are glad you are learning the organ. It is not an unusual thing for English girls to study that instrument; but, of course, it needs more physical strength to handle it properly than to play the piano. People who suppose you are "hardly civilised in New Zealand" are very much behind the times! But we hope you may one day come to study at one of the great London music schools, as you suggest.—2. We do not know the line—

"Little minds, which know not how to forgive."

Are you sure it is from a poem at all?

LA PETITE VIOLETTE.—Your letter also has interested us much. We have read your poems and think the best of them is "Sabots." In this, however, the metre changes. This verse is out of accord with the rest—

"Clatter! patter! on the stones
You hear the wooden shoes,
Mingling with the guttural tones
The little Dutchmen use."

Your ear will tell you that those lines are not of the same cadence as the others; e.g.—

"Where the little children
Playing in the street."

"Life" is the next best poem, but it is rather incongruous to speak of blossoms being "cross." A simile once begun should be carried on throughout. We feel much sympathy in all you tell us of your life. What you need is a resource. Your mind must not be left to prey upon itself too much. Cannot you take up with vigour some interesting study: e.g., Italian and the study of Dante? Do not worry about your future; but do the best you can day by day, endeavouring to comply with your mother's wishes, and devoting leisure hours to some employment that is approved and yet thoroughly congenial.

PENSÉE.—We insert your request below. Generally speaking, we should consider German the most useful language to learn after French. Italian is easier.

COMTESSE BLANCHE DE FORESTIER (Austria).—Your letter is beautifully written, and your English is very good indeed. The best way to improve it is to read English books of a high order. We sympathise deeply with you in the accident of which you tell us. You will note that we have mentioned you under "International Correspondence."

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

"VEE" asked recently for a parody on "Old Mother Hubbard." A correspondent, "ELIZA," has kindly copied it out for her and sent it to us. If "Vee" will send us a stamped addressed envelope we will make an exception to our usual rule and post it to her.

WINIFRED A. GRIFFITHS inquired for the words of "The Voiceless Chimes." Two correspondents have come to her help. MISS (or MRS.) AGNES F. YARWOOD, Iverley, Forest Road, Moseley, Birmingham, says she will send a copy if "Winifred" writes to the above address. She also adds that they are to be found in *Great Thoughts*, 1892-1893, on page 410. "A READER" says she can give "Winifred" the words of the "Voiceless Chimes," if she sends her address, for insertion in this column. "Winifred" has an *embarras de richesses*. Will she make her choice?

"AMY" suggests that "A New Reader" should apply for the recitation "How Bill Adams Won the Battle of Waterloo" to Mr. French, 89, Strand, London, where she is told it can be obtained.

"AMY" says, "There is always something worth reading in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER." We are sure "A New Reader" will agree with her after this kind information.

"MARIE" writes a pleasant note enclosing the poem asked for by Margaret Bulgin, whose question we have already answered: and MRS. RIVERS sends the last verse of the enigma inquired about by M. Lilith E., Los Angeles, California, which has been inserted. An anonymous correspondent informs "A Lover of Poetry" that the poem "Mary Hamilton" is set to music by Mrs. Wilberforce, and published in "Boosey's Royal Edition of Modern Ballads." The last verse is as follows:—

"Too late for the rose the evening rain,
Too late for the lamb the shepherd's pain,
Too late at the door the maiden's stroke,
Too late the plea when the doom has been spoke,
Too late the balm when the heart is broke."
"Mary Hamilton."

Perhaps this, rather than "The Queen's Maries," is the poem sought by "A Lover of Poetry." The title of Whyte Melville's novel, *The Queen's Maries*, in which the poem appears, may have caused some confusion with the ballad of the same name in the minds of our correspondents.

MISS MARTIN, Sandyway, Lichfield, Staffordshire, adds the information that the author is G. H. Snazelle.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"THYME," 3, Brighton Place, Chester Road, Old Trafford, Manchester, aged 16½, would like to correspond with a French girl about her own age.

MISS J. WHITEFORD, Burnbank House, Beith, Ayrshire, Scotland, would be glad of a French correspondent.

MISS MARGARET CALDER, Wideford Mains, Kirkwall, Orkney, Scotland, who is just seventeen and still attends school, would like to correspond with a French and also with a German girl.

MISS HELEN HARRIS, 4, Brooklands, Romford, Essex, would like to correspond with a French girl of about eighteen or nineteen.

MISS H. E. FREEMANTLE, 13, St. Dunstan's Terrace, Canterbury, would like to correspond with a French girl of about her own age—sixteen and a half.

P. AND H. PIERSON, Baara, Holland, two Dutch girls, aged fifteen and sixteen, would like to correspond with English girls. They write a capital English letter, and "are fond of all kinds of sport, reading, drawing and music. Our correspondents," they say, "could write either in French, German, or English, as we can understand any of those languages. We should then, of course, wish to write in English to improve ourselves in that language. It would be so easy to make the acquaintance of an English friend by means of your paper." English girls, please volunteer; and also note our next announcement transcribed verbatim.

"ADELINA GRILLO, care of Admiral Grillo, Via del Carmine, 6, Spezia, Italy, would be very happy to correspond with some nice English girl of her own age, who might subsequently by this means acquire some knowledge of Italian. She is fifteen, but as people say she is a little 'granny,' it would not matter if the girl were somewhat older."

We have a pleasant letter from the COMTESSE B. DE FORESTIER (aged 26), Graz, Styrie, Austria, Göthestrasse 5, offering to correspond with MISS GERTRUDE ACKERMANN, of Syke Villa, Troutbeck, Windermere. We have also heard from MISS ACKERMANN that she has arranged with a German correspondent. Possibly therefore some other English lady, of good education and breeding, may like to accept the Countess's offer. Letters may be written either in English or German.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

JANET (*Clerkship*).—Clerkships in the Bank of England, it is understood, are given to girls who are personally known to the directors, and who also possess good education and clerical qualifications. These posts are not open to general competition.

BESSIE (*Reciting*).—Recitations have almost gone out of fashion; but there is always likely to be a demand for dramatic sketches of a light and amusing character. These, however, call for marked dramatic gifts. You can hardly study elocution in the country; but if, in a few years' time, the fancy still holds, you might study under some well-known teacher of the dramatic art. Much more, however, will be wanted than the good memory, and the power of forgetting yourself in what you are reciting which you tell us you possess.

MATRON.—It is quite possible that you might be able to obtain a post as matron, although it would be rather difficult at first, as you have had no experience yet of these particular duties. Has it occurred to you to seek a situation as cook? There is now a great demand for ladies in this capacity, and the wages offered are frequently high. It seems a pity not to turn your knowledge of cooking and dressmaking to profitable account.

DOCTOR.—Can you afford to spend a large sum of money and at least five years of time in being prepared for the medical profession? If you can, then you had better try to enter the London School of Medicine for Women, Handel Street, Brunswick Square. You would do well to write to the secretary for further particulars.

LUCKLESS ERIN (*Suggestions*).—We are somewhat at a loss how to advise your sister, seeing that you tell us nothing in regard to her qualifications or tastes. Can she leave home? Can she afford to pay for training, and, if so, how much? Her success in earning her own living is likely to depend on the answers to these questions. As you wish to have suitable occupations suggested, we may mention hospital nursing, rural district nursing, and teaching in elementary schools. We can name, if you wish, the places where girls may receive training for these callings. Of home occupations, as you know, gardening, dairy-farming and domestic pet-rearing, are pursued in Ireland by some ladies with great success. These are well worth consideration in the case of a girl who is able to live at home and at the same time desires to support herself partially. If you desire further information, and will give some indication of the means your sister has at her disposal, we will gladly advise.

INQUIRER (*Nurse*).—We would strongly urge you to become a children's nurse rather than a nursery-governess, as the demand for nurses is great. Good wages are offered, and the conditions of life are agreeable to any one who, like yourself, is fond of children. You had better seek a situation under an experienced nurse in a good private household. It is all-important to obtain the preliminary experience, and you would therefore do well to remain some time in the first situation even if you are not obtaining much remuneration. Your knowledge of music will no doubt prove acceptable to your employers, as you could amuse the children by playing to them, teaching them musical games, etc.; but it would be unwise to lay too much stress upon music as a subject of regular instruction, as professed music teachers have very great difficulty in obtaining sufficient pupils. You may think, perhaps, that we have somewhat lowered your ideal of occupation; but you will find that practical experience of life confirms our opinion.

PEGGOTTY (*Clerkship*).—We fear that it is useless for you to seek a clerkship at the Bank of England. These posts are not thrown open to general competition, but are customarily awarded to candidates who are known to the authorities of the Bank. It appears to us that you had better have entered for a Post-office appointment. In any case this is worth thinking of before you have passed the age limit. If you do not entertain this suggestion, you might learn typewriting and shorthand with the object of obtaining a clerkship in a business house. But we are sorry to be obliged to admit that we agree with you in considering your handwriting somewhat defective. With attention, however, perhaps this may improve. Otherwise had you not better turn to elementary teaching and enter one of the training colleges? The examinations you have already passed would be accepted, we think, as a substitute for the preliminary examination.

WINTON (*Etchings*).—We are afraid that no society would undertake to sell etchings; but you might possibly dispose of them through a picture-dealer, or a stationer might sell them as menu-cards, etc. You might with advantage, perhaps, consult the Secretary of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22 Berners Street, W.

PUELLA (*Deaconesses*).—There are many training institutions; for full particulars you should write to the Head Deaconess in each case. An excellent institution is that under the direction of Head Deaconess Gilmore, 83 North Side, Clapham Common, S.W. Other addresses are the London Diocesan Deaconess's Institution, 12 Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park, and the East London Diocesan Deaconess's Home, All Saints, Hackney, E.

E. W. (*Emigration*).—The society to which you refer is doubtless the United British Women's Emigration Association, Imperial Institute, Kensington. You should write to the Secretary, asking her when one of the protected parties will sail, and also whether the Association could introduce you to suitable employment in Canada. You could also make inquiries at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster. The handbooks issued from that office you could study with advantage. You will see it stated in the latest of these handbooks that there is a good demand at the present time for laundresses, cooks, female farm-servants, milliners and dressmakers. Female farm-servants are in great demand, and in British Columbia receive as much as from $12 to $18 (£2 8s. to £3 12s.) a month with board and lodging. It would, however, be a great mistake to imagine that you could obtain such employment without being expected to do the hard work to which you take exception. Indeed, in Canada, most women, including mistresses of households, find themselves obliged to do their own housework, and soon become accustomed to the necessity.

Greta (*Clerkship*).—You had better seek a post in the Civil Service, for which your knowledge of the three modern languages you mention should prove of much value. As you know, you would obtain a much more assured position in the Civil Service (carrying, as it does, pensions with it) than in any private capacity. Shorthand and typewriting are taught at many institutions, that of Pitman's in Chancery Lane being one of the largest. Ordinary clerks do not obtain good salaries, from 25s. to 35s. a week being possibly rather a high average for a girl with good qualifications such as yours.

In Need of Help (*Home-Work*).—There is not much work that can be done remuneratively at home. You do not state whether your home is in town or country, whether you require advice on town or country pursuits. If you live in a town you had better learn some skilled trade, such as dressmaking, for many provincial towns could well employ a lady-dressmaker. Money, of course, can be saved at home, though not earned, by helping in the housework and thus reducing the number of servants that need be kept. It is difficult, however, to answer questions such as yours where no data are supplied.

MEDICAL.

"Nil Desperandum."—The technical definition of eczema, as given by a well-known specialist, is "catarrhal inflammation of the skin *produced without visible cause*." If the cause of the skin trouble is apparent, we do not call it "eczema," but "dermatitis." The commonest cause of the latter is prolonged irritation due to such substances as soda (eczema is very frequent in laundry-women); bichromate of potash (common in photographers); sugar (seen chiefly in sugar-bakers); or, indeed, any substance constantly irritating the skin. Poisons circulating in the blood, such as occurs in Bright's disease, gout, lead-poisoning, etc., do sometimes help to produce eczema, but the effect of "bad blood" in the causation of skin complaints is very trivial. The treatment is to cover the affected parts with an antiseptic, and to allay the frightful irritation that is usually present. In the early stages a cream composed of equal parts of lime-water, olive-oil and oxide of zinc, is a beautiful preparation to use. Calamine lotion is another excellent thing. In the latter stages boracic, calamine, or oxide of zinc ointment is the best treatment. Never let water touch the affected part. Internal medication is, in most cases, of no value whatever. The same may be said of dieting and hydrotherapy.

Hardy Kate.—A dark ring round the neck is a very common complaint. There is always a ring of skin round the neck darker than that of the face or chest. The only thing we can suggest is to try and bleach it by peroxide of hydrogen, but we cannot guarantee the result—it can do no harm and it may do good.

Sorrowful.—Because a man has lost the use of one eye, it does not by any means follow that he will lose the sight of the other eye as well. It depends upon the cause of the blindness in the one eye. If this is due to injury it will not affect the sound eye. If it is due to inflammation, disease of the iris, or cataract, it may tend to affect the other eye; but if it is due to nerve degeneration of any kind the outlook for the sound eye is very uncertain. Now, you tell us that your intended husband lost the sight of one eye through playing football, and that the specialist consulted had the same opinion. We presume therefore that he lost the use of his eye through injury, which will not tend to destroy the sight of the other eye. He has a lot of writing to do, and you ask us if the extra strain on the one eye will be too much for it to bear, and that it too will become blind? No, if he is careful and does not use his eyes *too* long, or in a bad or flickering light, we do not think that the remaining eye will become blind from over-use.

Anxious Mother.—The subject of "adenoids" was treated of in an article called "The Care of the Throat," by "The New Doctor," which appeared in the number of The Girl's Own Paper for January, 1897.

Miriam.—"Styes" on the eyelid are due to a local infection with germs. They occur most commonly in people who are "run down" in health, or who are feeble or anæmic. But do not think that these are the *causes* of styes. They are not. Styes occur in the most robust and healthy, as well as in the weak or sickly. Exposure to unsanitary surroundings is perhaps the commonest cause of styes. Another very common cause is direct local infection. This occurs when bits of dirt covered with septic germs get into the eye, or more commonly by pus getting upon the eyelid. This may occur by rubbing the eyes when there is a slight sore on the hands, or the pus may be conveyed from a pimple on the face or any other part of the body, or indeed from another person. A wrongly-growing hair favours the development of a stye. When one stye has occurred, it is very frequently followed by others. This is not due to "impurities in the blood trying to come out," but to the fact that one stye inoculates the skin near it, unless its virulence is destroyed. To cure styes bathe the eye in warm water to which boracic acid has been added (1 dram to 1 pint). A teaspoonful of compound tincture of lavender added to each pint of the lotion makes it more soothing. If the eye is washed about every two hours with this lotion nothing else is necessary, except that if a hair is seen in the middle of the stye it should be pulled out. It will come out very easily as it will be loose. After the stye has completely disappeared continue bathing the eye three times a day for a week at least so as to prevent recurrence. The eye may be bandaged with a handkerchief and a little wool.

St. Helens.—For the treatment of "blackheads" and spots on the face you must read the correspondence in the back numbers of the The Girl's Own Paper. It is obvious from what you tell us that you suffer from indigestion, and you should therefore attend to your diet. If you read the article on "Indigestion" that appeared in last December's number of this paper you will obtain all the information you desire. Give up tea, coffee, alcohol, starchy foods (except in great moderation), potatoes, pastry, cheese, pork, veal, liver and uncooked fruit. Do not take any drugs or be persuaded to give up white bread for patent foods. Take a mild aperient occasionally. Liquorice powder is very satisfactory for this purpose. There is no connection between blackheads and dyspepsia or anæmia.

Felicia.—1. Try borax and water or boracic ointment for your eyebrows.—2. For your hands use glycerine and rose-water. Always wear gloves when you go out. If you can, abstain from dipping your hands into soda water. A general tonic would do you good. Be very careful to take a proper amount of exercise, but do not over-fatigue yourself—see below.

Clara.—Rupture if properly treated is a most trivial affection and in no way tends to shorten life, but if it is left untreated, or if but scant attention is paid to it, it becomes one of the most fatal of diseases. If you go about with a rupture which is untreated (and mind you the smaller it is the more likely it is to end in disaster) you may be struck down at any moment by the gut becoming strangulated. And in this case your death is absolutely certain, unless a surgeon can operate upon the rupture within a few hours. Therefore, Clara, and any other person who may read this paper, and who has a rupture which is untreated, go at once to a surgeon and let him treat you, for you are living in a fool's paradise in your present state. The treatment which the surgeon will advise is either a truss or operation. He may leave you to decide which of these alternatives you prefer. But he may insist upon operation and then you must make up your mind to consent. If you are to wear a truss, be perfectly certain that it fits properly. Having obtained your truss go again to the surgeon and see if he is satisfied with the fit. An ill-fitting truss will chafe and will not keep the rupture back. Having got your truss wear it always. At night-time a lighter truss may be used. Never put the truss on until you have "reduced" the rupture. Though uncomfortable at first you rapidly get used to wearing a truss. It is impossible to tell whether or not a person is wearing a truss, as it does not interfere with the figure. Rupture need in no way interfere with your marriage if you wear a truss.

Hame.—The best hydropathic establishments for spinal rheumatism are (in this country) Harrogate, Buxton and Bath; on the Continent, Aix-le-Bains, Carlsbad, Homburg and Aix-la-Chapelle. As regards the question, which of these establishments do you advise us to go to? we cannot answer. The results that we have seen of hydrotherapy in chronic rheumatism have not been sufficiently satisfactory to warrant our advising anyone, whose purse is limited, to go to any hydropathic institution.

Beaulah Beaumont.—If you will read the answers to correspondents for the last three months, you will obtain all you require to know about anæmia and indigestion. *The* tonic for anæmia is iron, but iron cannot be taken if indigestion is present. If you have anæmia and indigestion you must cure the latter before attempting to treat the former condition. "Dialysed iron" is the mildest and least indigestible of all the preparations of that metal. Iron must always be taken after food.

Unfortunate Lily.—1. From time to time we have given answers to girls about "red hands" and we had hoped that we had exhausted the subject. If you will read the numbers for the last three months you will find all necessary information about this condition. Hard work, chiefly in the laundry or scullery, is the chief cause of red hands. Feeble circulation, over-exercise or over-excitement may cause it in others. One very common cause for "blnish-red, cold hands," is taking a cold bath in the winter mornings when the circulation will not stand the shock. Glycerine and rose-water, or glycerine and cucumber may help to remove the redness and coarseness of your hands.—2. The best tooth-powder to use is carbolic tooth-powder, or else the following:—

	Parts.
Powdered cuttle-fish	1
Powdered orris-root	1
Powdered hard soap	1
Precipitated chalk	15

To this a few drops of oil of cloves, carbolic acid, or attar of roses may be added.

Kathleen.—Noises in the ears are, alas! most difficult to cure. It is not impossible that the condition of your nose is concerned in the matter, and so, when your nose gets better, the noises *may* cease. But, unfortunately, we do not think that the noises will entirely disappear. Aural medication may do good, but the primary condition is probably nervous in origin, and for this we have no cure.

John Gibson.—From what you tell us we should think that the refractive apparatus of your two eyes are different from one another. Your left eye is probably almost correct, but there certainly is something wrong with the right eye. In all probability this eye has had a high error of refraction since your birth. This being the case it is easy to see why you cannot obtain glasses to suit you; for all spectacles in shops have both glasses alike, whereas you want a different curvature for each glass. It is commonly the case that when one eye is erroneous it tends to lose its sight unless it is corrected. In your case the right eye has greatly diminished sensation. The attack which you describe is "optic vertigo"—a common affection in persons with abnormal eyes. It is no good going to an optician. You want your eyes thoroughly examined by a specialist. It is impossible for an optician, who has never learned the science of the eyes, to say what glasses to wear in such a complicated case as yours. Go to the best ophthalmologist you can, and have your glasses made by the best optician in the town. In your case it *may* be advisable to wear only one lens.

Ada.—No. It is an ancient myth, absolutely without foundation, that touching a stye on the eye with a wedding-ring will instantly remove it. Where this widely held belief originated we do not know.

Distressed.—Rosacea again! Avoid tea, coffee, beer, wine, spirits, potatoes, parnips, brown bread, pork, veal, dried peas, pastry and cheese. Never drink anything while eating. Never eat between meals. Live as much as you can out of doors. Apply sulphur or ichthiol ointment externally and do not take drugs internally. Remember *tea* and alcohol are the two chief causes of red noses.

Mignonette.—Do veils injure the sight? Well, what kind of veil do you wear? The ordinary slight net does *not* injure the sight. If you wear elaborate veils with great spots upon them it is a different matter. It is obviously wrong to have a great lump of black wool in front of the eyes. We know that it has been said that all veils injure the sight, but it is almost universally held amongst specialists that the slight net veil is innocuous.

Martha.—The danger of high-heeled boots has been grossly over-estimated. That they tend to produce flat foot is certain, but then what modern boot does not? With very high heels there is a danger of twisting the foot round and so "ricking" the ankle joint. The constant repetition of this will greatly weaken the ankle. The danger of the foot twisting over is materially lessened by wearing boots which button high up the legs. High-heeled shoes should never be worn.

Moss Rose.—The pupils are frequently unequal from birth. In this nothing can be done, and the condition, though unsightly, gives rise to no symptoms and is of no moment. Inequality of the pupils may also result from previous disease of the anterior part of the eye. This condition can sometimes be remedied by an operation, which, however, must be done by a very skilful specialist. Another cause of the condition is adhesion of the iris. This can be often cured without much difficulty. The last cause of unequal pupils is disease of the nervous system. In these cases it is the primary condition, and not the eyes, which must be relieved—if that be possible.

A. Nottingham.—We are pleased to hear that you have found sulphur ointment and soap so beneficial for acne. You should continue the treatment for a short time longer. That peculiar roughness of the face resembling the moon seen through a telescope, is due to the enlarged sebaceous glands which invariably accompany acne. It will go in time if you keep the acne in check. You may use *cold* water to wash in after the warm water and sulphur soap. A little glycerine and water will also help to make the roughness less prominent.

EDITH AND OTHERS.—We will discuss, once for all, the question you and many others have asked us, "Is arsenic good for the complexion, and is it safe to take it for that purpose?" We will first consider why arsenic has come to be used as a cosmetique. At the beginning of this century arsenic was extensively used in the treatment of skin diseases. At that time medical men were profoundly ignorant of the skin and its diseases. All eruptions were supposed to be due to "something in the blood." Arsenic was "good for the blood," therefore it must be good for skin eruptions! Since arsenic is good for skin eruptions, of course it must improve the complexion! therefore it was used as a cosmetique! We know now that skin eruptions are not due to "something in the blood;" that arsenic has a definite and most important action upon the blood, but with the exception of two or three affections, it has no action upon diseases of the skin. Now it is very rarely used in skin affections; but, alas! it is very commonly used as a cosmetique. The next point to consider is, "What does arsenic do to the complexion?" Arsenic has a definite action upon the skin and it *produces* an eruption. It also produces a brown pigmentation of various parts of the body, chiefly on the chest and shoulders. Does it cure face-spots, and remove roughness and redness of the face? Most certainly it does not. Oh, but it makes your face pale and beautiful! Arsenic acts upon the blood. In medicinal doses it is a powerful blood tonic—it will make the cheeks *red* not white. If you take it in poisonous doses it will make the skin white, anything that saps the health will do this. It is the same with the dark rings round the eyes, so much admired by some women. A pale face "like marble" with dark rings round the eyes is the complexion of disease, and it can be produced by arsenic, but only when that drug has produced "chronic arsenical poisoning!" The external application of arsenic will produce the eruption and pigmentation of the skin. As an external application arsenic is a violent caustic if strong; an irritant if moderately strong; and a useless and dangerous application if weak. It is but fair to say that most soaps and cosmetiques called "arsenical" contain such an infinitesimal amount of arsenic that they produce no effect whatever. From what we have said you will be able to gather that the practice of taking arsenic for the complexion is totally useless and terribly dangerous. Two grains of white arsenic—and white arsenic is a heavy powder, so that two grains is about the quantity that would lie on a match-head—will kill a full-grown active man within three days; and the daily consumption of one-tenth of a grain will in a very short time destroy the health for the rest of life! When will women recognise the danger of dabbling with poisons?

CIRCE.—Another red nose! more indigestion! Read the answer to "Distressed" and the many others that we have answered during the past few months.

A. B.—We repeat "iron must not be taken when indigestion is present." That you found that "iron and quinine pills made your indigestion worse" is by no means difficult to understand. You take two of the most indigestible substances known in the *most* indigestible form and are surprised that they do not cure indigestion! Indigestion is not cured by drugs. Take four meals a day. Let them be good meals. Not large meals, but sufficient, of good nourishing food. Milk, bread and milk, custard, stewed meat (if you can digest it), buttered toast, a little stewed fruit, green vegetables, chicken, the digestible fish or a little fat bacon are the best articles for you to eat. No brown bread, untoasted white bread, oatmeal, oats, dried peas, potatoes, cauliflower, parsnips, pork, veal, liver, indigestible fish and poultry, pastry or cheese, may be taken. Never take more than half a pint of fluid at each meal. Never eat or drink between meals. Tea should be avoided. A small pinch of carbonate of soda immediately before meals is sometimes very soothing. An aperient, such as liquorice powder, should be taken occasionally. But no patent medicines or nostrums. Take a walk every day. When your indigestion is gone then think of iron and start with the mild preparations such as "dialysed iron," or citrate of iron—not iron and quinine. The late Sir Andrew Clark used to say that anæmia could be cured by attention to the food and bowels alone without iron.

A MOTHER.—Your child is seven years old and cannot be taught to read. "She has a slight squint. She is a very intelligent girl." Her eyes are at fault. Take her to an oculist at once. She probably needs spectacles. If you go at once the squint may be cured, if you put off going, it may resist treatment.

O'OKIEP.—Your lameness is incurable, and as you say that it is unnoticeable, it does not matter very much. Certainly you are at liberty to marry. You have had tuberculous hip disease, and it was cured seven years ago. This need not interfere with your marriage. If you have no cough, or any tuberculous disease at present, and if your parents have not got tuberculosis, the fact that you have had tubercular hip may be disregarded; if, as you say, it has been cured seven years. And you have given us proof of your assertion.

"KATE SANDERS" suffers from varicose veins. She is a cook—the profession of cooking and varicose veins are very often intimately connected. The varicose veins are caused by standing. The heat of the fire depresses the circulation, and the two things together, the fire and the standing, render cooks particularly liable to this affection. Sitting and standing are bad; walking and lying down are good for varicose veins. Elastic stockings are exceedingly useful. If your legs are very bad and painful, and especially if the veins are very prominent, a slight operation will rid you of all risk and trouble. Otherwise wear the stockings. When the legs ache lie down for half an hour. Are they dangerous? Sometimes they are. They may burst. If this occurs lie down at once, elevate the leg, and place your finger upon the bleeding point (the slightest pressure will stop a bleeding vein) and *then* call for help. If you do this there is very little danger in a ruptured varicose vein. If you do not do this, but start running about for help, you will probably die before the surgeon arrives. It is a comparatively rare accident, and we would not have mentioned it save from its importance that the great ease with which death can be prevented. Another accident is inflammation and blocking of the vein. Neither of these is likely to occur if you wear an elastic stocking, so that you need not be frightened.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—Cataract can only be cured by operation. It can be relieved by glasses. Before operating one must find out the cause of the cataract. No one will operate if this be due to diabetes. If both eyes are affected so that useful vision is lost, but the nervous part of the eyes is in working order, operation, following by glasses, is the best treatment. Otherwise glasses alone is all that can be done to relieve the condition.

SNOOKS.—Noises in the ear are often due to wax, and when such is the case, removal of the wax cures the noises. It is to be remembered, however, that noises in the ear may be present at the same time as there is wax in the ear and yet there may be no connection between the two. It is totally unnecessary to go to an "ear doctor" for wax in the ear, any qualified medical man can syringe out an ear if he takes an ordinary amount of care. You can do it yourself if you wish. You will find all the necessary information about syringing out the ear in the article "All about the Ear," which appeared in the November, 1897, number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

IVY VIVIAN.—Use sulphur soap and warm water to wash your face in. Apply sulphur ointment every night to your nose. The condition is one of the manifestations of "acne."

AILSA.—It is absolutely necessary for you to go to a surgeon as soon as possible. What is the exact condition of your knee-joint we cannot tell, but it is serious. It is probably very serious indeed. Go to a surgeon and trust implicitly in what he tells you, and carry out his treatment however irksome it may be. It is useless trying to treat yourself, you will only make matters worse by home treatment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FATHER.—We often have masculine correspondents, and we can quite sympathize with the subject of your letter, for we have been feeling just the same in the matter, and have been to the very highest colonial authorities in London to find out all about West Indian sugars, as well as other products, and where they may be procured. So far as health is concerned the doctors seem to agree as to the superior value of cane sugar over the beetroot; and the *Lancet*, *Hospital*, and other scientific journals have written on the subject. So far as our calculations go the real cane sugar costs about one farthing a pound more than the beetroot; and its sweetening powers are nearly double. There are several kinds, and the best plan is to write to "The Pure Cane Sugar Co.," 4, Fenchurch Buildings (who were recommended to us by the authorities), for their list of sugars, and choose from them. The amount sold is 14 lbs., which is delivered in bags to any address. We have tried it in making marmalade, and found that less sugar was needed, and the clearness and beauty of the marmalade was much improved. There have been many complaints lately made of the beetroot sugar having caused the jams made with it to spoil and ferment; and it is said to cause the growth of a fungus on the surface.

PARK.—So many of the new kinds of bread are patented, or you have to purchase the flour of the inventors. This is the case with the kind you mention, and you must send your inquiry to the baker of whom you buy it.

UGANDA.—There is no objection to the bride's wearing white and a veil, even though in recent mourning, which is left off for that occasion. It would depend on the intimacy between you and your cousins, or those of your husband. At a wedding it is sometimes better to err on the kindly side, as you do not desire to offend anyone on entering on a new life. If, however, you desire it, invite the uncles and aunts and older people, and leave out the younger cousins.

ANNIE R.—The London Stereoscopic Co., Regent St., or the Eastman Co., Oxford St., would both be suitable places to find what you need. They would, either of them, supply a catalogue of sizes and prices.

WOPSY.—We never heard of it under any other name. Both games are purchased together, the single and the double, and you will find the instructions with them.

CARRY CORNISH.—1. Answers to competitions must be sent to the Editor, "G. O. P.," 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.—2. A Persian cat requires washing occasionally, and brushing and combing constantly; but the washing has to be done with much care, as they are very delicate, so that the cat may not catch cold, and she should be wrapped in flannel afterwards and kept very warm.

E. A. D.—Patterns can be transferred to velvet by pricking the outlines of the pattern fairly closely—a line of pricks made with a hat-pin. Rub through these holes, before you disturb the pattern, a little well-powdered whiting, put into a small bag made of fine net. See that each pin-prick be full of the powder (which should be fresh and moist). Raise the pattern, mix some of the whiting with liquid gelatine, and paint with a fine brush along the dotted lines on the material, so as to reproduce the outline. The whiting will not adhere permanently, so the work should be finished off without delay. The tracing of the outlines should be done on cartridge paper.

CONGLETON.—The materials for tapestry-painting mentioned in an article in the "G. O. P." of Aug. 24th, 1889, page 742, can be obtained at Messrs. Howell & James, Regent St., and Messrs. Lechertier, Barbe & Co., The Quadrant, Regent St., W.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.—An excellent book on violins is published by Gill, 170, Strand, W.C., or you could send your query to the *Bazaar*, which is published three times a week at that office.

GLENMOUNT.—1. A well-made suet pudding is always digestible, we think, but the suet must be well chopped and fine, and very well rubbed into the flour, so as to be quite well mixed. This paste also needs long boiling, and many people think should be made with equal parts of flour and suet. Others take eight ounces or twelve ounces to the pound of flour.—2. To make orange marmalade the peel should be soaked a long time, thirty-six hours not being too long. This will shorten the period required for boiling. But two hours without sugar, and one or two hours with the sugar, seems the usual time. Marmalade can be boiled on an oil-stove, or over gas; and there seems little difficulty in it. To be digestible it must be made tender by boiling.

PANSY.—1. The question of learning to play a musical instrument or to sing, when engaged in domestic service, is one on which your master or mistress must be consulted. It is not a quiet accomplishment like drawing, carving, composing, or artistic needlework. There are few private houses in which a servant can learn to play any musical instrument out of hearing and make all a beginner's mistakes with impunity, nor practice scales, however correctly. You should write copies daily.

MARGUERITE.—There are plenty of shops in town where water-colour paintings and sketches are placed on view in the windows with the object of obtaining a sale. If really good, and freely executed, they might be purchased or let out for copying.

C. A. G.—Strong glue size is used in modelling. Buy a pennyworth of size at an oil and colour shop, dissolve it over the fire in enough water to cover it and use it with a stiff brush to glaze the jar. Also use some of it when wetting the clay. We have read your letter with much interest, and quite agree with you about the lace. The demand for certain kinds is, unfortunately, a question of fashion.

JESSIE.—How can you complain of having "no purpose in life" when you have a mother and a brother to help, and to make comfortable and happy? How can you say you have no object in life when your hands are so full of work that you have little time for reading? Perhaps you are suffering from over-work, and mind and body are exhausted, which would naturally cause depression. If so, try to get to bed earlier; and as to conversation, when you have no news to tell at your meetings at meal-time, ask your brother if he has any; and get up a little conversation and exchange of thought in this way. Why not go to church with your brother?

HELLAND.—The difference between transportation and penal servitude consists only in the place where the criminal undergoes his sentence. Penal servitude may be suffered at home (in this country); when a man is transported he suffers his sentence of penal servitude in some foreign settlement appropriated to criminals. When sentenced for life it means "for life," but of course a reprieve of some years may be granted.

QUERY.—It is always a woman's privilege to recognise a man as an acquaintance, and it is for her to bow first. In the case of another woman the superior rank, or the right accorded to age, must determine such a question. The daughter of a baronet has an undoubted place of precedence.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH nearly a year had passed since he had seen her, Michael had by no means forgotten or ceased to care for Beattie. However, being a healthy-minded man and full of interests, he could not let the thought of her spoil his life. Rather, putting aside as well as he could the fear that she and he would never be more to one another than they were now, he prepared himself to be worthy of her and to be able to give her all that lay in his power. He made the most of his opportunities, studied French, attended lectures, visited hospitals, and through the influence of Dr. Lemâitre, with whom he was staying, and who was a personal friend of M. Pasteur, became acquainted with some of the leading French scientists. The past year had greatly changed him, and for the better. His love, the death of his brother, and the zest with which he had given himself



"'ANY FRIEND OF MISS RAVEN'S IS WELCOME.'"

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to the acquirement of knowledge had acted on his character, making it deeper and stronger, and bringing about that difference which is apparent to anyone who has had any experience of human nature, the difference between one who has theories about life, and one who lives. Suffering is a great educator. Where it does not embitter, it cannot fail to ennoble by the very necessity for endurance which it involves. To Michael's temperament doubts were not easy. He was a man of action rather than a man of thought, or rather he combined action with thought, and there is less danger of unbelief to such natures than to the purely intellectual. There was much in his intercourse with the scientific world, and in the material side of the studies he prosecuted to turn him from the simple faith of his childhood, but he never abandoned it. When a man knows what to believe he knows what to do, and this is half the secret of contentment.

The young Englishman had many acquaintances in Paris, but few of them were of his own nationality. He had once or twice wondered, when he first went abroad, whether he should come across the artist-friend to whom Beattie had alluded. It would have been nice to see someone who knew her, but neither at the house of the English chaplain nor elsewhere had he encountered her, and gradually he had forgotten that such a person existed.

One bright morning, however, as he passed the Salon du Champ de Mars he could not resist going in to look again at some of the pictures he had already seen. There was one by Doyen that somehow reminded him of Norah. It was called "Le Chapelet," and represented the kneeling figure of a girl at prayer. There was something in the contour and expression of the face that recalled her to him far more than the photograph he had of her, taken at the nearest market-town four years ago, and which required imagination to invest it with any charm. There was another picture which also had an interest for him, though of a totally different kind. It was that weird and almost terrible study of Moreau de Tours, "Les 'fascinés' de la Charité."

There was rather a crowd round this last, which indeed could not fail to command attention, especially among those who do not care only for what is pleasing in art. The rapt, entranced faces in the picture, some of them horrible, some almost beautiful, with the individuality of the person showing in each, were very remarkable, and although the Englishman did not care for the sensational, or indeed in its modern sense the realistic in pictorial representations, yet he could not but own the power with which the subject was handled. He was still looking at it when he felt someone push gently but firmly past him, and then a voice at his elbow said, in remonstrance—

"But no, my dear, do not regard that. It is not fitting."

The speaker was a Frenchwoman, and she had stretched forth a detaining hand and laid it on the arm of the girl she addressed, who, however, did not pay the remotest attention to her, but having conquered for herself an excellent position, was now quietly scrutinising the picture.

The other gave a little sigh and abandoned herself to the inevitable, for indeed the back view of her companion, as exhibited to Michael, testified to a determination that was certainly associated with independence. Michael, somewhat amused, gave a sidelong glance at the vanquished, and beheld a tiny, wizened old woman, not more than five feet high, and certainly not likely to enjoy being in a crowd where she could not see anything. Even Michael, who was a foot higher, had lost something by abandoning his post to the young woman, who now occupied it. "She deserves to succeed," he said to himself, smiling, for there had been something persistent and masterly in the pressure by which, without rudeness, the young lady had insinuated herself into her present position. Looking at her, Michael concluded that she was not French. There was a complete absence of style, coupled with a certain impression of solid serviceableness in her apparel, that did not suggest even a provincial Frenchwoman. Presently she turned her profile towards the old lady, who, as if for protection, was still grasping her sleeve, and said in French, but with an unmistakably English accent—

"It is most interesting. If you do not care to see it, go on to something else, and I will join you."

"But, my dear Miss Raven," began the old lady, and finished her sentence with a little shriek, for someone, stepping backwards, had trodden heavily on her foot.

The delinquent offered profuse apologies, which, considering his probable weight, for he was a big, fat fellow, were indeed called for. The little foot which madame was lifting so plaintively was not formed to support so great a pressure. At the sound of her cry her companion had at once turned to her, and with as much steady resolution as she had evinced before, pushed her way out and led her friend limping away. Michael, seeing the latter was suffering, and feeling that his profession and the nationality of the young lady, of which he had now no doubt, might justify his interference, followed them and proffered his assistance.

"Can I be of any use to you?" he asked addressing the younger woman. "I am afraid the lady will not be able to stand about now."

And indeed madame was supporting herself on one leg, like some pathetic little bird, tears of pain running down her cheeks.

Margaret, for it was she, gave a sigh of relief.

"How good of you," she said, without hesitation. "If you would fetch us a conveyance of some sort I shall take her straight home. Careless brute, why couldn't he look where he was going?"

Margaret's language was more forcible than elegant, but Michael sympathised with her.

"The Frenchman would probably say madame's foot was so small he must be pardoned for not seeing it," he said smiling at the old lady. And as madame understood and was not too old to enjoy compliments, she smiled back at him through her tears.

"It is a nothing," she said. "The pain will doubtless soon cease. But for the moment!" and she made an expressive gesture.

"The gentleman is going to fetch a fiacre, madame. You will not care to stay now, and you won't need to walk at all."

Madame expressed her gratitude. She was a pretty little woman, with a face like a withered apple, black eyes, and tiny features. By the side of the substantial Margaret she looked like an old doll.

Michael returned and escorted her to the cab, madame thanking him volubly. He had very little idea what she was saying, however, as she spoke exceedingly fast, opening her mouth scarcely at all, and directing her words to his coat-sleeve, which was a bad conductor to his ears.

But Margaret was anything but unintelligible. While madame was babbling at his side, she directed to him several remarks in the outspoken way which was natural to her. She was never the victim of shyness, and she was unaffectedly glad to see an English face, especially one which inspired her with confidence.

"The exhibition is a striking one, isn't it?" she said. "Of course, there is a great deal that's not at all in the line of English people, but then there's no need for the French to consider our prejudices. Mrs. Grundy is purely insular," isn't she?"

"Oh, I expect she has her counterpart abroad. But anyhow, some of the studies one sees would hardly appeal to French people, would they?" said Michael.

"Perhaps not. But everyone has not the same tastes. There must be liberty in art, you see. The thing is not what subject an artist chooses, but what skill he uses in its treatment; if he is true to the laws of art he is a good artist. What he is as a man is another question."

Michael said "Oh." He did not feel called upon to argue the subject with this strange young woman, and he was a good deal amused at her.

"I am an artist myself, you see," said she, as if in excuse for having laid down the law. Michael said "Oh" again, this time with more respect.

"That's why I am interested in things that madame doesn't care for. She likes just what is pretty. Still, it was selfish of me to drag her about. She hates crowds; don't you, madame?" (They were supporting her between them; she with a hand on the arm of each of them.) "Now here is the cab. I will get in, and then perhaps you will assist her. Thank you."

Michael inquired what address he should give to the cabman, and then standing with head uncovered, he watched them drive away.

"That's a rather unconventional young lady, I should imagine," thought Michael to himself. "But I like her. And, by Jove, what a forehead she's got."

With which he dismissed her from his mind.

But that evening when he was discussing "Les fascinés" with his host the incident returned to him, and suddenly he had an idea.

"Why," he said, "her name is Raven, and she is English, and she is an artist. Suppose she should be Beattie's friend!"

The notion that he had been so near someone who could give him information of his lady-love and let his opportunity pass was a somewhat aggravating one. Not of course that he could be by any means sure that this was the girl to whom Beattie had alluded the first evening he had met her. There were possibly more English girls than one who were called Raven, and were art students in the French capital. Still, he regretted he had not thought sooner of her possible identity. He was comforted by recollecting however that he knew the name of the street in which she, or at any rate the old lady lived, though the number of the house had escaped his memory. Even on the presumption of their possessing a mutual friend he would not be justified in forcing his acquaintanceship upon them, neither was the old lady's injury of a nature sufficiently serious to call for inquiries on the part of a stranger. But still, he might perhaps if he went into the neighbourhood meet them again. He felt it was worth a trial if only for the sake of hearing Beattie's name mentioned.

Accordingly, the very next afternoon he strolled in the direction of the quiet road in which madame resided, but he saw no sign of either her or of the young artist, and having traversed the whole length of the street twice, going up on one side and down on the other, and then reversing the order of proceeding; having also looked in the direction of open windows in the hope that a wizened old face, or a resolute young one would bow recognition to him, and having met with no encouragement he proceeded homewards, to the relief of the *sergent de ville*, who did not wish to have to follow suspicious characters in the hot sunshine.

But the following Sunday, as he was coming out of church, whom should he see but Miss Margaret, unaccompanied by madame. She did not notice him at first, and although she had been willing to air her ideas very freely at a first interview with a stranger, yet she looked altogether so proper and so severe that Michael did not like to attract her attention. He walked slowly till they had got clear of the people who separated them, and then for a moment they were close together. As he passed her he looked at her rather hard, and Margaret, feeling someone staring at her, was about to wither him with a glance, when her eyes meeting his anxious ones, the frown changed to a smile and she bowed.

Michael raised his hat.

"I was afraid you weren't going to see me," he said. "I should like to inquire how madame's foot is?"

"Oh," said Margaret, "it is quite well now. It was bruised at first; and she is not very good at bearing pain. Poor madame, she can't look after herself at all."

"Do you take care of her then?" Michael ventured to ask.

Margaret laughed.

"She is supposed to be taking care of me," she said. "But I am afraid she has rather a hard time of it."

Michael thought it very likely.

"I hope you will forgive me for detaining you a moment," he said, "but I could not help hearing your name the other day. It is Raven, is it not?"

Margaret drew herself up a little stiffly. Michael noticed the action, and said, after a momentary hesitation, during which Margaret's clear grey eyes were fixed inquiringly and with somewhat embarrassing directness of gaze upon him: "I only ask, because I got it into my head you might be the friend of—of some one I know."

Margaret said "indeed." But her manner was not encouraging. She made Mike feel rather uncomfortable, as if he were acting in a way that was not gentlemanly, but he thought none the less of the young woman who combined with a somewhat unusual frankness and independence, an evident strength and fearlessness that were doubtless her safeguard.

"She talked a good deal about a schoolfellow of hers, a Miss Raven, who was studying art in Paris," went on Mike, trying to avoid using Beattie's name, until he was sure this was really her friend. "And as you told me you were an artist, it was not unnatural I should think you might be she."

Margaret, having concluded by her study of Mr. Anstruther's physiognomy rather than from his stumbling words that he was perfectly straightforward, became natural again and set him at his ease.

"My name is Margaret Raven," she said, "and I was at school in London before I came here."

"Then," said Mike, his last doubts vanishing, "do you remember Miss Margetson?"

"Beattie!" said Margaret, in a delighted voice. "Of course I do. Why, she was my greatest friend. Do you know her? Have you seen her lately? Suppose, instead of standing here, you walk a little way with me, will you? Then," she added, blushing, "Beattie must be the means of introducing us to each other."

"I daresay I could find some one else to do that," said Mike, "if you think it improper for us to walk together on so slight an acquaintance. I see you go to this church, although I have never noticed you there before. I know Mr. B. and his wife."

"Oh, that is not necessary," said Margaret. "Circumstances alter cases. And I can see you are a gentleman."

"I hope so," said Mike laughing. "Perhaps you would like to know my name."

And he introduced himself.

"I have heard it," said Margaret. "I believe Beattie mentioned you in one of her letters."

At this Mike grew very red, and looked so pleased, that Margaret, not seeing why such a small thing could gratify a person particularly unless there were special reasons, forthwith formed a conclusion which was not so far wide of the mark, as hasty conclusions are apt to be.

Thus, having conquered the first awkwardness, and neither of them any longer afraid that the other would think uncharitable thoughts, they went along in a state of mutual satisfaction, and they found so much to say, and were so interested, that they arrived outside madame's house a great deal too soon.

"Do you know," said Margaret then, "I think you had better come in and make your inquiries in person. Madame will, I am sure, be gratified, and she is a dear little creature. You will lose nothing by making her acquaintance."

Mike hesitated, but as he would be late for luncheon anyhow, he thought he would not lose the opportunity held out to him, not of seeing madame, but of being longer in the society of some one who knew Beattie Margetson and was sufficiently enthusiastic about her, and who was in receipt of letters from her once a month at the least. Of course these letters were answered, and next time she wrote she would be sure to mention him. Mike felt disposed to do anything Margaret wanted, that so she might have a good impression of him, and perhaps speak kindly of him to Beattie.

Madame, attired in a violet gown with a loose jacket to it, and wearing a headdress which was perfectly bewitching, was sitting in an attitude of Sunday leisure in a low chair in the *salon*. Beside her were curled three beautiful cats which, as Michael subsequently discovered, were named, from their relationship to one another, Monsieur, Madame and Mademoiselle. When Madame Duclos rose the three cats rose likewise, arching their furry backs and forming a procession behind her. Madame Duclos was too polite to show any surprise at the sight of the young man who had been so considerate for her, and who, moreover, had made rather an impression on the little Frenchwoman, who was as full of romance as she could be, and who in her youth had had three tall lovers ready to shoot themselves or each other at her command. At the same time she was saying to herself, "That Marguerite! And what has she been about now, I wonder?"

Margaret explained.

"Here, dear madame, is Mr. Anstruther. We met outside the church; and he stopped to inquire after you. And it turns out we have a mutual friend, so I brought him home."

"I am charmed to see you, monsieur," said the little lady, and she moved towards him with her tiny hand outstretched, while Monsieur, Madame and Mademoiselle advanced a step likewise. "Any friend of Miss Raven's is welcome.

And indeed I am glad to be able to thank you—as I fear I did not the other day—for your kindness. The young men of the present day are so degenerate. They have no thought, no pity; and when one meets it one rejoices."

She pointed to a chair close by the one she had vacated. Then she again seated herself, and Monsieur, Madame and Mademoiselle sat down likewise.

"We are about to partake of *déjeûner*," said Madame Duclos. "You will give us the pleasure of your company."

Margaret went to give the necessary orders with a good deal of secret amusement.

"Dear little madame, I cannot complain that she curtails my liberty. I thought she would accuse me of being forward and unladylike, and, in fact, Anglaise, and she receives him with open arms. It is a good thing that I am capable of looking after myself, for she has no idea of looking after me. He might be a thorough villain, for all she knows."

But madame had more sense and more perception than Miss Margaret gave her credit for. She had known a great many men, good, bad and indifferent, before that young lady's mamma was out of the nursery, and her judgment was worth as much as Margaret's, and perhaps a little more.

(*To be continued.*)

CHILDREN'S WAYS AND SAYINGS.

By A MOTHER.



Mr. Editor has asked me to talk a little about the ways and sayings of two little people of whom I see a great deal. He thinks that it would be a pleasure to many mothers and brothers and sisters to tell and read of the funny and sensible sayings which fall so simply from the lips of children, and are forgotten in the hurry of every day. He has chosen me to begin by gathering a handful of little ways, and he would like the other mothers to take up the story.

As Mrs. Meynell has lately pointed out, children are better appreciated now than they have ever been before. They used to be crammed with lessons from morning till night, like John Wesley's scholars at Kingswood, who had to get up at four and never had any play. They were admired in proportion to their power of leaving childish ways behind, and their own spontaneous growth was neglected. There were other children of the type of little Nell, in whom mawkishness was fostered as a grace, but few people watched children's minds, and observed their simple working.

How sad it is to read in the life of Francis Place about the Stuart Mill children in their schoolroom. Mr. Place went to stay at Jeremy Bentham's beautiful home at Ford Abbey in Somersetshire, where the Mills were living in 1817, and describes as follows the lessons of John, Clara, Willie, and Jim, of whom the eldest, John, was only eleven years old.

"Mill is exceptionally severe. Lessons have not been well said this morning by Willie and Clara. There they are now, three o'clock, plodding over their books. Their dinner, which they knew went up at one, brought down again. . . and no dinner will any of them get till six o'clock. This has happened once before since I came. The fault to-day is in a mistake of one word."

Mr. Place tells his wife that Mrs. Mill was a patient soul, hating wrangling, who managed to avoid quarrelling in a very admirable manner. In these days, when James Mill's well-meant cruelty would be condemned by all, Mrs. Mill's avoidance of quarrelling seems less admirable. We might indefinitely multiply instances of the old methods of crushing nature out of children, but we will only recall a few.

There is little Edmund Verney, not yet three years old, whose great-grandmother, Lady Denton, pleads in 1639, "Let me begge of you and his mother that nobody whip him but Mr. Parrye (his tutor); yf you doe goe a violent waye with him you will rue it, for i veryly beleve he will reseve ingery by it."

In the next age we read of the little Duke of Gloucester, who was the one survivor of Queen Anne's eighteen babies. His mother doated on him, but yet she thought it inevitable that her stolid "*Est il possible*" husband should constantly belabour the poor little fellow with the birch rod. One would think that the eager boy who took such pride in his troop of boy-soldiers would have easily survived a more reasonable system.

Even where people did love and rejoice in children they were too apt to think such love unworthy of a true believer. I cannot resist quoting the exquisite and pathetic lines of Isaac Watts, which are less known than some of his less beautiful poems, though they give such insight into his tender heart and his creed.

"Where'er my flattering passions rove
I find a lurking snare;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love
Beneath the eternal Fair.

Nature has soft but powerful bands,
And reason she controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.
Thoughtless they act the old Serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from Thee!
Dear Sovereign, break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
God in Himself is bliss enough;
For we have all in Thee."

This was a strangely perverted lesson to have learnt in the school of the Master who "set a little child in the midst" of His disciples. We may be thankful that the instincts of the doctor's own loving heart witnessed to a primitive doctrine older than that of his day.

But gloomy and repellent as was the old severity, when little Quetitia Pilkington "was frequently whipped for looking blue of a frosty morning," it did not necessarily ruin children body and mind. The senseless admiration and attention which many people show to little ones nowadays, kills the child in them as effectually as the undue severity of the past. Let children once know that they are admired and that their droll sayings are repeated, and they lose their fresh charm and become affected apes of their elders.

So before beginning these little tales about children, I should like to deprecate any participation by the babies in such records, or any knowledge of them. The bird deserts the nest when she knows she is watched, and the charm of a child dissolves and is gone if it once realises that grown folks are studying it.

Perhaps the most delightful stage in children is that from the age of two to three, when they are safe from the knowledge of their own individuality and perfectly free from self-consciousness.

The babies I am going to talk of are Agnes and Tom, aged six-and-a-half and two-and-a-fortnight. They live in the depths of the country, so that Agnes sees few new faces and meets with no flattery. She has never been at a loss for companions, as her fancy has called up familiars ever since she could talk at all. She tells us sometimes about the country called "Home Italy," from which she came to live with us. She had a mother there who hit her one day, and Agnes "accidentally hit her back again." This seems to have caused a coolness, for from that day Agnes deserted her old home and her "young father, who knew nothing about horses," and came to live with us. She often tells us tales of the strange manners of Homeos and Charmos and Hopfrog, which are places near Home Italy,

and of the monks who are all married, especially one Zamros, who was Agnes' special friend.

But since the advent of Tom with his curly gold hair, and legs which go pat-pat everywhere in sister's train, Agnes has had an added charm of motherliness, and a decided increase in her love of dolls and small animals. In the old lonely days she used to be the mother of a visionary family of children who filled her little world. There was Tarey-Mary, who was Agnes' own whipping girl, and who made marks with a pencil or "punty" on mother's best books, or hid new boots, which turned up after a month at the bottom of mother's clothes-basket. Then there was Lucy, who was the companion of Agnes' serener moments, and Lazarus, who had shabby clothes and was put into new trousers whenever patterns came for father from the London tailor. There were many more, and you might hear Agnes at any time on the lawn or in the nursery struggling with the angry passions of her numerous family; but they have faded into the background now that the dolls can be wheeled in a pram like Tom's, or put in the corner and made to say "sorry bad."

Even the dolls are not always in request, for Tom is beginning to be able to join a little in the games. Agnes is fond of playing at church, and fat little brother is useful as the congregation. Agnes makes up the first lesson very nicely out of such reminiscences as "And Moses said, let the people go," but it is a little disconcerting to have to stop in the middle and remove Tom from the table to which he has clambered, as she firmly tells him "people don't stand on the table in this church."

When it is a wet day Agnes plays "mothers," and the dolls have a severe time of it; or "engines," and she and Tom dash about and have collisions. But when it is dry the little pair gather dandelions and patter off to feed the guinea-pigs or "gimpey-digs" as Tom calls them. It is to be feared that primroses and the choicest plants in mother's garden are sometimes borne off in Tom's fat fists as an offering to the pets. There are three generations of these small people who eat with their chins and say "week, week." Sooty and Blackie and Andrew and Brownie and Bruno are fat and well-liking, but poor Katy fell ill and died one day, so that Agnes wailed and could not be comforted. She stopped crying at last to go and bury it in the rain in her long-suffering garden, where the wooden ponies have funerals when three of their legs have been knocked off by Tom. Agnes soothed her grief by saying "Rock of Ages" as she buried her poor pet in the rain, and it was impossible to tell her this was profane when one reflected that our Lord had said, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." A friend asked Agnes if her favourite had died of old age. "No," she explained sorrowfully, "of young age." The next day Mrs. Guinea-pig had three babies, Harry, Isabel and Alice; they looked exactly like commas, and were a great consolation to Agnes. She is small enough to creep into their low house and put out their bran in the long trough. How eagerly she watches while black Andrew with his brown collar and the other big ones enjoy their meal, envying sorely the easy manners of the "gimpey-dig" dinner-table where Harry, Isabel and Alice are allowed to sit in the trough to eat their share with no reproofs from Blackie and Sooty.

The time when Tom is in his element is in the early morning. He wakes at about 5.30, and sleepy Mum and Farvey are an easy prey. "Blind, pull it," is his first remark, and when he has been popped into a warm dressing-gown and provided with a "lugga-bicky" as he calls a sweet or sugar biscuit, he proceeds to "buccaneer" for an hour or two. For his mother this period is one of athletic sports calculated to develop all the muscles connected with leaping. Every jug and box and chair has to be sleepily fielded out of the way before Tom is let loose, else the points of vantage, such as the mantel-shelf and the chest of drawers, would be swept at a blow. The snooze which follows is soon rudely broken, for Tom has an amazing ingenuity in devising fresh "clime-ups," as he calls them. The towel-horse has been applied as a daring escalade to the high chest of drawers, and Mum leaps from her uneasy sleep at the clinking sound of a lapis brooch following two halfpennies to the bottom of the ewer, while Tom, perched aloft on the drawers, murmurs softly as he watches the nice hard things gurgling through the water.

When tired of aiming candlesticks and candles at his recumbent parents, Tom applies "climent" (namely the aforesaid towel-horse) to the bed, and then giddily hoists it on Farvey while he tries to reach the shoes he has lodged on the bed-head, muttering "shoe, fro' it," the while. Much dragging about by the indefatigable Tom at last broke off the foot of poor "climent." Next morning we heard the fat one tumbling about on it and murmuring sadly, "Climent broke—part short;" no rebuffs however would deter this Arctic explorer, and when "climent" was banished to the dressing-room, he was discovered perched unsafely upon the slope of the clothes-basket, which he had rolled on its side and scaled with the skill of a Blondin.

The next morning, when even the basket was reft from him, Tom consoled himself by aiming bits of "lugga-bicky" at the treasured objects on the mantel-shelf, and smashing sister's picture in a glass frame by the precision of his aim. Mother's "marmles," as he calls her crystal and other necklaces, have all been put away until the destroyer shall have become a wiser if a sadder man. Their attraction was overwhelming, and when broken, they could be pursued under the bed with all the pleasures of the chase.

Agnes looks on the reckless career of Tom with the eyes of a sage. "Ah, you'll have lessons one day, Tom," she moralises, mournfully, as she reflects on the copy she hates so much, in which the o's will not look round, and the letters all turn the wrong way.

One day she bursts into the "dimet," as Tom calls the dining-room, and says despairingly to mother, "I wouldn't mind being a bird or an engine, but the life of a girl is horrid, especially lessons." However, the greatest trial is the writing. Reading involves such delights as, "One day Mamma said," "Conrad dear," and "The Raggedy Man," while history is so attractive that Agnes already talks to us at meals about Lanfranc and the white ship.

Tom shows no signs of eventual greatness, yet some of the ways in which his little mind works are very nice to watch. He likes to have a word for everything, and if he does not know a new one he makes an old one do, or invents one. The bed into which he creeps when his pink feet are cold with buccaneering he calls his "toes-house," and the bulges on the poker which he waves at mother and father as he sits on the bed he calls "hoops." Trays and rings and all round things are also hoops. "Poker, like it," he shouts. "Poker fly," and waves it, hoops and all, over the bed which is his war-path.

Tom and Agnes have been very different in their early vowel-pronunciation. For Agnes, eggs and legs were always aggs and lags. "I won't have medicine on my hind lags," she said once, on a lotion being rubbed into her shoulders; whereas to Tom, eggs and legs and beds and Teds have always been "eegs and leegs and beeds and Teeds." "Mummy beed," he always wakes up to say when 10 o'clock is near, as he plants a determined "leeg" outside the crib into which he is netted at 6.30.

Most of Tom's words end in "cotch," for some unknown reason. A picture story-book about Joseph is his most treasured possession, and he is never tired of looking at Doughfig in his coat of many colours in conversation with the patriarch Jaycotch, or the still more stirring picture of the butler and the baycotch recounting their dreams to Doughfig. One evening he sniffed a little on the landing, and then said "baycotch," foreseeing the "ham-pam" or sop-in-the-pan, of which he gets a share when we have eggs and bacon for tea. His sense of smell has been excellent from infancy, when he would struggle to smell the "uffs" in the garden, as he called the flowers. He already goes rides on father's bycotch, and shouts the word if he only sees a bicycle bell lying on the settle. His daily airing is taken in the mail-cotch, unless it is very wet, when he rides gleefully in the donkeya-cart.

"The destroyer," as we sometimes call him, is a very warm-hearted little man, and much can be done with him by simple corner-punishments. He wails for some time in retirement, and then says tentatively, "Solly bad," hoping to come out, and truly conscious that it was not right to pour his Mellin gaily over the breakfast-table, or to illustrate the remark of "Wine-glass, fro' it." One day Agnes tumbled and howled in a room hard by. Tom thought Agnes had been naughty, and said appealingly, "Sister—corner—c'ying—solly bad." But though a devoted brother at heart Tom is not sentimental, and will sturdily punch sister if she climbs into the lap of "mya mummy," as he calls his mother. He is as yet unacquainted with fear, and when hardly one and a half years old he staggered off down the drive on his own account. Some large cows were passing, and father watched ready to help Tom's hasty retreat. So far from fleeing before the enemy, Tom picked up a stone and threw it at them, shouting "Shoo." In the warm summer days a hue and cry was raised for the vanished treasure, and he was discovered by mother outside the gate, sitting comfortably in a wet ditch, and bathing his gold head with rare ecstasy.

Tom's vicarious penitence reminds me of Agnes's early grasp of Plato's ideal theory. Father had been hearing her say her prayers, and after blessing many friends, he asked her if she wished anything else blessed. "'Ve chairs," she suggested. "Why, what good could a blessing do to them?" said father. "Make vem into arm-chairs," said Agnes deeply.

Certainly Mr. Norman Gale is right when he sings—

> "The gods who toss their bounties down
> To willing laps
> Neither forgot the violet's scent,
> Nor planets in the firmament
> The outposts of a mystery!
> They gave to man the undefiled
> Bright rivulets and waters wild;
> They wrought at goodly gifts above,
> And, for the pinnacle of love,
> They fashioned him a little child."

I hope that Mr. Editor will have his wish and receive many stories about other children as wise and as foolish as Tom and Agnes. If the babies themselves never know that they are listened to they will grow up as *naturally* as Harry, Isabel, and Alice in the bran-trough, and have the blessing which will make them grow into the arm-chairs they were meant to be.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE heat and oppression of the air were appalling. Dr. André went to one of the great public baths and refreshed himself with abundant hot water. He breakfasted at a *café*, to-day food would have to serve instead of rest. It was not yet ten o'clock when he got to the hospital.

The great bare wards were throbbing with heat in spite of ice and fresh sprinkled vinegar. The night-nurses had just gone off duty, and fresh reposed sisters had taken their places, but their faces were very grave and there was a total absence of the usual bright chatter.

It was terrible, so many had died in the night. One patient, a young man in the prime of life had seemed better the day before, but during the awful heat of the night the fever returned with violence, and at daybreak they closed his eyes.

The house-physician pronounced three more nurses to be unfit for duty, broken down, and telegraphed to Orléans for more help.

As Dr. André went his rounds through the wards his heart sank more and more.

About two o'clock a little sister with a kind face came up to him and said quickly, "You are wanted in No. 6 private ward, *docteur!* Someone you know has been brought in, and has asked for you!"

André followed her with a cold misgiving at his heart.

No. 6 was a little single bed ward, with the luxury of a very large window and shutters. All superfluous furniture and draperies had been stored away when the old hospital had been turned over to the infectious cases.

André's misgiving was only too fully justified when he saw the occupant of the bed. His faithful friend, the *pasteur*.

"You here!" he exclaimed, trying to hide his consternation as he took both his hands. "You here, my friend? Oh, why did you not send to me before?"

"I am lucky to find this room," said Father Nicholas painfully. "It is all very good. They will take care of me, and I shall see you sometimes."

"And now you must not talk," said André assuming his professional manner. "You must be very quiet. You will try to be so—Father, will you not? it is your best chance."

Turning to the sister he gave all the necessary instructions both for remedy and alleviation. He could not stay long with his old friend, not so long as he fain would have done, for this day proved the most fatal of the whole epidemic at the hospital. Hour after hour passed in a hand-to-hand struggle with Death, doctors and nurses alike, and still Death won the battle. In the evening the workers looked at each other with a kind of despair.

The last thing, late at night, Dr. André looked in once more on his friend. The night-nurse had come in bringing fresh energies and resources with her. Father Nicholas was wandering in the misty world of delirium, the temperature was fearfully high, the power of swallowing low.

André could not leave the hospital; he lay down for a few hours' sleep on the house-doctor's bed towards morning, but he was oppressed by breathlessness and a weary pain in his arm and shoulder. Dr. Rougemont came in once; he looked at him keenly but said nothing; he brought him an armful of pillows and a cup of coffee tasting strangely of brandy, after which he slept a deep exhausted sleep for three hours. He was glad not to have had to go home. It would seem so empty and silent. The tears rose to his eyes as he suddenly remembered that all the little kindly services hitherto done for him so lovingly by little Fifine were at an end now. He should never again see the little wild waif with her gleaming black eyes and tangled elf-locks.

But this was no time to give way. He was up and exchanging duty with Rougemont by five o'clock. The night had been one of suffocating heat. In the wards the fatal mortality continued. Father Nicholas was terribly ill. When the morning broke, bringing not a breath of air, not a whiff of early freshness, the night-nurse went off duty with tears in her eyes; she looked at her gentle patient, who had borne the cruel sufferings of the night without one complaint, who lay now with sunken livid features and blackened lips. She said a low farewell under her breath, she felt that she should never see him alive again.

Dr. André looked in, and did what he could for him, trying fresh remedies, new efforts to relieve the painful restlessness which oppressed him.

When his resources were exhausted André stood beside him, and taking up a little worn Bible by the bedside he began to read the fourteenth chapter of St. John. The familiar words seemed to penetrate the dull sense of pain.

"Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. In the world ye shall have tribulation, but——"

The young man's voice faltered, and for a moment failed. The tribulation was there, everywhere with them.

It might have been mechanical, but it came with a strange power to comfort and sustain—when the sick man, this prostrate servant of God, took up the words. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

He grew more still after that, the restless hands clasped each other, some all-absorbing habit of thought gathered the wandering senses into the familiar attitude of prayer.

That afternoon Dr. André looked in on Sœur Eustacie and her heavy charge of Gaston's orphan children. He found her with other children of the neighbourhood brought in to be under her care, some in the very height of the fever. It was evident that she could not go on without help.

André bethought himself of Nanon, and rushed off to his own house.

Nanon was seated by the table and her flower-making apparatus was spread before her, but she was doing nothing. "I cannot see to work," she said, when André greeted her hurriedly, and he saw that her eyes were weak and inflamed with crying; she could not even thread her needle. She accepted his proposal that she should aid Sœur Eustacie with the first animation she had shown since they had taken all that was left of her little Fifine away, and in a few minutes she had established herself at the house of Gaston's orphan children to the great relief of the tired sister.

About six o'clock that evening the heat increased to a degree never before experienced in Paris.

Dr. André coming out of the house of one of his patients reeled against a lamp-post, and stood leaning upon it for a few moments to recover breath.

While he was doing so, there came a sudden blast of hot wind and a whirl of thick foul dust, but a sound followed which brought the light of hope once more into the young man's eyes, a deep distant roll of thunder.

He looked up and bared his head. "Thank God the storm is coming," he uttered aloud.

A thin haggard-looking man was slouching by. He looked up with sunken eyes. "It is coming, yes, but oh, *mon dieu*, too late."

"Jean Paul! your wife? I saw her this morning."

"They have taken her to the mortuary, and I wish I were lying by her side in the common grave."

"Who knows?" said Dr. André. "That may come any moment, any day! My friend"—and he put his hand on the man's thin shoulder—"be brave and say your prayers, they will be heard. Meanwhile what are you doing? Have you work?"

"No. I am out of work. I have been so ever since I had that rheumatic fever, *docteur*. Sophie washed and she was a fine clear starcher. There were a few francs left to bury her."

"And have you left your house? Where do you sleep to-night?"

"In the street, *docteur!* What does it matter? I have no one to mind. Sophie and I come from the Loire," he brushed his sleeve across his eyes.

"Come with me, Jean Paul," said Dr. André gently. "I have a place for you."

He took the man to the *pasteur's* house. Old Amélie was seated by the kitchen stove idle, an unwonted sight.

"Amélie, *ma bonne*," said the young man cheerfully, "here is work for you. I have brought you this friend of mine, Monsieur Jean Paul. His wife died to-day and he is convalescent from rheumatic fever. Feed him well and give him a bed, and listen, Amélie, write to-night to the Hospice for me to say he is coming there, and see him off after the funeral. Here is money;" he put a twenty-franc piece into her hand.

"Ha! listen! that is good."

Another clap of thunder rolled out; the storm was drawing nearer.

Amélie accepted his orders, she was used to such duties. She placed a chair for Jean Paul, who seated himself apathetically. Dr. André knew that he had left the poor man in good hands, and he hurried away.

As he went along the streets a flash of lightning half-blinded him and the crash of thunder grew loud. The heat was appalling. André wiped the drops from his brow as he reached the hospital steps and went up them.

"The storm is upon us, Benoit," he said to the porter brightly. "This will bring the great change!"

"It is time," said the man gruffly. "You have not heard the last news, monsieur."

"No! what?" cried André.

"Dr. Rougemont is down."

"God help us!" said the young doctor.

It was too true. Rougemont, the house-doctor, had succumbed, a brave skilful man, cool and long-headed, invaluable at such a crisis. He had been removed to a private ward.

André rushed to his work, it would be doubled now.

Two of the sisters were sitting huddled up in the darkest corner of the first ward. As André came in a little shriek came from the beds, a brilliant flash of lightning blazed through the long room, and the thunder cracked overhead like a roar of artillery.

"This will do all the good in the world," he said brightly. But the women were frightened and unnerved. He could only go through them laughing at their fears, telling them that everything would be right now.

By the time he had gone down the wards the lightning never ceased for a second and the thunder cracked and rolled in a splendid uproar of sound. There came a moment's pause while the terrified women held their breath, followed by a great sheet of forked flame glaring on the white walls, the thunder-clap appalling. It seemed as if walls and chimneys must have been struck, as if the whole great building must be crashing down, and this last clamour loosed the flood-gates of heaven, and the rain came down in a straight downpour, so that the whole air was full of the gurgle and splash of abundant rush of water.

"Thank God! thank God!" cried the young doctor as he opened the door of the *pasteur's* room.

The atmosphere was now like that of a hot-house, the drops poured from his brow.

The sister was seated by her patient, and tired out was quietly dozing.

At the first glance at the *pasteur* André shook her awake.

"Quick! quick! brandy!"

It was collapse, and for half-an-hour it seemed like death itself, the pulse was gone, the action of the heart imperceptible.

In vain they threw open window and door, the atmosphere was that of hot steam. André cast off coat and waistcoat, his shirt was wet through and through. He fought on with every device known to science. At last the pulse became better, there was improvement. Then André became aware that there was a change in the atmosphere, a freshness at last. The thunder was rolling away in the distance, the rain pouring steadily down in one continuous rush.

All through that awful night André and the other doctors never rested for one moment. He was sent for from one patient to another, and all the time they were fighting the deadliest foe of life, the collapse of exhaustion.

Hour after hour, time after time, the night porters were summoned into the wards and went silently out with their solemn burdens to the mortuary. But the wholesome rain poured on.

At six o'clock in the morning, the day-nurses came in, fresh from sleep, covering up the patients as they opened the windows wide and let in a rush of fresh damp air, by contrast it felt actually cold.

When they reached Father Nicholas' room Dr. André was just rising from his knees with his stethoscope in his hand.

"It is all right, sister," he said. "He is saved."

"Ah, thank God, thank God!" said the kind little sister. "There is hope all through the wards this morning. Everyone that is left is better."

"Rougemont? I must go to him."

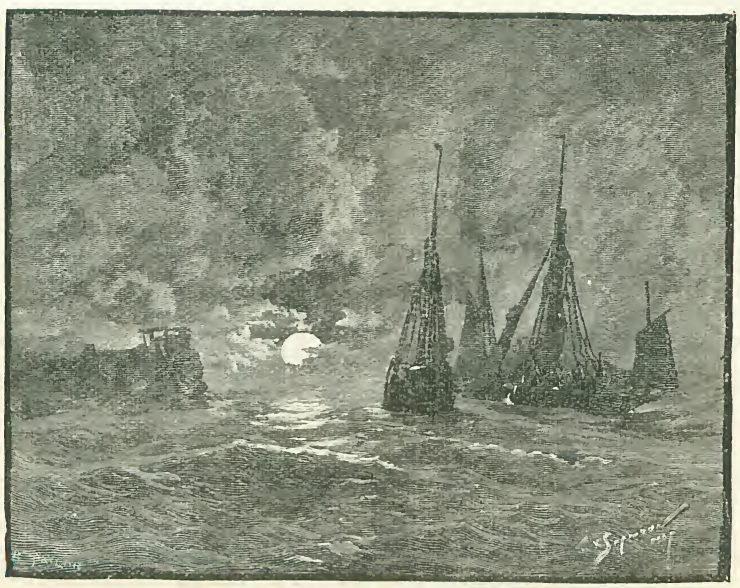
"No, no! Dr. Vallet is there, the temperature is down, he will do."

"That is well," said the young man dreamily. "Then may I rest now?"

The sister took him into the next single ward; it was empty. He reeled slightly, caught at her outstretched hand, and fell down in a dead faint.

The kind little nurse got him safely into bed, and when she had brought him round, insisted on his swallowing a cup of broth before she allowed him to fall into the heavy sleep of absolute exhaustion.

(To be continued.)





A FLOWER SERMON.

THE ROSE.

By ALFRED H. MILES.

WHERE lilies light and alders shade
The garden's golden scene,
There moved amid the flowers a maid,
As she might be their queen;
And to adorn her bosom fair
She pluck'd a rose and placed it there.

A smile upon her face confest
The perfume mounting high;
But when a thorn abused her breast
It melted in a sigh:
And ever thus combin'd appear
The rose, the thorn, the smile, the tear.

But beauty withers in an hour.
The rose, the thorn decay;
The maiden sought a fairer flower
That fadeth not away;
And evermore her heart shall bear.
The Rose of Sharon blooming there.

THE PRIZE DESIGN.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS such a plain girl?

Children would laugh at me as I passed by them, and even older people shrank from me, so brown was I of countenance and so ill-favoured.

I lived in a garret underneath the roof of a tall house, and there I used to work at my needle for twopence an hour.

No respectable person ever passed down the dark, narrow street in which the tall house was situated. It was a street of bad repute —"horribly hideous," I have heard it called. But I lived in the garret, far above the noise and dust and drunken brawls below, and I tried to be contented with my lot. If sadness would sometimes take me unawares, I looked for consolation at the strip of sky above me, or at the little trailing creeper which had taken root on an old brick under the eaves, and which nodded its green head at me as I worked.

Ugly as I was myself, I had a passionate love for the beautiful. The sight of a golden-headed child playing in the street below, the faint light of the stars at evening, the stray blossoms that occasionally crossed my path, would stir my heart and bring tears of admiration to my eyes.

Once and once only had I seen the green fields and heard the birds sing and looked upon the softly opening flowers. It was on the occasion of a feast given by some benevolent soul for the benefit of poor workers. That day I had walked as one in a dream. Everything had appeared to me so beautiful and so unreal.

Most of the party had ignored my presence, but one, kinder than the others, had asked me to join in the fun and merriment. But I had thanked her as best I could, and had refused.

I could not dance and shout and jest. I wanted to look about me and to dream.

The darting rays of sunlight, the silvery streams which intersected the meadows, the tall flowers waving their petals in the breeze, provided me with sufficient happiness, and I drank in the beauty just as the bee drinks honey from the roses.

I was never asked again to that annual treat; I was found to be unsociable, ungrateful, morose even. But I retained pleasant memories of the outing.

Over my unbleached linen, over the long interminable seams, all through the long cold nights I drew upon my imagination and passed over again that wonderful day, spent with the bright-hued flowers and butterflies.

My garret was very hot in summer, but in winter all the cold winds seemed to pierce it and to freeze the blood in my veins. I also suffered terribly from want of nourishment.

But one consolation I had through all my troubles. I possessed a talent—a genius some might have called it—which had been born in me and flourished, although it had never been watched over nor encouraged in its growth. I was an artist.

My father before me had also been one, but the world had never known him. He had died of starvation and a broken heart. Some say that one of his paintings had been picked up by a dealer and sold as an "old master." This might have been so; but it matters little now. He died leaving my mother penniless, and I, their only child, survived them, having inherited nothing but my father's talent.

With such money as I could spare I bought paints and brushes and canvas. Sometimes I would go without food for a whole day; sometimes for a week I would live only on bread and water so as to satisfy my craving after art.

No one had ever seen my works but the rats and spiders in the garret, for as I finished them one after another, I stowed them away in a corner with their backs to the light. I was ashamed of my creations, and feared the ridicule of my fellow-workers who visited me sometimes. I knew they would have hated my pretentiousness had they but known that I aspired to something higher than sewing, gathering and joining.

About this time there was a competition amongst women for the painting of a screen. The one who sent in the best design was to have a handsome prize awarded her, and it was whispered that not only money, but also a little reputation, would attend her success.

My frock, a recent gift, from a patron of my father's, was neat and in modern taste, and I would set in the cane chair and ponder over ways and means. I don't know how I dared, but I said to myself, "I also will compete for this prize; it is open to everyone." I said nothing to my confederates about it; but that night and the following day I went without food so as to buy the materials necessary for my work.

I chose for my subject a deep red geranium blossom, which flourished at my window-sill, and framed it with the creeper, whose friendly leaves had ever made my outlook fair to gaze upon.

I am afraid that in those days I worked but poorly with my needle. My heart and brain were on fire, and oftentimes I would throw aside the work that bought me bread and go to my canvas to deepen some shade or bring into relief some shining blossom. When the work was completed, I looked at it critically. No doubt it was very faulty, but still it seemed to me that it had some merit. I wrote down my name and address and fixed it in the corner; then I wrapped up the picture carefully, and, having paid all my savings for an omnibus fare, soon arrived at the great building where many other attempts were awaiting judgment. I gave in my picture to the porter, and returned to my garret gladdened and with a sunny heart. I kissed the red geranium and the shining little creeper, and then sat down to my hunch of bread with as much appetite as if it had been a Christmas cake.

As the day for the judgment arrived, however, my happiness in a measure deserted me, and I could eat nothing for the hope and fear that possessed me.

"If I could only prove that I am not altogether worthless," I kept saying to myself, "then could I be happy!"

You see I was vain in a manner with nothing to be vain about. The everlasting neglect and censure of those around me had rendered me over-sensitive. I knew I could not help being plain, but it hurt me so much when people said that I was foolish! And meanwhile I neglected my sewing. I hemmed



"WHEN THE WORK WAS FINISHED I LOOKED AT IT CRITICALLY."

where I should have gathered, and I cut the garments in an odd and ill-shaped manner.

"If only," I would murmur sadly to myself, "I could give up this work which tires my eyes and heart and could go into the fields and paint the beautiful things which God has created! If only I could sometimes leave this room, which is so dark, and feel that I was free, I would wish for nothing more—unless it were a friend!" Even as I framed this last idea I trembled, and a tear rolled down my cheeks. The word "friend" was one to conjure with, because, though I was poor and ugly, I knew that I was capable of sympathy, and I knew that I could love. But a friend I had never possessed, neither had I ever heard kind words nor felt caresses. I was forgotten by the world; and up in my dusky garret I sat day in and day out, straining my eyes for twopence an hour, unwanted, unsought-for, and alone.

The great day which was to decide my fate arrived. The chosen design was to be placed on a pedestal in a chamber to be seen by all, and the name of the winner to be publicly proclaimed.

I remember that day.

I arrived at the great room, which was crowded with people. My head reeled, my eyes were blinded for a moment, and I almost fainted. Above the heads of the crowds the prize design hung aloft.

It was not mine! It was a rich and gaudy work—a cluster of brilliant peonies, twined with a ribbon round them, and a dancing-girl holding her hands up gleefully in the centre, a piece of colouring beside which my humble creeper and geranium would have faded into dullest insignificance.

My heart was sick, and I felt so feeble that I could scarcely totter homewards. The one hope which had brightened up my path was gone!

I left the building hastily, and in my bewilderment brushed by two men who were standing at the doorway. Dejected and down-trodden as I was, my senses were acute, and I looked up and tried to frame an apology for my brusqueness. But my tongue cleaved to my mouth, and I could not utter a syllable.

I think these men were two of the judges, for they looked like artists. One was young, with long blonde hair and a velvet jacket, the other was older and more simple in appearance.

"What a queer creature!" said the young one as I passed. "Whenever I see anything so dismal and ill-favoured my artistic susceptibilities are offended."

"Hush!" said the other softly. "She may hear, and it would hurt her."

I looked back and gave one glance of thanks to the man who had taken my part, then hurried swiftly onwards.

When I reached my garret the sun was set, and there was a clammy heat in the apartment which almost dazed my senses. My head ached. I was hungry; but there was only a crust of bread and a crook of water on the table. The floor was strewn with unfinished bits of needlework which would have to be completed ere I slept.

I took up the bread and began to eat it in an absent sort of way, when I perceived a note lying on my table. It was from Susan Holt, one of my fellow-workers.

"Look out"—it ran—"they have been running down your work up at the firm. They say the things that you have turned out lately are disgraceful, and you're going to get the sack. Don't lose heart though, for there's plenty of other work open besides turning out shirts at twopence an hour. They want a governess up at the Clownes' at Bloomsbury. Why don't you try for it?"

I did not sleep all that night. The bitter tears rolled down my cheeks unceasingly. I was a failure! Even the common needlework, in which other girls excelled, was to me irksome and difficult. Perhaps, after all, those unkind things which they had said of me were true, and I was dull and foolish.

The next morning I went out of the dark-some purlieus where my home was situated in search of Mrs. Clowne's mansion. Mrs. Clowne was the wife of a rich merchant, but she had an evil reputation at the firm. She was a parvenu, and it was said that she treated all inferiors with harshness, if not cruelty.

Still this did not deter me. "Better," I said to myself, "to endure her rebuffs than die of starvation in a garret. Better to earn my bread by work which gives me activity than to sit for long hours, straining my eyes over that for which I have neither skill nor love."

I arrived at the Clownes' home tired and bewildered. The thought of failure no longer daunted me. I knew the sensation of dis-appointment too well to be ever again crushed by it; but still my heart misgave me as I gazed at the building stretched before me.

It was a vast stucco mansion which shone in the sun's rays with colours that almost blinded one. The flowers before the windows were enclosed in boxes of hideous hue and form, the very windows themselves were curiously ugly, many of the panes being coloured or filled in with imitation stained glass. The garden was arranged in hearts and crosses on one side and squares on the other. I suppose it was what people call a landscape garden, making up in artificiality what it lacked in grace. Nothing was restful in the place, nothing harmonious, and this giant structure, with all its hideous glare, rejoiced in the truly ludicrous name of "Wee Nestie."

I knocked at the door, and a man in bright red livery attended my summons. Having heard my mission, he scanned me from head to foot derisively, and motioned me with a splendid wave of his hand into the sitting-room.

Madame was sitting in a corner doing poker work. She was dressed in gosling green, and her hair, which was the yellowest I have ever seen, was arranged in a high pyramid sur-mounted by a huge tortoise-shell dagger.

She looked up at me and distinctly shud-dered as I approached. Then she asked me my business.

I told it to her humbly enough. I had come to offer myself for the vacant post of governess to her children, I said, and I trusted she would find me worthy.

"Oh, dear, no," she cried, in a shrill key. "It is quite impossible. Your appearance is so distinctly against you. You would frighten my pretty ones." And she laughed. It seemed to amuse her to wound me just as it amuses a cat to torture a mouse. And then the thought of my loneliness arose in my mind, and I spoke to her out of the sorrow of my heart. I think I spoke with eloquence. I told her of my life—my very thoughts. I told her that the pallor of my face was due to worry and starvation, and that it would pass away in time. I told her with all the fulness of my heart how much I loved children, and how firm an idea I had of duty and obedience. I begged her not to judge my mind by my face, and I added further that I was willing to work for her morning and night and ask nothing in return but board and lodging.

I suppose the woe in my words, or more probably the gratuitous offer of my services, made her change her mind towards me, for a moment later she said that "she didn't mind giving me a trial, and that I could begin work on the morrow. My services," she added, "though not altogether light, would be found on the whole most agreeable, for although the boy Jim was perhaps a little troublesome, the girls and the baby were simply angels."

Whereat I took my leave.

(*To be continued.*)

HEALTHY AND HAPPY IN JULY.

By W. GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

"Happiness depends, as nature shows,
Less on exterior things than men suppose."

As I sit down to write, the old mill bell chimes the hour of six. Rather early to be up and at work is it not, some may say? I think not, and although townspeople will not be stirring yet for hours, we country folks like to catch the first freshness of the early morn. Besides, I have to give girls a word or two of good advice concerning health in July.

Really, if one has gone to bed at a reason-able time, and is refreshed by a good night's sleep, one cannot rise too early in the sweet summer-time, and the cold bath just sets one up for the day.

Last night—there is no harm in my telling you—a youngster of mine, two of them in fact, made a strong, sturdy, good resolution to be out on the lawn this morning as early as the starlings, to wash their faces in the May dew. The farewell words of one were—

"You must wake and call me early,
Call me early, daddy dear."

Well, so I have. They are not down yet, however. One may call spirits from the vasty deep, you know; but the bother is to get them to come when they are called. Yet really, on such a delightful morning as this, it is a pleasure to be awake and out among the birds, the tender leaves and the flowers. Yesterday was a wild and stormy day indeed, and I didn't thank the "howthering" wind for strewing my paths with bunches of my choicest apple bloom. But to-day there is hardly breeze enough to lift a leaf on the sycamores, the sun has changed the laurels into silver, and every drop of dew on my orchard grass here, among which the dogs are gambolling so gaily, is a glittering diamond.

The pink and white blossom on the apple-trees, and the banks of snowy flowers on the cherry really does one good to look at, yes, and makes one better too, for they remind one that God is love.

So do the birds all around me. They positively seem almost hysterical with the joy they are trying to express in song.

Cock-robin—my special cock-robin—has alighted on my arm. He wants me to do a little gardening that he may have worms, for he has four gaping children to feed. "So have I," I tell him. Pussy has pulled the greater part of the dear bird's tail out.

"It might have been worse," he says, "and the tail will grow again."

I rake the flower-border for a little while, the bird picks up the early worms—a whole bill full of them—and off he flies as happy as happy can be.

Early morning is the best time for study, in summer, at all events. You may get through as much work then in one hour, as you can in two at any other time, and it is more easily retained by the memory.

But now I must imagine it is the delightful month of July. The leaves may have lost their first tender tints, but they are still beautiful, and July is a month of flowers, so that it is really a pity not to be out-of-doors all day long.

Fresh air does one so much good. It is one of the steps of the ladder that leads to health. Staying in a room with the window open is not half sufficient for you; for the summer air should be all around you that your lungs may revel in it.

Something to Do.

If you have a plot of garden ground which you do not plant with flowers or something useful, weeds will assuredly spring up there. It is precisely the same with girls' minds. If they have no useful fad or fancy, or no work in which they take an interest, nature, which abhors a vacuum, will speedily sow the seeds of frivolity and vanity therein, and these will grow apace to the utter exclusion of everything that is good and honourable. I hate to preach, but I keep my eyes open, and I cannot help seeing that as the world seems to wax more wealthy, young ladies seem to care for nothing saving external decoration, buttonholes and the bike, so that the mind is a mere chaotic heap of weeds. Much as I love and recommend cycling, it cannot be said that it is at all times a blessing, and girls that are never happy save when gadding about on wheels, will never do much good in the world, for evil soon creeps into an empty mind. And we should not forget that evil thrives better than good in the human soul. Weeds grow anywhere and need no cultivation. Why? The answer is, because they are indigenous to the soil, while the flowers are only foreigners. In the same way sin is indigenous, and the virtues, like flowers, have to be cultivated. Now, although I hope for August to write a paper—up to date—upon healthful employments for growing girls, I shall say nothing to-day on the subject, except this: no fad or fancy is of any good for mind or body that one does not take a real and wholesome interest in.

Idleness and Health.

No girl can enjoy good health, bounding happy health, who is idle. Mind and body walk arm-in-arm through life, and don't you forget it. If anything ails either, the other has got to lag and limp also.

There is a very expressive word which we often hear in Scotland, namely, "dwining." It is usually applied to girls in their teens, who are in a rather doubtful state of health, though not necessarily consumptive.

"I'm sadly concerned aboot my bit lassie," a farmer's wife told me one day."

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"She's just dwining, sir; an' we're gie'n her cod liver oil."

"Cod liver fiddlesticks!" I couldn't help exclaiming. "I'll have a look at the bit lassie."

She was pale, big-eyed and languid, and rather thin.

"Does she do any work?"

"Oh, no, sir—we're weel aff. We can affoord to keep her idle at wir ain (our own) fireside. She does naething a' day but read, read, read."

"Well," I said, "I shall alter all that."

"And cure her, sir? Cure oor Shusie?"

"I'll cure Shusie most assuredly, if you'll do all I tell you!"

This happened over a year ago. I went home to Scotland not long since and saw Shusie. A healthier, happier-looking lassie you would not find in three parishes.

But Shusie is no longer idle. She has a cow of her own, besides a pony. She helps her mammy in making butter and cheese, and she is, moreover, a bee-farmer on a small scale.

Her mother said, "God bless *you*, sir. We did a' ye bade us. We flang the cod-liver oil into the midden, and just gied (gave) Shusie a stake in life, and look at her noo. The warst thing in a' the world—as ye said, sir—is idleness."

Well, I don't know that Shusie's mother's blessing weighs much, but I'd rather be blessed than banned any day. And really it would do one-half the idle dwining lassies good to be drummed off to Klondyke.

Work and Rest.

Work and rest should come alternately, for so Nature hath ordained that they should, but mind, if there be no work of a kind that interests beforehand, no actual rest can follow. Rest should be of a pleasant or recreative kind, such as cycling if the work done has exercised the brain, and entailed much thought and study; if it has been physical, then a rest on the sofa while you turn over the leaves of the good old "G. O. P.," or the pages of the Story Supplement is the right thing.

Cheerfulness.

Well, I was going to say a good deal about this, and argue the question as to whether it can be cultivated or not. But I have only space here to hint that, to a great extent, cheerfulness *is* a plant which is capable of cultivation.

But it depends very much on the state of the system. If the liver or digestive organs are out of order a girl cannot be cheerful though she may pretend to be. Neither can she, if weariness and languor point to a heart that is temporarily feeble. Nor if the nerves are unstrung, or below par. But as cheerfulness has a wonderful effect for good upon the general health we ought to make a strong point of never nursing worries, especially wee ones. These, like mosquitoes, are blood-suckers, and whenever they come buzzing round one's thoughts, the plan is to read or play or work, or do anything in reason that shall give the mind a better colour.

Sleep, in Summer-Time.

You do not need so much as in winter, and you will be better and healthier, by far and away, if you adopt this plan: rise early, dine only in the middle of the day, say 1.30, and have a rest immediately after for a whole hour. Sleep then if you can, at all events, lie prone, and if you can't doze, read. Take two cups of good tea at four or five, not later, and do not eat much supper, though it is not good to go to bed with an empty stomach.

There is no excuse for not keeping the windows open in July. One hour's sleep in fresh air is better than two in a room laden with the poison, of that which has been breathed over and over again.

No heavy bed-clothing in July, please; no feather-beds, but a feather-pillow with the head rather high but easy. An hour before midnight is better than two in early morning, because if you go to bed when just dreamily tired, your slumbers will refresh you. Moreover they will be sounder because you have greater silence around you. No really good sleep is obtained where there are intermittent noises.

The Secret of Fruit-Eating.

For health's sake, I mean. And the secret is a simple one. I should premise that preserved fruits and jams are good if put up by respectable firms and not adulterated with gelatine. A too thick and clammy jam denotes the presence of this vile addition. Girls cannot learn too young the fact that government does not make any attempt to prevent the poisoning of babies by soothing powders or children by noxious jams and sweets. I should send the directors of dishonest firms, and quacks generally, to a penal settlement or some group of cannibal islands. But the sole object of those in authority is to make up a heavy Privy Purse. They are as bad as I. Lettsom the quack.

"When patients come to I,
I physic, bleeds and sweats 'em,
And if they choose to die
What's that to I—
I lets 'em."

Well, but about the secret; eat then only the fruits that are in season; eat only fresh fruit; eat only ripe fruit, and eat fruits that are grown at home in preference to foreign. But many of the latter are fairly good. I could write a very long par for instance, on the banana, the lemon or the orange.

Cooling Drinks.

Fruit syrups are really so much adulterated as a rule that I do not care to recommend them. Plain, non-effervescing fruit drinks, made at home are far better. Expensive lemonades or soda waters are seldom worth the price we pay for them. They are often mawkish and unwholesome, and if one happens to be tired and thirsty with the summer's heat, the juice of a lemon in sweetened water is far better. And better still is a cup of good tea *iced* but acidulated with lemon. Sugar to taste. But it must be sipped slowly to be of much value.

A handful of fine, fresh, medium oatmeal in a jugful of sweetened water with the juice of lemon is beyond all praise as a summer beverage. For it cools and strengthens at the same time.

The Summer's Sun.

If you want to be well in July, you must not look upon old Sol as your enemy. He is your greatest friend, and the more of his rays you absorb the stronger will you be. Never mind if you are a bit brown. I like to see sun-browning with health's pinky show shining through it on the cheeks. So do most men. But such girls are really more cheerful and happier. And more sensible too I think, that is if I may judge from those who visit my caravan in summer, anywhere 'twixt Bournemouth and Inverness. By "sensible" I do not mean grave, but witty and brilliant without flippancy. Therefore I say court the sunshine when it is not really blazing hot.

Faintness.

This is a trouble not at all uncommon in summer after much fatigue. It is caused by temporary debility of the heart, and the treatment is simple but should be adopted at once. Rest in the cool and on the prone, the application of cold water to the top of the head, and smelling salts to the nostrils. Fainting is but a more severe form of faintness. It is too well known to need description. The person should be laid flat on a sofa or anywhere for that matter, with the head on a level with the body. All tightness about neck or waist should be removed, plenty of air given, and, after a minute or two, a little cold water sprinkled on the face. The smelling-salts bottle is useful of course, but should not be held too long nor too close to the nose. Burnt feathers I have no faith in.

HOW TO QUICKLY EMBROIDER CURTAINS AND HANGINGS.

I HAVE spoken in a former article on the desirability of workers producing the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort, and in this article I wish to help the reader to this end by showing how the embroidering of large surfaces may be effectively performed without enormous labour. Fig. 1 shows a portion of a curtain with its border, and we see that if we analyse the design it is most simple in its *motifs*, but that the reader may have no difficulty in carrying out the design I give in A, B and C details drawn on a large scale. The first business is to divide up your material into squares placed diagonally, for it is this spacing that forms the basis of the design. Eight to nine-inch squares would be about the size. Draw out one side by spacing it out as I have shown in A, and having traced it on tracing paper you can, by folding the paper into four, complete the square. You then prick it over to make a pounce of it, and use crushed charcoal in fine muslin if the material is light, or chalk if it is dark to get the design transferred on to the textile to be embroidered, as the powder will pass through the pricked holes; then go over with Chinese white or Indian ink very diluted to fix the design on to the material. It might be well in order to get the lines straight to rub chalk or charcoal on a piece of string and "snap" this on to the textile as carpenters do on wood they are cutting. I should embroider these "feathered" lines in some darker colour than the flowers in centre. If these latter were in yellow then the lines should be in a duller colour, like yellow ochre toned with raw umber, while the "Oxford frame" forming the corners of the squares could be in a more emphatic colour, such as reddish brown. As for the flower centres it will be noticed that I have varied these so as to take away the mechanical look which using the same centre in all the squares would produce. The worker might draw out with compasses and a board and T square several of these centres, and by making pounces of them could put them on at will. Some of them are ornamentalised representations of flowers, while others are almost pure ornament; no direct reference to a particular plant being made. Various tones of yellow can be used, from straw colour to chrome, for I believe in getting variety within the limits you impose on yourself, and slight variations of colour will greatly add to the general effect. The border should be worked on a separate piece of material preserving the same tones of colour. The half squares are intended to be worked all over, leaving the half circles plain, and if flax is used for embroidering the effect will be very rich. The narrow borders on both sides B, which is reproduced full size, should be in darker colours than the rest of the border, say reddish brown. The butterflies (a large one is shown in C) might be varied both in colour and design.

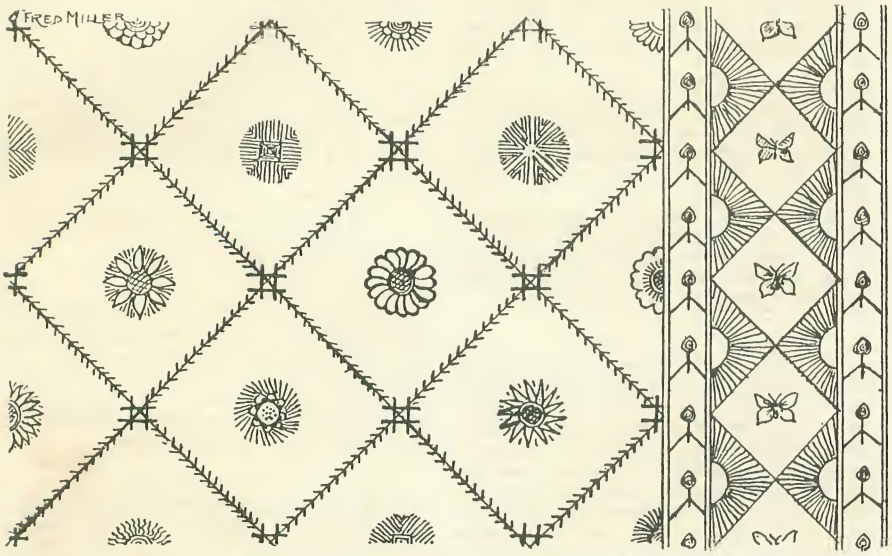
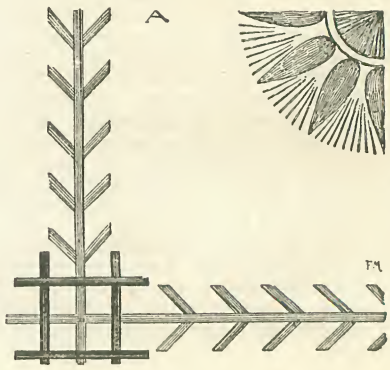
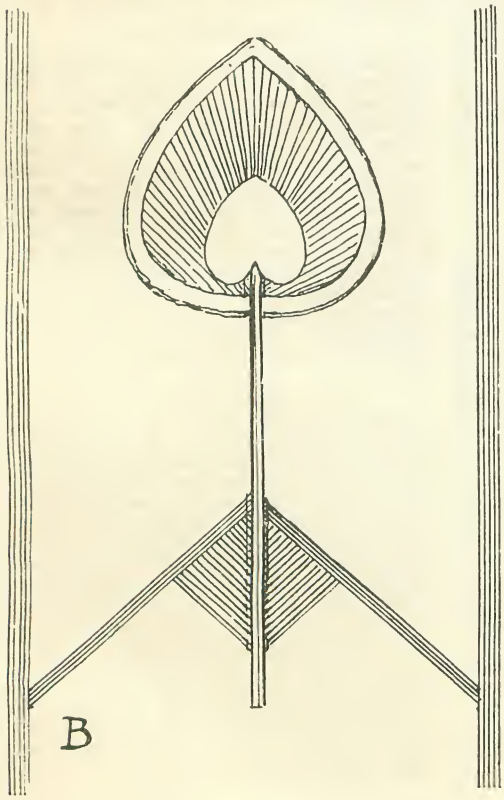
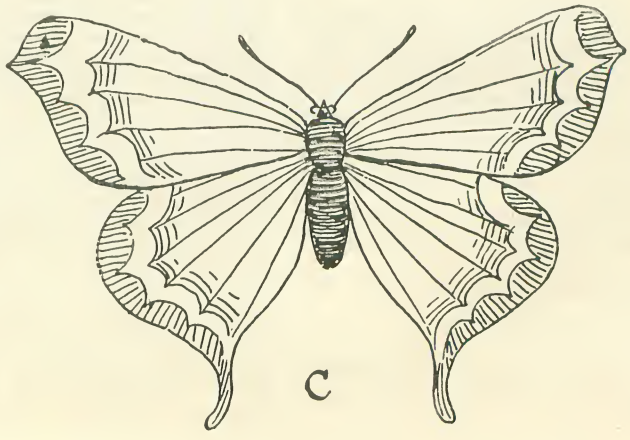


FIG. 1.—*Original design for simple treatment of embroidered curtains or hangings, with border, to be wrought in flax or crewels. For details see* A, B *and* C.

The scheme of colour I have suggested, viz., browns and yellows, would suit a brownish or dull green fabric, but of course the colour of your embroidery depends upon the colour of the textile itself. You might choose a harmony in russets and blues, or blues and greens. Here is a scheme: A in russet or grey brown, with "Oxford frames" in dark blue, while the flower centres could be in turquoise and peacock blues. Those who would prefer a simpler border could adapt that one shown in D, varying the butterflies in shape and colour. If a material such as house-flannel be used then almost any







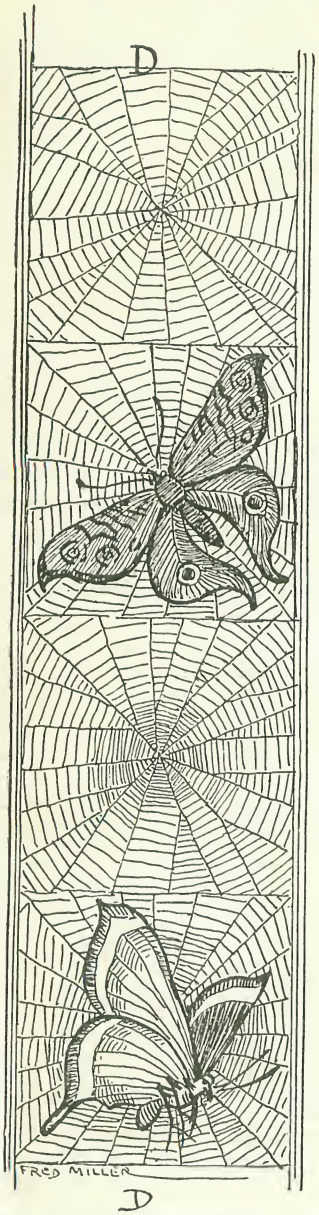
scheme of colour could be employed, greens, browns, blues, yellows or greys.

In Fig. 2 I show a "chess board" arrangement, the details of which are very simple. The squares which are worked over should have the stitches taken in different directions, for as I have before pointed out a difference of colour is produced, though actually the same colour is employed by this plan, as the light falling on the flax or silk at various angles will make it show so many different colours. Instead of working over the whole of each alternate square you might do only half, as is shown in detail E, which is an enlargement with modifications of that given on a smaller scale in Fig. 2. The actual effect of the embroidery cannot be judged by the sketch, for a black line on white paper has neither the substance nor quality of the same wrought by the needle. Both in the filling and the border the flowers could with advantage be varied, and the colour slightly so.

If you decide to fill in only half the alternate squares with stitches then the squares should be indicated with just a line of stitches. In both designs, Figs. 1 and 2, the details are so purely geometrical that those with little skill in drawing could enlarge them to the required size, and there are none of those difficulties that beset the worker in carrying out naturalistic designs where variations of colour as well as light and shade were such a bar to many workers. Both Figs. 1 and 2 could be carried out by anyone at all skilled in the use of the needle.

Many adaptations and modifications suggested by the designs accompanying this article occur to me, but I must leave it to my readers to ring variations on these themes for themselves.

FRED MILLER.



Original butterfly ana spider's web border which can be used instead of that suggested in Fig. 1.

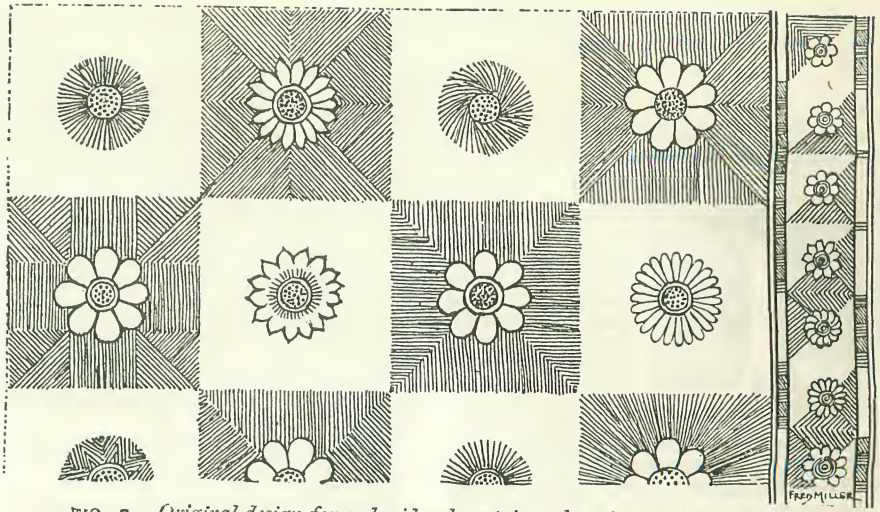
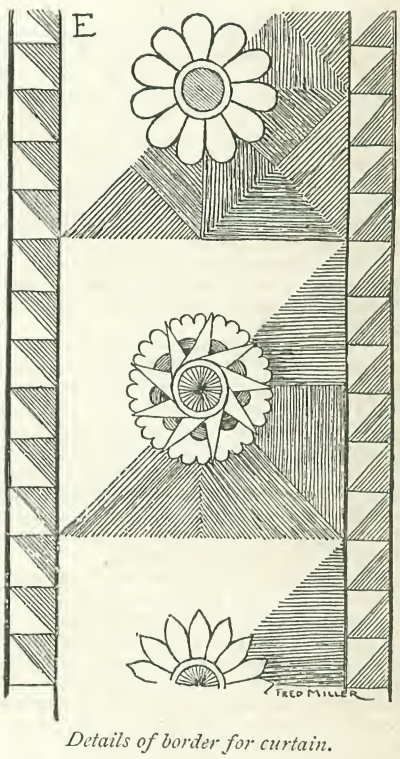


FIG. 2.—*Original design for embroidered curtain or hanging, with border, to be worked in flax.*



Details of border for curtain.

VARIETIES.

IN THE LAND OF EGYPT.—A lady missionary writes from the land of the Nile. "I often ask the women if they ever pray? Most of them laugh at the idea and say, 'We pray! We do not know to pray! Only the men pray. Do you pray?' When I say 'Yes,' they say, 'Truly, truly! How wonderful! Teach us to pray.'"

APPROPRIATELY MOUNTED.

Miss De Style: "Fancy! there is Madame Paris, my milliner, in the riding class."

Mr. De Style: "Where? Oh! yes, that must be her on that high charger."

BOUND TO SUCCEED.—The secret of success is concentration. Wherever there has been a great life or a great work that has gone before. Taste everything a little, look at everything a little, but live for one thing. Anything is possible to a girl who knows her end, and makes straight for it and for it alone.

TRUTH.—Love of truth shows itself in our knowing how to find and value the good in everything.

GIVE CHEERFULLY.—Not to give cheerfully when we give to God is to take all the value out of the gift.

DO YOUR BEST.—The girl who always does her best will find a steady demand for the things that she can do.

A WHEELBARROW FOR COMPANY.

On a Bank Holiday recently a collier going up a street in Wigan met another pitman dressed in his holiday suit of black cloth, but pushing in front of him a heavy wheelbarrow.

"Hello, Jack," said the first, "what are ta doing wi' t' barrow?"

"Well," was the reply, "I've lost t' dog, and my chum Bill's away, and a chap looks such a fool walking out by hissel'."

GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

PART IV.

EYES TO THE BLIND.

"Infinite is the help which man can yield to man."—*Carlyle.*



It is more than a quarter of a century ago that the lady I am about to introduce to you took up the special work of caring for the blind poor who live in and wander about the streets of London.

Seeing that their needs were so great and their condition so forlorn, she gave herself heart and soul to their service, and through all these long years they have been her care and her joy, and what she has been to them can only be known fully to Him who gave her the work to do, though something may be learned from the blind themselves.

She visits them in their homes; she knows the character and condition of each individual among them; she is acquainted with their needs and how best to supply them; she sympathises with their sorrows and understands how to comfort them; and in times of sickness her help and her presence cannot be overrated. She provides them with medical advice and medicine free of charge. She sends those who are weak and ailing to the seaside, and she strengthens and supplements every effort at self-help.

She has drawn towards her many girls of good position with time and talents at their disposal who, under her guidance, visit and read to the blind poor.

To enter fully into the details of this Christ-like work would fill a volume, and certainly would be out of place in a sketch like this; still, I have a plan for showing you this lady in the midst of her blind people, which will interest you greatly if I am not mistaken.

I propose to take you to one of the poorest districts in the neighbourhood of King's Cross, where, in a large hall obtained from a chapel at a small rent, this woman-worker holds a reception every Thursday evening.

She started it when she first began her work, and, with but few exceptions, it has never been put on one side for any other engagement whatever. From one end of London to the other these gatherings are known as "Mrs. Starey's Thursday evening receptions," and stand quite alone in their power of giving and receiving pleasure. Invitations are eagerly accepted, and it must be a serious thing indeed which prevents the arrival of any guest. The hours are from seven till nine, and as a rule they are very punctual. A peculiarity is that the guests never drop in one by one, but always two at the time and, no matter what the weather, they come on foot. It cannot be for the refreshments they hope to partake of, for, except the blind people who come from the workhouses and the very poor who walk long distances, not even a cup of coffee is provided, and yet they will tell you that Thursday evening is the bright spot of their week.

Many of them come very long distances, viz., from Westminster, Lambeth, Hampstead, and Edgware Road, and they would not miss coming for any consideration.

A little time ago I took some friends of my own to the reception, and as we walked up the street leading to the hall, we noticed several dark figures, each attended by a smaller one, walking rapidly in the same direction; indeed, so rapidly and unhesitatingly were they moving along, that one could scarcely believe they were deprived of sight.

Arriving at our destination, we walked up the hall, already crowded with blind people, noticing as we did so many old acquaintances whose faces we were familiar with in our streets. Mrs. Starey received us and directed us to the platform, where the "sighted" were accommodated, and went on to welcome her special guests, to whom she spoke a few kind words while guiding them to the chairs arranged in rows across the hall, which were nearly all occupied although it still wanted a quarter to seven. The hall is anything but beautiful, yet it is called by the guests "The hall of light for the blind," a name given to it by a blind Chinese boy, whom Mrs. Starey's blind people support by their free offerings in the school at Chinchew.

Each blind person is bound to have a guide—generally a child—to bring him or her to the reception. Therefore Mrs. Starey allows threepence a week to each blind person as guide-money—an item which amounts to considerably over £100 per annum.

While waiting for the clock to strike seven we chatted with some of the guests, first to a girl who told us she earned something towards her keep by type-writing; then to a man with a most intelligent face, who raised his eyes towards ours as he spoke in such a way that we thought it impossible he could be quite blind. He gave us a good deal of interesting information about the employment of the blind. He also said that, no matter what privations the blind are called upon to endure, they will cheerfully bear all to preserve their home life, such as it is; their objections to being sent to a home or institute are simply insurmountable. Ninety cases out of a hundred have become blind by accident or through illness, so that a small number only are born blind.

Many of those in the hall, he told us, had seen better days; but blindness soon reduces them; indeed, it is difficult to realise the enormous obstacles in the way of blind people earning a living.

We were specially struck with the face of a man sitting a few rows back from the platform; it had an abiding sadness on it, as if at some time or other it had been suddenly struck with some intense sorrow. I called on him a few days later in his room, which was very clean, for he had a "sighted" wife. I found him knitting stockings.

He speaks even now with reluctance of the time when he lost his sight. He said, "Just at the time when this awful sorrow fell upon me, which is some fourteen years ago, I was about as happy as a man could be. I had married the woman I loved, I had bought a little business with our savings, and we were to start in it in a day or two, when I had finished up some work for my old master; this I was doing when the accident occurred which deprived me suddenly of my sight and every hope at the same time. I dare not even now think of the despair which took hold of me body and soul, and deprived me of faith in the good God and urged me to take my life."

"How did help come?" I asked.

His answer was—

"Mrs. Starey came to us."

With a sad smile he said, "Fancy a man who was going to do such good work in the world sitting here knitting stockings! But it is the only way in which I can contribute to my keep."

This is only one of the many visits I paid to those who had interested me at the reception. I went to one house soon after the birth of a baby, and the mother attacked me at once. "Oh, ma'am, are my child's eyes right? What colour are they? Is my baby pretty?"

After answering these questions satisfactorily, I asked in my turn, "Who looks after you and your family while you are in bed?" Her response was, "Oh, Mrs. Starey provides help for me."

I was very interested to note while visiting the blind in their homes how very clever some of the blind mothers are: they will alter a dress given them by a friend, and make it to fit the child and put quite good work in it; they will do the washing and cooking almost as well as those who have their sight.

To come back to the reception: the clock was striking seven, and as the last sound died away a blind man seated himself at the piano, while another with sightless eyes and earnest face gave out in a clear, firm voice the first verse of the hymn, "Brightly beams our Father's mercy," which was sung by all in that crowded hall. As the second verse was in a like manner given out and sung, one line struck us as very pathetic and filled our eyes with tears, considering that all those singing it would never see anything again in this world; it was "Eager eyes are longing, Watching for the lights along the shore."

This done, the blind man who gave out the hymn offered a very short prayer for them all; and then came a few bright, cheery words from the hostess, who then described the "sighted" visitors on the platform who had come to help her entertain the special blind guests. She did this in such a way that they had no difficulty in picturing us in their minds. She next introduced a gentleman who was about to give a description of his travels in Switzerland. It was, I believe, very interesting, but the truth is that my every faculty was engaged in watching its effect upon the audience. While he addressed them many of the women worked, some were making lace, others doing fine needlework, their little guides merely threading the needles for them, while a few were crocheting petticoats. All paid the greatest attention to the speaker, the slightest noise being at once hushed, while all the faces were directed towards him as though they could see him. We were specially interested in three men who sat close to the platform and who were not only blind but deaf as well. One, however, was not absolutely deaf, for by the help of an ear-trumpet he now and then was able to catch a phrase or two; whenever he did so he conveyed the meaning to the other two by a peculiar method of touching their hands, and they asked each other questions in the same wonderful manner. The lecturer would have found it difficult not to be satisfied with his audience; they seemed to understand every turn. When the address was over any one among the audience was permitted to get up and say a few words, and this two or three of them did in very good English and with common sense.

At length the roll was called by our hostess with the assistance of one of the blind; and now occurred what to us was the most curious part of the proceedings.

As she called out the names, those present answered "Here"; sometimes after the call of a name there was a silence broken by her blind helper, who would look round the room and say, "She has been here but has left," or "No, he is not here this evening," or "She is coming in." His knowledge of the audience seemed to us almost uncanny.

Since we last heard him taking part in the "calling of the roll" he has "sighted the Golden Gate."

After a verse of "God save the Queen" the

evening came to a close; then followed a hearty "Good night and thank you," and each one took his or her way home accompanied by the guide. These receptions sometimes take the form of beautiful concerts or of praise and prayer meetings, for Mrs. Starey's work is definitely a Christian work. A week or two ago Mr. Jackson devoted an evening to them and told them about his Arctic expedition.

Can you not see what a break these Thursday evening receptions make in the monotony of the lives of these blind people? They give them something to think of, something to look forward to, and last, not least, they bring them into communication with the one human being who cares for and loves them.

As to Mrs. Starey, she is like a hen with her chickens. She gathers the blind around her and shields them under her wings of watchfulness and tender care, and at the same time does not pauperise them.

But to return to the reception: one more full of pathos and interest we never attended, and if any who read this sketch of Mrs. Starey and her work would like to be present at one of her evenings they would, I am sure, be heartily welcomed; they could then see for themselves that she is the mother, friend, guide and comfort of the blind poor in their homes, and it will be strange if a strong desire does not arise in the heart to help her in her labour of love.

Of course these weekly gatherings form but a fringe of the work. Every day she is occupied in visiting them, getting suitable employment for those who are capable, cutting out and making clothes for them, providing them with nurses and doctors in sickness, and in sending the weak to the seaside, in fact doing everything for them that a loving mother does for her own household.

To many she gives regular weekly allowances ranging from one shilling to ten shillings. She gives this with a full knowledge of the circumstances of each person, and finds it decidedly the best method of helping.

Some of the cases requiring weekly help are very touching. For example, one of the oldest of Mrs. Starey's blind people was cared for by a loving, good daughter. This girl married a respectable young shoemaker, who became like a real son to the blind old man. All went happily for a time in this humble home; a baby was born, and was the delight of all three, but it died, and not long after this first trouble the young husband, while busy at work, had the misfortune, by the slipping of his hand, to run the gimlet right into his eye. Intense agony of pain followed, and he was for months in the hospital, where he underwent one operation after another. At length by the aid of glasses he hoped to see well enough to do a little work; his own business was gone, but he worked for some weeks at house-painting. At length the eyes speedily lost their sight; his case is now hopeless and total blindness is before him; nor is this all: he suffers such terrible pain in the head that one fears the effect on the brain. Work is impossible. Meantime the blind father has just passed away, and the poor young wife is earning a scant pittance by making gentlemen's ties for a City house. Mrs. Starey is allowing her five shillings a week and helping in every way she can.

Another pathetic case. A blind man died quite lately leaving a wife and five children. He was an educated man and in good position until he lost his sight. Latterly his reason went by the same disease which caused his blindness. Mrs. Starey through the kindness of a friend is able to give weekly help for a year at least. I could tell you of many like cases in which Mrs. Starey proves herself friend and comforter.

She has succeeded in forming a small committee of people like Mr. and Mrs. Peter Graham and Sir Robert and Lady Romer, of whom she can seek advice and support in the many cases of difficulty and sorrow which are constantly coming before her.

Her work is not all sorrowful. There are periods of great rejoicings among her blind. For example, just before Christmas some three hundred attend a special reception which is known as "parcel night," when each person receives at her hands a large parcel containing such things as Mrs. Starey knows she or he most needs. Each parcel is made up and directed with this kind friend's own hands.

This is one of the most substantial benefits of the year. In addition to the parcels which contain clothing, groceries, or bedding, a new half-crown is presented to each person, the gift of one of Mrs. Starey's most valued helpers, Mr. Lindsay Bennett, who is, alas! now passing away.

Mrs. Starey had an intense desire that her poor blind friends should share last year in the Jubilee gladness, and a few friends of hers made this possible. Of course their eyes were closed to all the gorgeous, joyous sights enjoyed by the sighted; nevertheless they had a grand Jubilee reception. Each person received a Jubilee medal, five shillings, half a pound of tea, and a sweet-smelling nosegay.

Lord Salisbury proved himself a friend of Mrs. Starey and her work, and on June 30th he threw open Hatfield for the day to enable her to take down five hundred and seventy blind people and guides, and gave her the use of the riding-school for meals. As they all went over the house the blind felt the carving and objects of interest, and listened eagerly to the descriptions given, and thus, in their own pathetic way, they "saw" everything, and took a most intelligent interest in all. It was a happy party and a glorious day.

Mrs. Starey, who lives at 53, Hilldrop Road, N., would give full particulars of her work to anyone who desired to know more of it.

From my knowledge of Mrs. Starey and her work among the blind in their homes, I can say it is earnest and persistent, filling her time and heart, and demanding her means as well. To use her own words to me: "I do certainly give the very best of my time, strength, and all I have to my blind. They are my portion of my Lord's vineyard, and I would not change my work for any other in the world."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

MUSICAL JESSIE.—We think the little girl you mention must be unusually advanced in music for her age. We advise you to write to the Secretary of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, 52, New Bond Street, London, W. You will receive full details from him of the local examinations held by the "Associated Board." It is a matter of proficiency rather than of age as to when musical examinations shall be taken.

WHITE LAUREL.—We should strongly advise you to undertake the study of Italian. It is the easiest of all European languages, and you would readily acquire it, especially as you seem to write English so well. The book we usually recommend is Dr. Lemmi's Italian Grammar; but we presume, as a Frenchwoman, you would prefer a grammar written in French. The reading of Dante in the original will repay any effort in the way of preliminary study.

PEGGY.—The names you mention are probably fictitious, although we cannot be absolutely certain. Many thanks for your kind letter.

META E. G. RANKILOR.—1. *Glaucus*, by Charles Kingsley, is published in a 3s. 6d. series. We believe the publisher is Macmillan. — 2. We are afraid we cannot tell you of any cheap and thorough works on Rotifera, Infusoria, and Diatoms. There is *The Rotifera, or Wheel-Animalcules*, by Hudson and Gosse, with coloured plates, in six parts, 10s. 6d. each; supplement, 12s. 6d.; complete in two vols., £4 4s. Perhaps Morgan's *Animal Biology*, 8s. 6d., would suit you; or Dr. Schenk's *Manual of Bacteriology*, 10s. The illustrations of necessity make such books costly. We recommend you to write to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, E.C. (the publishers of the above), saying what you want, and asking if they have issued anything at a popular price.

BELVOIR.—You will find all rules relating to the Puzzle Competitions in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER itself, and if you consult them, you will see your question answered there. We are glad you are pleased with your success. Your suggestion appears below.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

We still have answers for "ROSEBUD," and a correspondent, GOLD DUST, has kindly copied out "The Doctor's Fee," and sent it to us for her. HILDA GOSLING says it is to be found in the January number of *The Sunday Magazine* for 1891. GOLD DUST inquires where she can get a poem entitled "Tit for Tat."

MISS N. J. KNIGHT informs "An Inquirer" that the recitation she seeks (describing the telling to a child of the story about George Washington and his little hatchet) is in a book called *American Humour*, one of the *Humour of the Nations* series. Miss Knight adds, for the benefit of "VEE," that there is a serio-comic version of "Old Mother Hubbard" in a book called *Cole's Fun Doctor*.

KATE wishes to know where she can procure the poem called "Kate Barlass," and the author's name.

LENNOX wishes to find the poem of George Macdonald's in which occur the two following verses:—

"Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long;
And then follows a mist, and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

For things can never go badly wrong
If the heart be true, and the love be strong;
For the mist, if it come, and the weeping rain
Will be changed by the love into sunshine again."

We must say we do not recognise the two verses as belonging to the same poem. The first is familiar to us; yet we cannot light at the instant upon the volume in which it occurs.

BELVOIR recommends to R. A. T. a book entitled *Stories from Dante*, by Morley Chester, published at 3s. 6d. by Fred. Warne & Co.

M. C. K. inquires the author of the lines under Landseer's picture "The Monarch of the Glen." They are from *Legends of Glenorchay*, and begin—

"When first the day-star's clear cool light,"

CECILY wishes to know the derivation of the surname "Snewin."

MISCELLANEOUS.

INQUISITIVE.—1. We have answered your question very recently. There is no difference of opinion on the subject of how cheese should be eaten by persons who are acquainted with the rules of etiquette and good breeding in the upper class of society. To put your knife to your mouth under any pretext whatsoever would stamp you at once as an ill-bred person. Place a small piece of cheese on a small piece of bread, and convey it to your mouth without touching the cheese. Butter is served with it, and thus it can stick to it without trouble.—2. You slope your letters so much the wrong way that it dazzles the eyes.

FATIMA (Smyrna).—1. English girls do not wear natural flowers in their hats, they are always artificial.—2. The names given to dogs much depend on the breed of the animal. The following are common, Rover, Lion, Jack, Marcus, Prince, Snap, Bruno, Pelo, Jack, Queen, Rigo, Rita, Roy, Spot, Mungo, Sprig, Pero, Haco, Spey, Juno, Turk, Shot, etc.

D. L. A.—When Charles II. was crossing the channel from Brighthelmstone to Dieppe, an inquisitive mariner went up close to him, puffing tobacco in his face. Observing this, the master of the ship desired him to retire further off. Upon which the sailor replied, "A cat may look at a king." This is the origin of the popular saying.

AUNT SEIS.—The seeds have come and we will do our best to grow them. But as they have to be started in heat there is greater risk of their doing well. Ever so many friends are doing their best with them, and some of us have succeeded with the seeds sent last year. After writing your answer we found that we could not send the book as you do not supply name and proper address. Please send them and *Romanes* shall be despatched. Hearty thanks for your great kindness, which must have given you great trouble, we fear.

MARYDEAR.—*Shechinah* is a term not found in the Bible, because it was used by later Jews to express the divine presence. The word itself is late Hebrew, and means "habitation," from the Hebrew "*Shackan*," to dwell. It is first used in the *Targams* as a paraphrasis for God, with special reference to His Presence in the Tabernacle, and Solomon's Temple, though not in Zerubbabel's, for the absence of the *Shechinah* from the latter was among the points where it differed from the former. The visible symbol of it was a most brilliant light, or glory, enveloped in a cloud; so that in general only the cloud was visible, though sometimes appearing out of the cloud You must understand that the name is never applied to the cloud or the glory, but only to the Presence which is indicated by them.

EAST.—The word *typhoon* means a furious whirling storm in the Chinese seas. It is from the Chinese word *Tai-fun*, "the great wind." You have made a confusion between this word and *Tycoon*, a title meaning Great Prince, formerly given to the *Shogoon*, the second or executive ruler of Japan; the supreme sovereign being the Mikado, who had a sacred character, and was supposed to be of divine origin. Since 1869 this has been changed, and there is only one sovereign, the Mikado or emperor uniting the two dignities.

BUDLER.—Anyone who trifles with, and rates lightly the affection of men and lays herself out to obtain it, without intending to return it, is a flirt; and if she delights herself in this she would be likely to become hard-hearted and cruel. It is very difficult to draw the line, and only a conscientious girl can do it, between play and earnest; but your carefulness in this respect need not make you either dull or stupid, and you can be very friendly and kind without flirting.

M. S. D.—When a girl is "out," that is, introduced into society at eighteen, she may wear a veil—it would look absurd in a younger girl.

AMATEUR PAPER-HANGER.—We gave an article in one of our early volumes on paper-hanging. It is quite easy for you and your brother to accomplish it together. You inquire where you can procure cheap cretonne and art-muslin, but do not say where you are living. It would be easy to find what you want in town. The former is sold by all drapers.

SWEET PEA.—At Cheltenham College pupils are prepared for the London University Matriculation, and B.A. and B.Sc. for the Cambridge Higher and the Oxford A.A. The fees for day pupils are from £9 9s. to £20 5s. For the kindergarten £6 6s. to £9 9s. For board and instruction from £50 to £96. The principal of the college is Miss Beale.

LILY.—Linseed oil is used with oil paints to liquefy them to a sufficient degree, and spirits of turpentine to deaden their varnish and likewise to thin them. You must judge for yourself when and in what measure either of these mediums should be employed. Better to procure a little manual which would instruct you in the mixing of colours. A lesson could not be given in a brief answer. You could get one in any artists' materials shop. The spirits of turpentine are likewise required for cleaning the palette when you have used all you require of the oil paint upon it, and the brushes in the same. Nothing else will remove the paint from the bristles.

F. G. E.—The cheapest books which can be had on the subject of stitches in embroidery are Weldon's, which are only twopence a number, and can be had at any Berlin wool shop. A more expensive one is Beeton's *Needlework*, in which there are 600 illustrations. The great work on needlework of every description is *The Dictionary of Needlework, Lace and Textiles*, which will be found on the list of the reference libraries of the South Kensington and British Museums. It is sold in parts.

FIVE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—We believe that Millais' "Bubbles" is the property of Messrs. Pears (soap manufacturers), and was not exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery in 1886. No doubt the owners would oblige you with the information you desire as to the dimensions of the canvas. It is the portrait of his grandson (James) and was painted to order as an advertisement sign. If at their office you might obtain a view of it, but if removed to their private residence you are not likely to see it.

MIMOSA.—We think your moral and mental condition, which appears to be very unsatisfactory, is in some degree to be attributable to a sickly body. As your unhealthy state seems to distress you, there is some hope of your improvement. We can only say, take your case to the foot of the Cross; confess your condition to your Heavenly Father and ask for His pardon and help. In Him you have one "stronger than yourself," and one who calls you "My child." Also thank Him for giving you such blessed work as that of nursing and comforting an invalid mother, and requiting her for her care and support. See 2 Cor. xii. 9, and let those words of promise sink deeply into your heart. So much for the spiritual malady. As for the physical, you should be treated as anæmic. Take a walk every day, go to bed early, always have a useful piece of work on hand, and some interesting book, and ask your doctor to prescribe a suitable tonic for you.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—1. We believe that titles of nobility may be purchased in Germany under certain conditions, but of what value are they? They are of no historical interest, and are what we should call "Brummagem." The surname of the person who bought one would be known not to be really noble. It would be a sad waste of money.—2. The mother-church of Canterbury, St. Martin, is kept in good repair, and is in use. It was built in the twelfth century, and the old Roman bricks are to be seen in the exterior of the walls. We do not think that we have any other church as old as this in perfect repair and in constant use.

MAY.—If you want to get a squirrel, inquire for one at a naturalist's, where birds, guinea-pigs and mice are sold. You do not name your place of residence; but here, in London, there are plenty of such places. No doubt you could obtain one at Covent Garden. We think that if you wished for a tame one you would be disappointed, for they are not entertaining in their ways, though very pretty. They only run round and round on their wheel, which we think a rather painful spectacle, as they never advance a step, and the monotony of the exercise is trying to witness.

LIMITED.—The great book on physiognomy is that by Johann Kaspar Lavater, which you could hire at any circulating library. He was a Swiss pastor and poet, and published his first great work in 1772, and his second (on the same subject) in 1781-1787. He died on Jan. 2, 1801.

WATER-LILY AND MYOSOTIS WITH SELAGINELLA.



FLOWER SPRAY FOR AUGUST.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XIX.—NO. 967.] JULY 9, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART X.

YORKSHIRE.

THAT this vast county should possess a large number of interesting examples of mediæval architecture is only to be expected, but upon examination it will be found that its wealth in this respect is beyond anything that could have been anticipated. Of course its noble cathedral is justly celebrated as being the largest ancient church in this country, and the recently created cathedral of Ripon, the collegiate church of St. John, Beverley, the still used abbey churches of Selby, Howden, and Bridlington are veritable cathedrals as to dimensions and architectural richness. Some of the monastic churches now in ruins must have been even more striking. Fountains, Byland, Whitby, St. Mary's Abbey, York, and Rievaulx must have been amongst the most magnificent churches in this country. Nor is the beauty of the Yorkshire churches confined to its cathedrals and abbey churches, for many of the parish churches are amongst the noblest examples in this country: several of these are built quite upon a cathedral plan, cruciform with lofty central tower, or spires. Holy Trinity, Hull (the third largest parish church in England), St. Mary's, Beverley, Hedon, Patrington, Rotherham, Sheffield, and Doncaster (the last named recently rebuilt) are very stately structures. Many of the moderately sized parish and village churches are excellent buildings—Thirsk, for instance, is quite a model parish church, not unlike the Suffolk type, with a finely proportioned western tower, Bubwith, Bolton-Percy, All Saints', North Street, York, All Saints', Pavement, York, and St. Martin-le-Grand, York, are remarkable. There are also some very beautiful little village churches in the county. Skelton is a little gem of Early English; Adel and Birkin are rich examples of Norman work on a small scale; and Skirlaugh is a very perfect little Perpendicular church or chapel.

There are not many spires in the county. The best are Patrington, Rotherham, All Saints', Pavement, York, All Saints', North Street, York, and Sheffield. The church of Rotherham is a noble edifice in the Perpendicular style with a lofty central spire with pinnacles at the base rising over a finely designed tower. The whole building groups together in a very striking manner, and is a most characteristic example of a Yorkshire church, although not quite so interesting as to detail as Patrington and St. Mary's, Beverley, it is more local in type. Since we made our sketch some restoration of the east end has taken place, and the present window is slightly different from the old one shown in our drawing.

We need scarcely say that Yorkshire has always been a thriving county; and though not so wealthy in the Middle Ages as at present, yet its noble churches with their fine towers and spires are certainly signs of more than ordinary prosperity.



ROTHERHAM, YORKSHIRE.

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IN SPITE OF ALL

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

MADAME DUCLOS did not however trust to her own intention though she had perhaps as much confidence in it as in other people's judgment. Margaret was under her charge and she was not going to let her infringe the proprieties if she could help it. A few inquiries were enough to convince her that all Michael had told her about himself was perfectly true, and Mrs. B——, the lady to whom Michael had referred, and who was the very personification of British respectability, spoke so highly of him that Madame had no further scruples at receiving him at her house whenever he liked to come, provided only that Margaret mentioned to her mother that she had made this new acquaintance.

There were reasons why Mrs. Raven did not care to break up her home in England and accompany her daughter abroad. Margaret had been quite prepared to go into a flat somewhere near the skies with another girl, but even Mrs. Raven thought such an experiment, though feasible in London, would hardly do for her young daughter in the French capital. However, knowing that if Miss Margaret were not given a certain amount of liberty she would take it, she had tried to discover a chaperon who would not worry the girl by undue restrictions and yet would take care of her. Mademoiselle Duclos had been French governess at the school Mrs. Raven had attended, and both before and after her marriage the latter had often visited the young woman to whom she had been much attached and had become acquainted with her mother. When Eugénie died Madame Duclos returned to Paris, but from time to time she and Mrs. Raven corresponded. And it was to her the latter wrote about her daughter, telling her exactly what sort of girl Margaret was, and how to deal with her. Madame had had a wide experience of life, and although it had not included an intimacy with the views of the modern English girl, yet it had made her capable of understanding that though there are general laws which are excellent and even necessary, it is possible for some people to have independent views without being particularly wicked. She soon discovered that Margaret had not an atom of vanity, which she considered the source of most women's undoing, that her tastes though not particularly womanly and certainly not girlish were never fast, and that though she had a good deal of precocious worldly wisdom she had a pure, upright and even noble mind. Accordingly she let her have more liberty than Eugénie would have enjoyed had she lived to be nearly twice her age. But inasmuch as she knew that Margaret was not quite so wise as she thought herself, and her eyes were opened to a great many dangers and difficulties that the girl knew nothing about, she took a good deal of trouble in accompanying her to the various places she elected to visit, and to keeping a careful eye on some of the very Bohemian friends whom Margaret made at and brought home from the studio, and whose society she desired not because of any personal affinity, but because this one had such a grasp of colour and that one was going to make an European fame as an impressionist. Occasionally she took part in expeditions into the country with some of her fellow-students, and especially a young American girl whom she rather admired, but on the whole she kept herself to herself, lived for her work, amused herself by taking fencing lessons and visiting the Louvre, and made Madame her chief friend. Madame sometimes wondered if she were a little lonely, for even a very lively old lady of sixty-seven cannot be a suitable companion for a girl of barely twenty during long evenings, but Margaret was self-sufficient and depended very little on her fellow-creatures for her happiness. Still, she seemed much pleased at her acquaintance with Michael, and Madame, who was sentimental and French, and had scanty belief in Platonic friendships, wondered if these two young foreigners had taken a fancy to each other.

"My motto, with regard to the sexes," Margaret had announced at an early stage in their intimacy, "is liberty, equality, and fraternity."

To which as to other of the remarks she flung at him with the manner of one who has definitely made up her mind on every subject under the sun, Michael replied by nothing more brilliant than a monosyllable.

He had begun by taking an interest in Margaret because she was Beattie's friend, but he soon came to like her very much on her own account. Perhaps he looked for the good points which he knew must exist if Beattie cared for her; at any rate he found them, and he very soon began to seek her society in the intervals of leisure which they had in common. Luncheon occasionally in Madame Duclos' little room with Monsieur, Madame and Mademoiselle regaling themselves likewise, became almost an institution, and then, after coffee, there was generally a walk with Margaret, or a talk in the small *salon* with the slippery floor and the primly arranged old-fashioned furniture and the sunblinds drawn to shut out the afternoon sunshine, and Madame in her violet gown, with her doll's hands crossed on her lap, taking a quiet nap in company with her three furry friends.

Michael had never known any young woman like Margaret, and she was quite an education to him. He wrote about her to Norah, but he could not make the picture very sympathetic, because he soon realised that to the Puritanical mind of this other girl friend of his Margaret would not be quite comprehensible. But he understood her; and though they had many arguments, and Margaret sometimes accused him of being a Philistine, at others of being old-fashioned, she thoroughly reciprocated his liking, and perhaps was somewhat persuaded by him from doings and sayings which, though the vogue among a certain section at the studio, were hardly seemly for a well-brought up young Englishwoman.

"You're narrow-minded," Margaret said to him once in anger, when he wouldn't back her up in something to which she was trying to persuade Madame to consent.

"No, I'm not," said Michael. "But I judge by my own mother. She is very broad-minded and has wide sympathies, but I'm sure she wouldn't let any girl she cared for go to a place like that even to acquire knowledge."

"Your mother is all you say, no doubt, but she is the last generation."

"No she isn't," said Michael laughing; "she has often told me she was born before her time and was in advance of all her contemporaries in her girlhood."

"Is she unconventional?" asked Margaret, not yet prepared to bow to Lady Anstruther's judgment, but wavering.

"Well no, she isn't," said Michael stoutly. "She has come to the conclusion that public opinion is founded on something that deserves respect, so she gives in to it."

"Ah," said Margaret, disappointed. And she shook her head.

"But unconventionality isn't a merit in itself," said Michael, "any more than disobedience to any other laws of society. It is only admirable or pardonable, as the case may be, in people whose genius or whose eccentricity makes them overlook or disapprove of the things of everyday life. For my part I believe the highest characters are great enough to be original and conventional too."

"I don't," said Margaret.

"Then we must agree to differ," said Michael. "But look here, I'll just give you some examples: there are three modern great poetesses I can think of at once—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Jean Ingelow, and Christina Rossetti. They were all saints as well as geniuses; they

were all essentially womanly; and so far from making their position at the cost of their womanhood, they exalted their sex by showing that intellectual greatness is not incompatible with modesty, nor power necessarily dissociated from sweetness."

"I suppose you have a very high ideal of woman," said Margaret, half-scornfully, half in earnest.

"Of course I have."

"But you won't admit she is the equal of man."

"Not in your sense, Miss Raven. I believe some women are a great deal finer than their husbands or brothers; of course a man isn't better than a woman just because he is a man, but I do believe, though I know you'll be dreadfully angry with me, that the finest man you can conceive of would be a greater creature than the finest woman."

"Ridiculous," said Margaret; "it's just a matter of taste. You might as well say that the finest red rose is more beautiful than the finest white rose. But some people prefer white roses."

"Speaking of roses," said Michael, seeing the discussion was not leading anywhere in particular, "let us go and buy some. Oh, are you afraid of the sun for your complexion. Oh, I forgot, you are above minding freckles. Madame, Miss Raven and I are going, with your permission, to buy some roses. Do you prefer them white or red?"

"Oh, Monsieur Anstruther," said Madame, delighted; gifts of flowers came rarely to her nowadays; "but that is indeed kind of you. If I may make a choice, I prefer that there shall be a few of each."

"Madame, you see, has much wisdom," said Mike to Margaret. Then turning to the old lady he added, "You won't mind if I keep Miss Raven out some little time, will you? I will take great care of her. We should like to look at the shops together, and I think she would enjoy an ice."

"Oh, no," said Madame, who though she thought it most improper for them to go about unaccompanied, since in her opinion even engaged couples ought not to do so, had been obliged to give in to Margaret's scorn and Mrs. Raven's indifference, and perhaps had discovered that the walks, at the pace, which the young people enjoyed, for Margaret strode along as fast as any man, were beyond her power to indulge in. "Only, Mr. Anstruther, you must not be very long if Miss Raven wishes me to take her to the entertainment at the V—— this evening."

"Oh, that's all right, Madame," said Margaret, not looking at Mike. "I am not going. Mr. Anstruther says his mother would be shocked."

And, with her head erect, as if to prove that she had made no sacrifice of her own dignity in this concession to the opinions of a lady unknown to her, Miss Raven went to put on her hat.

Madame smiled.

"You have much influence over her," she said to Mike when they were alone. And she thought to herself, "I wonder if then they already understand one another, as she considers the views of his mamma. But it is for Margaret a good match. She is a girl amiable and clever; but so charming a husband, and his father a man of title is much to obtain."

Michael never cared to be left long alone with Madame Duclos. He liked her very much, and when their intercourse was confined to looks and smiles it was all very well, but he had never quite conquered the inability which he had experienced at their first meeting of understanding what she said. Presumably she had not always been unintelligible, but even Margaret had to be very attentive when Madame was speaking. Privately she attributed the indistinctness to the fact that Madame did not open her mouth wide enough for the words to come out, and therefore she had to follow them. And the reason why she did not open her mouth, although Margaret did not betray it to Michael, he guessed to be, that the rows of small pearly teeth which art had substituted when nature failed were not altogether sure of their position.

Michael and Margaret set out in very good spirits, prepared to enjoy their half-holiday. Margaret did not care much for shops as a rule, and had none of the usual feminine eagerness to pick up bargains at the Printemps or the Bon Marché. Even the diamonds of the Palais Royale palled upon one who had no desire ever to possess any, and the wonderful things in hats and bonnets that would have sent Mrs. Swannington into ecstasies, left her utterly unmoved. But she enjoyed the sense of life and warmth and motion that even on this hot July afternoon made the boulevards delightful. The purchase of Madame's roses too in the shop which was a paradise of lovely flowers was very pleasant. Margaret loved flowers, but she never wore any. She considered they had been created for something else besides the gratification of man and had a right to enjoy their little lives. To shorten even that of a violet by putting it against the heat of her body and deprived of water was contrary to her code. She informed Mike as they loitered among the tube roses and carnations and lilies of the valley, that she believed it was with these things as with birds and animals, that though they were for men's use and delight, men were supposed to have enough love and reverence for them not to abuse or let them suffer. And she much shocked the kind-hearted shopwoman, who, seeing the way she lingered among the flowers, obligingly showed her some lovely blossoms which had just arrived and were to be mounted for some young ladies to wear at a ball that night, by remarking that she thought it was perfectly wicked of them, and that she looked upon them as little short of flower-murderers, to take these exquisite frail things which might give so much pleasure and kill them in an hour with heat and crushing.

"But, Mademoiselle," cried the woman, horrified, "if all had your notions where should we be? *Que voulez vous?* It is often the flowers that make the costume."

And she took it quite seriously when Margaret said to Mike in French, that she thought she should start a society to protect flowers. "We have one to prevent cruelty to children, and one to prevent cruelty to animals, and one to prevent cruelty to birds, why not one to prevent cruelty to flowers."

Mike laughed.

"I do not think Mademoiselle will take the bread out of your mouth yet," he said to the shopwoman. "And after all we don't all buy flowers to kill them, do we? These roses will be taken care of, I am sure; and I think that plant would please Mademoiselle if you would kindly send it to this address."

The woman reassured, laughed too, and begged Margaret with true French graciousness to accept a little nosegay which she quickly put together for her.

"Now let us go and have an ice," said Mike. "I suppose you have no theories against their consumption."

"If I have," said Margaret, "I will waive them, considering that I am very thirsty. But on the whole I think an ice fulfils its destiny by being eaten, and that is all I contend for. I hate waste, you see, and especially waste of beauty, and that's why I am angry with the vain creatures who spoil the flowers."

"They wear them to add to their beauty, don't they?"

"I can't argue," said Margaret. "Strawberry or vanilla? Well, I think, like madame, if I may make a choice I prefer there shall be some of each. I always notice one can eat a whole ice if it is two kinds, and there is just too much if it is one."

"And again, you would avoid waste if you could."

"Certainly," said Margaret promptly, and the appearance of her plate when the ice was despatched did not seem to point to the likelihood of her ever coming to that woeful want which is said to be the result of a wilful squandering of good things.

The ice and the tea which followed it and the purchase of some Marquis chocolate made Margaret feel very well disposed towards the world in general. She made Mike very angry by wishing to pay for her own refreshments on the "equality and fraternity" principle, but Mike maintained that her idea of "liberty" was to infringe his, and he insisted on paying. However, when the quarrel was at its height, Margaret was suddenly crushed by the discovery that she had left her purse at home, and could only settle her debts by borrowing of Michael, which of course he would not permit, and triumphed accordingly.

"I don't like your spending money on me," said Margaret, severely, when they had left the shop.

"What nonsense," said Mike, rather crossly. "A few francs like that."

"But there was the plant as well."

"Well, that is nothing. I thought we were friends enough for that."

"So we are, I suppose. But the giving shan't be all on one side. I must give you something."

"I have no objection," said Mike.

"But you have left your purse at home, you see."

"You needn't remind me of that. But this isn't the only day on which one can shop."

"Certainly not. And shops aren't the only places where one can buy presents. What I should like best of all, if you really mean to be so generous towards me, would be one of your sketches."

"Would you really?" And Margaret looked pleased. "I will do something for you."

"I am impatient. There is no time like to-day."

"Well, I will see when I get home. Only mind, I shall not let you choose. I have, as you know, a low opinion of your artistic sense, and I don't want you to possess something I am ashamed of."

"I don't wish to seem ungracious, Miss Raven, but I hope that doesn't mean that I am to have some of those very impressionist things you are so proud of, and that need the artist on the spot to explain them?"

"There are some things I did before I came to France that I daresay you would prefer," said Margaret scornfully. "Of course they are quite uneducated, but they are what you'd call pretty heads and things."

"That reminds me! I know I am not a handsome man, Miss Raven, but is my chin quite half the size of my face."

"What do you mean?" said Margaret. And then she grew rather red. "Oh, did you see that? You oughtn't to have looked."

"Well, it was lying on the piano. And I took it up innocently enough, before madame came in, and of course when I saw myself, I couldn't help looking. It is very like, certainly, but——"

"There is no 'but' at all," said Margaret valiantly. "It is a striking likeness; and if I have somewhat exaggerated one feature, it does but bring out the character of the individual, which is what a good portrait-painter aims at."

"Oh," said Michael, meekly. "Well, at any rate, since you have done me the honour to paint me—— By-the-bye, was it from memory?"

"Not entirely. I have often sketched you in my pocket-book. Well?"

"May I be permitted to ask what you are going to do with the picture?"

"Keep it, perhaps. It will go in my gallery. I have a portfolio full of people at home."

"Why haven't you ever shown it me?"

"You never asked me to. You know I don't care to parade my performances. Besides, you don't know many of those they are intended for, and I couldn't tell they would interest you. But, of course——" And she stopped suddenly, as if struck by a happy thought.

"What is it, Miss Raven?"

"Nothing; I only had an idea."

"Is that nothing?"

"It is an excellent idea, but it requires thinking over. I am not sure whether I ought to do it."

"I expect you ought not, then," said Mike, laughing.

"Take care," said Margaret. "You had better not offend me. Besides, if I don't carry out my idea you, not I, will be the loser. I was wondering about your present. It struck me I had something in my portfolio you might like to possess, but perhaps I have no right to give it you."

"Can't I decide that?"

"No."

"Tell me what it is, at any rate?"

"It is a sketch of Beattie Margetson."

Michael was taken by surprise. Miss Margaret's keen eyes were upon him, and she saw the effect of her words in his heightened colour and the sudden light that flooded his face. But he only said quietly, after a short pause—

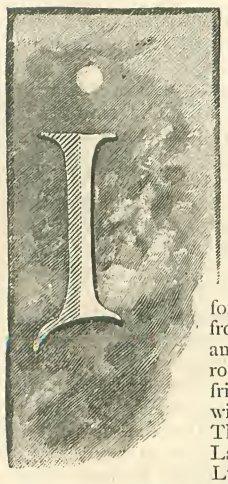
"I should like it very much."

"He is in earnest," thought Margaret. "He may have it."

(To be continued.)

IN THE TYROL.

THE SULDENTHAL.



"I MUST send you to the air of the Glaciers," said Dr. White: "there is nothing like it as a nerve tonic."

So we went to the Suldenthal, in the heart of the Austrian Tyrol.

We passed through Paris, though it is not necessary to do so; for one can go to Bâle from Calais viâ Laon and Rheims, a charming route. But we had friends in Paris and wished to see them. Their house is in the Latin quarter, near the Luxembourg Gardens; it is an old house with a garden of its own, green and enclosed by a tall iron railing interwoven with ivy. A gate of beautiful mediæval ironwork shuts it off from the court of entrance. Tall trees shade this garden, and the walls that frame it in are ivy-covered. As we sat after dinner, in the summer twilight, looking out on this green enclosure, and heard girls' voices from a neighbouring orphanage joining in their evening hymn, we had a new idea of Paris; in place of the bright, glaring, kaleidoscope Paris near the Tuileries, was a quaint, sweet, quiet old-world city, haunted by memories of heroes and of saints.

So on by the night train, and then from Bâle one unbroken series of lovely pictures flitting backwards as we flitted on: The Lake of Wallenstadt, in a sudden gleam under a bank of cloud, was specially beautiful; its steep sides draped here and there in "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn," where a stream fell down to join its parent lake. Much of the scenery, as one enters Austrian ground, is like the Saxon Switzerland, but grander and more prolonged; the broken rocks far above one recalling with exactitude Scott's exaggerated description of the Trossachs.

> "Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
> Or mosque of eastern architect."

The train goes on precipitous ways and over lofty bridges, notably the Trisanna Brücke, so that one needs to keep a cool head in order to enjoy the scene; and, at last, reaching Landeck, with its gloomy mountains and towers perched aloft like eyries, we descended for a few hours' rest in the Hotel zur Post. Before 6 A.M. on again, in the Post-wagen, and now at last we were embarked on our sixteen-hour drive, which was to end in the Sulden Valley.

The coach-road runs high on the hill-side above the white and swirling waters of the Inn, crossing it at the bridge of Pontlatz. This spot bears in lasting memory (the memorial engraved on the rocks is hardly needed) the patriotic valour of the women of the Tyrol. Here, in the Tyrolese struggle for freedom early in the century, the local Landsturm nearly annihilated the Bavarian invaders, ably seconded by the women, who, high on the cliffs, flung down tree trunks and stones on the intruders. Horse and man rolled over into the flood, struck by the men's rough weapons or the women's ruder missiles, and for the time, the land was rid of the foe. Such are the events which lend force to the national song of the 'Red Tyrolean Eagle,' by the patriotic peasant poet, Senn, a native of the village of Pfunds, our first halting-place:

> "Adler, Tiroler Adler,
> Warum bist du so roth?
> Ei nun, dass macht, mich dünket,
> Weil Feindesblut mich schminket;
> Das ist so purpurroth;
> Darum bin ich so roth."
>
> Eagle, Tyrolean Eagle,
> Wherefore art thou so red?
> Ah now! it is, methinketh,
> The foeman's blood that tinteth
> My wings so purple red;
> Therefore am I so red."

The road becomes more and more striking as it proceeds, till it reaches a climax of beauty in the grand gorge of Hoch Finstermünz. The way leads round an abrupt corner, a jutting crag previously intercepting the view, which thus breaks suddenly on the spectator. A long vista of mountains opens up in front. Woods clothe these mountains with a rich green. At the left hand, rocks rise jagged and abrupt; below roars the Inn, its course diverted into sinuous windings by green promontories. The old road runs below by the river side, with a broken bridge and the ruined castle of Siegmundseck, and the old toll-house around which raged many a petty feud. This pass divides the Engadine



"An Old Scotch Garden,"
from the painting in the Royal Academy by J. H. Lorimer.

from the Tyrolean valley of the Inn, and again and again the sound of battle has echoed to these rocky walls since Duke Guelph of Bavaria fortified the spot in 1097. Fort Nauders, which guards it now, was built in 1840.

Lifting the eyes again from the lower road and the foaming river, one lets them rest on the soft and distant outline of the blue mountain that lies athwart the end of the gorge, giving a touch of distance and infinity to the too narrow and gloomy vale. A charming little hotel here offers a good halting-place for the night, and so does the pretty inn at Fischersheim, by the green waters of the Reschensee, where many an ardent angler comes to spend a week or two. It is not an unimportant item that the charges at this inn, which is clean and comfortable, are little more than half the tariff at the great new hotels in the valleys; and the trout you catch is deliciously cooked *am blau*.

From Fischersheim, the road slopes downward across a long plain of moderate width, till recently a barren heath, but now entirely brought under cultivation. And now, having passed the culminating point of our road and entering the valley of the Etsch or Adige, we see before us the snowy range of the Ortler group, the Kaiserspitz and the great Ortler. What is there so touching in the sudden aspect of snowy mountains? What is there in their ever fresh loveliness that overpowers the soul? Witness the tender line of the Alps that bursts on those who cross the Jura, as Lamartine and Hans Andersen have so well described. Their tender, unearthly beauty, pure as the clouds but more sparkling, more real, makes the heart beat and the sight grow dim like the high pathetic note of a woman's perfect voice.

With this fair prospect, changing its aspect, yet ever before us, we went on, our four horses trotting merrily, not stopping at the noted inn at Neu Spondinig, where Frau Emma, best of hostesses, makes the English so comfortable. At a place bearing the odd name of Gomagoi, we left the Post-wagen, and went on by landau up the nine long miles of the Suldenthal itself.

Sulden proper lies in an oval valley, closed in with mountain peaks, glaciers larger or smaller nestling everywhere among the crags, and (like the neck of a Florence flask) a steep and narrow gorge leads up to it, zig-zagged marvellously by the cleverly constructed new road. Lovely are the varied lights under the foliage, lovely the ever changing yet ever similar points of view for the traveller who passes through this gorge by daylight. "The shades of night were falling fast" as we made our way up it, however, and a sense of gloom and mystery hung heavy on us, till at last, emerging into wider space, we saw four great globes of light hanging, as it seemed, midway between earth and heaven.

These were the electric lights of the Sulden Hotel, and for a moment the modernness of the idea seemed a disillusion. Yet why should it be so? Is not the spirit of the old fairy lore of these sequestered valleys here meeting its final solution? Is not the Giant of the Lightning at length mastered by the Gnome Invention, and made to work for man's daily uses, like Samson for the Philistines? "The song of the electric light" has yet to be written, but is no mean subject for an ode. It would match, in worthy hands, that marvellous song of the stream which Goethe has called *Mahomets Gesang*.

At last, with much loud cracking of the whip, our Jehu brought us to the door of the Sulden Hotel, where a genial manager received us and steered us through the two rows of somewhat over-inquisitive eyes in the hall. A night's rest in a clean, tile-floored bedroom, with bear-skins thrown upon the tiles, and all the furniture of pleasant varnished pine, prepared us to be well pleased with our surroundings. And they were very agreeable. Dr. White's recipe was a nice as well as an effective one. In the early dawn we looked forth, and saw opposite our window the pale solemn curves of the snow mountains, very, very near us, standing out like cameos on a grey-blue sky; and even as we looked the sunlight struck them and kindled them with a soft yet vivid orange fire. The rosy light of the Swiss dawn we never saw in the Tyrol, though at sunset sometimes a red glow would seem to transfuse the very rocks, and make them half transparent.

Before us was the Great Ortler, 12,800 feet high. Its outline is very graceful, and though on this side the snow only covers its summit, descending the mountain sides in glacial streaks, yet the rocky shoulders of a solemn but tender grey seem to spread protectingly, maternally, over the little village and church of St. Gertrude at its foot.

All the lower slopes are pine-clad except to the south, where the valley is closed by a group of white peaks, underneath which lies the great glacier that attracts the tourists; and beneath this again is the brown moraine that the glacier has left bare in its retreat, and the Suldenbach pouring its white water and its dash of spray down to the level.

These glaciers are the great attraction to the English. In the evening, parties would wend their way, under charge of a guide, by narrow mountain paths; some two hours' steady climbing brought them to one of the Alpine Club huts, where they supped and spent the night in an atmosphere so thick that you could "cut it with a knife." Then in the earliest dawn, they were up and away, over the masses of ice, and up some snowy summit, glorying in the thin sparkling air, and the sense of lightness and freedom.

As the great sun shoots up into the blue, weird changes come over the mountains;



SULDEN.

they seem to live and breathe and speak; and for a few moments, man is brought face to face with something mightier than this lower life.

Till thirty years ago, Sulden was a *terra incognita*. The inhabitants, consisting only of some twenty-five families,* lived simply and contentedly on milk, cheese and spring water. So lonely was it that a spot not far away was known by the name of *Am Ende der Welt* (At the world's end), and it is said that the bears came into the huts as unbidden but not forbidden guests, to share the frugal meal. The good Curé Eller, himself a son of the mountains, received the few chance guests, and then he and his sisters, Philomena and Kathi, opened a homelike hostel for the travellers who began to recognise Sulden as an admirable starting-point for mountain excursions. The Alpine clubs of the Prague and Düsseldorf sections have done a capital piece of work in marking out paths to the leading features of the mountain group, and building the huts where the traveller can spend the night. Then, on the track of the mountaineers, followed guests for health or pleasure, and the large new hotel in which we were was built by Otto Schmid in 1892 to 1893. A sister hotel of greater pretensions was built about the same time in the adjoining valley of Trafoi. The special curiosity of Trafoi is a sacred spring pouring itself forth by three openings in the breasts of the images of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and St. John.

The Sulden Hotel accommodates about two hundred guests, and is generally well filled for seven weeks in the summer, closing early in September. The charges are not high; the *pension* is about seven francs a day, and the cuisine and service are good. The dining-room here and at Trafoi is a spacious, airy hall, with an open roof of polished pine. From one of its beams hangs a stuffed eagle with outspread wings, grasping in its claws a mossy branch gemmed with small electric lights like diamond fungi. The waitresses are Swiss girls in a pretty costume, and are neat and obliging. Among the guests, came the Princess Stéfanie, in simple, workmanlike costume, and ascended the rough path on foot, disdaining the mule that followed behind, laden with the warm wraps of her party. He had hoped to bear the weight of a princess, but had to content himself with a kindly pat on the nose from her royal hand. As the people stood round to salute her as she left, it was interesting to see the guides, in their rough but picturesque dress, form an inner group around her carriage, as much as to say, "We are the children of the soil here, and we claim the right to approach our own princess." The loyalty of the Tyrolese to the Austrian house has proved itself for centuries; "true to the death" are they, and they had a good right to the gracious bow their royal lady gave them.

The people of Sulden are a simple and pious race. None meets another without the salutation *Grüss Gott!* and on every road at intervals one sees a crucifix under a protecting board, which the passer-by salutes with a sign of reverence. On the green slope beneath the pines not far from the hotel, we noticed with interest and amusement the figure of one little saint perched on a tree-stump in a shaky wooden niche, a flat stone acting as a roof. He was of wood and painted, and his garb was that of a priest. His face was very melancholy, all the more because the rain had washed the black from his biretta all down his cheek, and one arm—broken off—was stuck in absurdly by his ear. We found he was St. John Nepomuck, the Bohemian saint, and the cause of his transplantation from Bohemia was amusing. St. Joseph is the patron of the Tyrol, and was appealed to for help in a time of flood, but as his response to the appeal was unsatisfactory, St. John Nepomuck was added as a second patron, being supposed—from the fact of his having been drowned in the Moldau—to be well versed in matters concerning inundations, and to have special power to avert them. If successful, he deserves more gratitude than he would seem to get, judging from his poor little effigy.

When the time of departure came, it was hard to say good-bye to those quiet glades beneath the pines; those living, dancing streams; those ever-new aspects of the snow. The day was lowering; clouds had rolled across the mountains in masses, lying softly on grey ledges of rock, curling over the pine-woods; and at last settling down into an obdurate mist, "till on the walley," as an Austrian gentleman obligingly informed us. So in this veil of mist and cloud we left our sweet Tyrolese abiding-place; and soon the great hotels would be closed and the visitors gone, and silence and snow would settle on the land.

ANNE MERCIER.

* See *Sulden Trafoi*, by Th. Cristomannos (Innsbruck).

THE PRIZE DESIGN.

CHAPTER II.

"He gave to misery—all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heav'n—'twas all he wished—a friend."

WHEN I entered my new abode the following morning, all my worldly goods were comprised in a small brown paper parcel, the few miserable bits of furniture in my garret having been seized by the landlord in lieu of rent.

I had scarcely said good-day to madame before I was introduced to my charges. The two little girls, who were twins, and the exact counterpart of their mother, shrieked long and loud as I approached them. In vain did I coax them, in vain did I stroke their yellow hair and by all the endearments possible try to win them to my side. They were obdurate, and their cries got more frequent and more pronounced.

"The poor little darlings are so timid," said their mother, "and they have a rooted dislike of strangers, especially such as are unprepossessing."

This was an unkind thrust, but I took it humbly enough.

"Perhaps," said I, checking back my tears, "when they know me better they will begin to dislike me less."

"There is no doubt about it, for, as I told you before, when properly treated they are simply angels."

As she spoke she produced from the cupboard cakes and sweetmeats, and the "angels," forgetting to shriek, were now fiercely quarrelling over a particular cake with a chocolate pyramid on the top. She looked on approvingly.

"You see," she said, "what spirits my dear ones possess. I have known them to quarrel all day long over a doll with a broken head and one eye. Their importunity was admirable, Miss Clair, I do assure you. Now, Jim——"

I trembled at his name. If these spoilt and naughty children were the angels, what could I expect from Jim?

"Jim," continued madame, "has perhaps a little too much life. He is so fond of kicking, biting and scratching; but as we intend him for the army we do not curb his restlessness, for Jim is every inch a man."

Just as she finished speaking this young hero entered the room. Seeing his sisters eating cakes he pounced upon them, and with a ferocity and greed that shocked me, began stuffing his mouth and pockets with what remained of the cakes.

I was about to remonstrate with the boy on his gross ill-manners when madame stopped me precipitously.

"Miss Clair," she said, "you really must not interfere with my son's behaviour. All his little peculiarities of temperament demonstrate in him the soldier and the man."

My heart began to sink, but I answered never a word, and presently madame told me to go to my room to deposit my things there, as she wished me to begin lessons at once. She furthermore informed me that I should be expected to eat in the servants' hall, as during the children's meals my whole attention would be required for them.

I left her silently and sought my room. It was situated in a wing of the house newly built, but as yet unfinished. My apartment, which was of huge dimensions, was absolutely devoid of furniture, with the exception of a small iron bedstead stowed away in the corner. The floor was bare, and even the walls were unpainted and unpapered. The room overlooked the stables, and not a green leaf, nor flower, nor tree was visible.

For one moment my heart rebelled, and I thought, with something like regret, of my dark little garret with its red geranium and its friendly creeper. But I had no time for thought, for even as I undid my humble parcel Parker, the butler, knocked at the door and informed me that I was wanted downstairs.

I could see by the way in which the man addressed me that he disliked me, and I found out later that his unreasonable aversion had spread to every member of the servants' hall, so that at meal times I was either made the object of ridicule or treated as an utter nonentity.

At lessons with the children another disappointment awaited me. I found they knew scarcely anything, and my most strenuous exertions to impart knowledge met with continual failure.

Heaven knows that I tried hard, with patience and perseverance, to train their thoughts from frivolity to seriousness. I would intersperse my teaching with anecdotes, and recite poetry to them, trying to inculcate them with a love and enthusiasm for nature and art. Sometimes I think my enthusiasm impressed them a little. They would listen with wide open eyes and remain very still—but, alas! they never remembered anything the following day, so my labour was in vain. Jim was absolutely untractable; nothing interested him, nothing amused him, and even to this day I have upon me traces of his many kicks and blows.

The hours which were not spent in teaching were taken up with mending and housework. I never had a holiday, and I never had a moment to myself. I was working hard and conscientiously, but with so little result that I was many a time taken to task by madame for the ignorance of her children.

I had been in the service of Madame

Clowne for almost a year when an event occurred which, though of trifling significance in itself, yet influenced the whole of my future life.

Let me relate it to you in detail.

It happened on one of madame's "At Home" days—a special one, I think, because ices had been ordered from Gunter's and cakes from Buzzard's. Madame's dress for the occasion was the cause of much comment amongst the servants. Mary Anne described it as an "adorable confection," and Sarah, the kitchenmaid, said that "her mistress's hands and neck looked white as the dribbling snow in contrast against the 'eavenly 'ue of the bodice."

During the afternoon, when the festivities were at their height, I was suddenly called upon to settle a quarrel between the girls and Jim. It had arisen, as usual, over some bonbons; and Jim, regardless of the company present, had given his sister a kick which had caused her to shriek at the top of her voice.

I soon made peace, and was about to leave the room when I distinctly heard one of the gentlemen present inquire my name of madame.

I looked up suddenly and caught the speaker's eye. His face seemed faintly familiar, but when and where I had seen it before did not dawn upon me.

Madame told him my name and then said in an undertone—

"She is a sadly plain creature to look after my pretty ones, is she not?"

He evidently did not assent, for the next moment he said kindly—

"I should like her also to be included in the picnic. I am sure a holiday would do her good!"

Madame said "Indeed!" in a very depreciating tone of voice, and I heard no more.

That same evening, however, when the last guest had departed, madame called me to her and told me that I might put on my best clothes the following morning, as Mr. Hamilton had invited me to join his picnic.

Now this particular "picnic" had been much talked about for some weeks past. It was to be a fashionable assemblage, and was to take place in the woods of Abbotsford, adjoining Mr. Hamilton's country seat.

Nothing could equal my astonishment at the invitation, unless it were the astonishment of others, who seemed to resent my intrusion into their select circle.

The servants were furious at my preferment, and mortified me at table by asking me such questions as to whether I intended wearing my sprigged silk or rose-coloured muslin on the morrow.

Early next morning we took the train to Herne, and from thence carriages were awaiting us to conduct us to Abbotsford. As we drove along I forgot my ugliness, forgot my poor apparel, forgot everything in my rapture at the exquisite scenery through which we were driving.

Now we passed a little brown stream in a wood brimming over the grass and giving birth to myriads of wild flowers; now we drove through orchards where the lucious fruit glowed on the bending branches of the trees; and now amid darksome fir trees that waved their heads above us. We arrived at the Hall about mid-day. It looked to me like some quaint and picturesque old abbey with its lattices and casements peeping above the trees.

We had dinner almost immediately after our arrival. It was a wonderful meal, with dishes of rare concoction, and for dessert there were creams and ices and piles of strawberries and pineapples.

I ate little. I was too excited with the novelty of my situation to be hungry.

Nobody addressed a syllable to me nor took the slightest notice of my presence, except the host, who in the midst of his exacting duties occasionally looked towards me and greeted me with a smile.

After dinner, coffee and cakes were served upon the lawn. The ladies partook of these whilst the gentlemen strolled about and smoked.

Finding myself alone and not caring to partake of the coffee, I strolled away from the fashionable group and wandered into a forest of pine trees whose dark waving branches seemed to be calling on me to admire them. I walked through this forest as one in a dream. It seemed to me like some dim and vast cathedral, with the stems of the trees for columns, the dark branches overhead forming a Gothic roof.

I had not left the forest two minutes before I came upon another picture even more beautiful and in glorious contrast to the first. It was an old garden hedged in by a wall, a sort of ancient pleasaunce, I suppose, where in bygone times ladies with whooped petticoats had walked about accompanied by powdered cavaliers. Roses grew here by the thousands, nodding their perfumed heads in the strong and brilliant sunshine. A water fountain with a dragon's head for spout and two moss-grown goddesses threw a delicious shadow on the pathway, and there was a sun-dial in the corner up and down which the green lizards and bright-coloured beetles darted to and fro.

I was gazing at this exquisite picture and peopling it with dames and cavaliers, when I was startled by the sound of a footstep, and looking round met my kind host face to face.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked in his cheery tones.

I turned my head hastily aside, but did not answer. Those were the first kind words that had ever been addressed to me, and they called forth two large tears.

He made a few ordinary remarks, waiting until my emotion had subsided.

"What do you think of this spot?" was his next question.

I told him my thoughts as simply as I could, but I think my simplicity must have pleased him, for he encouraged me to go on, and listened as attentively as if I had been a person of judgment and authority.

After a moment's pause he said—

"Miss Clair, this garden has great historical renown and is particularly dear to me, because it was my mother's favourite place. I wish for a painting of it. Will you accept the commission?"

I blushed and stammered. I thought at first that he was laughing at me, and the blood rose to my temples.

"I—I cannot paint," I said with faltering accents; "at least I—I shall never paint again!"

"That is not true," he said firmly.

"How, sir? How do you know?" I stammered, now utterly bewildered.

"Because I have already in my possession a sketch of yours which is very, very charming."

"A sketch?"

"A red geranium with one graceful festoon of bright green creeper round it."

"Oh!" I exclaimed; and looking up at him recognised at once the man who had stood outside the judgment hall and taken my part when I had crept home worn and miserable.

"It was a failure," I said dejectedly.

"No," he replied; "it was a success, a great success, and it would easily have won the contest had worth alone been considered. But, unfortunately, in these days the gaudiness and show which strike at once have greater worth than that subtle grace and charm which conquers by degrees."

His praise abashed me and I answered humbly enough—

"It is your kindness, sir, which prompts you to attribute worth to my poor endeavours. I thank you for it."

"Your endeavour has genius in it," he insisted—"a *genius with which you* can make a reputation for yourself."

I—the half-starved beggar girl who had passed nearly all her life in a damp garret—might one day be famous! The idea struck me as ludicrous and I laughed aloud.

"Will you accept this commission?" he asked again, and I knew that he was serious. I thought for one moment and my thoughts were troubled and humiliating, in the next I answered firmly—

"No, sir! It is impossible!"

"What prevents you? Come," he said—"tell me the truth. Do you dislike painting?"

"Oh, no!" I caught my breath and my eyes gleamed. "I love it. It is my passion!"

"Then why do you refuse to oblige me?"

"I have no money with which to buy paints and canvas."

"But have you not your wages as governess?"

"No."

"Do you gain nothing in return for your hard, I might almost say brutal, work at 'Wee Nestie'?"

"I have my board and lodging."

"I never remember to have seen you at table, although I have called many times at 'Wee Nestie'?"

"I board with the servants and lodge in the new wing."

"You lodge in that cold, damp quarter of the house where all the rooms are so vast and so unfinished? It is shameful!"

His mouth quivered, his eyes seemed full of anger, and for some moments a silence reigned between us.

"If," he then said, recurring to the former topic, "you will be so good as to accept the commission to paint my garden, the money necessary for the expenses of production can be advanced to you, and you will, of course, lodge for the time being at Abbotsford."

I opened my eyes wide with astonishment; I could not for the moment realise his offer.

"I am going abroad for some weeks," he continued, "and my aunt, who is alone in the abbey, will be glad to have you with her as a companion."

Again no answer came from my lips. He was proposing for me schemes so wonderful that I could only show my gratitude by flushed cheeks and gleaming eyes.

Then suddenly, just as I was beginning to realise my happiness, I remembered my duties at "Wee Nestie," and I felt a sickening conviction that Madame Clowne would object to my leaving her, if only for a week. I recounted my doubts to Mr. Hamilton, who promised to intercede for me himself.

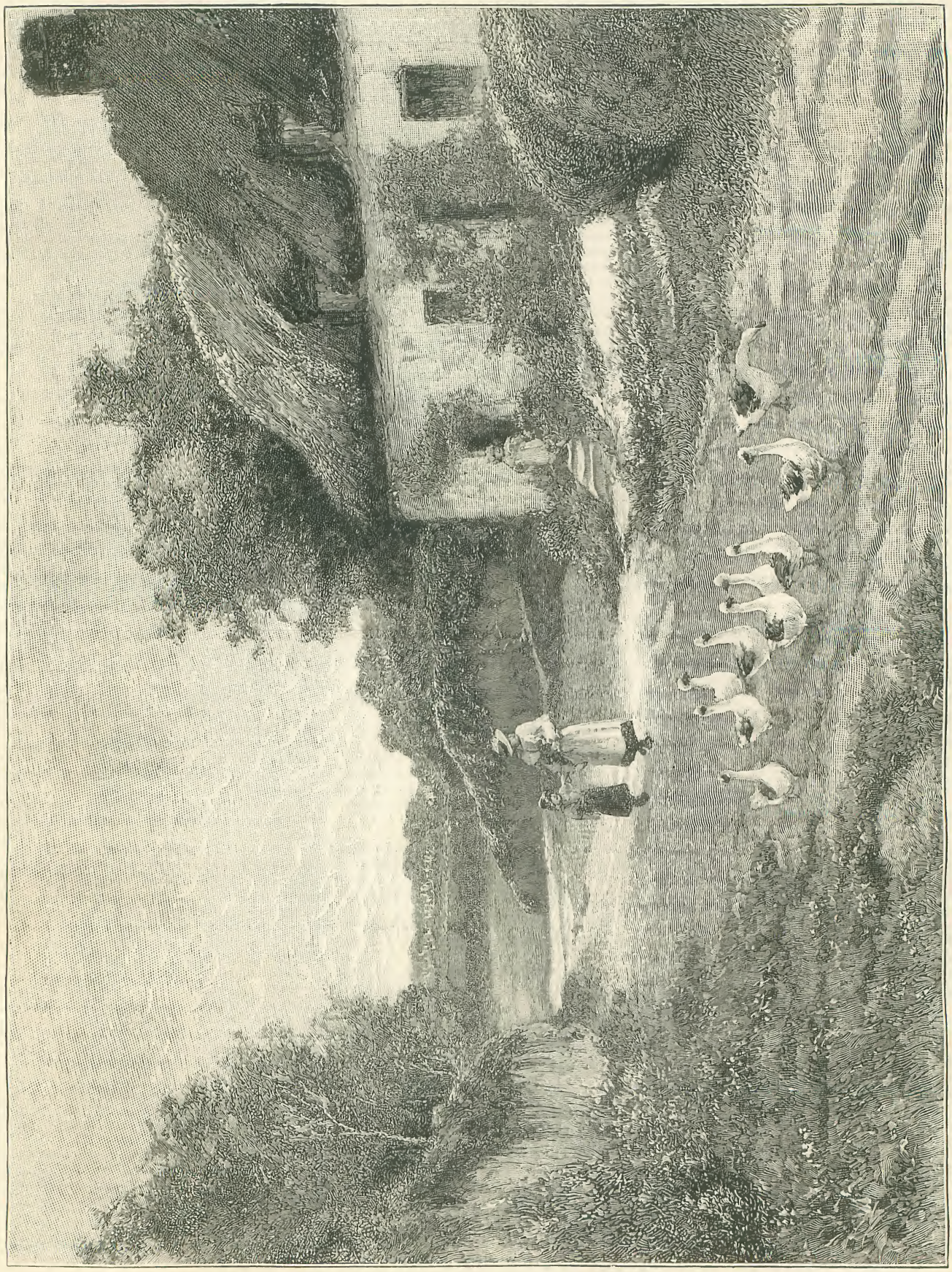
He must have been eloquent, for when I again saw my mistress, she shook hands with me before all the guests and wished me success in my enterprise.

Something in her voice, however, told me she was displeased, so just as she was about to leave I ran up to her and begged her not to be vexed with me, as I should return to her as speedily as possible.

She was alone and herself again.

"The idea of a thing like you being able to paint!" she cried. "If you don't return within the fortnight, you shall never enter my home again!"

(*To be continued.*)



A SURREY COTTAGE. (*From the painting by Florence A. Saltmer.*)

MY GARDEN.

By ERIC BROAD.

QUAINT is the garden that I love—and quiet,
Far from the strife and fever of the town:
There, roses blossom in a careless riot
Of red and white, and shed their petals down
On beds emblazoned, in a close confusion,
With mignonette, verbena, stock, and clove
From which an incense, freed from its seclusion,
Scents the box-bordered pathways that I love.

There, is a bower beautiful, and hidden
By twining tendrils—jasmine, clematis,
Wherein I love to rest, while thoughts unbidden
Sorrow awake, or maybe dreamy bliss:
'Tis there I listen to the tuneful rapture
Loosed from the careless thrush's golden throat.
Until the crescent moon in sea of azure
Above me sails—a far-off, fairy boat.

Oh, sweet the rest from all the moil and fretting
That fill my daily life from dawn to close:
Oh, fair that jewel-moon in twilit setting—
The fragrant incense of each dewy rose!
But sweeter far the thought that this fair garden
Is but a foretaste of what life may be—
That, if the fret and toil of life are hard, then
How sweet the peace of Paradise will be.

And if perchance I linger by the dial,
Which stands upraised above a verdant lawn,
Each lengthening shadow represents a trial,
And each will disappear when comes the dawn:
But 'tis the dawn of better life, of gladness;
Of life wherein is nought of grief and pain—
Oh, dear, quaint garden you will chase my sadness
When I shall know your rest and peace again.



THE LAND OF FORGOTTEN THINGS.

WITH a sigh the old man laid down his pen. On the table before him were scattered many note-books and papers, some brown with age. In their midst was a pile of newly written sheets, the first of which bore the title, "The Story of my Life." A tale of a life full of toil and honour lay bedded in the pages, a record of deeds and rewards of which the most successful of men might be proud.

"Now," he said to himself, "I have told all;" and, as if tired by his task, he bent his head upon his hands. It was his history, for history is the book of memory.

Then the spirit of the aged man became as that of a little child, and sped away through the children's "ivory gate and golden" into a far-distant world. Keen were his eyes, wise was his heart, yet he felt timid as on that night long, long ago when first he strayed out into the dark, and he was glad to take the hand of a bright stranger who seemed to be his guide. For a time he could see nothing, but at last the mist shaped itself into the narrow walls of a cottage. A woman with a sad and tired face was sitting by a slender fire, staring almost fiercely. Now and then she looked to a rough cradle at her side, and the swift glance changed for a moment the light of her face. It became soft and tender, and sweet as an angel. But the smile died quickly as she turned again to work. The black dress, the look of grief, and the big, empty arm-chair at the opposite side of the fire-place told a plain tale of a widow's struggles for her baby son.

It was a vision of a mother's love.

There was a blur in the scene, and when it cleared again it was the same cottage, but the mother had grown older and seemed more weary, and in place of the baby was a lad. A flush of anger—the senseless, quick-passing anger of youth—lit up the face of the boy. Roughly making his way to the door he flung himself out into the tiny garden path, and so out of sight. But the mother, when she had dried her tears, knelt for a few moments to pray. Then she rose and again took up her work, stooping painfully over it, though there was no sign of pain in her face. Again the boy returned, this time to his mid-day meal. The board was scanty enough—some bread and a little meat; but the meat was passed to the boy, and the mother was content with bread.

It was a mother's sacrifice.

The next scene was a leafy wood, in which the green had turned to golden in the rays of the evening sun. Between the stems of the richly foliaged trees were peeps of the nestling village lying a little farther down the slope. It lay quiet in the hush of the evening, like a soul resting in paradise. At the stile, where the footpath from the village turned into the wood, a youth and a pretty maid of the hamlet stood hand in hand. There was a glow on the face of each, with which the setting sun had nothing to do. They were making their solemn pledges against the hazards of the world, for he was going off to a distant city to play a man's part, and she was to remain with her aged father to play a woman's. The farewells being said, the youth turned to the footpath in the wood, at the further side of which his home lay, and, shrugging his shoulders, tried to whistle, as if to show he was a man. But the girl hung long over the stile till the fading light died out of her face, and across her grey eyes stole the look of one who has lost hope.

It was an idyll of love and faithlessness, for the youth never came back.

To this succeeded a room in the squalid home of a workman in a big city. On the bed lay a young man tossing in the delirium of fever. The housewife, gaunt and strong still—though her face had grown pallid in the lifeless air of a city street—bent over the sufferer and soothed his restlessness with words and tones such as would have surprised the woman's companions in the streets. Ungrudgingly she gave out of her spare living the simple delicacies which the poor can offer in a time of sickness, and so the unheeding sick man was kept in life. When the workman returned in the evening he sent his wife to rest, and then through the summer night sat watching his fevered chum, whom he and his wife nursed that he should not go unfriended to a hospital. As the morning dawned the fever passed, and the common toiler, with his shrewish wife, sobbed their gladness together. Patiently through many days the unceasing care went on, until at last the patient, in measure restored, went finally across the threshold to his own lodging, vowing undying mindfulness of his friends' goodness.

It was the beautiful, costly charity of the poor.

A contrast followed. In the private room of his offices the head of a prosperous firm sat deeply engaged in the details of business. The youth of the previous scenes had grown rich through the exercise of his fertile brain, and whilst still in middle life had come to honour. Presently a workman in his service entered the

room. In earnest speech he told his master of the distresses which had fallen upon him, of a home haunted by sickness, of children whose frailty did but add to the burdens of the home, of the little crippled one who was so sweet in his simple patience, but needed so much care, of the wife, fainting at last under the overgrown burden, ebbing from life as it seemed before his eyes. The man paused for a moment, for he was doing the last thing a workman cares to do, and then in a low voice, as if feeling a bitter shame, he asked his master for help. The great man was displeased. He lectured his humiliated workman on the want of thrift in the working-classes, spoke of the many claims upon him, and finally offering him a small dole, referred the man with his need to the usual channels of charity.

It was the uncharitable charity of a rich man.

The old man who had silently watched all these things turned at length to his guide, asking, "What is the meaning of the things I have seen? What country is this?"

"This," replied the other, "is the land of forgotten things. When a man comes here he sees not the history which he remembers, but all the things which have gone from his mind and are written only in the book of God. You said to yourself as you finished your book that you had told all; now you may understand how much has been left out. Men think the past dies when they forget it, but it lives, it lives here; and it is well that it is so, for often men forget the most beautiful things in life and remember only the sordid. You have forgotten your mother's love and sacrifice, your forsaken sweetheart, your humble friends whose care—never requited in after years—saved your life; you have forgotten also the hardness of heart which has marred the sweetness of your many years. But before you go there is one thing else to see which you have forgotten."

Thereupon out of the darkness grew a shining face—the saddest, kindliest, most beautiful face man has ever seen; the face that has inspired the highest art, the most rapturous music, the perfection of thought; the face that has changed the world; the face of Him whom the saints worship as God. The man watching felt the flash which blinded Saul of Tarsus long ago, and he fell and fell . . . .

As he came to himself in his library the fire was still burning, and the "story of his life" lay upon the desk. He lifted it slowly, and turning to the fire, threw a few pages to the flames. Long he sat feeding the unsated tongues that leapt in the grate, until all his labour was consumed. Then he arose with a clean heart.

HENRY FINCH-LEE.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XV.



"A LETTER from André at last!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy. "Génie, I began to think that we should never hear from him again. Only two short notes since he left us ten weeks ago."

"Ten weeks! Is it really ten weeks?" said Génie dreamily.

She was leaning back in her chair, her work had fallen idly into her lap and her eyes were looking out upon nothing. They were seated in the arbour, for though the beginning of October, it was still very warm weather.

"I am anxious about him, Génie; the accounts of the fever in the papers make me anxious. It must have been very bad."

She broke open the letter as she spoke, and began to read it eagerly.

Génie was far away in the land of dreams. She was growing daily more and more conscious that at any moment she might be called upon to decide on the momentous question of her future. Monsieur Canière's manner, always attentive and *empressé*, had yesterday betrayed a kind of tenderness and devotion which could not be mistaken. The time was approaching in which she must make up her mind simply and honestly as to what she would say. Could she care for him enough to become his wife.

"Génie," said Madame Féraudy, and the girl, startled by the unwonted agitation in her voice, turned quickly to her.

"They have had a terrible time in Paris. Read what André says."

"DEAREST MAMAN,

"I have been very remiss of late, but, truth to say, I have been worked off my legs in the epidemic through which we have just passed. I need not tell you about it, for you must have seen the accounts in the daily papers, and thank God it is over now. It has been very bad, and we who are left meet each other with pleased astonishment, as the few survivors of a shipwreck greet each other. A great many of the workers, nurses, sisters, doctors, are broken down. Rougemont, thank God, got through it. You remember him? He was senior to me and has been splendid in this affair. Our dear friend, Pasteur Nicholas, is quite convalescent, and he has gone off to the Hospice under the care of Nanon, the kindly woman who takes care of my room for me. The Hospice is quite full, and we have even added to it the large cottage we always coveted—this is a gift from a too-grateful patient. They were short of hands, but with Nanon and Sœur Eustacie, all will be right there. If you have any honey or jam to spare this year, will you send us some? The children love it so.

"I myself have had a touch of the fever, quite slight, so do not be alarmed. I have even been doing a little work since, but it has pulled down my strength, and I shall be of no farther use until I have had a rest, so I also am going to the Hospice. There is really nothing much to do here, and we have had such a godsend; old Monsieur and Madame Potier, you know whom I mean—the millionnaires—they have conceived a most undue passion of gratitude for my very ordinary treatment of their only son in this fever, and they have given me marvellous help. What a power wealth is! The good this money has done is untold; the children placed in orphanages, the convalescents sent to homes, the bread-winners helped, the wholesome food, the rest for worn-out nurses. God is good, *maman*.

"I am going to Dieppe to-morrow. You have never seen the Hospice. It is a mile out of the town and has a garden and a large field, and beautiful sands for the children's play. My bedroom is very tiny, but the *pasteur* and I share a little *salon* with tall windows opening into the garden; it will be enchanting, and I think I shall sleep for a month without waking.

"Your devoted ANDRÉ."

There was a slip of paper marked "private" which Madame Féraudy kept to herself.

"P.S. Did you give the letter I left with you to Mademoiselle Lacour?"

Madame Féraudy had not given that letter to Génie, and the omission troubled her conscience a little. She rose to her feet.

"I am going indoors, Génie," she said, "to fetch a letter I want to show you. Will you wait for me here?"

"Yes, *maman*," answered Génie.

She was reading Doctor André's letter through blinding tears; it seemed to her very tired, very worn out, but with a restful thankfulness breathing through it that went to her heart.

She had put down the letter and brushed away the tears when a shadow darkened the entrance of the arbour, and Jean Canière came in.

Génie invited him to sit down. She was startled by the white agitation of his face, he, who was always so suave, so self-possessed.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I have the permission of Madame Féraudy to speak to you. You must have seen, what it was beyond my power to conceal, that the hopes of my life are fixed on you,

that unless I can persuade you to accept my love and consent to become my wife, I shall never again know happiness. Listen to me, mademoiselle, no one will ever love you as I do!"

Génie shrank back.

"Oh, not yet, not yet!" she cried piteously.

Jean Canière was evidently not discouraged by her words. He took her hand with tender respect into his and pressed it to his lips.

"You shall not be hurried; it shall all be just as seems best to you," he said earnestly. "Only, dear Mademoiselle Génie, be merciful! Do not keep me in suspense too long."

"Be patient with me," she faltered. "It is not that I do not like you, but——"

"I am very patient," said Jean Canière tenderly. "Who would not be patient when he dares to hope?"

Once more he kissed her hand, and then he rose quietly and left her to recover her composure.

Madame Féraudy met him as she came down the garden walk and questioned him with her eyes.

"Not yet," he said in answer, "but she allows me to hope, and I am content."

"I am glad," she said hoarsely.

Jean Canière turned back and walked with her towards the arbour. He had something to say to her, and he did not know how to say it.

"Have you heard from Féraudy?" he said abruptly, when they were all together again.

Madame Féraudy looked a little startled.

"Yes, this very morning," she said, "I have a letter from him. Why do you ask?"

"Did he mention his health, madame? I have a reason for asking."

"He had had a touch of fever, but is better, and has been at work again; but now that the pressure is over he is going to his little Hospice for rest."

"You have heard something, Monsieur Canière?" said Génie, turning very pale.

"Yes, you are right; I have heard from the Pasteur Nicholas. I knew him well in Languedoc when we once lived there. He says Doctor Féraudy's friends ought to know that he needs very great care."

"What more?" faltered Génie.

Madame Féraudy did not speak, her face was set and rigid.

"It seems that there was a dangerous strain of the heart some little time ago, and that the fearful overwork of the epidemic had increased this, and——"

"Oh, André, André!" cried Génie in an agony, "it was done in saving me! I knew, I was sure that he was hurt! Oh, God, be merciful; it was all for me!"

Madame Féraudy's voice was hoarse and difficult.

"Tell me the truth, Jean Canière. Is there any hope?"

"While there is life there is hope," said Monsieur Canière, trying to speak brightly. "But I think you would like to go to Dieppe. Nicholas says that there are nice rooms in a farmhouse close to the Hospice. I took it upon myself to telegraph to him to engage them for you. May I take you there?" he said wistfully.

Génie put out her hand to him gratefully.

"Not yet, Jean," she faltered.

He understood very well. He allowed himself no more tenderness, but plunged at once into practical preparations for the journey.

As he stood, two hours later, in the little country station and watched the train rush off into the distance, his heart was very full.

(To be continued.)

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," etc.

CHAPTER III.

LOCAL APPLICATIONS.

I AM very strong and so was able to help Maggie to lay Ansella down flat on the floor. We loosened her dress round her neck, opened the window wide, put a little cold water on her face, and she was soon herself again. Her little sister looked on open-mouthed with astonishment when we laid her down on the floor, and told us that she had been doing her best to drag up her head.

Maggie explained to me afterwards that fainting is caused by failure of the heart's action, so that it does not send enough blood to the brain. Consequently by laying the person down with the head on or below the level of the body the blood is driven back to the brain. Maggie says that a little weak brandy and water or a teaspoonful of sal-volatile in water can be given, only as it happened neither of those things were at hand at Ansella's. Ansella is in a consumption and not likely to live long, so the doctor says.

We got her back into bed, which Maggie made first of all, and the poor girl seemed very thankful to find herself there again.

"Don't you feel a draught from the door?" inquired Maggie, for the head of Ansella's bed in the tiny room was close to the hinge of the door; and really there seemed no other place in which it could be put.

"Yes I do, miss," said Ansella in a low voice which seemed to come with difficulty.

"Have you such a thing as an old linen airer?" inquired Maggie, "for that makes a capital screen."

"No, miss."

"We have one at home which Ansella could have," I remarked.

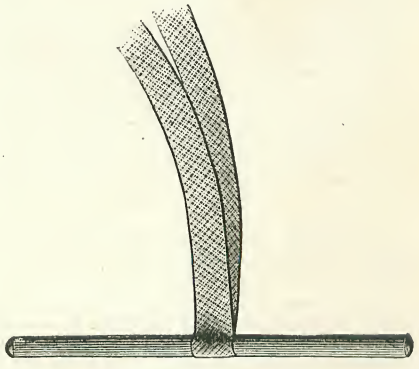
"But until we do it up for you, you must not have that draught," said Maggie thoughtfully. "Let me see; if I place a nail just above the door near the hinge we could hang a dress or shawl on it, and it would keep off the air that comes through the hinges," and in a very short time Maggie had done this and was rewarded by hearing Ansella saying that she did not feel any draught at all.

We stayed and talked to her a little, and in the course of conversation discovered that she often found it very hard to raise herself in bed, and when her mother was out her little sister was too small to be of much use in the way of raising her.

"When I was in the A—— hospital, miss," said Ansella, "there was a capital thing hanging over my bed by which I could pull myself up."

"Yes, I know," said Maggie; "well, when we come and see you to-morrow, we may be able to bring you something which will answer the purpose equally well."

Of course I was curious to know what this was, and Maggie explained it to me as we walked back. We stopped at our village shop and Maggie bought there a few yards of the webbing used for waistbands of skirts. When we got home she took a piece of stout stick about nine inches long, and after covering it with some rags and cotton wool she sewed a piece of serge over it neatly, thus making a padded handle. She doubled her length of webbing, and passing the stick through the loop she sewed it firmly down close under the handle, thus forming a cross-bar to the double lengths of webbing. The next day she fastened the ends to the iron-work at the foot of Ansella's bed, the length of the webbing being enough to admit of the handle lying close to her and being not too long to afford resistance when she wanted to pull herself up by it.



But to return to the screen. We really made rather a nice one from the old linen airer. We aspinalled the woodwork and then nailed some old damask that we found lying by and fortunately not moth-eaten, and we took it down in triumph to Ansella, who said it was even an improvement on the nail arrangement.

"A screen like that is often of the greatest use in a sick room," said Maggie; "for if not wanted to keep off draughts, it can be placed so as to screen off the wash-stand and anything that does not add to the beauty of the room, or else it can screen off the fire."

Aunt Elsie had not been feeling so well, so we deferred, at her own wish, transplanting her to her new quarters.

"I often wish that I understood all about making poultices and fomentations and things of that kind," I said, after our return from Ansella, and Maggie suggested an afternoon in the school-room and object-lessons.

"But I must take notes all the same," I said, "for I shall never remember when I want to use the things."

"Well, perhaps not at first," said Maggie, "but still you should master the quantities and methods to such an extent that if the doctor orders a poultice to be made that you can do it without referring even to your beloved note-book."

Certainly I thoroughly enjoyed that afternoon, and here is the result of it entered into my dear note-book.

Linseed Poultices.

These are made of crushed linseed. What is called linseed meal is not suitable for poultices, as it is merely oil-cake from which the grinding has extracted all the valuable oil, whereas the crushed linseed contains all the oil which is natural to the seed.

A bowl preferably metal with a handle and spatula or knife are necessary, as well as a board on which to spread the poultice; a deal table or drawing-board answers the purpose.

The first thing to do is to scald out the bowl with boiling water and then to pour in some fresh boiling water—enough to make the poultice—and the linseed is then sprinkled on the water while you stir quickly in one direction with the spatula. The right consistence is seen when the whole is blended into a smooth, soft mass.

The thickness of a poultice must be in proportion to its size and purpose. Medical poultices should be light, hot, soft and about half an inch thick, while surgical poultices should be as thin as you can make them.

When you have stirred the mass for a few seconds turn it out, and if properly blended it should come out of the basin without sticking to the sides.

Lint, warmed linen or tow which has been well teazed out should be laid on the board and the poultice turned out upon it. Spread it quickly and evenly, dipping the spatula in hot water every now and then. Do not cover the whole of the lint, etc., but leave a margin an inch or less, this is turned over the edges.

If the poultice is not to go next to the skin, a single layer of soft muslin or net may be spread over the surface. Always test the heat of a poultice with the back of your hand before placing it on the patient. It should be applied as hot as it can be borne with comfort. Place some cotton-wool, lint or waterproof over it and keep the poultice in place by a binder or towel.

If you have to carry a poultice from one room to another do so between two very hot plates.

Always remove a poultice before it gets cold. If you have to put on fresh poultices every few hours do not remove the old one until the new one is ready. When the last one is removed a layer of warmed cotton wool should be put on in its place.

Compound Mustard and Linseed Poultice.

Two tablespoonfuls of mustard are put in the bowl and mixed until quite smooth with boiling water as it is poured in, the linseed being then added as if for an ordinary linseed poultice. The directions in the British Pharmacopœia order equal parts of linseed meal and mustard.

These poultices should be spread on cloth or brown paper, and a layer of muslin placed over them.

A strong mustard poultice must not be left on too long. There is a great difference in the delicacy of the skin in people. You can turn down a corner and see that no blisters are produced.

Bread Poultice.

The boiling water should be put in a basin already well scalded out, and coarse bread-crumbs from a stale loaf added to it and well stirred. Next cover up the basin and put it by the fire for a few minutes. Drain the water off, add fresh boiling water and then pour it away, after which you can spread and apply the poultice.

Fomentations.

The directions for these I copied from Maggie's note-book, and she told me that she had got the directions, which are excellent, from a manual of nursing, and had copied them for her own use before she ever did any fomentations practically.

"Fomentations have the same effect as poultices; they are lighter and more quickly prepared, but need to be changed every quarter of an hour. To prepare fomentations the following articles are required—

"A large metal bowl, a wringer, which is a small roller towel made of a yard and a half of waste, two sticks (hoop-sticks answer admirably), several fomentation flannels, each half a yard square (old pieces of blanket are better than new flannel) and a large metal saucepan of boiling water.

"In making a fomentation, the wringing sticks having been placed inside the wringer as far apart as they will lie, the flannel to be used for fomenting is spread between them.

"The central portion of the wringer, that enclosing the flannel, is then placed in the bowl (which has been previously heated) and boiling water is poured in until the bowl is three parts full. The fomentation is then partially wrung by twisting the sticks in contrary directions, so as to squeeze the flannel as dry as possible before it is taken out of the water. The wringer is next lifted out and the wringing is completed. When wrung the fomentation should be moist but not wet, or it will scald the patient. It should be shaken up, applied immediately, covered, first with a macintosh, then with two or three folds of flannel.

"Fomentations made with water in which poppy heads or camomile flowers, or both, have been boiled have a soothing effect, while fomentations sprinkled with a tablespoonful of common turpentine, or thirty or forty drops of spirits of turpentine are useful in severe cramp of the stomach and in cases of torpid liver for relieving pain and stimulating the inactive organ. The latter fomentation is called a turpentine stoup. Spongio piline answers rather better than flannel for medical fomentations; as being waterproof on one side, it maintains its high temperature for a longer period. It is wrung out in exactly the same way as flannel, but it is applied quite smooth. In some hospitals it is used, dry and warm, instead of macintosh and folds of flannel to cover fomentation flannels."

"I fancy I have heard of charcoal poultices," I said, when I had copied this from Maggie's book.

"Yes," said Maggie, "and if you like I can dictate to you how to make them."

"What are they used for?"

"They are used in many cases of offensive wounds or ulcers."

I headed my note

Charcoal Poultices.

Take a teacupful of bread-crumbs and make a bread poultice with it. A quarter to half an ounce of finely powdered charcoal is gradually added and well mixed with it.

Sprinkle the surface of the poultice with finely powdered charcoal before applying it.

Another way—to add half an ounce of charcoal to four ounces of linseed meal and bread in equal parts.

"Are there any other things I could make a note of under this head?"

"Yes, you had better write down some hints as to the use and preparation of

"Inhalations.

"These mean the breathing in the vapour which rises from boiling water.

"You can get proper inhalers of various kinds, one of the simplest being an earthenware vessel, which has a mouthpiece and a tube which comes out from the side, so that air may be admitted. This vessel should be half filled by the removal of the mouthpiece, and then pouring in hot water containing whatever solution the doctor has ordered for inhalation. Another way is to fit a sponge into the mouthpiece and to pour the necessary number of drops upon it. If, however, you do not possess an inhaler you can use a jug with a wide mouth.

"Sometimes the steam is used alone, at others it is made stimulant, sedative or antiseptic by the addition of certain solutions to the water.

"Cover over the mouth of the jug with a towel and leave an aperture just large enough to admit the mouth and nostrils. Let the patient sit with his head bent over the jug and gradually bring the mouth near to the opening from whence the vapour is coming. He should breathe very quietly and quite naturally, and after seven or eight inspirations he should draw away his face for about half a minute and repeat the process. This he should go on doing for from fifteen to twenty minutes. Before going to bed is the best time for inhalations. If done in the daytime the person should avoid going out or into a cold room for some time afterwards."

"What is the real use of inhalations, Maggie?" I asked as I finished writing all she said.

"They are used for applying remedies to the air passages in laryngeal affections and in bronchitis and asthma, as well as sore throat and cough, to give relief from pain and difficulty in breathing."

In a few days Aunt Elsie was well enough to be removed, and certainly we girls had every reason to be pleased at her evident satisfaction with all we had done.

"I cannot help thinking that this room will help me to get better," said Aunt Elsie.

Jackson, the maid, had gone out of the room to fetch Aunt Elsie's dinner.

"I am so glad you like it, auntie dear," I said.

Certainly the room looked very much more cheerful than the one she had left, and sunshine was at that moment coming in through the window from which was a pretty view Aunt Elsie could enjoy on the days when she was able to be on the couch. Presently Jackson returned with the dinner, and I noticed that Maggie gave one of her sharp glances at the tray, on which was crowded a helping of meat and vegetables, a big jug of water, some pudding, a big butter-dish, a large salt-cellar, etc., and all arranged on what I noticed was a very tumbled cloth.

We left Aunt Elsie to have her dinner under Jackson's auspices, and as we left the room I asked Maggie frankly if she would tell me what was wrong.

"It seems like continual fault-finding," she answered.

"Not if you are giving me lessons and I am learning."

"Then I will tell you," she answered.

(*To be continued.*)

"THE KING'S DAUGHTERS": THEIR CULTURE AND CARE.

By LINA ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

PART VI.

"UNTO THE KING."



IT has been the creed of all God-fearing nations from the beginning, that the promises are unto us and our children. Various are the ways in which we seek to ratify that covenant. Some of us believe that we may bring our little ones to the Lord in baptism, as did Lydia, the purple-seller of Thyatira, and Stephanas of Achaia; others "dedicate" only without the outward form and sign of water. But, some way or other, every Christian parent brings the children to Jesus that He may touch them, and bless them. Households still are enrolled under Christ's banner.

To-day I want to speak a little about further bringing "unto the King." There is a natural reticence shown by every human soul in its direct dealings with others. I think those good folk who encourage a "moral nakedness" are wrong. They go chiefly on the verse "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," forgetting that in each case an evil speaker is being photographed. We do not talk in public of our immense love for husband, child or parents. We show our love by our works. Most people are reticent as to their deepest emotions.

Even in our treatment of the King's daughters we should respect spiritual reserve. All the same, night and morning we must bring our girlies "unto the King." A few words of Bible-reading, a few minutes of united, silent prayer. The daily formula—"Oh, Lord, defend this Thy child with Thy Heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever; and daily increase in the Holy Spirit more and more until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom"—is more than an episcopal benediction. If accompanied by a soft touch of mother's hand on the curly head, a reverent closing of eyes, and a loving kiss, the King's daughters will never forget it.

Mrs. Tait, she who afterwards was called upon to bring all her five daughters in one week, unto the King, through the gate of death, had brought them to Him every morning of their short lives in another way. She has left on record the prayer she used, "Prepare these Thy children for what Thou art preparing for them." Such a short, pregnant formula, one we might well use even on our busiest days.

I am sure every parent feels that the heart of her child may be irrevocably turned against or towards God by the ideas imbibed in play and schoolroom. We realise the necessity of grave and careful thought, and definite resolve, as to what teaching the girl shall receive on this momentous subject, of being brought "unto the King." We shall not delegate to others the task which carries "joy and gladness" with it, yet "the times and seasons" each mother must seize for herself. The moments are few and far between in which mother and child will definitely realise that they stand on holy ground. Those are precious, just on account of their rarity. But the few deeply felt, softly spoken words on such occasions are a very real coming into the presence of the King. Afterwards there will be a thousand showing forths of the King's care, His love, His tenderness, but they will not be spoken of. "The practice of the presence of God" will have been set, and the idea have become part of the child's life.

We may also bring the King's daughters to Him through every manifestation of life round us. Teach them to find

> "Books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones,
> And good in everything."

This should be our programme in moral and intellectual culture.

> "New thoughts of God,
> New hopes of heaven"

should be woven into the blessings of each day. The flowers come, because our Father has taken care of them through the long winter. This has been a happy day, because our Father has made it so.

The thunder is God's voice speaking to us; the lightning his artillery. "Just as the old Cavaliers brought up their sons and daughters in passionate loyalty and reverence for their not too worthy princes, so by having our hearts full of loyalty to the great King we shall influence our families. Let our daughters see what a grand thing it is to come to "the chief amongst ten thousand" by the style of our clothes, the ring of our voices, the carriage of our heads, by our talking, by our acts.

And if our little ones ask us, "How are we to know we have come to the King, mother?" make answer: "When my girlies are gentle and sweet and happy, we know they are in the outer court of the palace, for,

> "When you come, He makes your face so fair,
> Your friends are glad, and say, 'The King is there.'"

But there is another and deeper, and fuller, and sadder way (for us) of bringing our little girls unto the King's palace. It is an arrow, though sharpened by love, that the post gives us as a token. Open in the hands, sometimes, comes the letter saying that our sweet precious nurslings are to prepare for a change of life, for the King is not willing that they should be so far from Him any longer. And oh! before the "great cloud" becomes an "exceeding glory" we have to still the trembling lips and nerve the shaking hands. We know—

> "Snowy brows, no care shall shade them,
> Bright eyes, tears shall never dim,
> Rosy lips, no time shall fade them,
> Jesus calls them unto Him."

But we cannot help grieving—

> "All adown the mighty ages,
> All adown the solemn time,
> They have taken up their homeward
> March to that serener clime.
> Where the watching, waiting angels,
> Lead them from the shadow dim,
> To the brightness of His presence,
> Who hath called them unto Him."

"There is always something pathetic about a soul that stands upon the borderland of a great, new country beyond. There is always something that strikes a tender key about a life that has lately been, or is soon to be, merged into the fuller life of immortality." So writes one who has stood there with the little ones. I think the sentence explains our attitude towards the King's daughters. They have so lately come—fresh, sweet, and beautiful—from the Father's hand. We do not know how close they may be standing to the many mansions, or how soon they may be called over the border line. Time has not yet obliterated marks of their nationality. Innocence, trust, and simplicity are still fully developed in the little ones who have come from a far country, and have not yet learned the shibboleth of earth. "The silver bells of youth," are not yet jangled out of time. Blue eyes are still blue with the glory of the heavens they lately passed through.

I think only a mother can really realise the awe with which we mothers approach, and touch, those who have come from and are going to the King.

> "I appeal to all who bear babes—in the hour,
> When the veil of the body we feel
> Pent round us—while torments reveal
> The motherhood's advent in power."

Are we doing all we can to prepare our daughters for the destiny in store for them? Bunyan has placed his land of Beulah at the end of pilgrimage. Rather, I think, it should be put in that part of life when the children are children still. For here alone are the pilgrims' chambers perfumed with camphire and spikenard, saffron, calamus and cinnamon. With all trees of frankincense, myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices. Here we anoint their bodies for that passage over the river which may be so near. For though—

> "No rush of the mournful waters
> Breaks on the ear,
> To tell us, when Life is strongest,
> That Death draws near."

Yet from statistics we know that nearly half of the world's population go back to the King in childhood. Only a little while may be ours to work the clothing of the King's daughter with wrought gold and fine needlework. Only a little while to act the part of Hegai, and see that all things necessary for their purification are theirs (Esther ii. 8). Only a little while to strike their lives in the key which is set to the songs of immortality.

I wonder if we think enough about this? The white bodies of the King's daughters must, we say, be kept pure and clean and wholesome. Oil of myrrh and sweet odours we metaphorically pour over them. We clothe them in fine linen, tucked and embroidered and frilled and stitched. We feed them on the finest of wheat flour and best of fruits. We make the pillars of the house they live in of the silver of love, paving it with gold and covering it with purple. We tend them carefully in sickness and health, in poverty and wealth. Do we equally, carefully, and systematically make this life only a part of that other life they may any day be called to begin? Not patching this old cloth on to a new garment. Not making it an exchange of old lamps for new ones. But weaving the fabric all of one piece. Letting the same threads twine and intertwine until there shall be nothing to change if the Master's voice came to-day: "Bring her to Me."

We so carefully train our maidens for the lifework we think they have before them. The embryo schoolmarm takes a degree after years of study. The musician spends hours at the piano. The artist learns anatomy and colour and form. So, just as diligently our little girls should be trained for eternity. Other careers may be before them. Eternity *must* be before them.

"The beautiful gate" led from the court of the women into the Holy Place. It was made of strong brass, but overlaid with pure gold. It was carved with almond knobs and grape

vines. It was leaved with lilywork. Overshadowing it were the everlasting azure wings, and none were afraid as they entered "the upper court" through its lovely portal. So we need to take away all horror at the thought of Death from our young people. It can never be "premature" then. "There is a time given to finish the work, and when the limit of that time shall come, not one stone more can be laid by the builder, not one touch more given to the edifice in any of its parts." How eager and anxious we should be, in consequence, to work whilst it is to-day, and in polishing the jewels which are to shine in the walls of the golden city.

"God will take His children to Himself at their full growth." He knows when that is—we do not. We only feel that the fairest, the tenderest, the loveliest of our flock are taken. So it must be—always. The glow from over the river is in their eyes. They are nearing home.

In that solemn hour—when with the King's daughters we stand on the borders of the Kingdom, waiting for the last message from the King, we shall not think of the cleverness, or talents, or beauty of the one going from us. We shall only remember with joy that they are ready. "Death must be good to those that do good—because it crowns man's evolution on the planet earth." Lord, we can trust Thee for our Holy Dead.

"With joy and gladness shall they be brought and shall enter into the King's Palace." It is not so here. Jesus Himself wept at the grave of Lazarus. They leave such a blank in the home, those King's daughters early called to Him. Such empty arms, such an aching heart. Our children have walked out into the great mystery. Fearless because they trusted in Him who was their guide even through death. We are left to face bereavement and sorrow. We can only face it by entering into the fact that the King's daughters are with the King in the Palace of the King. They are gone a step further on the same road they have walked here; they are on one side of the door, we on the other. Jesus, who first set this little child in our midst, now calls her to go a step further to Him. Abiding places are prepared in the many mansions of the King's Palace.

Shall not you and I try to take up the closing verse of the psalm—

"Therefore shall the people give thanks unto Thee, world without end."

The King has loved our Esther, the little girl reared and cultured and cared by us for Him—above all the women—she has obtained grace and favour in His sight more than all the virgins. So that He has set the Royal crown upon her head and given her a long life—even for ever and ever.

WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO EAT IT.

HERBACEOUS MEATS AND FRUIT DIETS.

"O green and glorious! O herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat."
Sydney Smith.

It is not often in our own immediate times that we find so eminent a person as the Pope of Rome taking the somewhat humble subject of food and diet into serious consideration; his poem, lately published, "In Praise of Frugality," presents to us so fine a picture of true epicureanism and catholic taste, that I crave permission to quote some of its lines here.

"What Diet lends the strength to Life, and frees
The flower of health from each malign disease?
The good Ofellus, pupil from of old
And follower of Hippocrates, has told,
Rating base gluttony with anxious air,
He thus laid down the law of Frugal Fare:—

Neatness comes first. Be thy spare table bright
With shining dishes and with napkins white,
Be thy Chianti unadulterate,
To cheer the heart, and raise the spirit's weight.
Yet trust not much the rosy god—in fine
Be sure that you put water to your wine.
Picked be thy grain, and pure thy home-made bread,
Thy meats be delicate, and dairy-fed;
Tender, nor highly spiced thy food; nor tease
Thy taste with sauces from Ægean seas.
Fresh be thine eggs, hard-boiled, or nearly raw,
Or deftly poached, or simply served *au plat*,
'There's wit in poaching eggs,' the proverb says,
And you may do them in a hundred ways.

Nor shun the bowl of foaming milk that feeds
The infant, and may serve the senior's needs.
Next on the board be Heaven's gift—honey—placed
And, sparing, of Hyblean nectar taste;
Pulses and salads on thy guests bestow—
Even in suburban gardens salads grow—
And chosen fruits—whate'er the times afford;
Let rose-red apples crown the rustic board.
Last comes the beverage of the Orient shore,
Mocca, far-off, the fragrant berries bore.
Taste the dark fluid with a dainty lip,
Digestion waits on pleasure as you sip."

It is to Mr. Andrew Lang that we owe the translation of the Latin words.

A meal so rare as this puts our tables to shame, but, if we cannot follow this regimen literally, we can bear in mind that "even in suburban gardens salads grow;" we can have "pure home-made bread," "tender" meats, and the bowl of "foaming milk." Above all, we can bear in mind that "neatness comes first," and look to it that our table is faultlessly set, shining, sparkling, and cheering. Rare fruits and wines may be beyond our power or desire; fragrant coffee is accessible to all.

The more substantial articles of a herbaceous dietary we considered in our last study of vegetables, but as the term herbaceous includes also the foliaceous parts, shoots, stems, etc., of plants, we take these separately. On account of their succulent nature they yield but a small proportion of nutritive matter, but they are exceedingly valuable on account of their anti-scorbutic properties, for their salts, and for the sake of the variety they give to our bills of fare.

Gardeners are continually adding to our list of edible plants by various methods of cultivation; things that in a wild and uncultivated state would have been coarse and unpalatable are rendered, by rapid growth and partial exclusion from light, delicate, fine-flavoured, and digestible.

One of the most patent instances of what cultivation can effect is illustrated by contrasting the blanched and succulent *dandelion* that is grown for salad, and the rank, dark-green leaves and bitter root of the dandelion of the hedgerow.

To the large and constant sale of *watercress* and small cress with mustard, Londoners owe much of their comparatively good health.

Celery is yet another instance of a like kind. The common or wild celery is a native of Britain, and in its original form it grows in marshy places and by the side of ditches. In this form it has a coarse, rank, bitter taste, and rather objectionable smell. The knowledge of how to cultivate for table use came to us from India about a hundred and seventy years ago. By excluding the light, allowing only the leaves to remain above ground, the stalks grow white, become mild and sweet in flavour, and tender enough for eating in their raw state.

Under the name of *laver* we have various kinds of seaweed which are all good for food, indeed so good (according to Dr. Letheby) are they, that he urges the advisability of extending the use of a so valuable and abundant stock of food. As they contain about sixty per cent. of starchy matter and sugar they are amongst the most nutritious of vegetable substances. By the peasants of the coasts of Ireland and Scotland they are much used, as after soaking them in cold water for several hours, they are stewed in milk until tender, or they are pickled. The Chinese eat them freely and make a pleasant jelly from them.

Of *lettuce* and *endive* and cress—commonly called "small salad"—we have a goodly variety; in this class we should keep in mind what the French call *coquille*, and which we know as "corn salad." As this last is very hardy it stands out all winter, and in very early spring, before lettuce of any kind is available, it is at its best for table use. Lettuces are chiefly valuable for their cooling properties; they are excellent for the skin, easy of digestion, and have a slightly soporific effect on the system generally.

After a meat course, or anything that is rich and highly seasoned, a salad comes most acceptably to the palate, and not only acceptably but necessary from a hygienic point of view. With eggs again, as eggs in a minor degree have much the same constituents as meat, salad is the most appropriate accompaniment we can have.

It is a mistake to let the dressing of a salad overpower the flavour of the herb or extinguish its character. The celebrated recipe of Sydney Smith, from which we quote in our headline, is altogether too elaborate for all but the *gourmet*. The simple mixture of oil and vinegar, pepper, mustard and salt, with or without the hard-boiled yolk of egg, is quite sufficient for every-day needs. It would be well if *salads* replaced pickles on the working man's table much oftener than they do. The preparing and dressing of a salad is not beyond the skill and the capabilities of the most illiterate housewife, but, alas! the trouble that must be taken is a great deterrent.

Besides herbaceous plants we have certain fruity products which are consumed as vegetables and ordinarily rank as such, viz., the tomato, cucumber, vegetable marrow, pumpkin, aubergine (or egg-apple) and the squash or melon-pumpkin.

All are of a fleshy nature, capable of being eaten in a raw state, but better for digestion if cooked.

The actual nutritive value of all of these is very low—they cannot be said to form *food;* but their value in other ways is great; they are cooling, laxative, and contain mild medicinal properties.

Fruit as an article of diet has a most favourable effect on the system, but if we took it alone as a staple food the direct contrary would be the result. "Its proportion of nitrogenous matter is too low, and its proportion of water too high, to allow it to possess much nutritive value;" (Dr. Pavy) "it is chiefly of service . . . for the carbo-hydrates, vegetable acids, and salts it contains . . . Of a highly succulent nature, and containing free acids and principles prone to undergo change, it is apt, when ingested out of proportion to other food, to act as a disturbing element, and excite derangement of the alimentary canal."

Fruit is of particular value as a set-off to dried or salted foods, to bread, and to meat. Where a vegetarian, for instance, may make a perfect meal from seeds, as pulse, beans, etc., with the addition of bread, fruit, and milk, having thus all the constituents required for repair and rebuilding, the non-vegetarian will fall short if to meat and bread he add neither succulent greens nor fresh fruit.

The practice of eating a little bread with fruit—cooked or uncooked—is a good one.

The *apple* heads the list of fruits in order of popularity, and even we might say in order of good, for its virtues are many and its uses innumerable. The smallest apples grow in Siberia (Siberian crabs), and America has by processes of cultivation contrived to produce the largest and finest, though not the best-flavoured, apples ever seen. The British Islands take the palm when flavour is in question; it is well that fruit-growing is at last becoming a better-known industry amongst us, as, owing to the peculiarity of our much-abused climate, we may take the first rank wherever we choose.

As fruit ripens the starch it contains undergoes transformation into sugar, and the insoluble pectose into pectin, gum, and gelatinous substance. The agreeable taste of ripe fruit owes its existence in part to the due relation of acid, sugar, gum, pectin, etc., and the amount of water it contains. Over-ripe fruit loses its flavour because, on account of oxidation, the sugar and acid both become destroyed, and consequently deterioration has begun.

The sour taste of certain fruits, like the gooseberry and currant, is caused by the amount of free acid they contain being greater in proportion than the residue of gum and pectin is capable of disguising. Cultivation increases the proportion of sugar, as we notice when we compare the cultivated with the wild strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, etc.

Oranges, with lemons, citrons, limes, shaddocks, pomegranates, and quinces, all of the *pomaceous* tribe, have strongly similar features and properties. Of them all the two first-named are the most useful, as they are also the best known. The orange is with us now all the year round, more or less, as when the consignments fail us from one source—when Lisbon is orangeless, Sevilles all consumed, and Malta cleared—Jaffa and far China take up the tale, thus perpetuating the supply that pours into English ports. The rind of an orange is slightly tonic; it contains a quantity of volatile oil, and is largely used, apart from the juice, as a flavouring agent.

The true *Seville orange*, of which there is but a limited importation, is obtainable only for a certain period in the early part of the year. It is immediately replaced by the *bitter* orange—*par complaisance* Seville also—and few people know the difference, one being almost as good as the other for preserving purposes.

Lemons and *limes* are strongly anti-scorbutic; hence in all affections of the blood, the skin, etc., and for gout, they are invaluable.

Shaddocks are more common in America than with us. They are a refreshing fruit, and make an excellent preserve.

The rind of the *pomegranate* is strongly astringent, and is sometimes used in medicine on this account. The pulp is refreshing and mildly astringent.

The many varieties of *plums*, *cherries*, with peaches, nectarines, apricots, olives, and dates, all called *drupaceous*, present a quite different kind of fruit to the foregoing. They all have a hard stone or kernel, surrounded with a fleshy substance, more or less acid. In either the unripe or over-ripe stage all these fruits are unwholesome, and because of their excess of acid they should only be eaten in moderation even at the most perfect stage.

Large quantities of plums are imported from abroad in a dried state, and known as *prunes*. These, when well-cooked, are more digestible and more nutritive than any kind of fresh plum.

In plums pectous substances preponderate over all other substances except water. The amount of sugar varies according to the kind of plum, some kinds possessing so little as to make them absolutely uneatable whilst raw.

Cherries, like plums, should be eaten in moderation. *Kirchwasser* and *Maraschino*, two highly esteemed liqueurs, are both prepared from cherries. Cherries contain a greater proportion of sugar and water, and a less amount of pectous substances than do plums.

Peaches, on the other hand, are remarkable for the small amount of sugar they contain; but as the amount of free acid is also small, and that of the pectous and albuminous substances is large, the fruit becomes one of our most valuable, refreshing, and luscious articles of diet.

Dates, both fresh and dried, count as a staple food with the Arabs. Cakes of dates, pounded and beaten together, form the "bread of the desert." The fleshy part of this fruit contains fifty-eight per cent. of sugar, with a large amount of gum, pectin, etc. The tree bears its fruit in clusters, which weigh heavily—from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

Olives are chiefly valuable for the oil that is obtained from them; they contain this in a large quantity. When ripe the fruit is black, but in its green state it is imported into France and England for table use, either as an appetiser or as a dessert, preserved in a solution of salt. Spanish olives are larger, richer, and oilier than those grown either in Italy or the South of France.

To the *baccate* tribe belong most of the fruits of the berry kind which have stones or pips, like the grape, gooseberry, and currant. The pulp of the grape possesses wholesome, refrigerant, and nutritious properties, and besides its uses as a fresh fruit it is dried and imported under the form of raisins and currants, the dried currant being the fruit of a vine which grows in the Ionian Islands. The process of drying both grapes and currants by the sun and air causes them to lose their acid properties, and leaves the sugar more abundant; consequently they are less refreshing than the fresh fruit, but more nutritious. If eaten too freely they are apt to set up derangement of the digestive organs.

Cultivation has made our *gooseberry* the fruit that it is now. Originally it was a wild, prickly shrub, common enough in Asia. It is a most wholesome and useful fruit. Both *currants* and gooseberries have similar dietetic properties, and both are natives of Asia and North America. Cultivation has produced the white currant from the red, and in Russia a yellow currant has been produced from the black variety.

Cranberries, bilberries, barberries, and elderberries are all hedgerow fruits, more or less common and indigenous to our islands and to America. They are all far too acid to be eaten in their natural state, but when cooked they are both useful and delicious.

The cultivation of the strawberry, raspberry and (more recently) of the blackberry is a testimonial to what skill may effect. The common wild strawberry of the field and thicket would hardly dare to proclaim itself as the parent stock of a British Queen, yet, if we go back to find origins, it certainly is so.

The *strawberry* contains a large percentage of sugar, and, in proportion to other fruits, a large percentage of albuminous substances; but, as usual, we have over eighty per cent. of water here as well.

The *mulberry* has almost gone out of cultivation as a fruit; it used to be highly esteemed for dessert, and was both wholesome and refrigerant, while a very agreeable wine was made from it.

Figs are allied to dates with regard to the nourishment that they contain; either in a ripe state or dried and pressed they are nutritious enough to form an important part of the food of the inhabitants of warm countries. The figs grown in England are inferior in flavour to those grown in sunny climates; the best of all are known as Smyrna figs. A very large proportion of sugar is found in figs, especially when they are dried and compressed.

We have still another group of fruits which may be called the *gourd* tribe: these are the melon, pineapple, plantain or banana, guava, and the mango; also the bread-fruit, common to the Polynesian Islands, almost unknown in our own.

Melons and pineapples are most familiar and popular with us, although bananas—the smaller plantain—run the two first-named very close. The pineapple is one of the very finest and most luscious fruits that we possess. Plantains and bananas, when dried, furnish a fine meal that is much used for infants and delicate persons: it is said to be easy of digestion. It consists principally of starch, but, having a certain percentage of nitrogenous matter, it is more valuable than other purely starch foods, like arrowroot, etc.

The mango, a fruit we rarely see, is highly prized in parts of India, Ceylon, and Jamaica. It is large, luscious, and refrigerant.

The bread-fruit holds the same position in its native clime that corn holds in our own.

The fruit of the carob tree—almost the only tree that grows in Malta—is commonly called *St. John's bread*, as it is supposed to have formed the chief food of St. John the Baptist. In times of scarcity it has served as a most useful article of diet.

Hence we see that in certain climates a reliance placed upon fruit as a staple article of diet is not only practicable but also is almost necessary. The question of its being so suitable in our own climate and to our more complex needs is quite another matter, although there are many people who try to prove that a fruit diet is the only perfect one.

Here again, however, as we look upon the abundance and variety that is ours to avail ourselves of, we may say we have them "richly to enjoy," and be glad and grateful that it is so; using as many as it is possible for us to do, using them wisely and temperately, and so add another pleasure to living.

L. H. YATES.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

X. Y. Z.—So long as the remarks are not addressed to you, and only to the children, we do not see that you have any business to interfere. You will find throughout your life that it is well to be deaf at times, both for outward peace and our own quietness of spirit. You must follow the way of peace at all times in such things, and avoid judging anyone harshly.

EDITH must inquire at a library, or of a bookseller. If these titles be articles in magazines she must give the name of the magazine; if books, the name of the publishers.

GIP.—The cat wants to be well brushed and kept clean; the skin, especially on the back, requires attention, if they be much in the house, with no garden.

X. Y. Z.—If the old painting were worth £600, say a hundred years ago, it would gain in value, provided that it retained its good condition. Also, the fashion of the time, when offered for sale, would affect the question of value, and the country where it was exhibited. There are continual changes in the run made on certain old masters, and the season when put up for sale. Sometimes the competition is large, and at other times, as when "London is out of town," there is scarcely any at the great picture-sale repositories.

J. S. BOLGER.—In reply to your letter, we promise you a series of articles on the subject of "Marks on Porcelain" in our next volume; for it would be impossible to give you the information you require, on a subject of such proportions, in our correspondence columns.

A. B.—To clean white straw hats, you must make a warm lather of soap, and with this wash the hat thoroughly inside and out, using a soft brush. Though taking out all grease and dirt effectually, you must be gentle with the straw or you will break it. When clean, rinse off the soap with cold water, and then bleach and restore the colour. To effect this, take from a quarter to half an ounce of oxalic acid powder—depending on the number of hats you have to whiten—and put into a large clean pan, and pour sufficient boiling water over the acid so as to cover the hat completely. Then immerse it and hold it down with a stick for five minutes, when you should take it out and dry it in the sunshine, or else before a fire. Next prepare some parchment size or white glue, melting either in a hot-water bath, and brush it with a broad flat paint brush over the inside of the hat to stiffen the straw. Remember that oxalic acid is poison, so do not leave it about.

MARY MACLAGAN.—Brabazon Home for Ladies is at 8 and 9, South Crescent, Tottenham Court Road. Write for information to the matron or secretary.

ELIZA.—Clans exist in the Highlands only, not in the Lowlands.

THE JOLLY TAR.—1. When a bee uses its sting it generally leaves it in the wound, and the loss is said to kill it; at least this is the popular belief.—2. Kissing under the mistletoe has its origin in ancient mythology. Balder "the beautiful," and the Apollo of Scandinavian fable, was killed by a shot from an arrow of mistletoe, given to a blind man by the god of mischief. He was restored to life, and the arrow was confided to the care of Friga, that it might never be an instrument of harm until it touched the earth—the dominion of the mischief-maker (Lodi). So the mistletoe is hung up out of harm's way, and the kiss of peace is given beneath it, where it is no longer a means of evil.

VIO.—You should be more careful how you speak of the acts of your Creator. It is profane and even blasphemous to say "When God made man He did it so badly that he fell!" You seem to forget that He did not make him an automaton—without reasoning powers, without free will, without the promise of "very ready help" in every time of temptation. But you quite forget your position. You dare to be your Maker's judge; and though a finite creature, you fancy you can understand the infinite! But you cannot. There are wheels within wheels, as it were, in the dealings of the Almighty; and there is a needs-be for all His ways in reference to His creatures. You may safely leave all in His hands, and beseech Him to create a new heart in you and to lead you into the way of holiness, of faith, and of peace.—2. Your handwriting is cramped. You should write copies daily, and hold your pen higher up on the handle.

DAME DURDEN.—You will find numerous replies to your question by consulting our Indexes. Press the flowers between sheets of clean blotting paper and change them when damp.

DARK CLOUDS.—We feel an interest in all you have confided to us, and thank you sincerely for so gracious an acknowledgment of obligation to us. The bridegroom gives the bouquets to the bride and the bridesmaids. We hope all will be overruled for your ultimate happiness.

LUSTRE PAINTING.—An article appeared in the "G. O. P." on this subject in 1889.

A PANSY BLOSSOM.—As we have already given an article on the subject of furnishing a girl's room, to which you refer (and have the volume), we have no intention of publishing another at present. We are glad you appreciate our paper.

A. A. A.—It is not the custom for the bride's family to provide household necessaries such as linen, furniture, etc. A man should not ask a girl to leave her own home until able to provide one as well appointed, or with a sufficiency, in exchange. Of course there is no limit, nor hard-and-fast rule, as to what her parents may be pleased to give her. But the rule is that a man should provide a suitable home for the woman he asks to marry him.

Y. Z.—1. "Foreign bonds" are foreign securities yielding interest to those who have invested money in them.—2. We never heard that any injury to the eyes would result from wearing steel hair-curlers.

E. CLAYTON.—We answered you before. There is a hospital for epileptic persons in Portland Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W., near St. John's Wood Road Station, where patients are received on payment according to means, and in some cases free. Otherwise the ordinary charge would be (for a bed in a ward containing two or three beds) 21s. weekly. Apply to Mr. H. Howgrave Graham, the secretary. It is difficult to give any satisfactory answer when totally uninformed respecting the age, condition in life, and pecuniary circumstances of the invalid requiring a home, or hospital.

INVALID.—Consumption is a disease which exists almost in every country, and the death-rate from it is said to be as high in Italy as in this country. But we imagine that this rate may be greatly augmented by that of persons seeking a cure in the more genial climate of the former country, and taking the disease with them, Avoid Florence. Pisa will probably suit well, the air is so balmy and climate equable. Take an apartment on an upper floor, and always return home from a walk a full hour before sunset, and never go out for as long a time afterwards, for the great heat of the day draws up the moisture, and low fever is too often the result of the miasma. If wintering at any time in Italy, the 1st of May is the latest date for seeking a cool summer locality. The baths of Lucca might suit an invalid wintering at Pisa; or perhaps, Capri, one at Naples. Rome is decidedly objectionable—to the point of dangerous—after April for any northerner. Once attacked by Roman fever and you remain a victim to its tenacious hold of your system for life.

ANXIOUS MAUD.—Have you no mother that you apply to a stranger in a matter which she should decide? You have no right to engage yourself to any boy or man without her permission. To marry a lad seven years younger than yourself would be silly in the extreme, and discreditable to yourself. No young man knows his own mind till at least five-and-twenty. And if he does, he will probably change it and deplore his rashness, when he has seen a little more of the world and had some experience of life.

JOEY.—You should not take him out in the east wind, and you had better consult a veterinary surgeon about him. Let him have a little cloth jacket.

D. L.—The University of Aberdeen was founded in 1495, by Bishop Elphinstone, as a *Studium Generale*, in which he constituted a college, known as King's College, in 1505. This university admits women to degrees in divinity, arts, science, law and medicine; as well as certificates of proficiency in the local exams., which it has instituted throughout the northern counties of Scotland. For any further particulars you must make direct application.

MINNIE.—We are not acquainted with a Home of Rest at the place you name. You might write to the rector, sending an addressed and stamped envelope, and ask him kindly to excuse the liberty you venture to take in inquiring for such a place in his parish.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—However clever you may be as a nurse, your God-given duty, as an only child, is to devote yourself to your parents, not to strangers. Do not stray out of the path set before you. Any extra time that can be spared from home might still be bestowed on the sick. The sort of book you require is one called *Sick Nursing at Home*. It is a small manual published by Gill, 70, Strand, W.C. (at the *Bazaar* office).

EVELYN can find her most reliable answer in the New Testament. "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," see 2 Cor. vi. 14. Englishmen do not wear wedding rings. The bride gives none at the marriage ceremony, as such a presentation forms no part of the service. We think that foreigners wear them on the same hand as the bride.

LOVER OF STAMPS.—You would have to send your full address before we could help you in the matter of an exchange of stamps.

EAGLE.—A book on leather work is published by Messrs. Barnard & Son, Edgware Rd., and they also supply the materials for it.

CARNATION, JAPONICA, ROSE AND OTHERS.—We have several times answered this question. Flowers must be pressed in botanical paper, or if not, in ordinary blotting paper. The secret of preserving their colour seems to lie in careful pressing, and in much changing of the paper in which they are placed, so as to dry them expeditiously.

M. P.—Stains made by milk, either plain or sugary, such as blancmange, are difficult to take out. We have succeeded best with pure cold water, for silk is a very trying material, especially if light-coloured, and delicate in hue. Lay the stained spot on a damp towel and use a tiny sponge, not too much wetted; pressing it on the stain gently. Boiling water would answer, but the coloured silk would not stand it. If any grease-stain remain, you can then take that out with a little benzine. Unfortunately, most stains are complex, and composed of two or more ingredients.

TWINS.—1. We have been told that pigs make the best return for the amount spent on them. Much waste in the matter of food is saved, and everything turned to good account. But we do not consider them nice "to take up."—2. If you have "bad ears for music" spare your friends the infliction of playing any description of instrument, and above all, stringed or wind ones, as you would have to make the notes which are made for you in a piano.

A GREAT LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—Make a mixture of the cold cream, iris powder, and the heather honey, and apply to the inside of the gloves. Heather honey is the honey gathered from the places where the heather grows, and is considered to be the best flavoured of all honey. The iris powder is probably added to this recipe to thicken the other ingredients, so as to make a paste which would not melt with the heat of the hands, and, of course, for its fragrance also.

CHRISTABEL.—How happy you are to live amid such beautiful scenery! We are much afraid that the binding of your Bible is hopelessly damaged; but you might try to revive and clean the leather with a very little glycerine, or perhaps still better, a very little oil rubbed in gently with your hand. This will sometimes restore and clean dirty leather. But it must be done carefully and slowly.

M. E. D.—All articles are better polished than varnished. Full details of polishing are given in Spon's *Workshop Recipes*. The work is by no means difficult, but needs great patience and perseverance.

E. F.—We never heard of the perquisites of a dressmaker, and think the term is only applied to cooks, etc. Why should a dressmaker have perquisites? Would it not lead to some dishonesty?

IRISH GIRL.—We were pleased to hear that we gave you so much satisfaction, and also that our paper is so great a favourite. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

A SUSSEX ROSE.—A minor must obtain the permission of parents or guardians to marry. His signature or hers is of no legal value. He cannot witness a will nor any legal document. Besides, a girl who was so silly as to marry so young a lad—even with the consent of the parents—would run a grave risk of ruining both his happiness and her own; for the choice made at so inexperienced an age, and with such unmatured tastes, would be very different from that of a few years of ripened judgment and experience of life. Fancy how you would feel when in a few years he discovered his mistake.

PHYLLIS ought to be very thankful that her lover changed his mind before the attachment went further, and now she had better forget all about both him and it, and turn her attention to some more worthy subject. Seventeen is very much too young to be talking about lovers and matrimony, and we should advise you to try to improve your education by reading and study, with plenty of out-door exercise and cheerful society.

PERPLEXED ONE.—The materials for the Japanese cabinet, the bamboo and Japanese paper—may be obtained at Liberty's, in Regent Street, W.

SNOWDROP.—We should say that your father's opinion should be your guide on this subject until you be of an age to judge for yourself.

M. S.—"Miss Smith accepts with pleasure Mrs. Browne's kind invitation for Monday next, the 18th January." We do not understand your second query; perhaps the husband of Mrs. Browne is absent or dead, and she has run her pen through the name for that reason.

DUTY.—We can only advise you to cultivate that perfect love which "casteth out fear." If your engagement be intended to continue you must do this, or be constantly in torment. Give your betrothed husband your absolute love and trust, and cast out doubt and suspicions.

A WINTER BIRD.—The 7th of February, 1870, fell on a Monday; and the 18th July, 1875, on a Sunday.



VOL. XIX.—NO. 968.] JULY 16, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

MY LAND OF MEMORIES.

BY ERIC BROAD.

I AM sole monarch of a land—
A land of rare delight:
And there, my sceptre owns a sway
Of undisputed right:
Courtiers, subjects, rule I none—
I covet none of these!
Without them, Peace hath ever blessed
My Land of Memories!

I take my seat upon my throne
Whatever time I will:
When in the night I am alone
And all the world is still:
Or, when the day is young and fair
And sunbeams kiss the trees,
I rule within my magic land—
My Land of Memories!

How sweet the hours, and passing fleet!
How sweet the secret bower!
How dear the heart's exultant beat:
The liberty; the power,
To know that none can come and tread
My boundless sunny leas—
That one chief beauty of my land—
My Land of Memories!

No cares distract: but sweet content
Dwells in each sunlit close:
Life, is a glad retirement
A sweet and rhythmic gloze:
Would I could rest for ever 'neath
Those never leafless trees
Which grace and shade my dream-filled land—
My Land of Memories!

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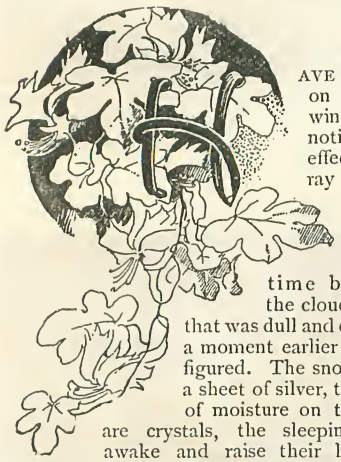
[*From photo: Photographic Union, Munich.*

"HOW SWEET THE SECRET BOWER."

THE PRIZE DESIGN.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, how fair the garden looks after rain!
The roses and the gilliflowers uprear,
And with a confidence from Heaven appear
To tell once more that joy comes after pain!"



HAVE you ever on a dark winter's day noticed the effect of a ray of sunshine darting its glory for a time between the clouds? All that was dull and cheerless a moment earlier is transfigured. The snow is like a sheet of silver, the drops of moisture on the trees are crystals, the sleeping birds awake and raise their heads to Heaven, chirping praise, the pale-faced snowdrop breathes again. As the sunshine, so was my life now—my new life spent under the chestnut trees of Abbotsford.

"Surely," I would say to myself, as I looked around my room, with its white curtains and the roses at the window—"surely some witchery is on me, and I am dreaming, fooled by this magic spell which soon will break and leave me desolate!"

And now let me tell you how I spent my day. I have troubled you so long with my bitterness and sorrows that I like to linger just a few short moments on my altered circumstances and blessed time of happiness and peace.

I would arise at seven o'clock and meet Miss Hamilton in the dining-room, where we would converse for some time together over a dainty meal of coffee, rolls, and fruit. Then we would walk under the pine trees and gather wild flowers or turn into the orchard, plucking a luscious apricot or pear. At ten o'clock we would part company, she to return home, and I to thread my way towards the pleasaunce, where I would work at my painting until the gong sounded for dinner.

Dinner was served in the oak *salon*. All the furniture here was of ancient design and in the best taste. Heavy chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, and fine old pictures adorned the walls; the appointments were of silver. Most beautiful views were to be obtained from the deeply-recessed windows.

Our dinner passed gaily and pleasantly, Miss Hamilton talking continually about her nephew, who was now travelling on the Continent, and who seemed to be in the dear old lady's eyes at once the best and most heroic of men.

I would listen at such times with reverence and attention, and in return for what she called my patience she would kindly ask me to confide in her, so that she very soon knew my entire history.

After dinner we drove to the neighbouring villages, where we visited the poor, taking them fruit, eggs, and fresh butter, and on our return tea was awaiting us, spread out on the lawn under the chestnut trees. From thence until supper I again returned to my painting, Miss Hamilton sitting by my side and beguiling the happy moments by her sweet thoughtfulness and charm.

Our evenings we always spent in song, and before retiring we knelt down together, thanking God for his goodness to us.

One day, whilst we were at dinner and I was laughing merrily at some story she was telling, she stopped short suddenly and said—

"Marie"—she had insisted upon calling me Marie from the very first—"Marie, you interest me, child. Your life has been an unusual one, and your face——"

The happiness died from my eyes. Would she also, the angel who had treated me so kindly—would she also blame me for my ugliness? She noticed my look and smiled.

"Your face, dear," she continued, "has more expression in it than I have ever seen in a human face before."

"My face has always repelled people," I said, with downcast eyes.

"Because up to this time your face was so thin and haggard, your eyes were dulled with sorrow, and every feature cried out to the passer-by, 'I suffer!' Now all is changed. Only one short week here has given you new life. Your cheeks have colour in them, your eyes have lost their blank look of despair, your soul has been awakened."

I smiled, but not vainly. I knew too well that, whatever she might say as to my altered expression, my features would ever be unshapely and unbeautiful."

"You are so good, madame," I said wistfully. "If my appearance has indeed changed, as you say, you have forgotten to name a beautifier more potent far than country air or sunshine."

"And what may that be, Marie?"

"Your kindness, madame, and the friendship you have been pleased to bestow upon me!"

My answer seemed to touch her, and I noticed that there were tears in her eyes. She was such a pretty, sweet old lady, with silvery hair, and eyes still bright, and cheeks still pink as rosebuds.

"My picture wants a frame," she said presently, speaking aloud some thought. Then, turning to me, she said—

"Marie, I have a strange whim this morning, and I wish you to gratify it. Will you promise?"

"Certainly, madame," I responded warmly.

"Then do me this favour. I have upstairs a gown, a very simple one certainly, but it pleases me. It is of a soft material, that hangs in heavy folds. The colour of the material is beautiful, its only trimming is a deep collar of lace. I want you to put this dress on and give me in exchange that cold grey gimp you wear."

"The exchange shall be made at once," I said, with a puzzled air. "Is that your only desire, madame?"

"No. I have another favour to ask. I want you to dress your hair more loosely, to coil it in the neck, instead of braiding it so stiffly, and let a curl or two stroll on your forehead."

I don't know why, but this proposal of hers to beautify my appearance filled me with secret sorrow and alarm, perhaps because I was sufficiently philosophic to know that, easy as it is to change gimp for silk, it is quite another thing to put away the bright new stuff and return to the simpler fabric.

That afternoon I appeared transfigured, and the good old lady, delighted at the change, led me to a cheval glass to gaze upon my image.

I was more interested in her bright and beautiful face peeping over my shoulder than in my own plain features, which, however dressed, could never be otherwise than faulty. However, I thanked her for the interest she had taken in me, whereupon she kissed me and made my heart yearn ever so fondly after the mother I had lost so long ago.

All this time I was making progress with the picture of the pleasaunce. The glowing colour of the myriad roses, the shadow of the fountain on the pathways, the lizards creeping underneath the eaves, the fauns and goddesses that kept their guard—all this I had reproduced as faithfully as I could.

The picture was nearing its completion. A few days, only perhaps two or three, and it would be finished. I don't think my work was absolutely wanting in merit, and yet, as I put the finishing touches, my eyes were heavy and my hands were trembling.

"In a few short hours," I mused sorrowfully, "all will be at an end—all the beautiful hours of sympathy and peace. Never again shall I be able to drink in the beauty of the morning, nor linger at eventide under the starlit canopy of heaven; never again to smell the perfumed flower and listen to the rustling of the trees and hear the sweet voice of a friend in my ear. Never again," I murmured to myself—"never again!"

Yet, even as the tears welled to my eyes, I went down on my knees and thanked God for His goodness to me, for are there not many who never have even a gleam of sunshine in their lives?

CHAPTER IV.

"Glances and tones that bring the breath of poetry with them."

THE afternoon in which I had decked myself out in my new gown seemed to be one of importance. I left madame in quite a flutter of excitement, and so many whisperings and preparations were going on in the abbey that I was amazed, and said to myself, "Surely some great event is to take place."

The mystery was soon solved, for about an hour later, just as I was putting the finishing touch to a clump of roses in my picture, Mr. Hamilton suddenly appeared before me.

He looked in my direction two full minutes before he approached. He seemed puzzled and bewildered.

"It is on account of my borrowed plumes," I said to myself, and felt horribly mortified. However, he did not seem displeased, and a moment later he was cordially shaking hands with me. Then he gazed at my picture.

He neither praised nor blamed it, but I took his silence rather for approbation than the reverse.

Presently, after he had examined it for a long while, he sat down by my side.

"My aunt has kept me quite a time talking," he began. "She insisted on having her say before allowing me to see my picture and—the painter."

I bowed as gracefully as I could, and marvelled at the tone of his voice and his general condescension.

Was it possible that my picture—that little atom of unfinished art—could have broken down the mighty barrier which separated us from each other—the barrier between wealth and poverty?

"Truly," he continued, "I was so anxious to see how it had advanced, that I curtailed my visit on account of it."

"I trust," I said, colouring, "that you are not wholly displeased with my effort."

"Not at all. Everything is just as I thought."

Then he changed his serious voice to one of banter, and said—

"Can you guess what subject it was that kept my aunt talking so long?"

"I suppose she was so overjoyed at seeing you return to her that she could do nothing else than tell you so again and again. Her love for you is so great."

"But I suspect I have a rival!"

"Your suspicions, sir, are indeed groundless."

"I do not think so. There is a certain little person with modest speech and great talent who has now almost supplanted me."

I did not speak, so he continued.

"My aunt is strange. She likes few people, but those few she loves and she can find no fault in them. When she told me that she had lately found a maiden with a sweet mind, I thought she might speak truly; but when she told me that the lass was pretty, I said to myself love must indeed be blind!"

I was beginning to understand his banter, and I could scarcely paint, my hand was trembling so.

"But," he continued, not sparing me, "as I issued forth from the darkness of the pines into the sunlit glory of the rose garden, I beheld it inhabited by a fairy in a soft pink gown, with downcast eyes and roses at her bosom. She looked so young and happy with the sunlight in her hair and the wind stirring the——"

"Oh, sir," I said, interrupting him, "do not, I pray, continue in this strain. To laugh at my personal defects is unkind, but I know you cannot speak truly when you praise that which is unworthy of praise."

"There are some flowers crushed and downtrodden that, with care and sunshine, may grow into very goodly blossoms."

"If tenderness and care could turn ugliness to beauty, then should I be all beautiful?" I said, in a burst of gratitude. "Madame your aunt has been so good to me, so utterly so unselfishly good, that I cannot find words to express my feelings. In her presence all darkness and sorrows are forgotten, for everything she does, everything she touches, everything she says, is bright and beautiful. She has shown me how much good in the world a good woman can do, and from my heart I thank her."

He seemed pleased with my gratitude and also a little amused.

"You think then," said he, "that all the favour is on one side."

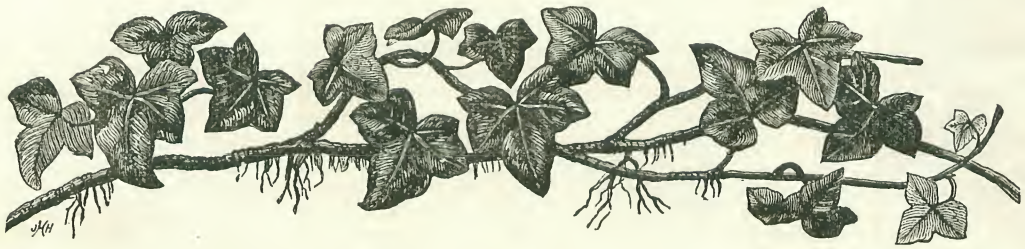
"Certainly. How could I possibly pay the debt I owe her?"

"By your speech, your manner, your companionship. Are these boons nothing?"

"Companionship," I admitted, "is truly a mighty boon which I would not disappreciate, and sometimes indeed the great and beautiful are content with humble friends. Beethoven's favourite playmate was a spider, and we are told in fairy history of a prince who loved a toad."

My speech was serious, but it made him laugh aloud, and later on, at dinner, he told madame that my pride was perfectly monstrous, for I had likened myself to a spider and a toad all in one breath.

(To be continued.)



RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART I.

THE PASTOR AND THE PHYSICIAN.

THE struggle between theology and science has been long and bitter. Urged with unyielding obstinacy by the partisans of either side, it has exercised the minds of the greatest thinkers of the last three centuries. That a certain amount of harm accrued from the refusal of scientists to accept the dictations of theologians admits of no doubt; but that more good than harm has resulted is equally certain. Theologians have learnt that they are not infallible in all matters, and scientists have been shown that theory is not synonymous with fact, however probable or conclusive it may appear. They have learnt another lesson: that although their facts and definitions, when clearly proved, do not admit of dispute, they often explain but one face of a many-sided problem, and that science is incapable of explaining everything. Though one of the largest branches of philosophy, it is not the alpha and omega of knowledge.

One cannot help respecting this great controversy. If it has been bitter, it has nevertheless been sincere. But there is one petty off-shoot from it which has not been sincere, which has been simply a question of individual rivalry: I refer to the constant struggle between pastors and physicians in the sick room.

It is terrible to think that often at the last moments of a man's life his spiritual and physical healer cannot agree. And why cannot they agree? There is no necessity for one to yield to the other. There would be ample excuse for their obstinacy if this was required. We only ask them to work in unison where their interests are identical—the well-being of their patient. Yet, for some reason, they cannot agree.

I do not wish to teach either the pastor or the physician his business, it is only my desire to point out to the general public that the fault is not on one side only, but that both parties are almost equally to blame in this unnecessary controversy.

The shortcomings of the physician at the bedside of a dying man are obvious. He has tried his best and has failed. The patient is sinking under his infirmity, and it is beyond the power of the physician to stem the tide of the rapidly ebbing life of his sick charge. The clergyman has his chief duties at this period. But is the physician to leave the bedside of a patient whose life he cannot hope to save? Most certainly not. It is his duty to remain to the last, to comfort and to relieve the pain and anxiety of his patient. But the physician should remain at the bedside for another reason. He does not know for certain that a malady will be fatal. In the most hopeless cases occasionally—very rarely it is true—when recovery has been pronounced by competent authorities to be impossible, a change for the better occurs and health may be completely restored. It is this fact that affords the great excuse of so many medical men for not rendering due regard to their brother healers the clergy. When a physician attends a sick person whose case is practically hopeless, his whole mind is given up to be in readiness if, by any fortunate chance, a turn for the better should occur in the condition of the patient. There is of course no reason why the physician in such cases should be antagonistic to the clergyman, but many member of the medical profession have an unreasonable objection to any but themselves attending to the sick; and they have been deservedly censured on this account. It is not all physicians that act in this way. I am pleased to say that only a very small minority of the medical faculty behave in this wise.

Sometimes the behaviour of the clergyman at the sick bed is open to criticism. Again I refer but to a small minority. My experience of religious ministers at the bedside tells me most forcibly that, in most cases, their conduct in the presence of the dying is deserving of the highest praise. But there are some pastors who, often unintentionally, are most irritating to the physician. Some I have met who seem to lose all sense at this critical time. I remember a case in which a clergyman wanted to attend to a woman who was under the influence of chloroform, and who rebuked the surgeon who told him that it was useless to speak to the patient, for she was unconscious. This scene was most unpleasant to witness, and I am happy to say that I know of no parallel in my own experience.

There is one other rebuke, not very serious it is true, that can be given to some clergymen of all denominations, when attending persons who are not dangerously ill—that is advising items of treatment other than those ordered by the physician. I am not going to say that pastors are anything like such great sinners in this respect as most people who visit the sick, but they ought to be especially careful, for their words carry more weight than do those of anyone else. This unqualified advice is injurious to the patient and unfair to the physician. It is most galling to have one's work criticised by another whose advice is worthless.

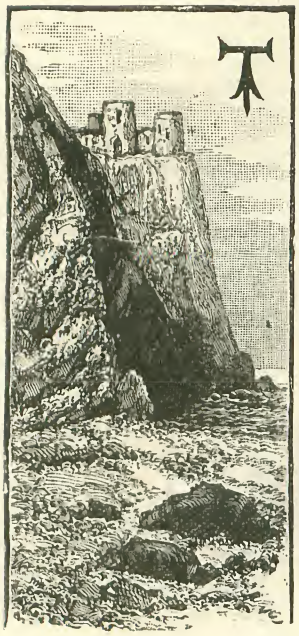
As you can see the feuds between the medical and spiritual attendants are not very formidable, but to the patient they are exceedingly distressing. The duties of the physician and pastor are in no way antagonistic, and if both do their duty and do not interfere with each other all would run smoothly, and the patient might receive the two greatest blessings that God has given His servants—health of soul and health of body.

(To be continued.)

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.



THE season came to an end, but the expected offer of marriage had not yet been made. Aunt Ella was a little disappointed, but although Mr. Musgrove was still in town, she decided it was useless for them to stay any longer. Late hours and the eating of various fattening and indigestible articles at dinners and suppers had begun to tell upon her. Her waist was an inch bigger than in February, her complexion was not at its best, and matters were getting alarming. She decided that there was nothing for it but Crabsley air, strict diet, and early hours. But, remembering that the place was distinctly dull, and being a great believer in the results of propinquity, she bethought her that Crabsley might hasten that which London life had failed to bring to a point. Instead of going to the hotel she took a small furnished house which had attracted her attention the year before, and which was not let for the time she wanted it, and invited one or two favourite friends for short periods. Almost the first she asked was Mr. Cecil Musgrove, and he accepted the invitation.

It was with mingled feelings that Beattie looked forward to his visit. She had only seen him two or three times since her eyes had been opened to notice that which before had been hidden from her. There was really very little difference in his manner, but to Beattie there seemed a change. His undoubted liking for and interest in herself had a new meaning for her. She could not help observing his demeanour in a critical spirit quite foreign to her nature. As a consequence her own attitude had changed. She was shyer, more retiring, less unconstrained. The beautiful absence of self-consciousness, which had been one of her chief charms to Cecil, had gone, and by this she was just so much less attractive to him. He had admired too, her independence, her candour, and childlike naturalness. He had felt, and rightly, that Beattie was unlike the calculating girl which, to his unfortunate experience, seemed the girl of the period. He had perceived that he could be her friend and she would not be offended that he was not her lover. But now that she had taken to blushing when he came near, sometimes avoiding him, and then, as if fearing she had been unkind, encouraging him to approach her, he began to waver a little. He did not want Beattie to be in love with him unless he was quite sure he meant to marry her. And he was not quite sure. The longer she held him at arm's length the more anxious he would be to conquer her indifference, but let her turn towards him and he had a disposition to go back. His affection for her had reached its highest point on the evening of the tableaux. It had not decreased exactly, but on the subsequent occasions when he had seen her he had realised that it might be well to keep it in check. He was too clever not to see through Mrs. Swannington, and he smiled when he received the invitation to Crabsley. Nevertheless he anticipated pleasure from the few days he was to spend there, and was even somewhat excited as to the probable issue of his visit.

For some reason sufficient to herself Beattie decided that if Aunt Ella were there to welcome him on his arrival that would be enough, and about half an hour before his train came in, while Mrs. Swannington was taking a siesta, she slipped away and started for a walk on the cliffs. After a momentary hesitation as to the direction she should take she resolved to climb the hill to the lighthouse, which was the highest point in Crabsley, and where the view was finest and the air most exhilarating. This was a place inaccessible to Aunt Ella, but Beattie's favourite, for she always enjoyed, in common with most healthy people, the getting to the top of anything. The afternoon was rather hot, but Miss Margetson feeling particularly exuberant, forgetting that she was a grown-up young lady and ought to be sober in her deportment, sang as she walked, though in an undertone. She also went a great deal too near the edge of the cliff, which, as the place had had more than one landslip, and there were ominous cracks and fissures here and there, was somewhat incautious. Once she had an inclination at a tempting slope to climb down the face of the cliff to the beach, but was deterred by a story the cook had told her of a girl who, doing so a year or two back, had sunk to her waist in a sort of quicksand formed by the water from a spring making its way just under the surface, and not being missed for some hours, was not released till evening, when she died of shock. The thought of this sobered Beattie for a few minutes till she fell to wondering whether if such a thing happened to her, Mr. Musgrove would be at all overcome at her position, or take it with the coolness he generally manifested in the affairs of life, regarding her through an eyeglass while she was being pulled out, and then she found herself laughing out loud. Presently she came to the golf-links, and stood a little while looking at the players, some of whom she now knew by sight, and noticing, as she had often done before, that the most immaculately and conspicuously attired were usually the least skilful. One red-coated individual she could see, though she was too far off to catch the words, kept making excuses for himself, the caddie at each bad stroke grimacing and pointing behind the back of the player. The sight of Uncle Arthur in the distance, however, urged Beattie onwards. He was probably too engrossed in his game to notice the figure at the edge of the cliff, but her position made her rather conspicuous, and she did not want to be observed by him. He would be sure to beckon to her. Uncle Arthur was the sort of person who could never see her without wanting something of her, and besides, Beattie knew in her heart he was not much in favour of her taking walks by herself. So she went on her way till she came to the top of the hill, and then she found a little shelving place she knew of where she could be somewhat sheltered, and could rest in peace.

It was beautiful up there, with the sense of space, of freedom so delightful to the young. The blue expanse of sea, the cloud-flecked sky, were all her own. Far below her, as it seemed, on her left, was the quaint little village, with its strong-towered church. Beattie never shrank from solitude, because she did not yet know what it is to be lonely. She was almost perfectly happy as she sat there all alone, and yet she had a passing feeling of envy for the seagulls as they skimmed over the waves, and then soared higher with the sunlight on their breasts and wings.

"I wonder," she thought, "if the gulls have to be married young, or if their relations let them enjoy their freedom as long as they like. I don't suppose they recognise aunts and uncles though, and perhaps their parents let them please themselves. I somehow fancy birds are considered capable of looking after their own affairs as soon as they can obtain food. Well, but I can't even do that. If I had to obtain my own food I really don't know how I should set to work. I certainly couldn't teach like Edith nor paint like Margaret. I might do step-dancing, or be one of those girls in shops who put on the cloaks and jackets to show the ladies. Speaking of Margaret reminds me I have her letter in my pocket."

And settling herself more comfortably Beattie proceeded to read for the second time the closely-written sheets of foreign paper which had arrived for her that morning from Paris. Margaret's letters, however, were not altogether in writing. She freely employed the pictorial art. If

she mentioned a dog she drew one; she sketched Madame Duclos instead of naming her, and indeed her epistles somewhat resembled the illustrated books employed to teach the very young, with the exception that there was no need to explain the picture. In this last letter there occurred more than once a minute sketch of Michael Anstruther, concerning whom in her last few communications Miss Raven had had a good deal to say. Indeed, she had said so much that once or twice that had crossed Beattie's mind which had taken possession of Madame Duclos'; but the idea had never stayed more than a minute, and what was contained in to-day's missive had put an end to any such supposition, while giving Beattie herself food for reflection. Indeed, it may have had something to do with her wanting to be alone, and to put off the time when she would have to meet and talk to Cecil Musgrove.

"My dearest B.—

"I am just off to Honfleur with my dear mother, who has come over for a holiday; so I do not think you will see me in England this year unless I go home for Christmas. Madame Duclos did not think I was looking very well. She says I work too hard, but I believe she has a secret conviction that I suck my paint brushes like the children. Sometimes I despair of ever being an artist. The lovely things one sees here, so strong and original, take the heart out of one. And then I am too prosaic. If I were but a poet and could have fine conceptions; if I could even reproduce what I see:—

"'The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades, changes, surprises.'

"Like Fra Lippo Lippi, I believe

"'We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see;
And so they are better painted—better to us;
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out.'

"Oh, Beattie, I love my art; I don't need anything else, and yet sometimes I feel that if I could love some one else very much—God, or a fellow-creature—I should be a greater artist. Still, you know me. I have never been very religious in its usual sense. I hate the narrowness of people who are called good. They seem to put all beauty away from life, as if it were sinful for roses to blossom and the sun to shine and men to make music and poems. But perhaps I have not seen much of the people whom God calls religious; I was thinking of those who call themselves so. I seem to see His love in so many things which they would deprive me of. As to my fellow-creatures, besides my mother, or my sister (for so we seem to be to one another, she is so young and I am so old), I care for no one much except you, and I love you because you are a pure delight to the eye. I hope you haven't taken to doing your hair in the way which is now fashionable here—it is hideous. If I had my way you would always wear yours round your face, as you did at school, when you looked like one of Michael Angelo's cherubs.

"And that reminds me. I hope you won't be angry, but I have given away one of the sketches I made of you. It is one in a green dress you used to wear, with a string of large blue beads hanging round your neck, and which I always prided myself had a Burne-Jones look as regards colouring. I had managed to get your expression in the eyes somehow, and have always been very fond of it. I suppose you can guess to whom I gave it. It was in exchange for a plant, ices and chocolates. Yet not entirely. It was because I am persuaded he will prize it as much as I, possibly more. I can't get him to confide in me. He is proud and has some conventional notions. I daresay, for instance, he wouldn't think it honourable to propose, unless he had the substantial income, without which love is supposed to be improper. As if the creature comforts have anything to do with it! For my part, money and such rubbish seem only fit to console those who haven't the greater possessions—love or talent, or intellect. People who need money are pitiable creatures, except of course in so far as one must have the necessaries of life. I never could admire a person who requires to have mahogany outside him and port wine within. But to return to Mr. Anstruther. I have had my suspicions from the first, and now I am nearly sure of it. I gave him some of my ideas in consequence. I said if a person cared for another, he was doing that other a great injustice in not speaking. I also spoke of you by name. I said I was always expecting to hear you were engaged to some rich man or other, and that I only hoped he would be worthy of you. I told him you were going to Crabsley, and said how I remembered last year you had referred to the walks you had together. Altogether I did my best to work him up and get him to lay bare his heart. But in vain. I am interested in this matter because I think you two would be wonderfully well suited. I should be dreadfully jealous of your husband, whoever he was, but I should mind him less than most. We get on very well; and he really has been quite an acquisition to madame. She is daily expecting our engagement to be announced, but mamma knows better. She knows I am not a marrying woman, even if any man did lose his heart to me. Mr. Anstruther is very clever, and he is chivalrous. I don't know what he would say if he could see this letter. I don't know what you will say. Well, I don't much care. I have unburdened my mind. I have tried to act the part of a friend to you both. I am too wise to look for gratitude, but I shall be sorry if I offend you. You offended! No; as madame is always saying when I make suggestions, '*Mais, c'est impossible, ma chère Marguerite.*'

"I believe mademoiselle is engaged by-the-by. I saw her yesterday conversing with a fine young Persian. I do not know whether monsieur and madame countenance it. But she is no longer a child, and perhaps like me she does not care to be under authority.

"I had a letter from Edith Winter the other day; not a very interesting one. She takes in so many of other people's ideas, there is no room in her mind, I suppose, for any of her own. She is a good girl though, and singularly modest, but I find now we have left school we have not much in common. She and her mother are going into the country to stay with some relations this summer. It appears she has been working a little too hard and must not open a book during the holidays.

"My mother has come in, and, seeing me engaged in writing, guesses it is to you. She sends her love and desires to be remembered to Mrs. Swannington. She says I am to leave off scribbling, and as I am suffering to-day from migraine, for once I find obedience easy. Shall I burn this letter, and not send it? Suppose, after all, I am mistaken about Mr. Anstruther. But no. Avaunt, weak hesitation. And now farewell. I don't know exactly what our address at Honfleur will be, but letters will be forwarded from here. Madame Duclos, glad to be rid of me, will not accompany us.

"Your devoted friend,
"Margaret Raven."

Beattie read this letter straight through once. Then she turned to "And that reminds me," and read that part again and yet again. And then she sat still with the letter in her hand thinking, and her eyes had grown dim. She was trying to recall her last year at Crabsley. Would she feel as much at ease and as satisfied in the society of Cecil Musgrove as she had done in that of Michael Anstruther? Would she not really be gladder if the latter instead of the former were to be her companion for the next few days? Or was it not that now she was older, more experienced than she had been last summer, and—and that what had been so delightful then would wear a different aspect now? Besides, perhaps Margaret was mistaken. There was no doubt Michael had liked her, just as she had liked him, but if the feeling were as deep as Margaret seemed to think, what was there to prevent his having spoken to her? And then she remembered the note he had written her, and which Aunt Ella had told her she was not to take too seriously.

"But suppose he does love me," thought Beattie, "do I care for him enough to keep free for his sake? I have lived very happily without him, and I really do not know him well enough to be certain that I should like to be always with him. And meanwhile, according to Aunt Ella, Mr. Musgrove cares for me too, and it is possible I may have to decide between them, unless," she concluded, "I don't have anything to do with either of them. And I am not sure that that wouldn't be the most sensible way."

With which she rose to her feet and, gazing for a moment somewhat defiantly on Crabsley village, which contained, she presumed at that moment both Mrs. Swannington and Mr. Musgrove, whom should she see climbing the hill towards the golf-links but the solitary figure of the latter. He had seen her too, for he raised his hat and seemed to quicken his pace. Beattie gave an exclamation of dismay, but that may have been due not to the unexpected appearance of Mr. Musgrove, but to the fact that the forgotten letter which, when she rose, had fallen from her lap to the ground, where it had lain for a moment unnoticed, had just been lifted by an inopportune breeze, and was now floating merrily over the cliff, from which, like a large white butterfly, it fluttered down on to the beach to be carried she knew not whither.

"If I wait for him to come up to me," said Beattie, "that letter will be lost."

And though she could have borne with equanimity the possibility of its being carried away by the rising tide and soon rendered illegible, the other alternative, that someone coming along the beach might find it and read it before the re-delivery which its address would ensure, was so exceedingly unpleasant that she determined to possess herself of it at all costs. There was a narrow winding path which had been made down the cliff, but it was some little distance further on.

"Mr. Musgrove will think I am running away from him," said Beattie, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes. And indeed the gentleman toiling up towards the slim, white-robed figure which looked so charming against the sky was, to say the least, disappointed when he beheld it turn round and rapidly disappear. By the time he reached the summit of the hill, Miss Margetson was several feet below him at a distance quite impossible for purposes of social intercourse.

"What on earth did she do that for?" said Cecil, not unnaturally annoyed, for how could he know about Beattie's letter, which was now safe in her pocket. "I wonder if she did not see me after all."

A similar thought was passing through Beattie's mind. "I wonder if he knows I saw him. I should like to go back this way. The tide won't be up for a long while yet. I don't want to be rude, but somehow I don't fancy a long *tête-à-tête* just now."

But when Mr. Musgrove saw her begin to stroll along the sand in the direction from whence he had come, he immediately concluded she did not know of his whereabouts, and sacrificed his dignity by shouting to her. Beattie had to look up, but though he was asking her how to get down, conversation was so far from easy that it was only by his gesticulations she could gather his meaning. There was a path down in the direction of Crabsley as well as the one she had chosen, and that she indicated—to avoid, as she told him afterwards, taking him further out of his way. It was not till he had retraced his steps to past the place where he had first seen her that Mr. Musgrove discovered that was not the one she had used. Meanwhile they were taking their walk at a considerable distance from one another, much to the amusement of one of them, and to the annoyance of the other. And yet, somehow, the fact that he was annoyed seemed to prove to Mr. Musgrove that Miss Margetson had more power over him than he had suspected.

At the foot of the pathway, which he at last reached, Beattie waited for him and greeted him with explanations.

"I didn't think you ran away on purpose," said Cecil, somewhat mollified, now that he was with her at last.

Beattie was silent, looking down. One need not say all one thinks.

"Let us rest a little while here," said Cecil, "if you are not in a hurry. I am rather tired after my exertions, and the sun is still hot."

"What made you take such a long walk immediately after your journey?" asked Beattie, innocently.

"Mrs. Swannington was just taking me on to the esplanade after tea," said Cecil, "when she met a gentleman she knew, who stopped and spoke to her. So she said if I liked a walk I should probably find Mr. Swannington on the links, or meet him coming back. She said she did not know you had gone out, but possibly you were on the cliffs too."

"And you didn't see Uncle Arthur?"

"I forgot about him," said Cecil. "I saw you."

"Until I 'softly and silently vanished away,'" said Beattie, laughing. She was anxious to avert any approach to sentiment. And as soon as possible she suggested that he had better not rest any longer or they would be late getting home. Nevertheless the time they had stayed had made it problematical whether they would get back all the way along the beach without being overtaken by the tide, so they climbed up the cliff again, and as this was the longest way home, and Mr. Musgrove showed no disposition to hurry, Aunt Ella's interview with Michael Anstruther was not interrupted by the inopportune appearance of Beattie, which she was dreading, while she was telling untruths about her with unblushing boldness.

(To be continued.)

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was late when Madame Féraudy and Génie arrived at the Norman farmhouse in which the *pasteur* had found them rooms.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, the stars beaming their soft brilliancy in a sky of velvety purple. The two ladies were very tired, but when they entered the large cool room which they were to share, their one idea was what news there might be from the Hospice.

Madame Lana, the farmer's wife, had plenty to tell them; at the Hospice things were going well. The matron was satisfied with the progress that everyone made. Father Nicholas had walked over in the evening to ask what time they were expected, and had left word that Sœur Eustacie would run round to see them at ten o'clock when the work of the house was done. She begged them not to come and see Doctor André until the following morning.

Madame Lana brought them a plentiful but homely supper, of fresh bread and butter, eggs and cider, and they grew quite hopeful and bright under the influence of their landlady's comfortable reports.

A little after ten Sœur Eustacie arrived, a little active dark woman of middle age, with quick black eyes that took in everything and met theirs with a glance candid and true as steel.

She sat down by the table with her hands folded on her knees, prepared to answer all their questions. She told them that Doctor André had arrived the day before, that the long journey had been more exhausting than he had expected. Yes, she answered, that he was up, he rested better in a chair, for he suffered from attacks of breathlessness. He had not been able to sleep for a long, long time. He had hoped much from the sea-air, but perhaps to-morrow——

Génie could hardly bear it.

"Tell us, *ma Sœur*," she said, "we are very strong because we love him so much. Is he very ill?"

The Sister shook her head gravely. "Yes," she said after a pause, "he is very ill; it is the heart, you know, and Doctor Simon here tells us that he will not suffer much; he is worn out."

Génie could not suppress a fit of sobbing which shook her from head to foot. Madame Féraudy asked with dry lips—

"Does he know?"

"He has not spoken of it," said the Sister gently, "But *va!* he is one of the best doctors we have! You do not realise his reputation! Is it likely that he does not know?"

"He will be glad," said Génie. "He is already not one of us. He is one of God's saints, and he will be glad to go!"

"Poor child," said Sœur Eustacie, "Go to bed and try to sleep. It is one's duty not to waste strength, and when you see him to-morrow you must be very brave and calm."

Génie consented and went to bed feeling that she could bear no more.

Madame Féraudy went downstairs with the Sister and walked a little way along the sandy lane with her.

In the quiet darkness Sœur Eustacie opened her heart.

"It is hard, it is very hard to bear," she said. "The best must go, the one who can least be spared. What he has been throughout this awful time none can ever express, and beyond the goodness, the comfort, there was his skill. Doctor Rougemont attributes his own and Père Nicholas' recovery entirely to his marvellously clever and bold treatment, and it must end like this. It will be like going back into cold darkness when the light of his young life has gone out."

"Perhaps even yet," faltered Madame Féraudy, but Sœur Eustacie spoke almost sharply.

"I do not think it is of any use to encourage false hopes, he is dying."

"Does he know of our coming?"

"Yes. Père Nicholas told him. He had one of his attacks of breathlessness then, and I told him that he must not see you until to-morrow."

"Does he suffer?"

The Sister paused for a moment, then said—"Yes, he suffers, but not as it would have been a few months ago, he is too worn out. The eternal peace is not far off."

They were approaching the Hospice, which was only about ten minutes' walk from the farm, and Madame Féraudy stopped and said in a stifled voice—

"I had better turn back now, to-morrow early I will come."

"Yes," said Sœur Eustacie, "to-morrow when you like. If only he can sleep to-night he will be better; but Doctor Simon is afraid to give him any form of sleeping-draught. Good-night, madame, sleep well. We shall see you then early."

She put out her dry hard-worked little hand and patted her shoulder kindly.

Madame Féraudy went back through the dark dewy lane. The leaves rustled, in the long grasses the grasshoppers chirped their high rattling note, a bat or two swiftly swooped by. The stars, large and kind as a human eye, shone softly down.

"If he can only sleep," Madame Féraudy thought, and her thought became prayers to Him "who giveth His beloved sleep."

In the Hospice Father Nicholas still lingered with his friend. They were sitting in the ground-floor *salon* they shared together. The tall, white-curtained windows opened wide on to the garden in front of the house; it was fragrant with the sweet scent of stocks and mignonette. The sea fell softly, with a sound caressing as any lullaby, on the wide yellow sands beyond the garden gate.

André sat propped up by a mass of pillows in a large arm-chair; he could not lie down now, and his friend sat by him.

"It is past eleven, Nicholas," he said, looking up with a wonderfully sweet smile. "You must go to bed; you are still my patient, you know. But before you go, old friend, say the Lord's Prayer for me; it has in it all—all one wants."

Nicholas obeyed; his voice was low and solemn; he laid his hand on André's shoulder; he would fain comfort him in his sickness.

"Our Father, yes, that means all—all," murmured André, and then "Thy will be done; it is enough."

Father Nicholas stood watching him for a moment, and a sudden misgiving seized him.

"I will not go to bed. I will stay with you to-night, my dear boy," he said.

But André would not hear of it, and Sœur Eustacie coming in, persuaded him to go. He was still far from strong and unequal to any extra fatigue.

Sœur Eustacie came back to her patient. She did not like his looks to-night. Every one was asleep in the Hospice; the home in which man, woman and many a little child slowly but surely came back to health and strength and life, except only the young founder of it all. He was oppressed by the restlessness of approaching death and could not keep still.

"You stay with me, *ma sœur?*" he said gently.

"Yes, *docteur*, I shall not leave you again."

He stood by the open window, supporting himself with difficulty and breathing hard.

"Then, *ma sœur*, I will charge you with messages. See, here is paper. I do not trust the memory of one who has been up so many nights as we have, you and I, *ma sœur*, of late." He crept to the table and gave her pen and ink. "Write this to my aunt. 'Dear *maman*, telegraph for Jean Canière at once when I am dead. I want him to come and comfort you and Génie?' Is that down?"

"Yes. Will you not sit down, *docteur?* See, these pillows are soft and cool. Come, come, my dear!"

He sank back into them.

"Tell Nicholas there is some money in the bank for Gaston's children; he must look after Jean Paul, and Nanon must live here always; she can cook, wash. Is it down?"

"Yes, it is down. See, *docteur*, it is time for your medicine."

"It is very nasty," said André smiling, as she put down the glass. He had not attempted to hold it, his hands were feeble and cold.

Sœur Eustacie glanced at him sharply. "I must leave you for one moment, my dear," she said. "Keep still and let me wrap this shawl over you—the night air is cold. Do not move. I will not be away one moment."

She put the light wrap across his labouring chest and left the room. Once outside she flew as fast as she could run to summon Doctor Simon. In less than two moments they were both with him again. Once more he had dragged himself to his feet and was leaning by the open window, but his strength failed as they reached him, and they were just in time to support him into his chair.

His lips moved; in bitter sorrow they bent over him and caught faltering words. "Our Father," then, after a long pause, "Thy will be done." Then one long sigh, followed by deep and awful silence.

"It is over," said the Sister softly. "The faithful servant of God has entered into his rest."

Some hours later and a profound silence fell over the Hospice. The little waves lapped softly on the shore. All were sleeping. In the dark night the peace which passeth all understanding had come down.

(*To be concluded.*)

SOME INDIAN RECIPES.

Chutney.

Anglo-Indian housewives of the good old-fashioned type pride themselves on their skill in preparing chutney and preserves, and in the season when green mangoes are to be had in abundance, large quantities are prepared to be stored up for using through the year till the mango season comes round again, and for presents to friends at home,

The following recipes have been given to me by notable housewives, who have used them year after year in manufacturing this well-known Indian relish.

Delhi Chutney.—Four pounds of sugar, to be made into syrup; two pounds of salt; one pound of garlic, peeled and sliced; two pounds of green ginger; two pounds of dried chillies sliced; two pounds of mustard seed, to be washed, dried in the sun, and then bruised to remove the husk; two pounds of raisins, four bottles of vinegar; sixty mangoes, more or less, to be peeled and sliced and then boiled in the syrup and three bottles of vinegar. Put aside in a dish to cool, and then add salt, mustard seed, ginger, garlic, and chillies. Gradually stir in the remaining bottle of vinegar.

(Sour apples can be used in place of mangoes.)

Apricot Chutney.—Take sound ripe apricots, peel, stone, and to every four pounds of fruit add two pounds of sugar. Boil until of the consistency of jam. Add two pounds of raisins, stoned and cut, two pounds of almonds blanched and cut in halves, four ounces of green ginger, four ounces of garlic, half a pound of chillies ground with vinegar. Boil these in the jam for fifteen or twenty minutes. Let it cool, then pour in a quart of good vinegar with salt to taste. Boil for half-an-hour again in an enamelled or earthen pan.

Tomato Chutney.—Six pounds of tomatoes; one pound of sugar; half a pound each of almonds and raisins; one pint of vinegar; two ounces each of chillies, garlic, and green ginger. Peel tomatoes and slice almonds, garlic and ginger fine, the latter as fine as possible. The chillies must be ground with a little vinegar. Cook to a jelly in an enamelled pan. Put in salt to taste, and bottle when quite cold.

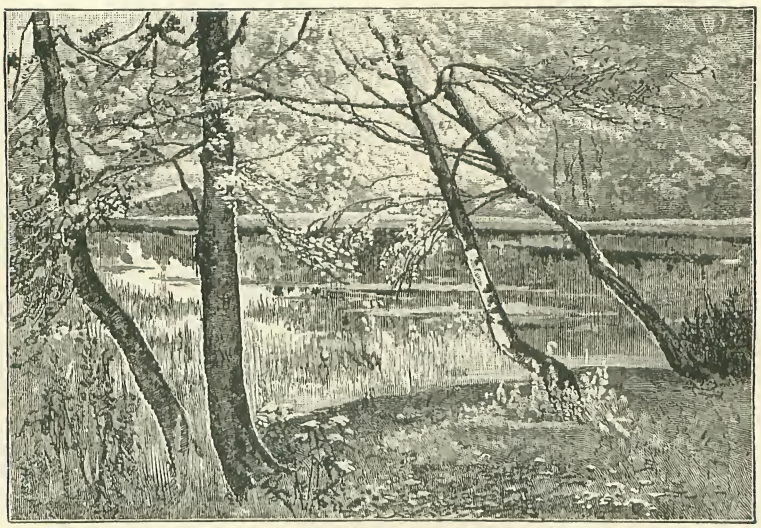
Fenella Johnstone.

A WISH.

By NORA GRAY.

If I might nestle to your side and soothe you when you're sad,
If I might know your sorrows, dear, and make your life more glad,
If I might kiss your tears away as quickly as they fall,
Then I should be content, because I love you more than all.

If I might give my sight that better you might see,
If I might still my voice that yours might sweeter be,
If I might give my youth and life that brighter yours might shine,
Then, dear, I should be happy, for your happiness is mine.



HOUSE MOTTOES.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART I.

The history of inscriptions of all kinds, whether of mottoes, or historical records, "graven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock" (Job xix. 24 and Jer. xvii. 1) carries us back in our researches even to prehistoric ages of the world. The Pelasgi left records in stone, and so did the Assyrians, of whose history we gather precious fragments from the "pen of iron," of which the visitors to the British Museum may find examples, in their study of the colossal, human-headed, and winged bulls therein preserved. In Egypt also, of which, without visiting the National Museum, you may see a wonderful example in the Obelisk, which once stood before the Temple of On, or, "House of the Sun." You may remember that Joseph's wife, Asenath, was a daughter of Potiphera, priest, or prince, of On, when Pharaoh set him (Joseph) over all the land of Egypt. Space in a brief article would fail me to speak of the inscriptions in Persia, on the still extant ruins of beautiful Palmyra, and in the far western world, where the history of the Nahnans, who settled in the gulf States of Mexico, of whom we know little more than the few inscriptions still to be deciphered on the beautiful specimens of art, displayed in the majestic ruins of their temples and palaces. Of the Greeks and Romans, the Saracens, and other nations I need make little remark; but turn to those with which we are more especially concerned. As revelations of human thought, characterising certain epochs of the world's history in divers lands and climes, such records must awaken the liveliest interest in any reflecting mind, and often prove most highly instructive. "He, being dead, yet speaketh," and those old-world men, whether dating back a few hundreds, or as many thousands of years, have left us lessons in a multitude of instances, from which we may learn wisdom.

Some of the earlier centuries have given evidence of a more naturally religious drift and bias of mind and feeling, than (at least, in our own country) has been exemplified in recent times, when the rule is said to obtain, that "the subject of religion, like that of politics, should be prohibited in our social reunions."

I have already given two articles in this paper, on the mottoes inscribed on sundials; these find a corresponding *animus* in those on bells, posey-rings, and monumental memorials, as well as in those of which I must specially give a selection of examples, on public and private houses, and ancient castles. It does one good to see the devout feeling exhibited by those who have gone before, and so far left us a lesson of Christian faith. But some are of another class, and are full of quaint humour, and of these I shall give a few examples likewise.

At Speke Hall, near Liverpool, there is an inscription of special interest on the frieze of the panelling in the hall, which is credited with having been transferred to its present position from Holyrood Palace, after the battle of Flodden Field.

"Slepe . not . teil . ye . hathe . considered . thow . hathe . spent . ye . day . past . if . thow have . well . don . thank . God . if . othrways repent . ye."

Over the door of the oak drawing-room there is another admonition, which runs thus—

"The streghtest way to Heaven, is, God to love and serve above all thing."

In the old castle of Rockingham, Northants (the remains still existing of the original castle built by the Conqueror), the following lines may still be read on the roof of the hall—

"The house shal be preserved, and never will decay,
Where the Almighty God is honoured and served daye by daye."

In olden times, not only were mottoes placed without the walls of the mansions and feudal castles, but were, as you will observe, given a place within them; as again may be seen in Haddon Hall, Cheshire, where, in the banquet room, the words are inscribed—

"Drede God, and honor the King."

At Chichley Hall near Newport Pagnel, Bucks, the seat of the Chester family, the following inscription will be seen on a beam in a large room—

"*Cave ne Deum offendas, cave ne proximum liedas, cave ne luâ negligentiâ familiam deseras*, 1550."

which, being translated, means—

"Beware lest thou offend God; beware lest thou injure thy neighbours; beware lest by thy negligence thou neglect thy family."

There is an old Norman inscription at



NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Farnham Castle, the residence of the Bishop of Winchester—

"*Au Dieu foy, aux amies foyer.*"

"To God, faith, to friends, a hearth."

The Montacute House, Somersetshire, boasts of at least three mottoes. Over the chief entrance we find the hospitable welcome—

"Through this wide opening gate,
None come too early, none return too late."

The second surmounts the north porch, making the visitors truly at home—

"And yours, my friends."

The third is inscribed over one of the lodges—

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

This last motto has been repeated at Pontnewidd House, Monmouthshire, painted round the cornice in the modern dining-room.

Kent supplies our collection with a specimen of house mottoes. At Lullington Castle, the seat of the Dykes (baronets), the following inscription surrounds a rose nearly two feet in diameter—

"Kentish true blue,
Take this as a token,
That what is said here,
Under the Rose is spoken."

There is a curious old inscription carved on wood, of the time of either Edward VI. or Mary I. in an ancient manor house in Yorkshire, viz. :—

"*Soli deo honor et gloria,*
I. H. C. for thy wovnds smerte,
On thy fet and hondes two, make
me in x x x x x x
x x x x x x x x
ter is Poverte wi x x
nes then x x x ise
with soro and sadnes
I. H. C. kepe the Fownder.
Amen."

It is a pity that time should have obliterated so much of it.

At Skipton Castle, also in Yorkshire, there is a single word, inscribed in French, but with what special reference remains unexplained, viz., "*Desormais*," meaning "hereafter," or "from this time."

In the same county we find an appeal to the worshippers in Almondbury church under the date "1522."

"Thou man unkind, have in thy mind,
My bloody face;
My wounds wide, on every side,
For thy trespass,
Thou sinner hard, turn hitherward,
Behold thy Saviour free;
Unkind thou art, from me to depart,
When mercy I would grant thee."

And at Hardwick Hall we find—

"The conclosion of all things is, to feare God, and keepe his commandments."

There is an inscription in Greek on Conway Castle, which may be translated—

"Bear, and forbear," rather a curious motto for a feudal castle!

Over the door of a house at Towcester, Northamptonshire, we find a very sage little hint, which many would do well to remember—

"Hee that earneth wages
By labour and care. By
The blessing of God may
Have something to spare.—T. B., 1618."

Somewhat in a different spirit is the inscription, dating some years later, to be seen over the entrance-door of the Plough Inn, at Alnwick, the lines being written without reference to the comparative length of the lines, nor their due punctuation—

"That which your Father
Old hath purchased and left;
You to possess, do you dearly
Hold, to show his worthiness."

Taking a flight to Harleyford, Marlow, we find some thirty-one mottoes severally surmounting the doors. Of these I can only give a few examples, that over the portico at the entrance being a specially good one—

"If thou speakest evil of thy neighbour, come not nigh the door of this house."

"Peace on Earth, good will towards women"

(a little change from the original, somewhat prophetic of the present day!).

"For God, Queen, and Country" (resembling the national motto of the Tyrol).

A very noteworthy piece of advice, anent the rules of good breeding, appears over another door, i.e.—

"In waiting for a late guest, insult is offered to the punctual ones."

Over that of another room—

"As creatures passing from time to eternity, let us remember our bed may be the bridge."

Yet one more wise saying, worthy of special consideration, must conclude my selection from this rich collection—

"An obedient wife governs her husband"

(a statement worth consideration—young wives, take note of it!).

Specimens of art very often accompany the inscriptions on and inside the houses of our predecessors. This is notably the case at Moreton Hall, Cheshire, a beautiful, two-storey, gabled house, thoroughly representative of the county. It is lined and decorated all over with characteristic outside beams, with which travellers in those and many other parts of England are familiar. In this picturesque mansion we find a figure of Fortune, on traversing the long gallery to the extreme end. It is carved in the panelling, and there is a representation of a wheel, bearing the Latin words—

"*Qui modo scandit corruet statim,*"

which means, "Who in a hurry climbs, will quickly fall." Underneath this there is a second line—

"The Wheel of Fortune, whose Rule is Ignorance."

At the eastern end of this gallery there is another figure, that of Fate, holding a globe in one hand, and in the other a pair of compasses (could a pair of scissors have been intended? we think so), and the explanatory lines—

"The Speare of Destiny,
Whose Rule is Knowledge."

Another of our admonition mottoes may be seen at an old half-ruined country-seat, called Earlshall, a few miles distant from St. Andrews. The panelled ceiling of the large hall was at one time covered with coats-of-arms, and the walls with inscriptions, which are now unfortunately unreadable, with little exception. Time, "the destroyer," and the continual changes of atmosphere, having touched them with "effacing fingers." The poor remains of one inscription reads as follows; the small crosses appear on the original, between the several words—

"Be x merrye x and x glaid x honest x and x verteous. For x that x ——fficet x the x anger x of x the x invious."

"Try x and x put x trust x ——eeter x gude x assurance. Bot x trust x not x or x ye x try x for x fear x of x repentance."

There is a Latin motto surmounting the entrance of Benthall Hall, Shropshire—

"*Tende bene, et alta pete,*"

to be rendered in English, "Strive on well, and seek high place," otherwise, "maintain a high ideal, and let your aspirations and efforts be towards the best and highest."

Before giving any more specimens of the type with which I have commenced, the reader must be diverted with a few of a comic character. At Wymondham, Norfolk, one of this kind is to be found engraved on an oak board, all on one line, viz.—

"*Nec mihiglis servus, nec hospes herudo.*"

This motto is cut in antique Roman capital letters, and translated from the Latin would be rendered thus—

"No Dormouse as a Servant for me;
Neither a Horse-Leech for a Guest."

(The word "glis" is not Latin.) In reading this shrewd advertisement, and warning to all who would seek a domicile within, it seems that the old-time owner of the house had had experience of a guest such as some years ago imposed her company on a friend of my own. She was a travelling acquaintance of a few hours only, and cunningly exerted herself—as an item of her "stock-in-trade"—to make herself specially agreeable. The bait took my hospitable but most unwary friend, and when parting at the post-town near her own country-house, she said that "If the pleasant stranger were ever passing that way again, she would be pleased to see her." What was her surprise and consternation when, without one word of warning, a cab drove up to her door covered with luggage, not a mere valise with the requirements of a night's sojourn, and the once fellow-traveller entered, saying sweetly, "You see, I have taken you at your word, and am come to pay you a visit." My poor friend endeavoured to smile blandly, though her Irish hospitality was being rudely taxed, and she had at once to prepare a room, and make new housekeeping arrangements. A week passed over, but no word of parting was uttered. A fortnight dragged through its weary length, and hints began to show the impatience of the family; but "none are so blind as those who will not see." Then a third week began its creeping course, so, driven to desperation, the hostess had to inform the "leech" that they were all leaving home, and the house would be shut up during their absence. Thus at last they shook her off, and saw her no more. I was residing in the same parish when this episode took place.

Another curious and quaint inscription is to be seen on a house on Dinmore Hill, between Hereford and Leominster. It is illustrated by the figure of a man holding an axe, the words running thus—

"He that gives away before that he is dead,
Take this hatchet and chop off his head."

Another of these humorous mottoes, one in High Street, Rochester, is worth recording. It is an old house, standing on the original site of "Watts's Charity," and an inscription states that "by his will, dated 1579," he founded it "for six poor travellers, who, not being rogues or proctors, were to receive a night's lodging, entertainment and fourpence each." Now, the dictionary tells us that our

modern proctor is an attorney in a "spiritual court," or a "college official;" so it would seem that their morals were of no great account, as they were debarred from any participation in the benefits of this institution; being placed in the same category as the "rogues."

Still of the order of the grotesque, I may give an inscription to be seen at West Stow Hall, Suffolk, where some paintings were discovered within the present century. I cannot tell the precise date, but that they are very old is evident. One represents a boy hawking, who is saying, "Thus doe I all the day." The next shows a young man courting, who says, "Thus doe I while I may." The third picture is that of a man of middle age, who says, with apparent regret, "So did I, while I might;" and the last of the series shows the fourth epoch of human life—an aged man, groping along on his weary way, and exclaiming, "Good Lord, let not this life last for ever!" a somewhat unnecessary petition.

I can scarcely regard the inscription (so suitable in a material, rather than a spiritual sense) to be seen over the door of a certain church in Sussex, as intended to be grotesque, or anything more than a curious coincidence; the edifice being of a most unsightly character; yet it borders on the ridiculous, viz.,

"How awful is this place."

Passing on to a type of a different character, we find on the end of the colonnade at Knowsley Hall, Lancashire, there is rather a long memorial of the ill-return made by Charles II. to the Derby family.

"James, Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, having been beheaded for his adherance to him at Botton xv. Oct. *M.D.C.L. II.*, and was rewarded for his fidelity by the King's refusal to sanction a bill, passed by both Houses of Parliament, for restoring to the family the estate lost by his loyalty to him."

There is a couplet to be seen on a beam of what remains of the fine old country seat in the same county (Lancashire), called Bradley Hall, now reduced to the level of a farm-house. It runs thus—

"Here mister doth, and mistress, both
Agree with one accorde,
With Godlye mindes and zealous heartes
To serve the living Lorde."

Over that of the drawing-room—

"*Probis, non pravis*," or, "To the good, not to the wicked," and over the cellar door—

"*Sisi, non ebrietati*," or, "Sufficient, not drunkenness." In another place we find the inscription—

"*Aversos compons animos et seculæ cogo.*"

"I compose estranged hearts, and bring together (distant or separated) ages."

There are few houses so rich in mottoes as Loseley House, or Park, near Guildford, Surrey, comparing well with Harleyford, Marlow, before-named. At one time it belonged to the More family; and we find, amongst others, rebus allusions to the family name carved on the ceilings of the rooms. On that of the drawing-room there is a representation of a mulberry-tree, and round this, in four panels—

"*Morus tarde Moriens Morum cito Moriturum*;" in English, "The mulberry-tree slow in dying (long lived) warns More that he will soon die." A moor-hen is introduced into several of the compartments of the ceiling of the principal bed-room. Over the entrance there is the motto—

"*Invidiæ claudor pateo sed semper amico*," which may be translated, "I am closed to envy (ill-will), but am always open to a friend."

Those acquainted with Worcester will doubtless have noticed the motto over the principal entrance-door of the Guildhall, *i.e.*—

"*Floreat semper fidelis civitas*,"—"May the faithful king always flourish." On one side is a statue of Charles I. holding a church, and on the other side one of Charles II.

"Up and bee doing, and God will prosper,"

may be seen on a kind of memorial stone in Althorp Park, Northants, which had reference to the plantation made there by Sir William Spencer, ancestor to the Earls of Spencer, in 1624. A subsequent peer of the name placed another stone in the park, having improved the estate in the same way in 1798, and again a third in 1890. The first bears the words—

"*Serus factura nepotibus*," or, "One being plucked up," and the second inscription—

"*Uno avulso non deficit alter*," or "Another is not wanting," being a quotation from Horace.

When giving some inscriptions to be seen in Yorkshire, I might have mentioned one over the schoolmaster's house at Leyburn. I cannot give the date. It is of the same character as those on our ancient sundials—

"Time is, thou hast, see that thou well employ;
Time past, is gone, thou can'st not that employ;
Time future, is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee."

Amongst those of our old houses in the United Kingdom which have Latin mottoes (as well as Dutch and German), I may name one in the village of Stoke Bishop, near Bristol. The house dated from about the middle of the last century, and had not only a Latin, but an English motto, the latter constituting its name.

"Wise in time," and, over the front door, carved on the stone—

"*Ut corpus animo,*
Sic domus corpori,"

"As the body is to the soul, so is the house to the body."

At about a mile distant from Cheltenham there stands a house called "The Dutch Farm," which is distinguished by the motto:

"*Nictz zonder arbyt*," or, "Nothing without work." This inscription runs along the front of the house.

There is an admirable motto over the Wentworth Arms, Kirby Malory, Leicestershire, to wit—

"May he who has little to spend, spend nothing in drink;
May he who has more than enough keep it for better uses;
May he who goes in to rest never remain to riot,
And he who fears God elsewhere never forget him here."

We must admire the poor Boniface, whose conscience triumphed over his pecuniary interests. But, unless inherited from his father, we can only wonder he became a tavern proprietor.

Carlisle supplies a brief but excellent motto to our collection—

"Be just and fear not."

I have already given a contribution from Cheshire, and may add two more. The arms of Queen Elizabeth are sculptured on the hall chimney-piece of old Bramall Hall, accompanied by the inscription, "*Vive la Royne*." Again, in the most unique and picturesque street of Chester, known as Watergate Street, there is a specially interesting house and memorial of long past times, viz., "Bishop Lloyd's house," which is covered with sculptured representations of Scriptural history; but no mottoes nor writings of any kind; but one house bears the grateful acknowledgment of the special mercy of God towards its occupants; where, amidst all the plague-smitten neighbouring houses, it was the one solitary dwelling where the gruesome "black death" entered not. Thus, over the wooden colonnade the motto appears, engraved by the proprietor—

"1652. God's Providence is mine inheritance. 1652."

At West Marlocks, Norfolk, there is an inscription over the door of the entrance hall of the vicarage, which runs thus—

"God bless and God keep all those that pass this doorway, and those that spend their nights beneath this roof."

On the first Eddystone Lighthouse, of ill-fated memory, the too-confident architect caused decorations to be made—pictorial, interspersed with mottoes—in great variety and dispersed all over the exterior. Amongst the pictures were representations of suns and compasses, and amongst the mottoes the words, "*Post tenebras Lux*," "After darkness light;" "Glory be to God;" "*Pax in Bello*." The architect, Winstanley, was a retired London mercer, and so sure was he of the stability of his work, that he declared he "would like to be in the lighthouse himself during the greatest storm that ever blew under heaven," in reply to a warning that the structure was not strong enough to resist the power of the waves. The unfortunate man had his wish. Having gone into it to superintend some repairs shortly before a great storm came on, the warnings only proved too true, and together with five other persons, Winstanley was swept away in its destruction. The terrific and memorable hurricane, which was of a week's duration, commenced on the morning of November 27th, 1703; but for how many days the edifice withstood its violence, and the indwellers saw themselves face to face with a terrible death, beyond all hope of succour, I am not able to say. It is pleasant, at least, to note that the responsible man amongst the victims gave evidence of being a devout and God-fearing man, by the mottoes he inscribed on his work, and trust that he realised the blessedness of one of those he selected:

"After darkness light."

Here it may be well to divide my collection. In the second part (the last) I propose to give some examples gathered from a few cottage homes, and others in London or the near neighbourhood, and to conclude with a selection collected in Scotland and Ireland.

(To be continued.)

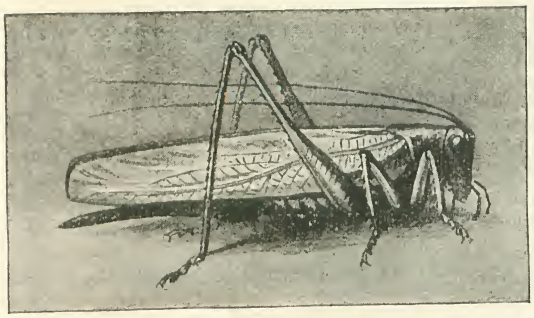


RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

The Great Green Grasshopper
(Acrida Viridissima).

As the fields are now teeming with grasshoppers, large and small, it will be quite easy and well worth while to capture a few and note their curious form and varied markings. Those we find in the meadows are usually of



THE GREAT GREEN GRASSHOPPER.

the same tint of green as the grass on which they feed; but if we collect these insects from a bare chalky soil, they will be grey-coloured so as to imitate the general tone of the ground they rest upon.

There is also a very handsome species which is a tree-dweller, and may be found at this season in some localities by shaking oak branches; in other places I hear of their being caught in hazel hedges and on sunny banks, where they are easily secured with a small butterfly-net.

I kept a specimen of this insect a few years ago and found it a very interesting pet. A glass globe covered with a piece of net forms a suitable home for it, and, although it prefers flies and small insects, it will eat raw meat and succulent cabbage-stalks.

No one could fail to admire the exquisitely-brilliant green of this insect with its golden eyes, its long delicate wings, which, however, it does not seem to use except when they are expanded to break the force of its fall from tree branches.

The antennæ are long and tapering, and my specimen, being a female, possessed an extended ovipositor.

This species measures from two and a half to three inches from head to tail, and, taking into account its size and brilliant colouring, it is perhaps one of the most striking of our British insects.

Its habits are very dainty, every speck of dust is at once removed from its legs and feet; the tapering antennæ are drawn through its feelers, and they also cleanse the delicate wing-cases. In fact, as one watches all this going on, one is led to wish that all human beings could be persuaded to learn from this lowly creature to perform their toilets as carefully.

Bird's Foot-Trefoil
(Lotus Corniculatus).

Seeing the sparrows busily feeding upon the seed-pods of the bird's foot-trefoil, which grows much too freely upon my lawn, I have been led to reflect upon the great value to wild birds of the various weeds which cover every piece of waste ground.

The many weeks of dry weather we have had this summer have brought the birds almost to starvation point. The lawns are hard and cracked with the continual sunshine, so that the thrushes and blackbirds can find no worms or slugs, and very naturally they resort to the fruit gardens in the absence of other food.

The mountain ash and elderberries are also eagerly sought for and devoured, and then weeds are resorted to and keep the famished birds alive until the welcome rains restore their accustomed insect diet.

Few people seem to know that wild birds need feeding quite as much in a long dry summer as in a hard winter, and a pan of water is also a great luxury to our feathered friends.

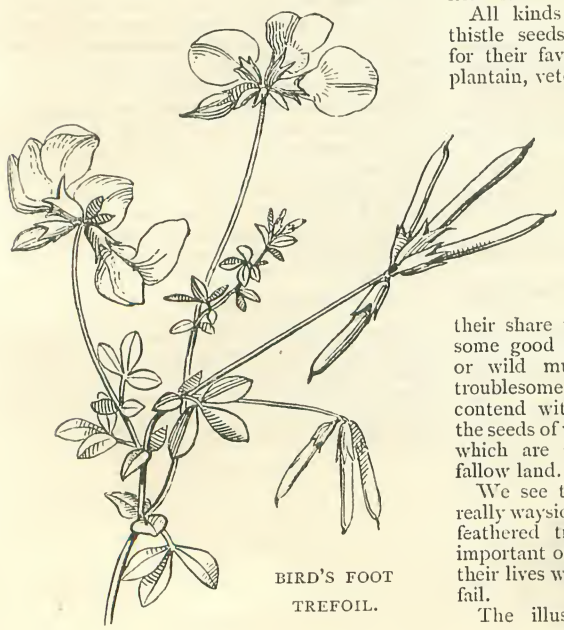
All kinds of finches feed greedily upon thistle seeds, and many other species seek for their favourite chickweed and groundsel, plantain, vetches and hawkweed.

Other weeds are the resort of shy birds that we seldom see in the act of feeding, because their keen sight and hearing give them warning of our approach, and they slip away under cover until we have passed by.

Wild pigeons, if they do a good deal of harm in eating more than their share in the corn-fields, also do some good by feeding upon charlock or wild mustard, one of the most troublesome weeds the farmer has to contend with. They also eat the seeds of various polygonums which are sure to abound in fallow land.

We see then that weeds are really wayside provisions for the feathered tribes, and fulfil an important office in maintaining their lives when other resources fail.

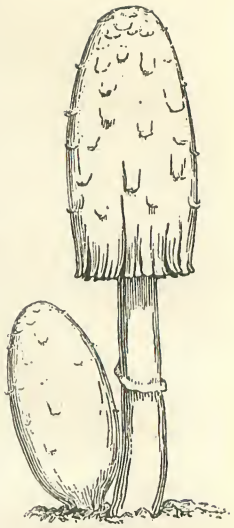
The illustration shows the resemblance between the trefoil pods and a bird's foot, hence the appropriateness of its name. It is a happy time for the humble bees when this plant, with its pretty yellow blossoms, is out in flower—the lawn is so covered with the busy little insects one can hardly walk without treading upon them.



BIRD'S FOOT TREFOIL.

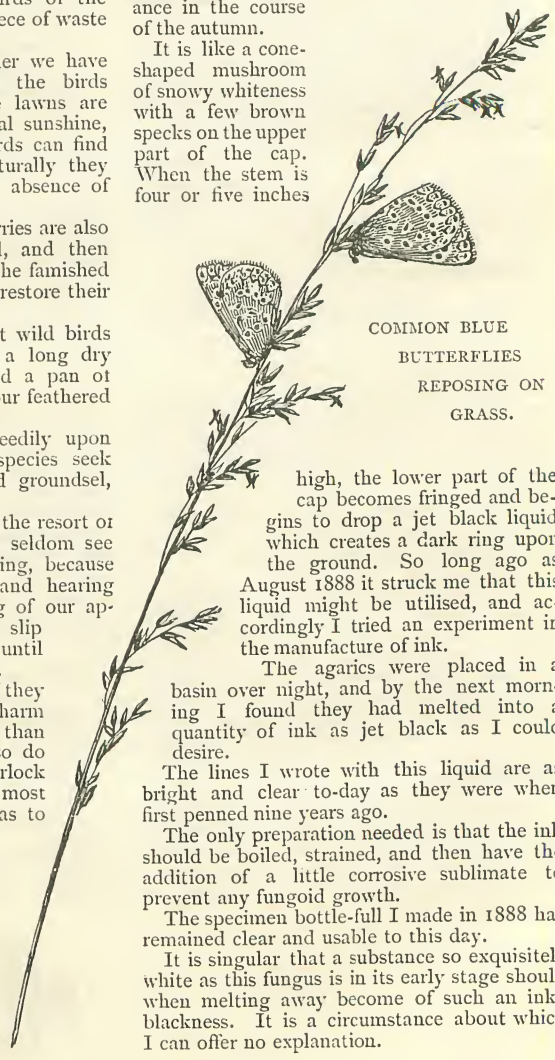
Home-Made Ink.

A curious fungus known as the maned agaric (*Coprinus comatus*) is now growing in abundance in a grassy nook behind some evergreens, where it always makes its appearance in the course of the autumn.



COPRINUS COMATUS.

It is like a cone-shaped mushroom of snowy whiteness with a few brown specks on the upper part of the cap. When the stem is four or five inches high, the lower part of the cap becomes fringed and begins to drop a jet black liquid which creates a dark ring upon the ground. So long ago as August 1888 it struck me that this liquid might be utilised, and accordingly I tried an experiment in the manufacture of ink.



COMMON BLUE BUTTERFLIES REPOSING ON GRASS.

The agarics were placed in a basin over night, and by the next morning I found they had melted into a quantity of ink as jet black as I could desire.

The lines I wrote with this liquid are as bright and clear to-day as they were when first penned nine years ago.

The only preparation needed is that the ink should be boiled, strained, and then have the addition of a little corrosive sublimate to prevent any fungoid growth.

The specimen bottle-full I made in 1888 has remained clear and usable to this day.

It is singular that a substance so exquisitely white as this fungus is in its early stage should when melting away become of such an inky blackness. It is a circumstance about which I can offer no explanation.

Blue Butterflies Asleep (*Lycæna Icarus*).

Walking last evening in a field where the long flowering stalks of grass were swaying to and fro in the breeze, I was struck by what seemed a small grey blossom hanging upon some of them, and looking more closely I found it was a blue butterfly which had gone to sleep upon the grass stem.

Passing on a little further I found dozens of the exquisite little creatures with folded wings quietly resting until the sunrise should awaken them to new life and activity.

This morning there was heavy rain and a high wind, and I was rather curious to know how the butterflies had fared, so when there came a lull in the storm I made my way to the field, and there were the fragile little insects being blown hither and thither on the grass stalks, but evidently quite unharmed by wind and rain.

I could but admire the instinct which had guided these frail creatures in their choice of a resting-place; had they been roosting in trees or shrubs a blow from a large leaf flapping to and fro would have been fatal to them, but on the slender grasses they bent before the gale and swung in their aerial cradles quite unharmed.

Another point of interest is that the bright azure of their upper wings which would have made them a conspicuous mark for a passing bird to feast upon, was entirely concealed whilst they were thus at rest, the wings being closely folded and bent down so that the finely spotted under-wings alone were seen, and made the tiny butterfly look like a part of the grass itself.

The calm confidence of these pretty insects brought to my mind a saying of Martin Luther as he called attention to a young bird asleep upon a spray.

"This little fellow has chosen his shelter and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodgings, calmly holding by his little twig and leaving God to think for him."

Varying Position of Leaves.

A long period of drought is now rather seriously affecting vegetation.

Without moisture, the roots of plants cannot send up the needful supplies of food into the stem and leaves; exhaustion consequently ensues and the outward sign of a starved condition is seen in the drooping position of the leaves.

Where the leaf-stalk joins the stem there is a flexibility of tissue which admits of the leaf being raised or lowered. In some trees and plants there exists, at the base of the leaf stalk (or petiole) a swollen articulation which is called a pulvinus. It is almost like a hinge and enables the leaf to hang down or rise to an entirely upright position.

We may see this hinge in action by touching a sensitive plant when, before our eyes, the leaf rapidly descends and the leaflets fold together.

Where this plant cannot be observed the same effect can be noted by examining a clover plant in the morning when all its leaves will be erect, and visiting the same plant in the evening, each leaflet will be found hanging down and folded together in its nightly sleep.

The illustration shows the effect of drought upon rhododendron leaves.

This pendant foliage has a strangely depressing effect upon the spirits; it is as though all nature was sorrowing and trying to express her mournful condition.



EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPH FOR REJOICING.



RHODODENDRON.

As far back as the time of the Egyptian dynasties, the upward tending line was always chosen as the expression of joy and gladness typified by a man with uplifted hands, that being the hieroglyph to express rejoicing. The upward curves of a smiling mouth and the sad effect when the lips are drawn downwards illustrate the same truth. For the same reason we call a tree whose branches all droop towards the ground a weeping willow, birch or elm, as the case may be.

Keeping this principle in mind as we take our rambles will afford a fresh subject for thought, and we shall find many other illustrations confirming this fact which I have not space to touch upon now.

Rocks and Stones.

In a previous note I spoke of some points of interest in the formation of granite rocks and what we may discover in gravelly soils.

Let us now suppose ourselves in a limestone country with its granite cliffs and caverns.

It was a delightful surprise to me to find that I could actually pick up fossils in the streets at Buxton which are mended with broken limestone; I thus obtained quite a variety of museum specimens in the course of a morning's walk. There are, I believe, more than six hundred species of fossil shells to be found in mountain limestone besides the remains of fishes, corals and plants.

Derbyshire abounds in curious caverns where we may see the growth of stalactites from the roof. These are formed by the constant dripping of water containing calcareous matter which encrusts into long spikes like icicles. The drops continually falling from them also concrete upon the floor of the cavern and form masses of what is called stalagmite.

I met with a still more curious form of this deposit in a cavern at the Cheddar Cliffs. The dripping lime water had there taken the form of a curtain and hung from the roof in graceful folds; it was so translucent that the light of a torch, held by the guide, shone through as though it were formed of horn or tortoise-shell.

Alabaster is another form of limestone; this is a sort of calcareous spar, soft enough to be easily carved into statuettes or other ornaments.

Some years ago when I was visiting a little seaside resort called Blue Anchor in Somersetshire, I was much interested in observing that a part of the sea cliff there contained a vein of alabaster of various shades of pink and red.

Although it is found in many places in England in strata in the earth or in caverns, I do not know of any other locality where alabaster can be seen and obtained so easily as at this particular spot.

As I am only trying to point out a few interesting geological specimens which my readers may find for themselves, I will pass over the various kinds of marbles, forms of limestone which need to be quarried out of the earth and which are seldom to be met with in a day's ramble.

Where building operations are going on we may often obtain small pieces of the Bath, Portland or Caen stone which are used so much for pillars or ornamental sculpture.

The additional names of Oolite and Roestone have been given to these forms of limestone, because they appear to consist of small round grains or eggs, such as compose the roe of a fish.

VARIETIES.

How to Abolish Poverty.—The best anti-poverty society ever known in this world is made up of those who work up to the measure of their abilities, and have the good sense to spend less than they earn. Some people will not work, and for this reason are poor, and some who do work spend all they earn, and for this reason are poor. It is not God's intention that idlers and spendthrifts should share in the earnings of others.

A Parable.

Here is a parable by an American poet:

"One went east, and one went west
Across the wild sea-foam,
And both were on the self-same quest.
Now one there was who cared for nought,
So stayed at home:
Yet of the three, 'twas only he
Who reached the goal—by him unsought."

Goodness Not Glory.—Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing we should long for is goodness, not glory.

Two Errors.—It is a great mistake to fancy oneself greater than one is, and an equal mistake to value oneself at less than one is worth.

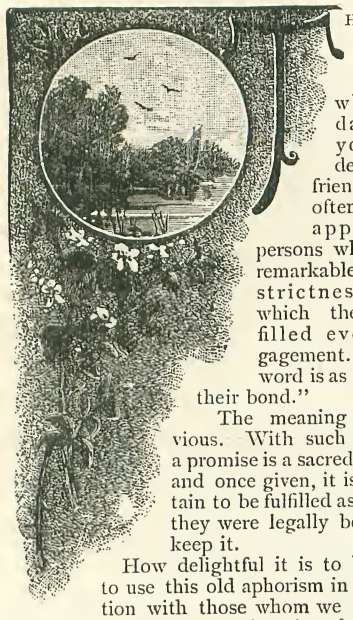
IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART X.

ON KEEPING ONE'S WORD.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much" (St. Luke xvi. 10).



THERE is a common saying which I daresay you, my dear girl friends, have often heard applied to persons who were remarkable for the strictness with which they fulfilled every engagement. "Their word is as good as their bond."

The meaning is obvious. With such persons a promise is a sacred matter, and once given, it is as certain to be fulfilled as though they were legally bound to keep it.

How delightful it is to be able to use this old aphorism in connection with those whom we meet in social life, and their conduct in relation to the simplest matters. The saying involves so much, and, when applied to anyone, it is a grand tribute to individual character. Business life, social and home life, personal convenience and comfort, all depend largely on the faithful fulfilment of promises.

What a difference it makes to us if we have made an engagement with a person, and we can say to ourselves, "I need have no anxiety about it. She always keeps her word."

On the other hand, if an uneasy feeling is suggested by the memory of past delinquencies, and we have to say, "My time may be lost. She is not to be depended upon," the interval is haunted by doubt, which often ends in disappointment.

There are many girls, and, I am afraid, older people also, who fail to keep their word, and who break their promises with little thought or care for the inconvenience and disappointment they cause to others. They excuse themselves with the reflection that the promise was about a trifling matter, and therefore, the breaking of it was of small moment also.

If nothing else were involved, good manners demand that if we have accepted an engagement or made an appointment we should keep it, if possible. But if we are disciples of Christ, we have something to consider which is above and beyond good manners, however important these may be. We have the example of God's faithfulness to us. "For He is faithful" in His promises, His commandments, His pledges to forgive and to bless His children. One great subject of exultant song, amongst the psalmists of old, was the faithfulness of the God in whom they trusted. Just a few words as instances of this.

"I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation," "It is a good thing," "To show forth Thy loving kindness in the morning and Thy faithfulness every night," "Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth," "Great is Thy faithfulness."

Look at the character of our Master, Christ. Was He not faithful in doing the work He came to do—faithful unto death?

Such a Master should have faithful servants, and, as I have tried to show you, the Spirit which animated Him, should at all times and in all things be manifest in us.

Do you say, "Christ came to do the greatest work of all. I try to imitate Him in all the most important duties I have to do. But I do not pretend that I am perfect, and I do not expect to be, and most girls fail in such small things as keeping engagements and unimportant promises."

We admitted this at the beginning of our talk, and I add, "Pity that it should be true."

Now let us notice our text for a moment. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." These are Christ's very words. Does it surprise you, my dear ones, that He gives the little things the foremost place? You and I, in our ignorance, would probably have reversed things, just as we do in daily life. We should have decided that whoever was faithful in great matters, would be absolutely trustworthy in the smallest details. Christ taught otherwise. In the parable of the talents, the man who had but one talent to account for made no use of it, and lost all. The others, who used a small trust to the best advantage, had greater things confided to them. It was their faithfulness in the small things which proved their fitness for higher responsibility.

Now I want to impress upon you, the dear companions of many happy evenings, the importance of faithfulness in every little thing.

There are two causes which have much to do with want of faith in social matters. One is thoughtlessness, the other selfishness.

We make promises without considering whether we have a reasonable prospect of keeping them. We are sometimes selfish enough to fail in keeping an engagement because, since we made it, some more attractive invitation has reached us. Sooner than forego this prospect of greater pleasure, our first pledge is deliberately broken, and those to whom we gave it are disappointed.

Let me illustrate my meaning by real incidents.

A friend of mine who leads a busy professional life incidentally met a girl student at the house of a mutual acquaintance. They were sitting together, and got into conversation on a subject of mutual interest. The girl appeared to be specially charmed at their meeting, and spoke so enthusiastically about her studies as to rouse the sympathy of her listener.

"No member of my own family has similar tastes to mine," she said, "neither have I any friend to whom I can speak freely about the work so near to my heart. I would give anything if I had some one who would enter, even a little, into my hopes and anxieties, and tell me frankly whether I have a reasonable chance of success to reward years of hard work."

The elder lady was interested. She was a hard worker too, and time was valuable to her in every sense. For a fortnight to come she could only count on one free evening, and this was to have been devoted to pleasant relaxation. She was, however, one whose first thought was usually, "What can I do to help my neighbour?" And as she listened to the girl's regrets, she said to herself, "I will give up my one spare evening. This girl is in earnest, and needs just what I am able to do for her."

An invitation followed, and was accepted with effusive thanks. Some days later, she who had given it was tempted to put off the girl's visit to a more convenient time, and had she thought only of self-gratification she might have done so. But she was faithful in the least things. Her word was as good as her bond. She told the friend who had planned a special pleasure for her, that she had made an engagement and must keep it.

"You know how much I should like to join your party," she said; "but I cannot break my word to this girl. I was quite carried away by her earnestness in her work."

"I hope the girl will keep her word," was the reply.

"You speak as if you doubted it. Do you think she will not come? She seemed so delighted to have the opportunity."

"I should not like to say that she will not; but she has so often failed to keep her engagements with me, that I have ceased to invite her. Surely she will value the privilege of an evening with you, especially as she knows how fully your time is occupied."

The friends parted—the one certainly disappointed, the other left in doubt as to whether her self-denial would be in vain. Judging by her own faithfulness, and willing to think kindly of her new acquaintance, she put doubt aside.

When the evening came, a prettily-spread table, to which special dainties had been added, awaited the guest; but these and the hostess waited in vain. If she could have looked in at the girl's home, she would have seen her comfortably ensconced by the fireside.

The evening was cloudy. A friend had dropped in and had been induced to stay; and the girl, having decided that by breaking her promise she could have a pleasant time at home and save herself the trouble of walking a mile to keep her engagement, wrote a so-called apology and prepared to enjoy herself.

Here selfishness and want of consideration for another were shown, to say nothing of bad manners.

If the girl had written soon enough, her kindly acquaintance might have been spared a lonely evening, and *her* friend the being deprived of her society.

There is a very real pleasure in foregoing something for the sake of doing a kindness; but it is hard to be robbed of it by the knowledge that the one we wished to serve has made the sacrifice fruitless.

At this moment I seem to see again after the lapse of many years a girl's face at a window glowing with bright anticipation. The girl as I then saw her was very tastefully and carefully dressed, every item having been chosen to adorn the beautiful face and figure of her who wore it. One felt instinctively that she was waiting for the coming of him by whose side she looked forward to spending her future life.

An hour later she was still waiting, but fear had taken the place of bright hopefulness. Something must have happened, she was sure. *He* would never break his word to *her*. Another hour. Still she waited, and then anxiety gave place to indignation. If there had been anything serious—illness, for instance—to prevent his coming, she would have been told first of all.

The summer day faded, and, late in the evening, came the truant *fiancé* with a poor excuse for his broken promise.

"I met an old college friend quite unexpectedly," he said. "He will leave the neighbourhood to-morrow, and he was anxious to have a chat; so we took a long walk, had tea at a village eight miles away, and came back by train. I knew you would not mind my leaving you for once, as this was my only opportunity of being with my college chum."

Further inquiry showed that at the time the two met, they were only a few minutes' walk from the house where the girl stood waiting.

"If I had only known, I should have been glad to think you were with an old friend. You could have called to tell me, without any inconvenience, and saved me from hours of waiting and anxiety. It hurts me to think you broke your word, and cared so little about my feelings as not even to step aside for my sake."

The offender made light of the matter, laughed at the foolish fancies which had made the girl unhappy on his account, and said:—

"When I did not come at the time, you should have gone out with your own people. As to breaking my word, it is ridiculous to suggest such a thing. I was on my way to keep it."

"And might easily have done it. Had you been a long way off, you would have had a better excuse."

The incident changed the future of two lives. The girl was scrupulous in keeping her word about the smallest matter, and she had noticed that, since her engagement, her *fiancé* had become less particular in this respect.

She said to herself, "If he is not faithful in little things, he will not be in great ones," and broke off the engagement.

A very common excuse for social breaches of faith is, "I am so sorry, but I quite forgot."

Children often plead this, and are met with the reply, "I will teach you to remember," and a sharp lesson follows. But grown-up girls cannot be taught in the same fashion. They must be voluntary learners, and practise lessons in good faith towards others, and unselfishness in keeping every promise. Think, first of all. Then give your word, and, having given it, keep it even to your own hurt and inconvenience, or at the cost of self-sacrifice.

I picture two girls—real ones, whom I knew. The elder would undertake any commission, promise to deliver messages, post letters—do anything to oblige. She meant to keep her word. But the article she was to have brought was rarely forthcoming; the message seldom reached its destination; the letters would be found, often in a crumpled condition, in her pocket or satchel days after they had been entrusted to her. Then she would look penitent, and say, "I quite forgot." But that could not undo the harm caused by her omissions. Somebody said, "Nelly is the family 'Dead Letter Office.'" "She is not so good as that," retorted another sister. "The real 'Dead Letter Office' returns what it cannot deliver. If Nelly takes a letter, one never knows what will become of it."

Naturally, Nelly soon came to be regarded as a person not be trusted, and a much less clever member of the family was put in her place. This one had, naturally, a bad memory, but, conscious of the defect, she strove to correct it. A little notebook was in constant requisition.

"I want to keep my word," she said; "and, as my memory is not good, I use an artificial one," holding up her tiny notebook.

Those who knew her learned to say, "Rose is not as clever as Nelly, but she is something better. If she makes a promise, she keeps it. She never says, 'I forgot,' and she is always to be trusted."

I had a talk, a little while ago, with a dear girl friend about the injury inflicted by those who accept invitations, and needlessly disappoint, not merely their entertainers, but the friends who, but for their acceptance, might have filled the vacant places. We spoke more especially of a friend's disappointment in receiving excuses from nearly a fourth of her expected guests, when it was too late to invite others. She had been careful to ask only as many as could be accommodated with comfort, and it had been very difficult to choose out of a large circle of friends.

"Must not every hostess count on some disappointments, and ought she not to calculate on them in sending invitations?" said my young friend.

"True," I replied; "and no one would find fault with really unavoidable absences. But we have no right to make engagements with mental reservations; to send a definite acceptance, and say to ourselves, 'I shall go, if nothing more attractive comes in the way—my convenience is not interfered with, or indolence does not prevent at the last moment.'"

Want of faith is morally hurtful to ourselves, and causes the friends whose standard is higher than our own to lose confidence in us. We rob others of what they would have enjoyed and valued had we not given our word, only to break it.

It generally happens that those who are careless about keeping promises, are by no means ready to excuse the same bad fault in another. You and I, dear girl friends, know well that if the new party dress did not arrive in time, as promised, we should be very apt to say hard things and be angry with the dressmaker, whose breach of faith had lost us an evening's enjoyment.

There are many people, young and old, who are careful about keeping their word to outsiders, but very careless when those at home are concerned. They seem to think that a broken promise matters less if only members of their own family are inconvenienced by it. The mother says to her girls, "You must not be late," and names the hour at which they are to return. The girls assent, perhaps they promise to be in time, then go away, and, absorbed in social enjoyments, never give a second thought to those who are waiting for them. "Mother will not mind," says one. "If father were at home I should be obliged to go. He is so particular about hours." Of course mother does mind, but fathers are proverbially less indulgent than mothers, and apt to be sterner in dealing with a fault. This fact should make girls more particular, for the more tender the nature, the more easily is it hurt.

The knowledge that our nearest and dearest will be silent about our faults and most ready to shield us from any evil consequences, should put us upon our honour to give them as little cause for complaint as possible. It is not good for ourselves to be held to our word merely by the fear of what outsiders will say or of possible penalties.

The girl who would sacrifice a pleasure rather than bring a tear to a child's eyes by a broken promise; the girl who withstands the entreaty to stay "just a little longer," and leaves a bright circle at the height of its enjoyment, because she has given her word; the young servant whose "night out" has been abridged by unexpected work beforehand but who, in spite of that, returns home to the very minute; the little milliner, new to business and to whom employment is all important, yet who refuses a good order because she cannot fulfil it without breaking her word to an earlier and less valuable customer—furnish us with examples worthy of all honour. To quote again the old aphorism, "Their word is as good as their bond." They keep it from a sense of right, and in accordance with the teaching of God's word, and the spirit of Christ.

If any amongst you to whom I speak are careless about keeping your word, and promise without thought, only to fail without regret, think what it would be for us, who depend for everything on the faithfulness of God, were He to fail us.

"The Lord said, While the earth remaineth seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

This promise has been kept for thousands of years, and we go on from day to day, expecting our daily bread, because "He is faithful that promised." So, with all other temporal blessings, so too as regards our highest interests. Because our Father is a God that cannot lie, we accept His invitations assured of a welcome. We confess our sins and plead for pardon because "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

If God were not true to His word, we might bid farewell to present peace; and all hope of future blessedness would vanish like vapour.

What, dear girls, shall be the outcome of our talk to-night? I trust it will help us all to be careful in giving our word, but having given it, to hold a promise, even about the smallest matter, as a sacred thing. It is the attribute of our God to be faithful. We cannot be His true children and servants unless we are faithful in the least things as well as in the greatest.





ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

FORGET-ME-NOT BLUE.—Certainly, at present, you must be rather robust if you weigh ten and a half stone and are only five feet three inches high; but as you are only nineteen years old you may be pretty sure of growing taller. Growth does not usually stop before twenty-two. You say that your parents are big people and you will probably be like them.

EVA.—We do not advise you to do anything to reduce your fat. You will go on growing for about six years more, and probably by the end of that time you will be quite as thin as you desire. Do not take drugs of any kind. Reducing the amount of starchy food will often help to reduce corpulency.

"A CONSTANT READER" would like to know how to cure a "slight deafness," but before answering her question, we would like to know something more about her ears. If "A Constant Reader" will answer the following questions we will be able to tell her the cause of the trouble and how to treat it. These are the questions:—(1) How long have you been deaf? (2) How did the deafness start? (3) Are you equally deaf in both ears? (4) Have you a discharge from the ear? (5) If not, have you ever had a discharge from the ear? (6) Have lumps of wax ever dropped out of your ears? (7) Have you ever had noises in the ears? (8) Can you hear your own voice distinctly? (9) Are you equally deaf at all seasons and at all times? (10) Have you ever had anything wrong with your throat? (11) Do you always breathe through your nose? (12) Has the deafness developed gradually? (13) What is your age? Answer us these questions and then we can tell you what is wrong with your ears. Without knowing these points any advice that we could give you would be valueless.

EDNA.—"Obesity pills and powders," and other quack medicines for the cure of superfluous fat are not to be recommended. No drug will cure this condition. Attend to your diet. Avoid excessive amounts of fluids, and alcohol in all forms, and take starchy foods in great moderation. Take plenty of exercise. Walking is the best of all exercises. Scrupulously avoid all drugs save an occasional aperient. The severe methods of getting rid of fat such as Bant's treatment do more harm than good, or at least, that has been our experience. They reduce the fat, but they reduce the health in a corresponding ratio, and we have seen a fatal termination to "Banting."

MURIEL.—Potatoes do make you stout. They consist mainly of starch, and starch produces corpulency. Carrots, turnips, maize, parsnips and artichokes also produce deposits of fat in persons liable to obesity.

IRIS.—Of course it is the tea that causes your nose to turn red and burn. Give up tea and every other indigestible food. Your nose will cease to trouble you if you are careful of your digestion. Drinking large quantities of cold water does not improve the complexion. How could it do so? Neither does it injure the complexion, unless taken in sufficient quantities to cause indigestion.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Tonics give you pain in the chest. This is probably due to indigestion, as most tonics are indigestible. The pains you complain of are parts of some nervous condition, for which we cannot suggest any treatment without further information. They may be due to neuralgia or even to anæmia.

FLOSSIE.—Read the answer to "F. S." Cycling cannot produce enlarged pores, unless you perspire very much while cycling. Keep your face very clean and use a rough towel. Blackheads should be squeezed out, if very prominent, otherwise they may be left alone, as the water and rough towel will remove them. If you find the sulphur ointment makes your face irritable, use it less strong, say one part of the ointment to an equal quantity of vaseline, or else leave it off for a week or so.

SMETS.—Read the answers to "Forget-me-not Blue," "Eva," "Edna," "Muriel," and "Flossie." In the article on "Diet in Health and Sickness," which appeared in last year's volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a complete dietary for obesity was given.

AN ANXIOUS WOMAN.—Lice or "nitts" in the hair are very common in children. In adult women, they are one of the penalties of long hair. Though usually associated with uncleanliness they may find a harbour in perfectly clean hair. They are true insects and come from outside. We have not got a "vein of lice" inside us! You got this idea from a thoroughly unreliable source. It is a simple matter to get rid of lice, if you are very careful to carry out the treatment to the minutest detail. Take a solution of carbolic acid, one ounce of the crystals to two quarts of hot water. You can get this at a chemist's, but remember that it is a poison and must be used with care. Let down your hair, wash it well with soap and water, rinse it out in warm water, and then thoroughly wash the head and hair in the carbolic solution. Take at least two hours to wash your hair. Be careful that none of the carbolic acid gets on to the face or into the eyes, for it is caustic, and is very injurious to the eyes. Having used the lotion thoroughly, rinse the hair again, run through the hair with a fine tooth-comb and dry your head and hair; then apply "white precipitate ointment" to the roots of the hair. Repeat this treatment again at the end of a week. If this does not cure you, you must cut your hair short and try again; but if you carry out the above advice thoroughly you will save your hair.

A DERBYSHIRE LASS.—Cretinism is endemic in certain localities, of which Derbyshire is one, but it also occurs from time to time in places where it is not endemic. It is always congenital, but there is no reason to believe that it is hereditary. Direct heredity is impossible, as a cretin could not marry. Now it is not a hopeless condition, for by giving cretins "thyroid extract," great improvement is almost invariable, and slighter grades are often completely cured. This cure of cretinism—converting a hopeless, helpless imbecile into an ordinary mortal—is the greatest triumph of modern science.

MOAB.—You could obtain treatment for your child's ear at any London hospital. There is no fee to be paid. Or if you do not care to come to London, you might make inquiries about the local hospitals in Gloucestershire. Any specialist in aural diseases would be able to treat your daughter.

SHAMROCK.—We have never before heard of a moustache which was not hairy. Probably what you have on your lip is either a mole or a pigmented patch of skin. From what you tell us of its causation, we incline to the latter opinion. Try if peroxide of hydrogen will bleach it. Apply the peroxide every evening with a camel-hair brush. This treatment cannot do any harm, but we do not guarantee that it will succeed in removing the patch.

EDITH NEALE.—For land plants potassium salts are to be preferred to sodium compounds, for all land plants contain and require more potassium than sodium. Nitrate of potassium (saltpetre) is the most convenient of the chemical manures containing potash.

F. G. H.—Go on with the treatment and use the soap and ointment as we directed. It often takes a considerable time to cure acne.

SANDRE.—All your symptoms can be accounted for by anæmia. Dizziness, giddiness, loss of voice, breathlessness and dyspepsia are all caused by bloodlessness. You have got a return of the anæmia that you had three years ago. Therefore the best thing that you can do is to return to the treatment which you used during the first attack. You might, however, try a more tonic treatment. Of course you must attend to your digestion. Take a holiday, if you can. Under no circumstances should you take a cold bath in the morning. The feeling you describe of being unable to work or think is most commonly due to taking cold baths when the circulation is not up to the standard. Unless you are going to take up medicine professionally, it is not advisable to read medical books, for it is impossible to fully understand them without clinical study. Worst of all literature are the abominable pamphlets published by patent medicine men, and sent round to every house. Such books should be burnt as soon as they enter any house. The health sermons and articles that appear in this paper are on quite a different footing. They deal with matters which should be known by every one, and as they are written by qualified physicians, who do not deal in nostrums, they are reliable and safe to follow.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—We will gladly forward on to Ruth Lamb any letter you may send to us for that purpose.



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THE WORDLESS VOICE.

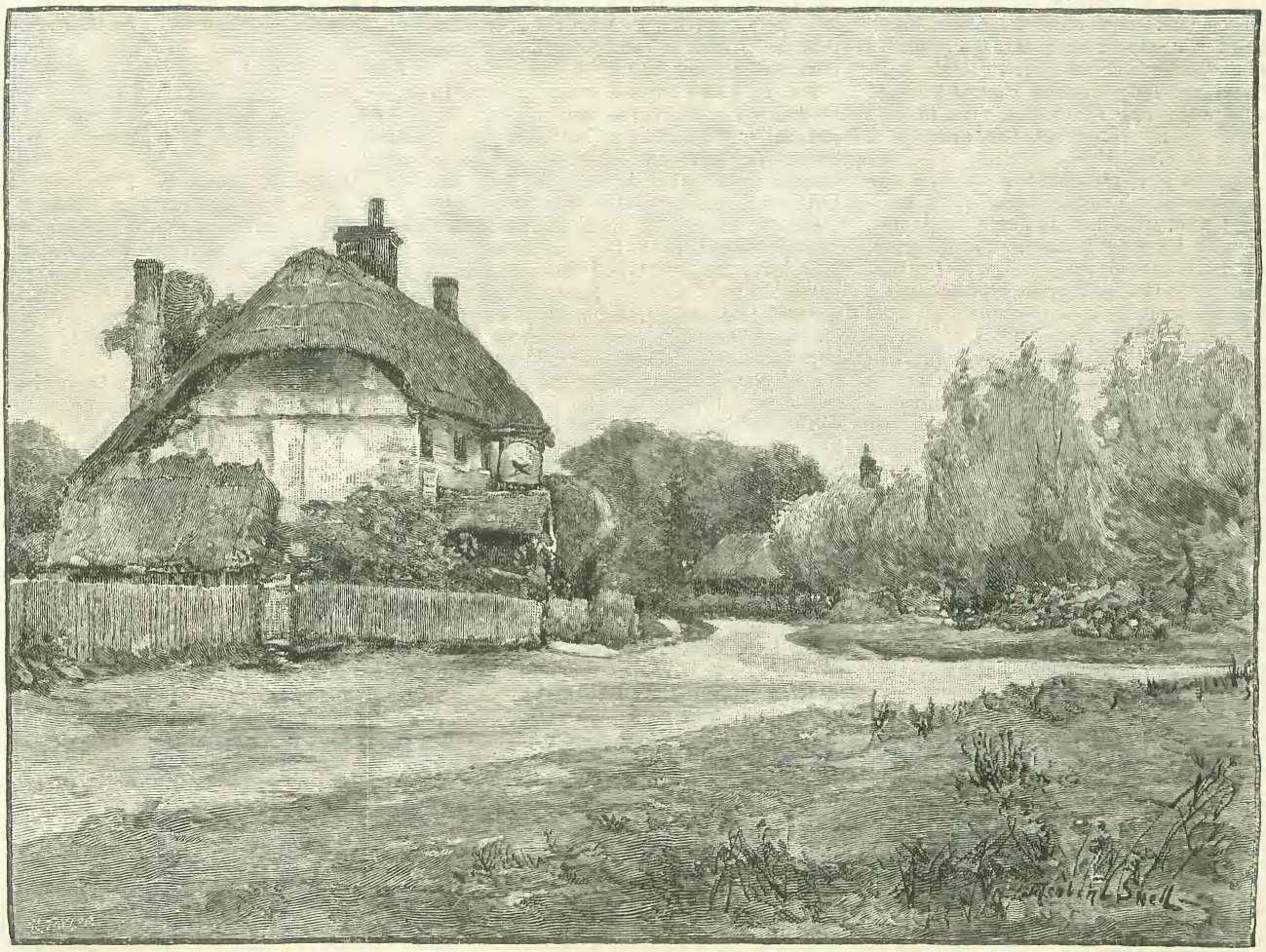
By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

WHEN daisies star the grass in spring,
When summer roses blush so fair,
When winds of autumn sigh and sing,
Or winter's chill is in the air,

A sound there is—a wordless hum—
Which stirs an echo in our souls,
And seems to reckon up the sum
Of Life's real meaning as it rolls—

"On go the seasons, on the years,
No halt, no pause," it seems to say,
"For human wishes, human tears,
In that swift march from day to day.

So fast that march with wool-shod feet,
But as Time slips past young and old
He flings his hours us to greet;
Gather them up—they are of gold."



SUMMER DAYS.

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IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.



CHAPTER XV.

THE picture which Margaret had given to Michael had the effect of breaking down the composure which absence and self-government had gained for him. His devotion to Beattie had never wavered from the moment he had first seen her; indeed, it had grown steadily, and if his fancy somewhat idealised her, still, his nature was not one that would readily give up anything that had once grown into it. Even if Beattie should prove less worthy than he thought her that would make no difference; he loved her for herself, and if she should be somewhat different from what he conceived her to be, his ideal and not his love would alter. It seemed to him—although he could not contemplate such a prospect with equanimity—that even if Beattie should belong to another before his term of waiting should be over, he would never turn his thoughts to any other woman. And somehow he could not help trusting that she would belong to him some day, and in this hope he lived through the months of separation.

But when Margaret gave him the sketch which he told himself was sufficient to draw a man's heart from him, even if he had not seen the original, absence seemed intolerable. The picture was certainly very sweet. Margaret had taken it in a happy moment, and there was about it such an air of freshness and youth and charm, such light in the smiling eyes, such tenderness in the mouth, and such a suggestion of dimples in the rounded cheek, that Mike found it irresistible. He spent a great deal of time looking at it, and became restless and rather unhappy. Then came the talks with Margaret, and though he was not going to tell her the secret which he had not been allowed to tell to Beattie, yet he could not but see that she guessed it, and he suspected that she despised him for not going straight to the object of his affection in the way which Margaret—who had no belief in the prerogatives of parents or guardians—considered the only sensible method of proceeding. The mention of Beattie's projected visit to Crabsley further excited him with the memory of last year's happiness, and when finally Miss Raven informed him somewhat maliciously that from her experience of Mrs. Swannington she was quite sure she would fill the house with gentlemen visitors, he was rendered desperate.

He would go to Crabsley and ask leave again to speak to Beattie. If it were withheld, he should announce his intention of speaking to her without leave. She had had a year in which to see other people, and she was certainly capable now of forming her own judgment. Although they could not be married till she was of age, without the consent of her guardians, yet there was no hurry about being married, and besides, if Beattie found she could care for him, what reason was there for withholding their consent? His position was different from what it had been when he first spoke, and he could not see why—though of course in his estimation no one was good enough for Beattie—Mrs. Swannington should despise for her the position which his mother occupied, and which would eventually be hers. Indeed, it was quite likely, if he married, that his father and mother would wish him to make Woodfield his home. It is true there was not much money, but the value of land might improve, and besides, he could soon be independent of it. He was anxious to practise as an eye-specialist, and more than one of those whose opinion was as valuable as prophecy, foretold for him a brilliant career. He had more worldly knowledge than he had possessed a year ago, and it was with less humility that he prepared to approach the once formidable Aunt Ella.

As it chanced he came down to Crabsley on the same day, though by an earlier train, than Cecil Musgrove. The walk from the station in the exhilarating air, the sight of the sea, the brilliant sunshine and holiday aspect of the clean little place, and above all the consciousness that he was near his lady-love, all combined to make him particularly cheerful. And the world, which he had so often heard was a vale of tears, seemed made for hope and happiness and delight. He lunched at the hotel and then strolled out on to the sea-front. From what he remembered of the habits of Mrs. Swannington, he hardly expected to see her yet, but perhaps he might catch sight of Beattie, and if she were alone it would be all the better. Many a fashionably-dressed young lady who approached from a distance made his heart beat violently, and then, as she drew nearer, sink in the miserable manner of which only lovers know the full wretchedness. But no Beattie came, and then he made up his mind that, as it was late enough in the afternoon for tea, and she might be at home, he would call. He was walking in the direction in which their house lay, when suddenly he was confronted by the sight of a small person in grey under a crimson sunshade, whose walk and appearance were unmistakably those of Aunt Ella. But who was her companion? With the ready jealousy of one who was prepared to see in every man near Beattie a possible rival, Mike noticed that he was remarkably handsome. Aunt Ella was talking and laughing with great animation, but she never failed to notice any one she passed, especially if he were a gentleman, and suddenly she pulled up short with an exclamation of surprise, and, the discerning would have said, of dismay. But she was a woman of quick perception, and she saw at once that she must rise to the occasion. She was neither so sure of Cecil nor of Beattie as to wish Mr. Anstruther to appear upon the scene until her plans had come to a more decided issue. She greeted Michael, therefore, with a show of warmth, and, without introducing the two men, turned to her companion, and contriving to convey to him the impression that if she could not have his society to herself, it was wasting it to dilute it by that of any other, suggested in a voice audible to poor Michael—who would far rather she should have given him the necessary directions—that if he went on the cliffs he would probably find Beattie. The gentleman raised his hat and departed with alacrity, and Michael, taking his place at her side, tried to perform the difficult task of adapting his pace to Mrs. Swannington's.

"So you, like ourselves, have returned to Crabsley, Mr. Anstruther. But you are looking very well! Ah, and so much older! Come, now, we must have a talk together. I am just taking my constitutional; will you accompany me?"

"I should be very glad to," said Michael. "I was, in fact, on my way to call upon you."

"Ah," said Aunt Ella, "you have discovered my whereabouts then. I have that charming little house with the thatched roof. You remember; the one we admired so much last year, and which was occupied by those sticks of girls and their so ugly mamma."

Michael inquired after Beattie with ill-disguised eagerness.

"Already!" thought Mrs. Swannington. "Dear, dear! I had hoped one of my compatriots would have succeeded in helping him to get over that fancy." Aloud she said, "Oh, she is quite well; she usually is. My niece enjoys such enviable health; but then she never worries. She will be pleased to see you again, I am sure."

"I hope so," said Mike.

"Do you?" thought Mrs. Swannington. "But I am not going to let you spoil my plans. I don't think myself you are to compare to Musgrove, but there is something attractive about you, and girls are such fools. I should like to prevent your seeing her if I could."

Mike broke the momentary silence.

"Mrs. Swannington, I am going to ask a favour of you. You forbade my speaking to Miss Margetson last year. Since then my brother's death has placed me in a better position. I want you to tell me I have waited long enough."

Aunt Ella's heart beat fast. Michael was all very well, but what could he offer in exchange for Cecil's present secure position and prospective thousands?

She hated long engagements, and she was determined to have Beattie soon married. Besides, she had taken such pains to secure Cecil Musgrove, and though the presence of a rival might bring him to the point, yet suppose, after all, that rival should have greater power over Beattie? It was possible. What should she do? There was only one thing she could think of, and though she was not a stern adherent to truthfulness, she shrank from a deliberate lie, especially when there was not only the risk of discovery, but of putting herself in a most uncomfortable position. Still, in her opinion the end would justify the means.

"My good friend," she said, laying her delicately-gloved hand lightly on his arm, as if to express sympathy, "you have waited long enough—for it to be just too late."

Michael stopped short and faced her, shaking by his sudden action the hand from its resting-place.

"You don't mean to say——" he began vehemently.

"Hush, hush, my dear friend" (Aunt Ella was wonderfully affectionate now that she was killing his hopes), "not so loud; you will attract attention. Come, now, I see a seat across there; it is not so close to the people. But mind, what I tell you is in the strictest confidence."

"You are not going to say she cares for someone else?" cried Michael.

"When Beattie loves," said Mrs. Swannington, "it is with the whole heart."

Mike felt crushed. He had found Aunt Ella out in prevarications before, but he had been generous enough to forget them, and her manner was so unwontedly sympathetic, so perturbed, that even if he had been in a humour to analyse her motives he would scarcely have credited her with the cold-blooded falsehood she was about to perpetrate.

"Is it," faltered Mike—unable to wait till they had reached the seat which Aunt Ella, in the hope of gaining time, had selected as the secluded spot for confidences—"is it—that gentleman I saw with you?"

Aunt Ella nodded assertion. Mr. Anstruther was making her task a very easy one, and she was momentarily gaining confidence.

"It is," she said. "I am glad you have seen him. Can you wonder that any girl should be attracted by him?—even Beattie, who has been hard to please, I can assure you."

"They are engaged, then?"

"Privately," said Mrs. Swannington. "That is why I want you to consider what I tell you as in confidence. Now here we are. Sit by me." Mrs. Swannington looked hurriedly round. She was not so sure of Beattie's whereabouts as to feel quite at ease. "It was a case of love at first sight, I do believe, though I am generally sceptical of such things. But his devotion is ridiculous. He is at present staying with us. I am very well satisfied. I am sorry for you, my dear Mr. Anstruther; I wish you had been more fickle, but there it is. They are well suited, and both my husband and I congratulate ourselves."

Mike felt cold and sick at heart. The sudden fall from hope to despair had stunned him. Only those who have gone through a like experience, who have learnt that someone or something they had ardently desired is lost to them, can realise how the aspect of all things is changed by a word. To Mike there was no longer any beauty or charm in the place in which he found himself. It was grey and cheerless and empty of delight—he longed to be gone from it, to flee away, he cared not whither. His first disappointment seemed as nothing compared to this; his loss had been less inevitable. And if Beattie had not been his, at any rate he had been spared the anguish of knowing she loved someone else. And she might have loved him. The "might have been!" If Whittier's words do not contain a universal truth, there are many hearts which can echo his words as a fact of their own experience:—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

But whatever Mike might feel he did not show much to Mrs. Swannington. Indeed, when he was no longer tortured by anxiety, and knew the worst, he was so quiet and self-possessed and looked so much as he had looked before that the little lady, who only believed in emotions when she saw their manifestation, was inclined to think that Mr. Anstruther did not mind so very much after all, and that if absence had not cured, it had very much weakened his boyish passion. She was glad it was so, for though her conscience was not a very troublesome one, yet she would not like to think she had made him unhappy sooner than necessary. Of course he would have had to know he could not marry Beattie, as soon as she was engaged, and so really she did not think she had acted otherwise than was justified by a needful diplomacy.

"May I ask you his name?" said Mike presently.

Aunt Ella hesitated. A handsome stranger who was nameless was one thing, in the event of her having made a false step. Mr. Cecil Musgrove was another. However, there was nothing for it, and she not only informed Michael of his identity, but drew a highly-coloured picture of his personality, his position, and his prospects, which had the effect of so much further depressing her listener with a sense of his comparative unworthiness as to take the heart out of him altogether. He ought, perhaps, to have rejoiced that Beattie had escaped being his wife to attain something so much better; but, though he loved her very sincerely and unselfishly, somehow that aspect of the matter did not present itself before him so vividly as to outweigh other considerations.

But now Mrs. Swannington began to feel a little restless. She must not let that impulsive girl come upon them at any moment, to betray her pleasure in meeting Michael or to say something of or to Cecil which might prove their relations were not what she had represented them. She must part from Mike as soon as possible, and in her own interest she gave him an exhortation. Again the grey-gloved hand was in requisition. This time it reposed for a moment on his.

"My dear Mr. Michael, I am sincerely sorry for your disappointment, though I never concealed from you—did I?—that I desired for Beattie more than you had to offer. Do not blame me. I am to her instead of a mother, and her well-being I must consider. Still you have indeed my sincere sympathy, though I think you will get over this fancy. No, no, be not impatient with me. I have lived longer than you. You are not the first young man who has met with reverses in love. And Beattie, though amiable and charming, is by no means the only nice girl the world produces. But let me give to you a little advice. It is this—that you do not see her. You came, I am convinced, for that purpose. Now you will but suffer more if you break the separation which has lasted this year. My niece is prettier than ever, the sight of her would make your affection more ardent. But besides, Mr. Musgrove is for ever near her, and what would you not endure at feeling yourself an interloper? Jealous he is not, he is too sure of her love; but as you can well understand, more especially as the engagement is not yet declared, he likes to have her to himself."

"You need not be afraid that I shall force my society on Miss Margetson or her *fiancé*, Mrs. Swannington," said Mike bitterly. "I am glad she is happy, but I am not yet able to witness her happiness without a pang, and, as you say, it is no use torturing myself for nothing."

"If you stay here you can hardly avoid meeting. This little Crabsley favours not solitude."

"I shall not stay here an hour longer than I can help," said Mike.

Mrs. Swannington breathed more freely.

"You are very wise, my dear boy. It is what I would have said to you. But now I must say good-bye. My husband will be wondering what has become of me."

She would not allow him to accompany her any part of the way. She would not feel comfortable till the evening train had left Crabsley, perhaps not till the next day had passed; but the only thing she could do now was to endeavour to keep her party, her husband included, from encountering the superfluous visitor. By the time she had reached home she had planned an after-dinner drive to some neighbouring ruins which hitherto she had never considered worth the trouble of a moonlight visit. The next day there must be another excursion, and then she would be safe. There was only one imaginable contingency to dread then, and of that she would not admit the possibility. It was that Cecil Musgrove might not propose after all.

Left to himself poor Michael felt sufficiently wretched to fling himself into the sea, but he did nothing so desperate. His dream was over, and though he had known before what it was to awake to disappointment, it had

been only to dream again of a roseate future. The future had come, and it was chill and grey enough. He could never cease to love Beattie, he imagined, but it was no longer right for him to carry her image in his heart, to think of her as he had done, since she was betrothed to another. But what put her farthest from him was the knowledge that she loved that other.

He sat still for a little while, watching with unseeing eyes the incoming waves on which the summer sunlight no longer danced so gaily. Mrs. Swannington was right, he thought. There was no advantage in his staying on at Crabsley. Yet he would like to see Beattie once more, not necessarily to speak to her, but just to look at her whose face had been before him in so many lonely hours. He remembered what Mrs. Swannington had said as to her whereabouts. She might have returned home by now, but there was just a likelihood that he would catch a glimpse of her, though alas, not alone. He started up suddenly, and began to walk quickly in the direction of the cliffs. One or two people lazily sauntering on the esplanade turned to look at him as he passed. His set face and resolute walk, and his complete unconsciousness of his surroundings, seemed out of keeping with the general Crabsley atmosphere. No one was expected on such a summer's day to do anything but flirt and dawdle and kill time with idleness.

But Mike had not gone very far when he saw her, and for a moment his heart almost stopped beating. The sun which was behind him was shining upon her, and she seemed to him like an angelic vision in her radiance and her white robes, with only the sky for a background. At her companion he scarcely looked. What did he matter after all? It was the sight of Beattie for which he hungered. For one moment there came to him the temptation to forget all that he had heard, to go straight to her and greet her as he had often dreamed of doing? But, unfortunately for himself, he did no such thing. He drew to one side, and Beattie, who had been thinking of him scarcely an hour ago, with feelings which, had he known of them, would have given him power to overcome any difficulties, now passed by in ignorance of his propinquity. If Mike had had any reason—and why should he have—for believing that Mrs. Swannington was lying to him, it would probably have been dispersed when he saw these two together: the man with his eyes fixed on the girl, and she apparently oblivious of all else but his presence, and looking the picture of happiness and content. And yet, if he had not had a preconceived idea perhaps he would not have seen anything remarkable in this. Why shouldn't Beattie delight in her life on this beautiful day, with all things smiling upon her? And was not one of her charms to Michael himself the way in which she threw herself into everything she did, as if at the time there was nothing else worth doing?

So they moved past him, and then he turned and stood watching them till they were out of sight in the winding way, and he went on alone till he came to a lonely spot, and there he stayed and fought a desperate battle with his misery till the light had faded out of the sky and the sea was only a moving darkness.

But when the moon rose and Aunt Ella and her husband and the other two were driving away from Crabsley, Mrs. Swannington full of uneasy gaiety and eager to laugh and talk to her companions, he went quietly down the grassy path that led him back to the town. He walked slowly, for he was tired; but there was a great peace at his heart. It is in the hours of trial and weakness that men learn the reality of those truths which they have accepted and tried to live by for many years.

It was from that hour of wrestling on the lonely cliff with none but God to hear his prayers, that Michael dated the beginning of that conscious spiritual life which was henceforth to make the other life worth living. He had gained a deeper knowledge than had yet been his, and its memory would be his most priceless possession.

Early the next morning he went away from Crabsley. "I seem fated to leave you in haste," he said, as he watched from the windows of the train the little village vanish from sight.

That very day Cecil Musgrove proposed to Beattie.

(*To be continued.*)

PRESENTATION DAY AT LONDON UNIVERSITY.

By A LADY GRADUATE.



YESTERDAY beauty, wit, and fashion repaired to Buckingham Palace to make obeisance to the greatest Queen on earth; the Mall was crowded with carriages, from which looked bright-eyed débutantes, eager to take the first step into the world of fashion. To-day, science and art are in the ascendant, and graduates—girls as well as men—in their Academic robes fill the theatre of London University, awaiting presentation to the chancellor of their alma mater.

The theatre—all too small—is crowded. The graduates of the year, with the flush of success still upon them, sit together, the girl "bachelors" for the most part young and pretty, the classic gown with its flowing hood and the stiff college cap, in strange contrast to winsome faces and bright locks.

On the highest tiers are the friends, usually the fathers and mothers, of the graduates. As I sit in the seat reserved for me and look around whilst awaiting the arrival of the chancellor and senate, I mentally contrast this occasion, when we are happy in our success, and the May sunshine streams in upon us and lingers lovingly on bright heads, with that gloomy October day which ushered in the examination. *Then* we were worried and anxious, our faces pale, our hands trembling, as we eagerly took our papers, quickly scanning them with practised eye, searching for questions we could answer easily. *Now* we feel content; we have won. We are even ready to give up ease and pleasure and commence hard work again.

My meditations are interrupted by the arrival of the chancellor and the senate. We all rise as they come in, Lord Herschell (the chancellor) in Court costume, with robe of rich black silk, heavily embroidered in gold, walking at the head with stately step, and we do not resume our seats until he takes the chair of honour and the others sit near him on the narrow platform. Immediately in front of them sit those who present the graduates—Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., in black silk gown and college cap, Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., in red robe with light silk facings, Frederick Taylor, M.D., Miss Hurlbatt, principal of Bedford College, and many more. The registrar, who sits to the right of the chancellor, then calls out the names of the undergraduates who have won prizes and exhibitions, and these are presented first, then the graduates.

Quickly they come, the men cheering lustily the girls as they leave their places, each in answer to her name. Lord Herschell shakes hands with all as they are presented, giving to each the diploma, daintily tied with green ribbon; in a few cases medals as well. The medical women, in their bright robes, receive the most cheering, though the one lady D.Sc. is greeted with quite a storm of applause, whilst the doctors of law, in scarlet robes with bright blue facings, secure a goodly meed of praise.

It is delightful to see so many women reap honours, and in truth they look sturdy and strong, fitting mothers for the next generation, able to educate their children in the fullest sense of the word.

When the last presentation has been made, the chancellor rises and begins his speech by heartily congratulating all those who have taken degrees and won distinctions. In well-chosen sentences he begs them not to rest satisfied with their present success, but to be spurred on to greater efforts, ever having a higher end before them. Having touched on other matters relating to the university itself, he closes his speech with the fervently-expressed desire that, whatever changes are made, London University will still be as useful and of as high repute as in former days.

Then Sir John Lubbock also offers his congratulations to us, and remarks how difficult were the examinations and how high the standard. Many of them within the theatre would, he said, in the future occupy high places in the world. He encouraged the students of law to work on, telling them that each one must ever keep before him as his model their own chancellor, the Lord Chancellor of England. As for the scientists, worlds of undiscovered truths lay before them; it was for them to probe and lay bare the secrets that would place the universe on ever

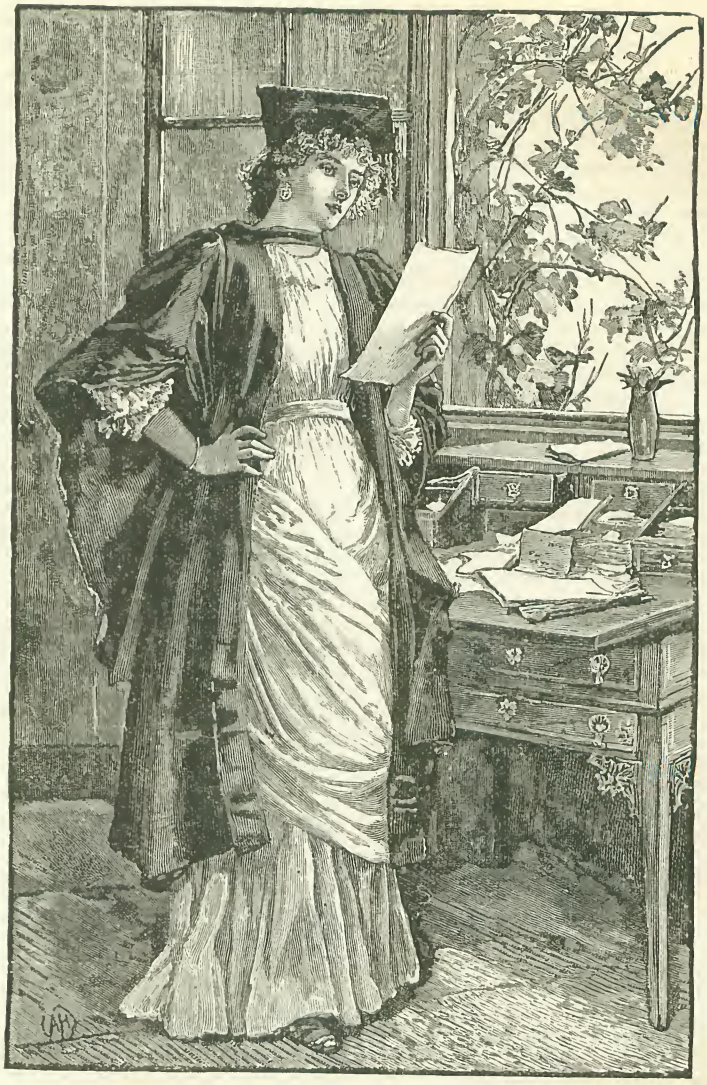
higher planes. Then he again congratulated all on their success, and amidst ringing cheers sat down.

I think in that moment when Sir John Lubbock, the member returned to Parliament by the university, spoke of the fame of our university, its great work and high standard, there was born in the breast of each one of us a feeling of reverence for our alma mater, a hope that we should never do anything which should make her sorry for her "alumni," but rather should add to her glory, and ever remain worthy children of a noble mother.

We all rose as the Lord Chancellor walked from his seat to the exit, followed by the members of the senate, and then we, too, moved from our places and ran hither and thither, seeking out friends, some only made in the examination-room in October. The most ardent opposer of higher education for women could hardly have disapproved of these happy-looking girls, their bright earnest faces glowing with health. Among them one saw no jaded looks or weary eyes, as one sees among girls who have no aim, no ambition, but to shine at a ball or get an eligible *parti*. One hears so much of the injurious effect study has on girls; many men deplore the strides women are making in the pursuit of knowledge; they prognosticate early loss of youth, bright eyes, and good looks; and yet here to-day I see a goodly number of English maidens as healthy, happy, and comely as surely were the women of bygone ages, who watched their brothers' progress, sighing as they ruined their sight over their tapestry.

Study, as Sir John Lubbock wisely remarked, leaves no time for dulness; the girl who has hard brain-work to do every day has not time to feel miserable. Petty worries and small annoyances leave her as she becomes immersed in Greek, mathematics, or whatever particular branch she has taken up. That study does not rob her of her high spirits and merry laughter is amply proved by the joyous sounds that issue from the robing-rooms. The grey old corridors resound with girlish voices; one catches snatches of conversation as each relates how the scene affected her, how much she has hoped for success, and so on.

It is sweet to work and reach the appointed goal—only those who have given up pleasure and sacrificed ease can say *how* sweet. Let us hope amid the joy which is here to-day, some feelings of compassion are raised in our hearts for those who strove like us, but did not win. To my girl-readers I would say: Work, keeping the thought of success ever before you. Cultivate the brain-powers which God has given you. Read, and widen your knowledge; think, and broaden your views, and I can safely say dulness will not often trouble you, nor weariness make you its victim.



As we leave the university we talk of the next exam. we intend to work for. Somehow, the whole ceremony has fired us with zeal. We long to climb yet higher, and silent vows are registered to work steadily on, not content with what is already won.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Many town people taking a holiday in the country are distressed at seeing horses tethered in the fields exposed to the swarms of flies which the switching of their tails is powerless to get rid of, but which wound and torment them beyond endurance, and in our drives and walks we are subject to the same annoyance.

The remedy is simple. Tie a bunch of the scented oak-leaved geranium on the heads or bodies of your horses, and wear a few of them in the front of your dress, and do not forget to place some on the tethered animals.

If you want to keep your room free of the flies, put some plants of the scented oak-leaved geranium in your windows. They will hardly venture through them, for they are always scared at the scent of them.

One word more. This is just the time to get the raspberry leaves, fennel, and parsley fresh from the gardens, so do not forget to prepare the remedy I gave in the November numbers for tired eyes.

Pickled French Beans.—Be careful to have them freshly gathered and quite young. Put them into a brine, made strong enough to float an egg, until they turn colour, then drain them and wipe dry with a clean cloth; put them into a jar and stand as near the fire as possible, and pour boiling vinegar over them sufficient to cover, covering it up quickly to prevent the steam from escaping. Continue to do this until they become green by reboiling the vinegar about every other day. They should take about a week.

Pickled Cabbage and Cauliflower.—Slice the cabbage very finely and cut the cauliflower in small pieces on a board or colander (a pastry board I find answers very nicely), and sprinkle each layer with salt and let it stand for twenty-four hours, sloping the board a little that the brine might run away from it. Procure as much ordinary pickling vinegar as you think will be required to cover the cabbage, and boil a small portion of it with a little ginger and a small quantity of peppercorns, also a small beetroot peeled and cut up to give it a nice colour; after it has boiled pour it in the remaining vinegar, but take out the beetroot. Put the cabbage and cauliflower into a jar and pour over the vinegar and spices; tie down and keep in a dry place. Will be ready for table-use in about a month.

Pickled Nasturtiums.—Gather them when quite young, and let them remain in brine for twelve hours; have sufficient vinegar to cover them, and with a small portion of it boil a little Jamaica and a little black pepper; when it has just boiled, add to the remaining vinegar. Strain the nasturtiums and put them in a bottle or jar and pour over the vinegar and spices, and tie down. These are very nice to use instead of capers for sauce with either boiled beef or mutton.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the early morning, while the dew was sparkling on every blade of grass and the fresh morning air was keen and cold, Sœur Eustacie went over to the farm.

She met Madame Féraudy on the threshold, just starting with Génie for the Hospice.

One glance at her face was enough.

"It is over?" cried Madame Féraudy.

"Yes, there was no time to fetch you; it came so suddenly and swiftly at the last; no long struggle or suffering. You will see him lying asleep."

"Let us come."

She took Génie's hand and drew it on to her arm. The girl was white as a lily and looked stunned. Sœur Eustacie led them in through the vestibule. The door of the large, sunny, dining-room was open, and they could see the long tables with the snowy linen covered with abundant country fare. The convalescents sat by them in long rows, curly-headed children, wan women, haggard men. All silent and subdued, except one little golden-haired baby which laughed and crowed with the gay ignorance of its babyhood as it played with its toys.

Sœur Eustacie led the way through the house and out at a door. Here there was a little chapel of grey stone, very simple and solemn, and already their darling was lying there.

Génie could not look; trembling violently she hid her face and clung to Sœur Eustacie. The woman who had loved him as mothers love, stood looking down on the beautiful young face in its marble stillness in terrible yearning agony. So noble and pure, dead on the battlefield of life in all the glory of his young manhood.

Presently the *pasteur* came in; he looked white and aged, and the tears streamed down his face.

"Come to my room," he said; "madame and Sœur Eustacie will tell you how it was."

She obeyed in a dull, mechanical manner, only turning back to put her hand on Génie's.

"Come, my child," she said.

Doctor Simon met them. He was a gruff man, and to-day grief made him more abrupt than usual.

"I grieve for our profession," he said. "We have no one like him. He would have been at the very top of the tree."

Sœur Eustacie gave Madame Féraudy the note she had written last night. She scarcely glanced at it; she gave it to Father Nicholas.

"You will telegraph?" she said, her stern face working.

Then she took Génie home—to soothe her violent weeping and caress and pet her into composure was the only task of which she was capable.

In the afternoon a telegram came from Jean Canière; he would arrive by ten o'clock the following morning. Then Madame Féraudy suddenly remembered the letter André had confided to her care, and hastily fetching it, she put it into Génie's hands.

It was very short.

"DEAR CHILD—As all tell me that I am your guardian, I may dare to address you thus. Jean Canière is a good man. Your own mother would have trusted him even with so precious a treasure as yourself, and I am willing to do so. Be very happy and may God bless you.

"ANDRÉ FÉRAUDY."

The next morning at ten o'clock Jean Canière arrived. Madame Féraudy was out. She had gone to the Hospice to kneel for the last time by the coffin which held what was dearest to her in life, and which at noon that day was to be taken to its last resting-place.

So that Génie was alone when he arrived. When she saw him come in with his kind face full of sympathy and eager hands stretched out, she flew to him as to a sure refuge and comfort, and as he poured out to her tender words of love and pity, she sobbed in his arms.

She gave him André's little letter and watched him as he read it.

"This shall be our treasured sanction to our marriage, my Génie," he said earnestly.

"But, Jean, you do not mind? I loved him so."

He looked up generously.

"Mind, my Génie! No; such love is an honour. We will both love and cherish his memory as we love the saints of God in heaven. I think, dear one, from his letter, that he would have rejoiced had he known that his little Génie would be safe with me when his rest was won."

* * * *

After awhile they left the flower-strewn grave in Normandy and went back to Féraudy, and when some weeks had passed Génie and Jean Canière were quietly married.

But all felt when the time of separation came that they could not leave Madame Féraudy alone. A joint household was established which, as time went on, ended in Madame Canière taking up her abode altogether at the Maison Féraudy, while the young people spent all the time they could spare from Jean's professional engagements in Paris with them. They formed one family happy and united.

Once a year, while strength and health remained to her, Madame Féraudy spent a few days at the Hospice, and when there she saw with tenderness how the children who yearly owed their restoration to health to its hospitality, were taught to strew with flowers the green mound and low grey stone cross which marked the last resting-place of Doctor André.

[THE END.]

RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART II.

THE RELATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND MEDICINE IN THE PAST.

THE art of healing the sick has occupied a prominent position among all nations, and, moreover, it has been more or less related to the various religious beliefs of the races that have passed away. In the early days of our history, medicine was practised by the head of the family. Later by the chief of the tribe or "patriarch." This in time gave way to a regular profession of "medicine-men" who combined the practice of medicine with sorcery and witchcraft, such as is still practised by the uncivilised races of to-day. Such medicine as was practised by the patriarchs was undoubtedly of a rude and simple kind, yet one cannot help thinking that it must have produced great results, else medicine would not have risen to the high position that it has occupied from the earliest ages.

I wish we knew what was the state of the sciences in these early times. Had Abraham knowledge of drugs that are unknown to us? It seems extremely probable that he had. Yet on the other hand it is improbable, for it is unlikely that a drug which possessed great power would be forgotten. Rather would the knowledge of its name and characters be cherished and handed down from one generation to another and so eventually be known to those whose duty it was to attend the sick throughout the world.

As the practice of medicine has been from time immemorial confined to certain families,

the discoveries of one "medicine-man" would be told in confidence to his son, who again would keep the secret from all save his own flesh and blood. Thus the "medicine-man" eventually obtained a vast store of knowledge from which his fellow-countrymen were debarred. He would consequently be looked upon as something above the ordinary run of men, as a person with almost superhuman power, and would be trusted without reserve. But human nature is weak, and pride and ambition soon work havoc in a soil which is ripe for their mischief. The medicine-man, recognising the superstitious reverence with which he was invested, and knowing the shortcomings of his powers and the unreserved fidelity which the people had in him, turned away from the laborious and unprofitable accumulation of facts and began to practice by deceit what was so irksome by legitimate means. Gradually these early practitioners of medicine added sorcery and quasi-supernatural means to attempt to cure the sick. Thus it gradually came to be thought that the medicine-man was working in connection with evil spirits, and though he was made the chief and high priest of his tribe, it was through fear and not from gratitude that he achieved his position. It being no longer necessary for him to retain the true knowledge handed down through countless generations, that knowledge which had taken centuries of labour and observation to gather, was disregarded and so eventually lost.

In races that had advanced beyond the state of savagery, the practice of medicine was usually confined to the clergy, and so the intimacy between religion and medicine became very close. Down to comparatively recent times the knowledge of the healing art was almost confined to the religious; but I will refer to this later.

At the present day the practice of medicine is vested with the clergy in many parts of the world. The Dervishes of Arabia are both priests and physicians, and indeed, this is the rule in the East. Here, again, medicine is considered as a supernatural gift, but instead of being ascribed to the influence of devils, it is looked upon as a special gift from God. This, indeed, is a great advance.

The Greeks and Romans had physicians much as we have them now. For the first time in history, the records of their labours are written, so that at the present day we know the exact state of the medical sciences at that period. Had they handed down their knowledge by word of mouth, the fruits of their labours would almost for certain have perished, even as the races to which they belonged have died out. The antique physicians and surgeons advanced to a very high point of excellence; in fact, they knew more about the subject than has been known at any time except the latter half of the present century. The names of Hippocrites and Galen, and of many others, stand among the first of medical authors, and what they taught centuries ago, we practise to-day.

In the Middle Ages we meet with two sects of medical men. The first among the clergy, the second among the laity. Most of the knowledge of disease rested with certain orders of monks, and here we get the first examples of medical "specialists," for certain religious orders confined their attention to limited branches of practice. During this period medicine was in a flourishing condition, but as most of the books written at that time have been lost or destroyed, we cannot tell the exact state of the sciences at that period.

But besides the monks, there were members of the laity who carried on the practice of medicine in the same way as the "medicine men" already alluded to. These, at first few in number, gradually increased as the ages rolled on, and became divided into two distinct parties. One set ascribed their powers to magic, and were called "alchemists," and their science the "black arts." Though their knowledge was in most cases undoubtedly genuine, their methods of practising by secret means was justly punished by the severe treatment they often received from the clergy, who practised openly. This was the beginning of the feud between religion and science.

The second class to which I have alluded was, unfortunately, a very small minority, but many of the names of these medical men (who practised much the same as we do at the present day) will be remembered as long as our civilisation endures.

The period following the Renaissance is one of which those interested in the welfare of medicine would say but little. The science at this time had fallen into a state of degradation far more deplorable than it had ever done before in the whole course of its eventful history. Superstitions and hopeless ignorance had taken the place of true knowledge. Of the extraordinary superstitions of medicine at this date, I may tell you at another time, for they would be out of place here. Here is another cause of contention between religion and science.

Great as was the ignorance at these times, there was nevertheless an element of true learning, at first small, but steadily increasing till, at the beginning of this century, it had swept away the superstitions against which it had for so long contended. Many were the great surgeons and physicians of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and their names will endure for ever, for from their teaching originated the science of modern medicine. May God prosper its course through the ages to come.

PART III.

CHRIST, THE PHYSICIAN OF THE SOUL AND BODY.

"Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses" (St. Matt. viii. 17).

THE duties of pastor and physician are combined in a most striking manner in the work of our Redeemer. A glance at the New Testament will show the very important part which the cure of the sick maintains during His mission upon earth. These accounts are of especial interest to the physician, and the better he understands them the more does he feel convinced that there exists a close intimacy between theology and medicine.

Most noticeable is the great frequency with which the miraculous cure of the sick is mentioned in the gospels. There are over thirty references to these miracles in the four gospels. Doubtless the immediate cure of a severe malady would make a deep impression on the minds of those who witnessed it, and this may have been one of the reasons why these miracles are so often mentioned. Christ came into the world to redeem us from the curse of the sin of Adam. Disease came into the world by the fall of man, and Christ, by curing disease, typified His complete victory over sin with His death upon the cross.

Before Jesus left the earth He gave His apostles power to continue the work of healing that He had practised during His own lifetime.

"And when He had called unto Him His twelve disciples, He gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease" (St. Matt. x. 1).

In the first ages of Christianity the care of the sick and of the sinner was carried on by the same persons, but in later times, as I have shown before, physicians became separated from the clergy. Yet still do they both carry on the duties entrusted to them by God.

I have heard it urged against my arguments that the apostles cured disease by miraculous intervention, and, therefore, are incomparable with the physicians of to-day, who heal by physical means. But did not the disciples convert sinners by supernatural means? If we look at the clergy of to-day as carrying on the spiritual work of the apostles, must we not also grant that physicians continue the lower, yet very important, mission of curing the sick?

It is held by many at the present day that man ought not attempt to cure disease by his interference, for if it has pleased God so to afflict him he has no right to rebel against the Divine decree. St. Luke was a physician, and yet he was chosen to describe the works of his Divine Master. If the practice of medicine were opposed to the will of God, surely He would not have appointed a physician to such a supreme calling.

I will conclude these remarks by referring to certain points which occur in connection with some of our Lord's miracles, but I will leave the interpretation of them to those who are more capable than myself to express an opinion in such matters.

The first point is the employment by our Divine Lord of physical means. Thus when He cured the blind man.

"And when He had spoken He spat on the ground and made clay of the spittle, and He anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay."

"And said unto him, go wash in the pool of Siloam" (St. John ix. 6, 7).

The second point is that in some cases a condition was imposed upon those soliciting physical cure from Jesus before they were made whole. For instance, when Christ cured the lepers He commanded them, "Go, show yourselves to the High Priest" (St. Luke xvii. 14).

Christ is indeed the type of the true priest and physician, and surely, as He did not find that the duties of the one calling interfered with those of the other, we cannot say that the practice of medicine is contrary to the teaching of Christianity. Let us try to copy this Divine example.

"For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you" (St. John xiii. 15).

Before I finish I wish to call your attention to one other point. How often do we hear people say and really think that disease is a punishment for our sins or for those of our parents. Christ Himself, when curing the man who was born blind, refutes this untrue and uncharitable doctrine. Listen to what He tells us.

"And His disciples asked Him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

"Jesus answered, neither hath this man sinned nor his parents: but that the wishes of God should be made manifest in him" (St. John ix. 2, 3).



BENEDICITE.

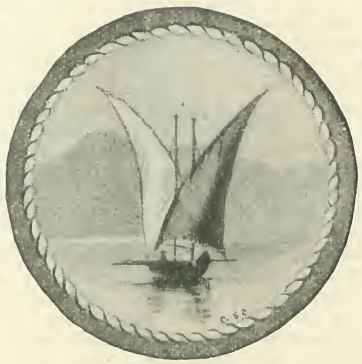
By ELIZABETH GIBSON.

WHO from the brimming of your joy can spare
Wine for the thirsty soul, bread for his need,
And from your sorrow—comfort for his care,
From your sore pain—ease when his heart doth bleed,
Whose bonds the captive free—
Blessed are ye!

Who from your lap of gathered flowers let fall
Such blooms as crown the poorest life a king,
Who from the soul's far fount the glad tears call
That weave with your eyes' sun the spell of spring
Till buds grace every tree—
Blessed are ye!

Who of your largesse grant the sudden smile—
The shaft of sunlight on a wintry morn—
Who of your mercy cherish hearts the while
They shrink and flee before the whole world's scorn,
Who pity when none see—
Blessed are ye!

Who give the peace of moonlight on the wave,
Who arm defenceless lives with strength of steel,
Who from his last dread foe the warrior save,
Who Love's hid scars with one sweet touch can heal—
The touch of sympathy—
Blessed are ye!



THE PRIZE DESIGN.

CHAPTER V.

"Two heads in council, two beside the hearth, two in the tangled business of the world."

THE days which followed Mr. Hamilton's arrival were filled with happiness for me, what with the long walks and talks, the picnics in the forest, the drives, the visits round the estate to see my host's peasants, farmers, and dearly-loved poor. Wherever he went he was greeted by his folk with shouts and cheers. He was their king and their friend as well as their master.

When we came home from such excursions we would find tea waiting for us under the trees, and we would talk and laugh together as happy as the birds.

One afternoon, being rather chilly, we had our tea in the *salon*. A north wind had suddenly sprung up, chasing away the sunshine, and sweeping through the pine trees and the pleasaunce, and scattering the leaves like chaff.

Madame had ordered a small fire to be kindled, and as the wood spluttered and crackled in the open chimney we drew our chairs round it.

How well I remember that afternoon! Even now I can see the silver tea-service on the oak table, and notice the ruddy gleam of the fire falling across the tapestries and lighting up the armoury on the walls. Even now I can feel that delicious sensation which the proximity of dear friends affords one, and I can hear the rich voice of my host singing a snatch of melody whilst the tea was simmering.

It was the calm which precedes a storm. I was just handing Mr. Hamilton the tea in its dainty Sèvres cup when the butler came in and presented me with a letter.

I knew the broad handwriting in a moment. It was from my mistress. I took it with trembling hand from the salver, and then I stood for a moment rigid and almost stupefied.

Since my arrival in Abbotsford I had lived in a fool's paradise. The elegance, beauty, and harmony around me had become part of my life. I had forgotten what I was, I had forgotten whence I came, I had forgotten everything. My patrons had been too good; they had, as it were, deprived me of all thought, all memory. This letter had broken the spell. In an instant I was myself again—the penniless beggar who had lived in a garret half her life, the ugly governess, scoffed at by the servants. I was myself again; my eyes were opened. I went upstairs to my room and read the following—

"MARIE CLAIR,—Will you return at once to 'Wee Nestie'? I do not hide from you the fact that on your return you will be expected to make up for lost time. The housemaid has gone home for a week, so I hope it will not be beneath your dignity to help cook with the washing-up."

I sighed, threw myself on my bed, and wept as I had never wept before.

"Marie! Marie! What is this?"

I was awakened from my grief by a soft voice in my ears, and I turned round and saw sweet eyes glancing into mine, whilst a small white hand drew my head upon her bosom. I let it rest there for one moment and then I recovered myself, and was ashamed of my passionate outburst.

"Oh, madame," I cried, "do not touch me! I do not deserve your sweet caresses—I am so ungrateful! Instead of thanking you, instead of thanking Heaven for the blessings poured upon me, I moan and sigh. This little spell of happiness which should have given me fresh courage and energy has completely unstrung me, and I shun my duty instead of running to embrace it!"

"The contents of your letter have pained you, dear. Have you received bad news?"

I offered her the note, and turned aside to hide my tears.

She read it and returned it to me, but she did not speak.

"The picture is finished," I said to her, regaining my composure with an effort—"quite finished. To-night after supper I will put this dress aside and you will give me back my grey gimp, and I thank you! Oh, I thank you!"

Again the tears filled my eyes.

She looked at me curiously for a moment, then quietly left the room.

CHAPTER VI.

"Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust in me."

IT was evening, cloudless and still. There was not a voice, not a whisper amongst the trees, not a sound even upon the earth nor in the air. Mr. Hamilton had been talking with his aunt, and I had wandered out under the pine trees to the broad sweet walk beyond.

As I walked along I culled for myself a bouquet, not of the tall proud flowers that glistened in the moonlight, but rather the little wild flowers that hid themselves modestly at the feet of the great trees. I passed by a creeper that was twining around an oak. It reminded me with a sudden pang of my past life in the little darksome garret, and I plucked a sprig tenderly for old remembrance sake.

Still I wandered on, not heeding where my footsteps led me. My mind was peaceful though my heart was torn. On the morrow I was to return to my life of obscurity and bondage, but this night, so peaceful and so calm, I would be happy.

"O flowers and trees and sky!" I said, addressing them aloud in the transport of my admiration. "Voiceless, yet beautiful companions, I love you! O Nature, infinite and sublime, if I must part from you to-morrow, let me at least on this last night be glad!"

"What an artistic, ardent soul you have!" said a voice close by me as I finished my rapture.

I turned away. That voice had suddenly awakened me and stirred in my heart a love I could not hide.

"Do not turn aside. Do not misunderstand me," continued that dear voice noting my foolish blushes. "From the very first moment when I saw your sad pale face you interested me, and I pitied you; but when I got to know you more, and heard you talk and witnessed your actions full of modest grace, you charmed me, and my pity turned to love and admiration."

The tears welled to my eyes, but I could not speak as I returned to the house and sat on the window seat.

"Yes, dear, I love you," he continued, "and I want you to be my wife and make me happy. Our life will be a peaceful one, but a happy one, if you can love me!" If I could love him!

A faint breeze rising suddenly sighed around us through the open window, the moon poured down her flood of burnished light, till every tree and blade of grass seemed silver.

I plucked a sprig of creeper climbing over the house and offered it him in silence.



THE WINDOW-SEAT.

He took it from me gently and pressed it to his heart.

* * * *

So after all it was my design *that won*. Little indeed did I dream, whilst painting in the petals of my scarlet flower and creeper, that a prize so dear, so great should be awarded.

[THE END.]

FEW PERSONAL NOTES OF AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS.



ONE day, whilst living at Hampstead, a friend, Eliza Miteyard, named by Douglas Jerrold "Silverpen," called upon me and asked if she might introduce a young literary fellow-worker at the British Museum, who lived in the heart of the city and had very little change of air or scene.

The day was soon named for the introduction to the young student, who was named Amelia B. Edwards.

Her appearance was pleasing. She was of medium height, and had a fine intellectual forehead; her eyes were grey, and never at rest; they were always taking in objects and looking into your brain—nothing escaped their notice. Her mouth and chin were well shaped.

We took a fancy to each other, and she became a constant inmate of our house and our intimate friend. She was a great lover of nature. My sister took her to see Hampstead Heath, and was greatly amused by her saying, "I feel quite giddy going up and down these hillocks." Little did we think that she was destined to become a great traveller! Birds were a great joy to her, and she frequently addressed the public, asking them to feed the feathered songsters when snow was on the ground and to put water for them.

Her home life was happy but very quiet and monotonous. She was an only child; her father had been a Peninsular officer; her mother was a very clever woman—descended from the Walpoles. Her means were not abundant, and she wished to add to her purse in order to buy books, which were a part of her existence. One day there was a prize offered for a story on temperance, and, although only nine years old, Miss Edwards wrote one, and, to her delight, gained the prize. At eleven she wrote a tale called "The Egyptian Princess"—this showed an early taste for the subject of Egyptology, which was to make her name famous.

She had great talent for drawing and painting, and her sketches of the Nile and of Italy are beautiful, though she had had very little education from artists.

She studied music under Mrs. M. Bartholomew; she played the organ for years in one of the London City churches. She was a born teacher; her lessons on harmony were most interesting, and she induced even the least promising of her pupils to try their hands at composition.

Her library was her hobby and delight, and at one time she was in the habit of buying rare editions and having them handsomely bound. She had hundreds of books, but no catalogue; still she knew what books she possessed and where to find them. She had a shelf for Homer and the classics, and one for her own published books.

Miss Edwards was a most careful writer; her manuscripts were very neat and contained very few erasures. She spared no trouble and read up her subjects with great diligence. She writes, in one of her letters, "I require some accurate knowledge of the politics of the last hundred years—before I write the history of Italy. I am doing the miscellaneous things now; a few more pages are wanted—sea songs, drinking songs, about sixty pages of political songs—so I think four weeks of 'hard labour' will complete the book." She wrote short histories of England and of France. She has tried her hand at every sort of literature.

She was a constant contributor to *Chambers' Journal*. She translated Béranger's troubadours' songs; she wrote political leaders for newspapers, criticisms on the drama, reviews, words for songs which have been set to music, and numerous tales and novels. Her first novel was *My Brother's Wife*, a real life-history, published by Routledge; it was translated into Spanish. Several of her books have been translated into French and German, and have had an extensive sale. Tauchnitz has just published some of her best works—*Barbara's History*, *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*, *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys*, *Pharaoh's Fellahs and Explorers*, illustrated from her original sketches, four hundred of which she made during her sojourn of two years in Egypt.

The following extract from a letter shows what an appreciation she had of good writers. "I have the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*, by Ruskin, and am absolutely luxuriating in it. That man is the greatest poet of his age. I do not agree with his philosophy, his æsthetics or his religion once in a hundred pages, yet I read and re-read him with delight. Every sentence is an outpouring from the finest mind, the most childlike heart, the most fervent brain in all our literary world. His very errors are delightful from their innocency and their enthusiasm, and no language that I have ever yet read, whether moulded into prose or poetry, approaches the glowing eloquence of his pen—the loftiest and the lowliest alike command his sympathies, and summon forth the marvellous imageries which inform every thought and sentence with beauty. At times one feels Ruskin is mad and has no common sense perhaps, but is uncommon poetry; there is a method in his madness which reaches almost to the divinity of inspiration and bears him up oftentimes to the gates of Heaven. I assure you such is the elevating tone, the loveliness, the sculptured purity of Ruskin's thoughts, that I believe no one could read his works without feeling the better and the wiser for them." Her admiration of Browning was great.

Miss Edwards taught herself hieroglyphics, and was complete mistress of Egyptian inscriptions and papyrus manuscripts. During her sojourn in Egypt she made a valuable collection of MSS., vases, instruments, mummies, jewels, etc. She was so deeply interested in the monuments and temples, that in 1883 she founded the Egypt Exploration Fund, which, by the munificent aid of Sir Erasmus Wilson, has now become a national undertaking. She writes, "I want to enlist my friends' sympathy and co-operation in this work, which is the great work of my life, to which I have devoted years and sacrificed everything—time, health, and the most lucrative branch of literature, taking in hand Egyptology, which does not pay at all." She writes, "All my time and all my energies having been swallowed up by the gratuitous work I have been doing for the last five years. I have lost from £700 to £800 a year." It was three years before she could enlist the interest of Mariette Pasha, Marpus and others. The labour has been great but successful. "My dream has become a reality." All who visit the Egyptian collection in the British Museum will be greatly struck and deeply grateful for all she has accomplished by founding the Exploration Fund, which is doing marvellous work. All her colleagues miss her wonderful power of organisation, tact and knowledge and influence. She left money to found a professorship of Egyptology, for which she lectured in America—"A Series of Lectures on Egypt and her Arts." She had £1,500 offered her and all her expenses besides. She unhappily met with a severe accident—fell and broke her arm in two places. Unwilling to disappoint the public, she lectured the same evening on which the accident occurred. She had had two subsequent accidents to the same arm. Her health was greatly affected by the accident and the fatigue of lecturing and travelling, and she died from an attack of bronchitis in 1892.

For the last twenty-five years of her life she scarcely put out her lamp before two o'clock in the morning. She enjoyed a joke immensely, and often made clever caricatures, a few of which have been published in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

ESTHER DU BOIS.



Odds and Ends.

THE Bébé Jumean doll with its movable and unbreakable limbs is made in thousands in the village of Montreuil near Paris, where the majority of the villagers of both sexes are employed in the manufacture. The factory was founded in 1843 by the father of the present proprietor, when the dolls were made of sheep-skin stuffed with sawdust, and were given china heads. A few years later they were made of turned wood, and despite the suggestions of his two sons, Jumean *père* refused to make any others, content to make a profitable business of the then clumsy productions. It is to the second son, M. Emile Jumean, who gave up his career as an architect to follow that of a doll-maker, when his father and elder brother died, that latter day children owe the Bébé Jumean which he brought out in 1878. Not only do the Jumean dolls serve as a delight to the nursery, but they are used by Parisian dressmakers to send to all countries dressed in the latest fashion, each doll being supplied with a complete wardrobe for every possible occasion, in the making of which as much skill and delicate workmanship has been lavished as upon the dresses they represent.

EVERY year in China a national festival is held in honour of the Empress Si Lung Chee, who is worshipped as the goddess of the silk-worm. She was the first person in the world to raise silk-worms for the purpose of taking the silk from the cocoon, and upon her festival day the reigning Empress and her attendants repair to the temples that have been erected in her honour and lay oblations of flowers and money upon her altars. More people wear silk in China than in any other country, as in its plain raw state it is as cheap as cotton. Layers of wadding placed between the lining and the outside of silk garments make them warm enough for winter wear, and as fashion never changes in the Flowery Land, new clothes are never bought until the old ones are worn out. The tailors are naturally not very prosperous, but as they are always fat from lack of exercise, they are regarded by the Chinese as a high type of humanity, fatness being the desired condition of all Chinamen. Their workrooms are generally open on all sides, as many as ten men squatting round a low table in the centre, covered with matting, sewing and cutting busily all day long, for an average wage of about one pound a week.

THE Duchess of Orleans is a clever musician, and has composed several pretty pieces. Some time before her marriage she was staying with her family at one of their country châteaux, and one day a band of strolling musicians arrived, and asked for permission to play in the courtyard. The permission was granted, and the Duchess's father, the Archduke Joseph of Austria, went down to talk to them. The bandmaster told him that they were very badly off, as they had to pay such exorbitant royalties upon the songs and pieces they played. "Why don't you write something to help these poor people?" the Archduke said to his daughter. And sitting down she immediately composed "Après la pluie, le soleil"—sending it to the bandmaster with all rights and powers. Some little time afterwards she received a letter from the musicians saying that the piece had met with tremendous success, and was bringing them in a great deal of money.

RAILWAY engines like human beings have ailments, some of which baffle all the efforts of those who have charge of them. Two good locomotives may be made upon exactly the same plans and may each cost the usual price £2,200, and yet one will be a good one, and the other always out of order. A first-class railway engine of 300 horse-power is expected to travel 200,000 miles during its existence, that is to say, 13,000 miles every year for fifteen years, but over and over again engines are found that are so strong and so well-made that they go on for many years after their allotted decade and a half has been passed.

A BELGIAN naturalist tells an extraordinary story of the monkeys of Java. The crabs in that island, he says, live in holes on the edge of the sea, and the monkeys, when driven by stress of hunger, kill and eat them in the following manner. Creeping close to one of these holes the monkey lets his tail fall into it. The crab naturally at once seizes hold of the tail in his claws, and the monkey, sometimes screaming with pain, pulls his caudal appendage quickly away and with it the crab holding tightly to its end. Then, twisting it round and round in its paws, it dashes the crab violently against the rocks until its shell is broken and it obtains the reward of a considerable amount of suffering by eating the flesh. The writer points out that the monkeys only eat the crabs when they are unable to get other food.

THERE is a charming legend with regard to the origin of lace-making in Venice. A Venetian fisherman was, some centuries ago, engaged to a pretty and industrious girl who gave him a finely-woven fishing-net, made with her own hands, and the very first time he threw the net into the sea he drew to land a beautiful piece of petrified seaweed. Soon afterwards war broke out, and all the young fishermen of Venice had to go with the fleet and fight in the East, the girl's lover amongst them. Every day after her betrothed had gone the young weaver sat at her work, the petrified piece of seaweed close beside her, and as she plaited the meshes of the nets, she was constantly looking at this souvenir of her lover. Unconsciously her fingers reproduced the thin and delicate fibres of the seaweed in the fishing-net; and this first lace-making, primitive and coarse as it was, finally led to the invention of pillow lace.

THE expression "blue blood" had its origin in the Middle Ages. Then the aristocracy were the only class who washed themselves with any regularity, and consequently the veins, especially in the hands, showed through the skin. Veins contain impure blood which is of a bluish purple hue, and those which lie just beneath the skin appear quite blue in comparison with the delicacy and whiteness of the rest of well-kept hand. Hence the term "blue blood," and its always being applied in indication of noble birth.

"LIFE is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based on and encompassed by eternity. Find out your work and stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work."

"WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings."

WHEN gilt picture-frames have become discoloured they may be brightened, if not altogether restored, by washing them with a preparation of flowers of sulphur and water. Enough sulphur should be used to make the water yellow, then two cut-up onions should be put in it and the mixture boiled upon a fire. When the liquid is cold, it should be strained from the sulphur and onions and applied to the picture-frames with a soft brush.

"HOW simple great men's rules are! How easy it is to be a great man! Order, diligence, patience, honesty—just what you and I must use to put our dollar in the savings-bank, to do our school-boy sum, to keep the farm thrifty, and the house clean, and the babies neat. Order, diligence, patience, honesty! There is wide difference between men, but truly it lies less in some special gift or opportunity granted to one and withheld from another than in the differing degree in which these common elements of human nature are owned and used. Not how much talent have I, but how much will to use the talent that I have? is the main question. Not how much do I know, but how much do I do with what I know? To do their great work the great ones need more of the very same habits which the little ones need to do their smaller work. They share not achievements, but conditions of achievement with you and me. And those conditions, for them as for us, are largely the plod, the drill, the long disciplines of toil. If we ask such men their secret, they will uniformly tell us so."

IN the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a large section of a pine tree which has been cleverly used as a means of teaching history. The age of a tree can always be told by the number of rings disclosed when it is cut down, and this particular tree shows 533 rings and must be of the same number of years. It was therefore born in 1352, and has existed from the reign of Edward III. to within two years of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, since it was cut down in 1885. The rings have been marked off in white paint, and the dates of the important events which occurred whilst each ring was growing are also indicated, showing that when the Battle of Poictiers was fought the pine was four years old; it was twenty-five when Edward III. died. When Caxton introduced printing the tree had seen 119 summers and winters, and when Columbus discovered America it was 140 years old. Two hundred and twelve rings had appeared when Shakespeare was born, and 240 when Raleigh colonised Virginia. At the time of the Great Plague, this tree was 14 years over its third century of existence, and within six years of its fourth when the Battle of Culloden was fought. The Independence of America was proclaimed in the 424th year of this remarkable tree, and it was 485 when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the stirring events of the greater part of the present reign being enacted during its existence.



SOME PRETTY VOCAL DUETS AND NEW TWO-PART SONGS FOR GIRLS.

"When at night I go to sleep," is an exquisite little duet for soprano and contralto out of Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel" (Schott); it has German as well as English words.

Girls will remember that this small opera is by Englebert Humperdinck, who is a contributor to this magazine, having written some music especially for it. He was a friend of Wagner, and had great success in England some little time ago, and it abounds in refreshing and delightful music. There are two well written duets by Mary Carmichael (R. Cocks), another contributor to the "G. O. P.," which are exceedingly useful to have, namely, "Under the thorn tree," and "It is the hour;" they are melodious, not difficult, and of convenient length, with interesting words. In a light and simple style, "Hark to the Mandoline," by H. Parker (Cramer), transports us pleasantly to sunny Naples, while "Hark, the goat bells ringing," by H. Smart (R. Cocks), is Swiss in colouring, and it is a pretty little ditty for two sisters to sing together.

Yet another setting of Tennyson's "Sweet and Low," by L. Vivarelli (Cramer), for soprano and contralto, will be found very musical and effective in a quiet, restful way.

Something rousing and merry is Franco Leoni's "Haymaking" (R. Cocks), which is most characteristic and full of the country charm and stir of haytime.

"The sun is a-shining! Come make hay,
Give the boys and the girls all a holiday."

This would wake an echo in many a girl's heart, longing for summer-time and all its sweet delights. It is a duet that wants singing with plenty of spirit, and to ensure this with due neatness of execution it requires to be well studied.

Now as to new two-part songs: the "St. Cecilia" collection (J. Williams) is an interesting one which includes some that are valuable and effective as duets.

A new one of these is "Echo's Song," from "Cynthia's Revels," by "rare" Ben Jonson, set to music of "lingering sweetness," by F. Pascal, with very artistic result.

Another new one of this series possessed of the same quiet attraction is Spohr's "Evening Song."

Messrs. Enoch have a similar little sixpenny edition of two-part songs some of which make capital duets also. The redoubtable "Washington Post," Popplewell Royle's Toreador, the Estudiantina (student's song) and other popular pieces vocalised, are some of the cheeriest numbers, and of the more serious we recommend César Franck's beautiful "Guardian Angel," Chaminade's characteristic "Angelus," and a most tender "Lullaby," by Gerald Lane. All these are easy, and girls could easily work them up by themselves. There are Six Country Sketches, by Myles B. Foster (Weekes), an old friend of our readers', which are two-part songs, three being exceedingly pretty as duets, namely, No. 1, "By the River." No. 2, "In the Orchard." No. 6, "A Moonlight Ramble." Their modest price is twopence each; they are short, and very useful and simple for the home circle.

Mary Augusta Salmond.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, of all the rum, out-of-the-way holes that I've ever set foot in, this is the queerest," said David Russell, aloud.

He was alone, and the sound of his own voice startled him, breaking, as it did, the excessive stillness around him. He seemed the solitary representative of youth, in a place where all was old. Even the trees, whose fresh green leaves betokened that spring had scarcely given way to summer, were clearly affecting a youthfulness that did not belong to them. The oak, at whose far-stretching branches David stood gazing with something akin to reverence in his glance, needed much propping to prevent those same boughs from breaking off from the parent stem, so gnarled and knotted were they with age, so bowed down with infirmity, and the magnificent group of elms a little further off leant towards each other rather pathetically, as though they had found the storms of many a winter too much for them. The cedars which half-obscured, half-revealed the low wide house in the distance, spread out their sombre arms with an air of sturdy independence. They wore no garb of youth, but they seemed able to defy time to leave any mark upon them, and David noted that the weeds which covered the mile of drive from end to end were certainly not of this year's growth. They had evidently been left in undisturbed possession for years past.

David Russell, with the strong blood of youth coursing through his veins, felt the atmosphere of the whole place depressing. True, there was a certain melancholy beauty in it all, but it was a beauty that would appeal rather to the old than the young.

The young man's knickerbockered legs and the knapsack on his back showed that he was on a walking tour, and he had availed himself of a short cut through the park of Boscombe Hall, and after delivering himself of the one outburst of astonishment at the forlornness of his surroundings, he pursued the narrow pathway that cut at right angles across the path, whistling as he went, to shake off the subtle sadness that seemed to weigh upon his spirit. A sudden curve brought him to the side of a dell, on whose steep sides a few late bluebells blossomed, and he stooped to pick them. At the very bottom he saw a little girl seated on a big stone. Roused by the sound of his footsteps, she lifted her head, pushing back the flapping Leghorn hat that shaded her eyes, and surveyed the stranger with a grave questioning glance. She looked so quaint and old-fashioned, with her hair parted on her forehead, and left to fall in irregular curls on her neck, and a holland overall covering her from head to foot, that David broke into a merry little laugh.

"Little Miss Muffett," he began, but the child shook her head in quick denial.

"No; they don't call me that. My name is Deborah—Deborah Menzies."

"Then may I come and talk to you, Miss Deborah Menzies?" said David, clambering down the sides of the dell. "You've found a lovely place to sit in, quite the jolliest place in the park, I should say."

"Oh, please take care! You'll tumble them all down, and it takes me such a time to prop them up," said Deborah hastily.

In a circle round her were about a dozen fir-cones, that by dint of digging holes for them in the ground, and with the help of a few supporting twigs, had been induced to stand on end. They were not all the same size. Some were big and decidedly the worse for wear, and some were small, and round one was laid a little wreath of flowers.

"Is it a game?" inquired David, treading with delicate care.

"Yes; the fir-cones are the people who come to stay, you know. There are such a lot of them. When I run short of cones I make up with chestnuts. I keep the fir-cones in a box in the schoolroom."

"Do so many people come to stay, then?" asked David wonderingly.

"Lots," said Deborah laconically; "but no little boys and girls that I can play with."

"Is not that a little girl with the wreath round her chair?" asked David, pointing to the decorated fir-cone.

"Oh, no; that's Miss Laing. She's very beautiful, mother says, and I think so too."

"Does she live here?"

"No; she's come to stay. I suppose you have too."

"I hadn't thought of it," laughed David, feeling as if he had suddenly been landed in a fairy tale. "Then mother is the mistress of the big house yonder?"

"No; it belongs to grandfather," touching with a small finger the tallest of the fir-cones that was reft of a few of its scales. "The one next to him is step-grandmother. Grandfather has had three wives, and this is the last one."

"A very Blue-beard of a grandfather," was David's mental comment. "Has he many children?" he asked aloud.

"Only father, and that's what makes him so sad, mother says. He had four sons, but the three others died, and father does not live here. He's a long, long way off in South America. That's where I was born, and I talk Spanish always to mother."

"Dear me, how clever! Then mother lives with you here?"

"Yes; if you bend down your head you can see her room through this weeny hole in the trees. Look at the window with the torn blind. That's mother's room and mine."

David prostrated himself as desired, and was rewarded by catching a glimpse of the torn blind.

"Thank you," he said, re-seating himself. "Now I know all about it. Couldn't you have dolls instead of fir-cones? It would make it seem more natural, and they'd sit up with much less propping."

"I should like one, just one," admitted Deborah, limiting her desires to the realm of possibility. "A very beautiful one, like Miss Laing."

David began to feel some curiosity about the beauty who had so fired the child's imagination.

"It should have dark hair—lots and lots of it, and eyelashes all round its eyes, beautiful curly ones, and it should have a white frock. Miss Laing wears white frocks."

"Then have you no playthings, no china tea-service, nor doll's-house?" inquired David, struck with a sort of amused compassion for the little girl who seemed to have neither playmates nor toys.

Deborah shook her head. "There's only the Noah's Ark, and I don't have that except on Sundays. It belonged to step-grandmother when she was a little girl, and she keeps it in the store-room. It's very old. Noah's all right, and his wife, but he has only one son left, and two of the son's wives. When Sunday is fine I bring the Ark down here to let the animals feed. Last Sunday I broke the elephant's leg off and buried it because I daren't tell. You won't tell, shall you?"

"I can't if I wish. I don't know step-grandmother," replied David, smothering a laugh.

"But you will, if you've come to stay," persisted Deborah.

There came the sound of a voice calling from above, a musical girl's voice.

"Deborah, De-bo-rah," more slowly, and the child's face flushed with pleasure.

"It's Miss Laing; she said perhaps she'd come and fetch me. Please help me to pick up my fir-cones. There are twelve, and two chestnuts. You must put them gently in my pinafore; they break so easily."

"Deborah," called the voice again, and, by the nearness, David knew that its owner must be close upon them. His desire to see Miss Laing was apparently to be granted.

A tall girl in a white frock peered down into the dell with laughing eyes. She answered accurately to Deborah's description. Even at this distance David could see the curling lashes that surrounded those eyes, and the masses of curling hair. That passing glimpse made him long for a closer inspection.

"The little one is right. She's beautiful as a goddess," thought David, who, at twenty, was readily stirred to enthusiasm over a pretty face. As a tribute to the beauty he instinctively took off his cloth cap, and smiled, and she smiled back.

"Who is it, Deborah?"

"Somebody who's come to stop,"

asserted Deborah, a little breathlessly, as she climbed up the sides of the dell, holding her pinafore high and disposedly for fear of injuring its precious contents. She was clearly a child of one idea! "I don't know his name."

The absurdity of the situation struck David forcibly, and he laughed loud and long, and by the time the laugh was ended he had reached Miss Laing's side.

"It seems as if I had strayed in a moment into Wonderland," he said, half apologetically. "What does Deborah mean? Do the owners of the old house yonder hold out a sort of feudal hospitality to all who pass this way?"

Miss Laing answered the question with the frankness with which it was put.

"Yes, under two conditions. You must give references, or bring some recommendation, and you must pay."

So here was the solution of the mystery! Poverty and bad times had evidently reduced the owner of the Hall to the strait of receiving a few "paying guests." David bethought himself that he might find considerable amusement in spending a few days of his vacation at the Hall if the matter of references could be quickly settled, and he fumbled in his pocket for his card-case, which he shortly produced. He handed one of his cards to his companion.

"Do you think that would do it?" he asked, "and the fact that they can find my father's name and address in Crockford? He is a clergyman, and I am out on a walking tour, but I think I should be glad of a few days' rest."

Truth to tell, the idea of rest had not suggested itself until he had seen Miss Laing.

"It might, but the Menzies are very particular. They are a very old family, dating back to the Conquest or thereabouts"—with a little smile.

"In that case I'm not in it. I fancy we were not heard of until Charles I.'s time," David answered, with a mischievous twinkle.

Deborah was looking from one to the other with puzzled eyes.

"Are you going to stop? for, if so, I will take you to step-grandmother," she said, slipping her hand into that of her new friend.

"Yes, Deborah, I'll stop if they will have me."

It must be confessed that his audacity failed him as they drew near the house, and a tall, spare lady issued from the hall door, whose look plainly betrayed enquiry as to what brought David there.

The awkwardness of the situation, however, was relieved by Deborah, who ran forward hurriedly, and pulled down the lady's head close to her own.

"He's very nice," she said, in an audible whisper, "and he wants to stay dreadfully, but he does not know whether you will have him."

"I did not know that I had the happy chance of putting up for a few days in this delightful neighbourhood until I quite accidentally learned from Miss Laing that you might perhaps take me in. My only credential is my calling card and my father's address, which you may know by chance."

Mrs. Menzies coughed, to give herself time to think, and took the proffered card.

"Russell," she said. "My husband knows the Russells of ——shire."

"I believe we are distantly connected with them," said David gravely.

Mrs. Menzies glanced furtively, uneasily, at David through her spectacles, and the wrinkles round her mouth relaxed a little. He was so pleasant to look upon, with his fresh, ruddy face, his tall, well set-up figure. He was undoubtedly a gentleman, and she could detect no sinister purpose in his simple request to become an inmate of her house for a few days.

"Come in," she said, more cordially. "I will introduce you to my husband."

Then David knew he had won the day.

"I think that you said that you and Miss Laing knew each other?" said Mrs. Menzies, when the party were assembled at lunch.

"Yes," David replied quickly. "We have met before."

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Women in Burma.

Before the law, in religion, and in regard to the moral code, men and women in Burma are perfectly equal.

The women administer their property themselves, and, when they marry, it remains in their full possession. The Burmese husband has no jurisdiction over his wife's belongings, nor over her person. She is perfectly free.

Married or single, all Burmese women have an occupation besides their home duties. Among the upper classes they look after their property; among the middle and lower classes they generally manage stores. Most retail stores are in the hands of women. As business is conducted during three hours of the day only it does not interfere with their home duties.

Women may, however, adopt any calling they please in Burma without fear of shocking public opinion. Curiously enough, sewing and knitting are specially occupations, not for women, as with us, but for men.

Faithful to Her Promise.

Here is an original love-story.

Mademoiselle Adelaide de Brigisse, a French poetess, when she was a young girl wrote a letter in the form of a sonnet, promising her hand to the finder. She placed it in a secret drawer in an old bureau and then forgot all about it.

Years after, the poetess having reached the mature age of seventy, the bureau was bought by a romantic old colonel in the army. He found the love-letter and considered himself duly engaged to the writer. The poetess resolved to be faithful to her promise, written when she was seventeen, and the marriage only recently took place.

They don't Compliment Us.

Many hard things have been said about women, and criticism being wholesome to listen to, we here quote a few:—

"Women's friends are cushions in which they stick their pins."

"A woman has never spoiled anything through silence.

"Who takes an eel by the tail and a woman at her word holds nothing."

"Friendship between two women is usually a plot against a third."

"Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless."

"In going to ask a favour a man says to himself 'What shall I say?' But a woman asks herself 'What shall I wear?'"

Poems We Should All Read.

Which are the ten noblest poems in English literature "measured by the test of poetic form, ethical insight and spiritual inspiration?"

This question was recently addressed to a large number of eminent Americans, and from the replies received the following list has been constructed.

"Intimations of Immortality."—*Wordsworth.*

"Saul."—*Browning.*

"Elegy written in a Country Churchyard."—*Gray.*

"Rabbi Ben Ezra."—*Browning.*

"Ode to a Skylark."—*Shelley.*

"Commemoration Ode."—*Lowell.*

"The Ancient Mariner."—*Coleridge.*

"Thanatopsis."—*Bryant.*

"The Eternal Goodness."—*Whittier.*

"Tintern Abbey."—*Wordsworth.*

An Arithmetical Problem.

Once upon a time in Barnstaple, in North Devon, there were two old women who sat in the market every Tuesday and Friday and sold apples. Each one regularly brought thirty apples, and one of the old women sold two for a halfpenny and the other old woman sold three for a halfpenny.

In that way the first old woman—"ole dummon," as they say in the West—got fifteen halfpence for her basket of apples, while the second old woman received ten halfpence; so that together they made twenty-five halfpence each day.

But one day the old apple-woman who sold three for a halfpenny was too ill to go to market, and she asked her neighbour to take her apples and sell them for her.

This the other old woman kindly consented to do, and when she got to market with the two baskets of apples, she said to herself, "I will put all the apples into one basket, for it will be easier than picking them out of two baskets."

So she put the sixty apples into one basket, and she said to herself, "Now, if I sell two apples for one halfpenny and Kitty Webber"—which was her old friend's name—"sells three for a halfpenny, that is the same thing as selling five apples for a penny. Therefore I will sell five for a penny."

When she had sold the sixty apples she found she had only twenty-four halfpence; which was right, because there are twelve fives in sixty, and twice twelve are twenty-four.

But if the other old woman had been there, and each one had sold her apples separately, they would have received twenty-five halfpence. How is this mystery to be explained?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

H. MILLER writes—"*In your interesting account of Essex churches, you mention 'Horn Church' as having a singular peculiarity. Instead of a gable cross at the east end there is a carved head of a bull, in stone, etc. I thought you would like to know that the church formerly belonged to the convent on Mount St. Bernard, in Savoy, and it has been suggested that the ox's head, with the horns, may, perhaps, be the crest or the arms of the convent. Is the church dedicated to St. Luke? If so, that might account for the head of the ox.*"

The letter about Horn Church and the bull's head on its eastern gable is very interesting, especially the information that this church was connected with the celebrated Abbey of Mount St. Bernard in Savoy. I do not see, however, that the bull's head is accounted for by this fact. I have never heard that the cognizance of that monastery is a bull's head, nor is it likely that a mere heraldic device would be likely to occupy the position nearly always assigned to a cross over the altar gable of a church. I rather think that Horn Church is dedicated to St. Mary; but of this I am not sure. The object in question in no way resembles the Evangelistic symbol of St. Luke. A curious thing about it is that the head of the beast is carved in stone, but the horns appear to be genuine horns, or are, possibly, of metal. I only know of one other church in England where the eastern gable cross is replaced by another object, and that is Blithborough, in Suffolk, where there is a statue in this position. It is much mutilated, but appears to represent the Trinity.

The name Horn Church seems to suggest some connection with this bull's head.

H. W. B.

DILETTANTE inquires—"*Is there any trace in antiquity of the modern custom by which artists invite their friends to inspect paintings in the studio before the time of public exhibition?*"

We can give DILETTANTE one instance very much in point. The famous Greek painter Apelles, when he had completed a work, used to exhibit it to the view of any who chanced to enter his studio, while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms unobserved.

The latter part of his method of procedure is not modern, and may be recommended to Royal Academicians and others who wish to obtain a candid opinion.

The story goes on to say that Apelles one day overheard a shoemaker objecting that he had painted shoes with one latchet too few. Like a man of sense, the artist recognised the justice of the censure, and at once rectified the error. Next day the shoemaker came again, and was delighted to see his advice had been overheard and acted upon. Emboldened at his success, he began to criticise aloud the drawing of the leg that wore the shoe; upon which the indignant Apelles thrust forth his head and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes.

This piece of advice has become a proverbial saying: "*Ne supra crepidam sutor judicaret.*" "Above the shoe let not the shoemaker judge."

There is an excellent moral in this anecdote (told by Pliny the Elder), which may apply to many a modern would-be critic.

INVESTIGATOR asks, "*What is the meaning of the expression I so often meet with in historical stories, 'By my halidom?' What is a halidom?*"

The question is a natural one, but there is no such thing as a "halidom." The expression comes from the Saxon Haligdome—"holy" and "dom." "By my halidom" is, therefore, equivalent to an adjuration by all that is holy.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

MORAG.—You are not at all too young to go abroad *au pair*, that is, to give your services in teaching English in exchange for lessons in French or German. Numbers of English girls about your age go to Switzerland and elsewhere on these terms. Would you like to advertise in some Swiss paper, e.g., the *Feuille d'avis de Vevey* or the *Gazette de Lausanne?*

AN ENQUIRER.—We can never answer questions so quickly as you propose, for we go to press a very long time before you receive your magazine. We are afraid therefore that our reply will come too late to help you with your composition. Any of Miss Edgeworth's stories would be useful, or *History of our own Times*, by Justin McCarthy, or the *Life of Lord Shaftesbury*, or one of the books that were so numerous last year about the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

A LOVER OF MUSIC.—You have eight years' advantage over our correspondent Doris (see No. 965), but you, also, are too old to begin with much prospect of success. You could buy an instruction-book, such as "Hamilton's;" or the "Academy" Pianoforte Tutor, 1s. 4d. net; Davenport's Guide to Pianoforte Students, 9d.; or Charles Hallés Practical Pianoforte School, Section I., 1s. 4d. But we fear none of these would stand you in stead of a teacher. If you are bent on learning, we can only answer you that the "cheapest way" is either to get a friend to give you a few lessons to see whether you think it worth while to go on, or to apply to some local teacher in your town whose fees are low. Your eagerness to learn will prove a great help to you.

CÉCILE RAHIER (Brest).—We are delighted to be able to award you the second prize for the April "Stories in Miniature." You make a mistake in saying "unscrupled" for "unscrupulous," and there is now and again an un-English expression which experience will teach you to avoid; but in the main your work is admirable, and we congratulate a French girl upon being able to express herself so well in a foreign tongue.

PENMANSHIP (Cape Colony).—1. Both styles of writing you submit are very good, but we prefer that marked B. We do not like the introductory strokes to the letters in A. You might, however, make B a little less plain, thus combining the beauties of either style.—2. We cannot give a downright "yes" or "no" to your second question; for much depends upon the companions likely to be met with, the hours kept, and the general effect upon the girl herself, whether that of dissipation or recreation. Each one must judge according to circumstances and conviction, avoiding everything, however delightful, that she feels is harmful to her personally; but not shunning diversion just because it is pleasant.

PAULINE MARY.—Would you like to sit for the Queen's Scholarship Examination, which will qualify you for entrance into a Training College? If so, write to the Education Department, London; or to Alfred Bourne, Esq., British and Foreign School Society, Temple Chambers, London, E.C. Those who pass this examination obtain two years' board, lodging, and tuition at a Training College at a small fee. You might also consult the Secretary, Association for the Education of Women, Clarendon Building, Oxford, for particulars of teachers' training.

S. J.—We are very sorry that our rules do not allow us to answer queries by post. As you distinctly say you do not want a reply in "Answers to Correspondents" we feel a difficulty in advising you, but you will find suggestions to those in like case with yourself, by glancing through our back numbers.

MISS MARGARET TODD writes to inform us that the secretaryship of an amateur "Poetry and Essay Club," formerly mentioned in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, has come into her hands. "The club is intended to promote the study of the works of our great poets," and essays are written, which are corrected by a competent critic. There is room for a few more members, the terms are moderate, and all details can be obtained from Miss Todd, at Fairview, Barningham, Barnard Castle.

STUDENT writes most kindly offering help to "Aspirant" in the study of Euclid and algebra. She says, "As a student who has experienced the difficulties and drawbacks of studying alone, I should be pleased to give 'Aspirant' any assistance in my power by correcting and explaining her work at intervals, should she not be able to obtain personal tuition as you advise. I feel fully qualified to help her, as for over ten years my time has been given to the study of mathematics in various branches, Euclid and algebra being naturally my first subjects." "Student" does not wish her address published, so, as we cannot undertake private communication, perhaps "Aspirant" will send us hers. We thank "Student" for her kind letter.

MARIE.—Your verses, "The Return of Spring," are not at all bad for your age. They are correct in metre and rhyme, which is more than can be said of many amateur efforts we receive. You use the adjective "dreary" too often—three times in four verses!

KADJ.—We remember you well, and are sorry you have not as yet been successful in the competitions. Your essay was, however, not at all bad, and nearly obtained Honourable Mention. You labour under a disadvantage in your writing being so small and cramped. "Try, try again!" The sketch of the Choral Society is very amusing. You can describe cleverly, but you need practice in composition, and—dare we hint it?—you sometimes spell incorrectly.

MEDICAL.

SHRIMP.—We have already answered the questions you ask us. If you will read the correspondence in the last two months' numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER you will obtain all the information that we can give you about superfluous hairs and "open pores." The answer to "Milly" will tell you about freckles.

GRACE.—It is natural for the palms of the hands to perspire more freely than the other parts of the body. When the perspiration is far in excess of what it should be, as it is in your case, we must try to seek some cause for it. There must be a cause for it though we are by no means certain to discover it. In indigestion this condition of excessive perspiration of the palms may occur. It also occurs as a symptom of rapid and weak action of the heart, of over fatigue and of anæmia. Among local causes, excessive use of the hands for delicate work is the most important. Wearing kid gloves does not really increase the perspiration of the palms, but as leather prevents evaporation, it appears to increase the amount of moisture. Bathing the hands in a warm solution of borax (1 in 80), or bicarbonate of soda (1 in 40), or ammonia (about 1 in 200) are advised for this complaint. It is much better, however, to use an acid wash, and the most convenient of these is toilet vinegar. Ordinary table vinegar is nearly as good, but not so pleasant. Aromatic sulphuric acid, very much diluted (one part of the acid to ten or twenty parts of water) is the best of all preparations for the purpose.

LUCY.—1. You have no doubt got a return of the anæmia. It is by no means uncommon for the face to be very high coloured in anæmia, but the white of the eyes is always bluer than normal and the lips are always pale. Flushings are constant symptoms of anæmia and the commonly concurring indigestion.—2. We strongly disadvise you from using sulph-hydrate of calcium for superfluous hairs. The skin of the face is very tender, and you should be very careful in applying any preparation to it. Our experience of this drug has been exceedingly discouraging. We have found it dangerous and useless.

BROWN EYES.—If we could produce a plentiful supply of eyebrows at will we would be millionaires by this time! Still, if we are not sure of success we can nevertheless try our best. Is the skin surrounding the hairs in your eyebrows perfectly healthy? If not, find out what is wrong with it and cure the condition, and your eyebrows will grow better. But from your letter it appears that there is nothing wrong with the skin. A solution of boracic acid (1 in 40) may do good, or you may try one of the milder stimulant lotions or pomades used for the hair of the head such as "cantharidine," "brilliantine" or "rosemary."

GIPSY.—Your teeth are in a very bad condition, and must be seen to by a competent dentist. You can no more stop your own teeth than you could cut off your own leg. If you cannot afford the fees of a private dentist, we strongly advise you to ask your mother's permission to go to a hospital. Her fears that "cheap material might be used, and injury thereby result," are without foundation. At none of the London hospitals do they use anything but the best materials in any department. You will have to be very careful about the tooth-powder that you use.

BIDDIE.—Certainly you may use boric acid for your hair. One teaspoonful of the powder to a pint of hot water is the correct proportion to use. You should not use soap with the lotion. Boracic acid injures neither the face nor the eyes. Scurfiness of the head has nothing whatever to do with scrofula, which is an old-fashioned and almost obsolete name for some forms of tuberculosis. The condition of your head is what is known as seborrhœa or dandruff.

MARY.—You wish to change a "nasty dark red-coloured complexion for a nice pink and white one." Doubtless you do, so do very many girls. We wish we could tell you how to effect the exchange, but, unfortunately, it is beyond our power to do so. We will, however, give you a few hints on improving the complexion. Avoid indigestible food; wear a veil when you go out on windy days; use a very fine soap for washing your face with; and never use any cosmetics containing poisonous drugs or coloured material. Glycerine and cucumber, and glycerine and rose-water, are nice preparations for the face, and may be used occasionally with advantage.

F. S.—The small holes "like pimples" which are left after an attack of acne has been cured, are the dilated orifices of enlarged glands. They are not produced by the sulphur, indeed they are made less prominent by that drug. Do not give up using the sulphur ointment just yet: it is apparently doing you a great deal of good, and will cure you completely in a short time. You can do nothing special for the minute holes, except keeping your face very clean, and using a fairly rough towel after washing. The holes will gradually get less and less conspicuous. You must be very careful not to use any powder or other material to "fill up the holes." Acne is due to these holes becoming plugged, and so if you try to fill up the holes you will have a return of the pimples.

MADGE.—Wear gloves when you go out; wash with a good soap, and if necessary use a little glycerine and rose-water. Attend to your digestion if it is not up to the mark. Remember that every one who does hard work with her hands has red and hard hands.

WELLINGTON.—We cannot give the address of any tradesman in this column.

A. M. B.—Decidedly your hair may grow thick again. Cannot you discover any cause why your hair is thin? Read the answer to "Absalom" again, and also the other answers about the hair that appeared in this column about the same time. Very often, when you have found the cause of hair falling out, the cure is quite simple. If no cause can be discovered, treatment must always be difficult, and the results very uncertain. Bay rum or cantharidine and rosemary lotions are sometimes very useful.

KATE.—You have acne and must follow the advice that we have given to the great many correspondents who have asked this question before. No; eating oranges could not have the effect of producing acne, nor of injuring the complexion in any way, unless it produced indigestion or nettlerash.

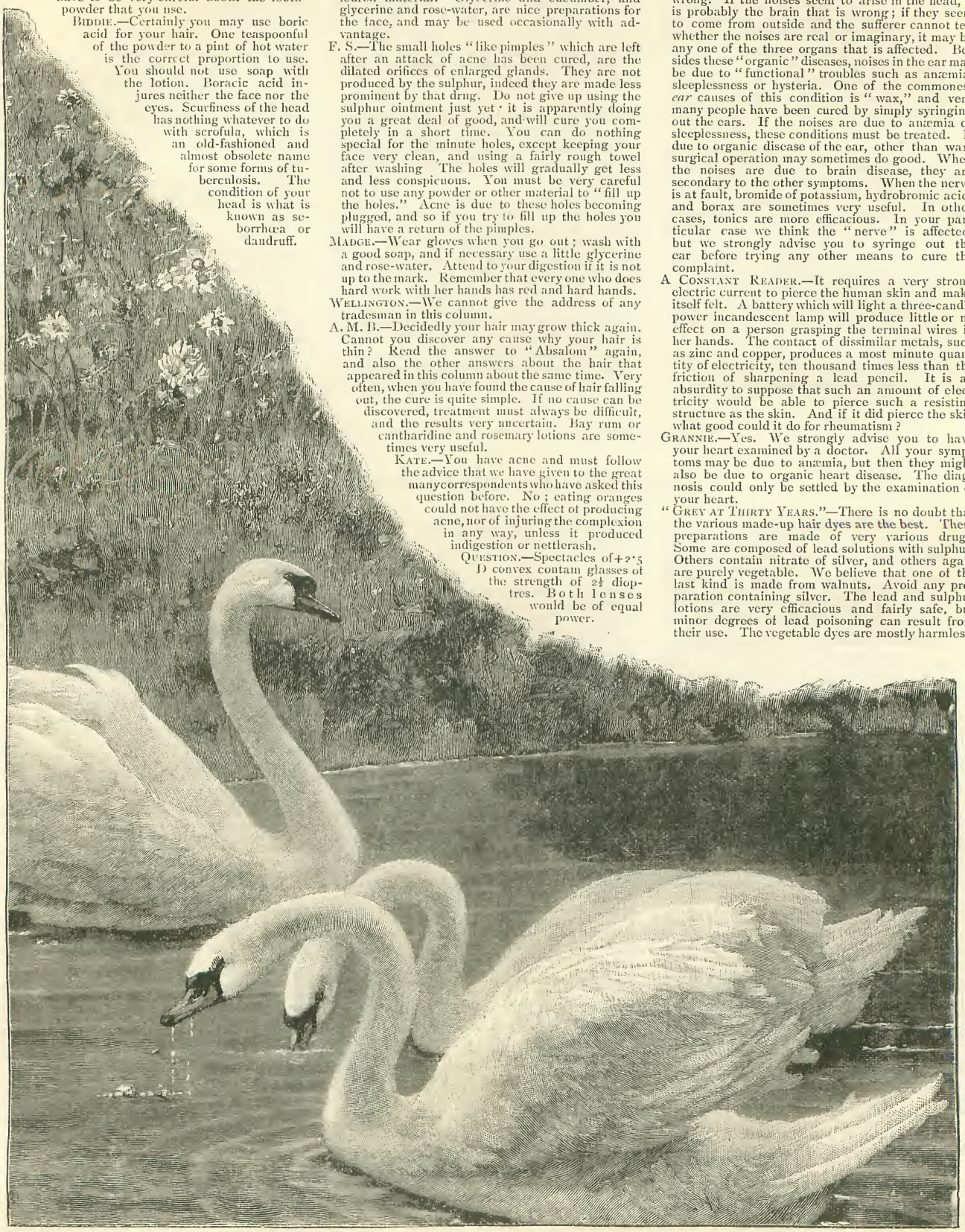
QUESTION.—Spectacles of +2·5 D convex contain glasses of the strength of 2½ dioptres. Both lenses would be of equal power.

"AZALEA" suffers from noises in her left ear, of some years' duration, and she asks us to tell her what is the cause of this condition and how it may be remedied. Noises in the ear may be due to affections of the ear itself, of the auditory nerve, or of the brain. It is not always easy, or indeed possible, to tell which of these parts is at fault. If the noises are confined to one ear, it is probably the ear itself that is abnormal. If it is confined to the head and is not in the ears, either the brain or the nerve is wrong. If the noises seem to arise in the head, it is probably the brain that is wrong; if they seem to come from outside and the sufferer cannot tell whether the noises are real or imaginary, it may be any one of the three organs that is affected. Besides these "organic" diseases, noises in the ear may be due to "functional" troubles such as anæmia, sleeplessness or hysteria. One of the commonest *ear* causes of this condition is "wax," and very many people have been cured by simply syringing out the ears. If the noises are due to anæmia or sleeplessness, these conditions must be treated. If due to organic disease of the ear, other than wax, surgical operation may sometimes do good. When the noises are due to brain disease, they are secondary to the other symptoms. When the nerve is at fault, bromide of potassium, hydrobromic acid, and borax are sometimes very useful. In other cases, tonics are more efficacious. In your particular case we think the "nerve" is affected, but we strongly advise you to syringe out the ear before trying any other means to cure the complaint.

A CONSTANT READER.—It requires a very strong electric current to pierce the human skin and make itself felt. A battery which will light a three-candle power incandescent lamp will produce little or no effect on a person grasping the terminal wires in her hands. The contact of dissimilar metals, such as zinc and copper, produces a most minute quantity of electricity, ten thousand times less than the friction of sharpening a lead pencil. It is an absurdity to suppose that such an amount of electricity would be able to pierce such a resisting structure as the skin. And if it did pierce the skin what good could it do for rheumatism?

GRANNIE.—Yes. We strongly advise you to have your heart examined by a doctor. All your symptoms may be due to anæmia, but then they might also be due to organic heart disease. The diagnosis could only be settled by the examination of your heart.

"GREY AT THIRTY YEARS."—There is no doubt that the various made-up hair dyes are the best. These preparations are made of very various drugs. Some are composed of lead solutions with sulphur. Others contain nitrate of silver, and others again are purely vegetable. We believe that one of the last kind is made from walnuts. Avoid any preparation containing silver. The lead and sulphur lotions are very efficacious and fairly safe, but minor degrees of lead poisoning can result from their use. The vegetable dyes are mostly harmless.





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JOYCE HUNTER'S TRUST.

A WORKING GIRL'S STORY.

THE big clock in the Exchange dome had just struck five. In the thronged Glasgow streets the day's rush of business was beginning to slacken a little. Some wise early birds were already comfortably *en route* for the suburbs, by train or tram; later travellers would have to put up with a good deal more squeezing and crushing. Bargain-hunters in the better-class shops were turning their thoughts towards home, and tea or dinner, as the case might be. Tired assistants were thankfully shrouding the various attractions under linen wrappers till to-morrow morning.

In one big wholesale house, Grant and Greaves, message-boys hung over the banisters comparing the day's adventures; the clerks gathered into little groups round the different desks and talked in energetic undertones; the typewriter leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes, tired with poring over interminable rows of figures and keys. She was a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, in a sober brown frock, a little frayed at the edges, but worn with a certain grace altogether lacking in many of the showier damsels gossiping on the other side of the partition.

"That is all for to-day, I think," said Mr. Boyd, the staid elderly cashier, locking up his desk and coming across to the typewriter's table. "Ah, no! There is one more letter, and then you may close. Be good enough to hand in the letter at the private door as you pass, Miss Hunter. I am going now."

Joyce Hunter nodded and turned back to her machine. She was still listening to the girls behind, as she touched the keys. They were talking about the annual excursion for the employees at Grant and Greaves'. It was to come off next month—the twenty-first—and promised to be even better than last year's, inasmuch as it was to break new ground, and include a three hours' sail out and in.

"Anything is better than being penned up in a stuffy railway-carriage all day, as we were last summer," observed one of the girls. "On a boat you can walk about a bit and change your company now and again."

"I'm getting the loveliest blue frock for it," said the other; "yards of lace on it. Mr. Cathcart believes in nothing but pink; but that's not my colour."

"Will you tell me where I can find Mr. Boyd?" interposed a strange voice.

Joyce took her fingers off the keys with a start. Her table faced the top of the staircase, consequently she was the first person visible to new-comers.

This one was a short, sturdily-built young fellow in seafaring rig-out—from the stoke-hole, Joyce mentally decided, as she noted his strong grimy hands, and blackened face.

"Mr. Boyd I asked for," repeated the visitor impatiently. "They told me he was up here."

"So he was," returned Joyce; "but he went away ten minutes ago. I don't know his private address."

"I've no time to look him up if you did," retorted the other. "I wouldn't have missed him for a good deal."

"I am very sorry," said Joyce politely, seeing the blank expression on the young man's face. "Couldn't you leave a message, or something? He will be here to-morrow morning."

"I'd a great deal rather have seen him; but it can't be helped, I suppose. My name's Blake, and I'm going to sea to-night. Will you give him this parcel? It's money; there's



"'I AM GOING NOW.'"

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ten pounds in it, and he's to say nothing about it to anybody—to anybody, mind—till I come back. He knows what it's for."

"If it's money, you had better give it to some one else. You don't know anything about me," said Joyce, drawing back a little.

"What for?" was the blunt question. "You've an honest face, and I've no time to go raking round after people. It's not a deadly undertaking for you."

"Very well," said Joyce, half reluctantly, "I'll give it to him first thing in the morning. I'm not used to carrying such a lot of money about with me."

"Good-bye, then," said the other, putting on his cloth cap—it had been tucked under his arm during the colloquy—and vaulting down the staircase three steps at a time.

Joyce thrust the canvas bag—almost as grimy as its owner—into the depths of her dress-pocket, and finished the interrupted letter with a little feeling of annoyance.

The girls had gone away now, and she had wanted to hear the plans, though there was no likelihood of any lace-trimmed frocks for her. Joyce had only her stipend to depend upon, and needed every sixpence of it to make ends meet. There was no "tying them over in a handsome bow"—no margin for "extras," "sundries," or extravagances of any kind.

Still, a very little sunshine in the distance makes all the difference in the grey present. That busy upper room held a charm of its own for Joyce Hunter; the dusty staircase was a veritable Jacob's ladder for the bright visions she carried up and down with her. Long hours and scanty pay were but outside circumstances that did not in any way limit the fair possibilities dawning on the horizon.

He—the foundation of the visions—was in the counting-house department, a pleasant, good-natured young fellow, with a cheery word and smile for anyone with whom he chanced to come in contact. Lately he had taken to lingering by Joyce's table to talk to her. Once or twice he had given her the button-hole out of his coat. The first freshness was off the flowers certainly, but Joyce treasured the limp violets and rosebuds as if they had been the rarest orchids. And one evening—it was nearly a fortnight ago now—he had walked the whole length of Grove Road beside her. The colour came into Joyce's pale face at the remembrance, though, with a curious contrariness, she had gone home by another route since, for the sake of her girlish dignity, or possibly from some lurking fear that the experience might not be repeated.

Joyce buttoned up her brown jacket, and went slowly down the staircase, pausing at the private office to hand in the belated letter. And then, as she turned away, Joyce caught her breath with a sigh of ineffable satisfaction, for someone—the someone—came out of a door close by, and fell into step beside her.

"You are surely later than usual," he remarked. "I saw old Boyd go down half an hour ago. There was some son of Neptune hunting after him."

"Mr. Boyd went away just after five," returned Joyce shyly. "I don't think he was quite well to-day, Mr. Cathcart."

"Oh, nothing ever ails him—he's made of cast iron, I believe. By the way, you weren't at Parker's lecture last night?"

"No." Joyce flushed with pleasure that she had been missed, but she could not very well explain the cause of her absence—admission, one shilling—for the present sordid details were promptly relegated to the background.

They walked on down the dear, dingy Grove Road together. He told her about the lecture, stringing the chief incidents in a light effective style that Joyce privately considered a very masterpiece of eloquence.

"You are not to back out of the twenty-first, remember," he told her when they parted by the station at the end of the road—he was going to catch a train for some football match. "We must all look up our finery that day, and do credit to Grant and Greaves. That's one of the reasons we get the jaunt, you know." And then he lifted his hat and ran up the steps to the station; and Joyce went blithely homewards.

She glanced at Mr. Boyd's corner the moment she entered the top room the next morning. It was empty, and she was a minute or two late herself. The canvas bag was still safe in her pocket. No thief or robber had relieved her of it. Indeed, Joyce had thought wonderfully little of her responsibility—other affairs were more interesting. She sat down before her table and waited for orders.

By the half-hour one of the clerks came up the stairs. Joyce appealed to him in some impatience.

"Do you know what is keeping Mr. Boyd? I can't begin anything."

"Yes, they sent me up to tell you; Mr. Boyd was found dead in his bed this morning. Some kind of a fit, they think."

A buzz of shocked comment rose up from all sides; the cashier had not been a universal favourite, still he had been a long-standing institution in the place. It was difficult to realize that his tall figure and quiet shrewd face were to be seen there no more; a curious shaken feeling of insecurity pervaded the room. If death had taken him, which of them was safe?

"Bailey's coming up to take his work for to-day," went on the messenger, "Old Greaves is quite floored, he didn't seem to know what to say."

After that talk had to cease, and business go on as usual. In the middle of the morning Joyce suddenly remembered her unfulfilled promise. What was she to do with that ten pounds? She could not even mention it—silence had been the one stipulation enjoined. Joyce carried the canvas bag home with her for the second time in much perplexity, and locked it up at the bottom of her private drawer. It might be that Mr. Boyd had left someone to look after his affairs, or she might hear something that would be a guide; but in the meantime there was nothing for it but to go on keeping that unwelcome trust.

But one week, two weeks went by, and brought no light; the cashier—as far as could be discovered—seemed to have lived and died a solitary unit, neither wife nor child, brother nor sister came to claim acquaintance with him. A brief will bequeathed his savings to a neighbouring hospital where he had once taken refuge through an attack of typhoid fever, and the quiet funeral which Mr. Greaves and some of the older clerks attended in an official capacity, completely closed his connection with this world's affairs.

"I can't imagine why you should be so curious about his belongings," said Walter Cathcart one day when Joyce had been diligently inquiring on the subject; "had you any reason to expect a legacy?"

"Oh, no," cried Joyce. "I was only wondering if he had any friends of the name of Blake."

"Blake," echoed the other, "I never heard of any, and one thing is certain, we never shall know now. Old Boyd had a wonderful capacity for keeping things to himself. You will find his successor much easier to deal with. Do you know it's likely to mean changes all round?"

"How?"

He laughed.

"It sets the ball rolling. There will be a general stir in the camp before we are many weeks older. Get your congratulations ready by the twenty-first, perhaps I'll have something to tell you then."

Joyce went home in a blissful dream. Paradise came very near that night, there was but one thorn with the rose, but one crook in her happy lot, the state of her wardrobe. All the other girls would be gay as butterflies that day. It was hard to be the homely sparrow of the company, especially when she felt so sure that it was to be the red-letter day of her calendar. Joyce spread out her brown frock on the bed and contemplated it with scathing disapproval.

"I can't—I simply can't—go in that. I must have a new one from somewhere. I wonder if Mrs. Driver could lend me a sovereign for once."

It was a forlorn hope indeed, but Joyce marched bravely into the landlady's kitchen and stated the facts of the case as eloquently as she knew how. To no purpose.

"I'd lend it you in a minute, my dear, if I'd got it," said the good woman, resting her wrinkled hands on the edge of her washing-tub, "but you might as well ask me for my head. There's the children wanting shoes all round, and the water rate to call again, and not too well pleased about it either. You don't know what trouble means, till you're a widow woman with a tribe of hungry bairns. What's a shabby gown to that, Miss Joyce?"

Joyce played with the baby for a minute or two, and went back to her own room. It was only one week to the twenty-first, there was no time to be lost; she unlocked a drawer and looked at the little canvas bag. Would it be very wicked if she were to borrow it from that? It was no use lying there, and the owner might not be back for months—years perhaps—it couldn't hurt him in the least, and she could save up and replace it long before there was any chance of his return. Of course if she could have obtained it anywhere else she would; but there was no other way, and the gown was a case of real necessity.

Far into the short summer night Joyce sat there debating the point, and the fate of the debater has passed into a proverb; by morning the matter was settled, and not for a gown only, it was no use spoiling the ship for a pennyworth of tar. There was to be a hat, shoes, gloves and all the little etceteras that make or mar the whole effect.

After the first step there is a fatal smoothness about the downward track. Joyce put all misgivings out of her mind and threw herself heart and soul into her unaccustomed finery. She hardly recognised herself in the fair vision that flashed back from the very limited square of glass on her dressing-table—indeed, she almost ran the risk of being too fine, it takes a little practice to attain exactly to the fashionable level. Certainly it had mounted up to a good deal more than the sovereign originally intended. Joyce was aghast when she sat down on the Saturday evening and reckoned up the cost. Three pounds were missing from the canvas bag, and three pounds is a sum not easily deducted from a weekly income counted by shillings; it would mean a diet of bread and butter chiefly, and not too much of the butter, an absolute dearth of all but the barest necessities.

No matter, Monday would be worth it all. Joyce had seen nothing of Walter Cathcart through this week; he was in London on business, but he was to be home to-night, and Monday was the twenty-first. That day bounded the horizon. Joyce hardly defined to herself exactly what she expected to happen, but in her heart she felt it would far outbalance the guilty discomfort that might easily become something worse, if she allowed it to get the upper hand.

And so, on the whole, the intervening Sunday passed by not unhappily, and Monday

morning came blue and bright, a perfect June day, and with a beating heart under all her bravery Joyce sallied forth to reap the reward of her outlay.

They were to meet at the railway station—a goodly company were already there when Joyce arrived, and were crowding into the carriages with much talk and laughter. Joyce stood a little apart, sweeping the platform with quick, furtive glances, for the face that meant everything to her. She wondered that he was not first and foremost in the throng; he liked the front row, and generally contrived to be there, but so far she could see no sign of him.

"Come, Miss Hunter, it's time we were taking our seats," said one of the book-keepers, coming up to where she stood. "There's a place for you in here."

He was drawing her towards a carriage. Joyce cast another anxious glance at the big entrance door.

"Everybody hasn't come yet, Mr. Bateson?" she asked.

"Pretty nearly everybody, I think," he answered, scanning the windows. "Anyhow, you had better get in here, there's some of your upstairs friends."

There was a fair representation from the top room—from all the departments indeed. Joyce could not bring herself to ask for Walter Cathcart by name. She took her seat with a sudden sense of dire dismay and perplexity; of something wofully wrong somewhere. The girls surveyed her in astonished admiration.

"Well, you are grand to-day, Joyce, we hardly knew you. We shall all have to take a back seat now."

"Of course," laughed Joyce; "have you been waiting long?"

"Yes, we were almost the first; it was half the fun seeing them come. There, we are off at last."

Mr. Bateson squeezed himself in at the last moment, and wiped his brow as if he had already achieved a hard day's work.

"It will be cooler when we get on board the steamer," he announced. "It's a great pity Cathcart isn't with us."

"Where is he?" asked two or three, in chorus?"

"In London. G. & G. are going to send him out to the Shanghai branch—a first-rate crib it is. He's to sail the end of this week, so it's a chance if we see him again."

"Sharp work that," remarked a pale clerk opposite.

"Well, you see, there was a general move up when poor old Boyd's desk fell vacant. I hardly thought Cathcart would have got that appointment though, a good many had set their affections on it."

"Including yourself?"

"No, it's too far off for me. Besides, when a man has a wife to consider it alters the case, you know, Miss Joyce."

Joyce had not spoken—what could she say? She sat back in her corner feeling as if the whole round world had suddenly collapsed about her. The strong light dazzled her eyes, there was a chill in the fresh breeze that came in through the window—the spring brightness had vanished utterly. To sail the end of the week, and she would be here alone week after week, year after year, with nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for. Joyce was too stunned just yet to realise quite how much it meant for her.

They said afterwards that was the finest excursion Grant and Greaves had ever had; the sky was without a cloud, the sea blue as sapphire; white splashes of daisies lay like drifted snow on the meadows, the hawthorn hedges filled the air with sweetness.

Joyce remembered it only as one of the longest, saddest days of her short life. She wandered away from the others, and sat on a fallen tree and stared at the summer radiance about her with dim eyes. What if the trouble was her own making, that made it no easier to bear. Walter Cathcart had not intended to mislead her; had given her no reason to reproach him; it was her own doing if she had set him on a pedestal he had not aspired to, her own folly that had decked her out to-day, and all for nothing.

"If he had seen me for only one minute I would hardly have minded what came after!" cried Joyce, in bitterness of spirit. It was the uselessness of it that hurt. Was it for this that she had failed in her trust and taken money that did not belong to her? The bare ugly fact stood out now, unsoftened by any glamour of success. In her youth, Joyce had been well grounded in the doctrine of retributive justice. Sitting there in the sunshine it was firmly borne in upon her, that this judgment had befallen her of set purpose, and that there was nothing for it but to take up the everyday round once more, and make restitution to the best of her powers.

Joyce shivered at the prospect. The deprivations that had looked so light with that fair hope behind them, wore a different aspect now, and she had not even a parting word, a good-bye, to treasure up through the blank years before her.

But that was a mistake; Joyce had a parting word, though it was hardly of a kind to treasure up. Walter Cathcart did put in a brief appearance at the warehouse the last day, and ran up to the top room for a minute or two.

He was full of his new prospects, and jubilant at the novelty of the voyage, which rather overshadowed old interests.

"I told you to get your congratulations ready by the twenty-first, Miss Joyce; but I hardly expected quite such good luck," he told her, pausing by her table, and scattering the papers right and left.

"Are you glad to go?" said Joyce gravely.

"Glad—I should think so; it's a chance in a thousand. I'll send you the prettiest piece of silk I can find out there some day. You can keep it for a wedding-dress. I don't think I ever saw you in anything but brown—like a Jenny Wren."

And Joyce never mentioned her luckless pink gown; what was the use? It had just been a miserable piece of folly, and was still to be paid for. She went home and put her finery away out of sight; she had no heart to wear it, the brown frock would answer every purpose now, and economy was the order of the day henceforth.

Ah, that three pounds, so quickly spent, it took twelve long weeks to save one. Where the owner was, or when he might reappear, Joyce had no knowledge; but she almost prayed for adverse winds and tides to delay his coming. The deepest humiliation of all would be having to own to that complete stranger that she had taken his money and belied the honest face he had credited her with possessing.

And winds and tides also failed her; they generally do, when one's whole dependence is staked upon them.

One dripping November evening—half-past five—Joyce stood on the steps unfurling her umbrella, ready to step out into the splashing gaslit street. Some one in a long macintosh dashed past; a few paces further on he came to a sudden stop, and looked back at her inquiringly.

"It is you," he said; "I was sure I'd seen you somewhere."

Joyce stared at him with startled eyes. Was there to be no end to the trouble that broken trust had brought upon her?

"Oh, are you back already?" she cried sharply.

"Already—it's four months since!" retorted the traveller, in rather offended tones. "If you'd been tossing about all weathers, as I have, you'd change the tune, I think."

"I beg your pardon," faltered Joyce; "I didn't know how long you went for, and—and I couldn't help it—Mr. Boyd died."

"Yes, poor fellow, and there's an end of my nest-egg; he promised to take care of it for me, and he's done it to some purpose—that hospital has swallowed up everything."

He was walking down the wet street beside her. For an instant cars, cabs and people were all mixed up in grand confusion before Joyce's bewildered eyes. An unexpected door of escape had suddenly opened for her. He knew nothing, would never guess, and he was a man—he could earn money so easily. Need she tell him? How could she say it?

They were in the Grove Road now, the road she had walked so blithely with some one else once, and there it was that Joyce shut to the newly opened door, and deliberately made up her mind to continue the journey up the thorny path of repentance; that other lapse had brought her little joy, she dare not risk a second.

"I've got to tell you something," she said, in an unsteady voice, standing still under a flaring gas-lamp. "The hospital didn't get your money. Mr. Boyd died that very night, and I didn't tell anyone. You said no one was to know about it."

"Then——"

"I've had it locked up at my lodgings all the time, and once I—I wanted some money dreadfully, and I took three pounds out of it, and I've only saved up one of them; that's why I didn't want you to come back yet."

The young man gave a low whistle; he was looking keenly down at Joyce's confused scarlet face.

"You must have wanted it pretty badly. Were you ill, or any of your people?"

"No," blurted the defaulter, "it wasn't anything of that kind. I haven't any people. It was just some finery I wanted, and it's never been one bit of pleasure to me."

There was an uncomfortable silence; it lasted till they were out of Grove Road, past the station, and into the quiet by-street, then Joyce broke it desperately—

"I'll give you the bag now, if you will come on to Mrs. Driver's, and I'll save up the two pounds as soon as I possibly can."

"There is no hurry about the bag; leave it where it is, I don't particularly want it at present."

Joyce looked at him in astonishment.

"Don't you understand—it was your money that I took, though you said I had an honest face."

The honest face was under a cloud just then—hot shamed tears streaming down it.

"Well, I think that still, there is little fear of your taking any more, and it will be a deal safer with you than with me; I never could keep money. Will you just go on taking care of it for me? I'd rather throw it into the nearest dock, than see you worry like this about it."

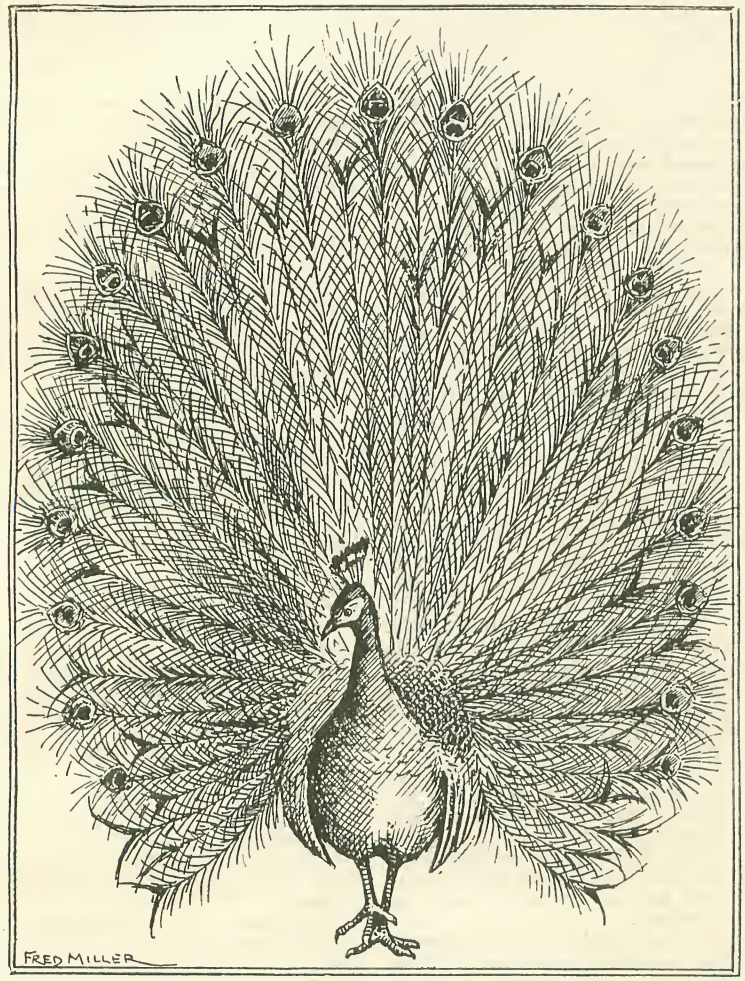
That was the beginning of it. Joyce has gone on taking care of the canvas bag, and the pounds that have been added at various intervals. A year or two later, the price of another gown was taken out of it—plain white this time. That piece of silk from Shanghai never made its appearance; perhaps Joyce might not have cared to wear it if it had; at any rate, nothing could be equal to white—she wants nothing else.

Mrs. Driver's room is empty, and Grant and Greaves are advertising for a young person, with some knowledge of shorthand, to take charge of the type-writer.

SARAH PITT.

THE USE OF FEATHERS IN EMBROIDERY.

THOSE of my readers who have seen the feather cloaks made by the Maories and other native tribes will, I think, agree with me that the effect is often very beautiful, for there is no coloured object in the world more exquisite than a beautiful feather. In turning over in my mind how the work of the needle may be developed and novelty obtained, it has occurred to me that feathers might be introduced with advantage, and one way of doing this I put before the readers of the "G. O. P." It is to combine feathers with needlework as shown in the sketch of peacock screen. The body of the bird, and legs and wings could be worked in silks and crewels and the tail feathers of the peacock sewn on. The end of the feathers should be taken behind the needlework, and by reducing the thickness of the quills this can easily be done. With a sharp knife you can easily pare down the back of the quills so that your needlework can be taken over the ends of the feathers, and these are thus made to appear as though they grew out of the needlework. The feathers can be attached to the fabric by stout silk of a brownish or greenish tint securely tied at the back so that it does not become undone.



The feathers should be arranged in some sort of order, getting the larger ones at the top and the smaller ones at the lower sides. There are in the tail feathers some which have not developed into eyes, but are very beautiful for all that, and these might be alternated with the eyes. I have endeavoured to show this in the sketch. With regard to the working of the bird itself this may be done either in outline or solid. If the breast is worked in peacock blues, the legs might be merely outlined in a warm brown, the back of the bird where the feathers are to be inserted should be in a yellow green. Some readers may feel that the breast of the bird might be composed of small feathers sewn on, but I am inclined to think that it is better to confine the feathers to the tail, and I am not at all sure that outline embroidery would not do for the bird. It is a mistake to attempt to be too naturalesque in embroidery. It is an ornamental art and not an imitative one, and therefore all objects should be treated ornamentally rather than realistically.

As regards the material to work on any light coloured fabric may be chosen. Canvas or linen would do very well. I fancy the feathers would be more effective on a light than a dark ground, but this is a matter of taste. A deep indigo blue might throw the feathers into relief, but on the whole I lean to a light rather than a dark fabric. There is a slight danger of moth where feathers are used, but blowing on a little spirits of camphor occasionally or a little insect powder will guard against such a danger. The feathers might have a dressing before being *appliquéd*.

Many other treatments of feathers will occur to my readers other than the one shown in sketch, but having possibly started the reader on a new quest she can follow up the suggestion for herself. Small feathers for instance might be *appliquéd*, and some very charming combinations be the result. I may mention that the body of the peacock should be life-size as you are using real feathers.

It would look ridiculous to have the bird smaller than its own feathers. Those who live near the Zoo can there study the bird from life.

Of course it would be quite possible to form a design without working the bird, or only the head and neck introduced with the feathers to form a background as it were.

A TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

The Songsters of our Scottish woods; their notes
Sound loud and sweetly in the morning air:
Their melody throughout the woodland floats,
Attracting by its charm the listener there.

1. A Syrian Lake: here many a native chief
Together leagued to quell th' invading host;
But their resistance, altho' brave, was [brief—
Their tribes were swept away, destroyed, and lost.

2. Beyond the western ocean, in the land
Where brick of simplest fashion toilers make,
The clay is dug, then moulded by the hand
And scattered for the ardent sun to bake.

3. Hard by an English river's southward course
Rises a hill that slopes its eastern side,
And on its summit did a Roman force
Erect a four-square camp and there abide.
Open your English histories and search
The Roman town, with which the hill was crowned.
In after years, here rose a glorious Church,
Cathedral of the Diocese around.
Cardinal, Bishop, King, he coffined here;
Dane, Saxon, Norman, all each other's foe;
And canopies of sculptured lace appear
To shield the figures of the dead below.
When you have found the name, omit the two
Concluding letters of the Roman word,
In which they strove, as all invaders do,
To catch th' uncultured accents they had heard.

4. Momentous utterance! a wondrous change
It works in some for woe, in some for bliss:
Throughout our English language we may range
And find no such portentous phrase as this.

5. One of five brethren, who all thought produce,
No culture can for us too great be deemed;
Not lavishes her treasures for our use;
Yet when I'm common, I am most esteemed.

XIMENA.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

NORAH'S peep at London life had widened her experience somewhat, but it had certainly not given her any feeling of discontent for the quiet home with its simple duties, its calm routine, and the presence of those with whom she was in sympathy. To her the "world" was still a place to be avoided; she was out of touch with its pleasures, its interests and its ambitions, and it seemed to her that the nearer she lived to her own ideal of the Christian life the less would she have in common with it.

"But don't you think the people in this village are the 'world' too, Norah?" said Lady Anstruther when the girl once spoke to her in this manner. "Don't you find them often unkind, uncharitable, selfish and unlovely? You know we have not many saints in Woodfield who are quite disinterested, have we?" And Lady Anstruther smiled, wondering, as she sometimes did, how much blankets and soup and odd shillings had to do with the attendances at church.

But Norah had her answer.

"That may be," she said, "but my duty towards them is simple. They know why I go to them. We are told to minister to the poor. If they gossip about one another I am able to stop them without giving offence. If they are ungrateful I bear with them in the hope that some day I may be able to draw them nearer to holy things. It is all for Christ's sake. At the end of the day one feels one has not wasted it. But at dances and dinner parties, and when you are paying visits to rich society people, like I did with Mrs. Gilman it is different; you must be willing to interest yourself in so many things that certainly are not distinctly Christian, and possibly are not right. And it is impossible to talk seriously without being considered peculiar, and it is all a great weariness and doesn't seem to do anybody any good."

"You may be quite right, my dear," said Lady Anstruther. "Of course you must judge for yourself. You have certainly chosen the simplest and easiest and it may be the safest path. Perhaps you are called to it. But for my part I have, I must confess, more sympathy with the holy life lived in the world, and which while never encouraging what is wrong, can yet take part in all innocent amusements and share the joys and sorrows of the rich as well as the poor. And somehow, although I know that human nature is the same in us all, I cannot help a secret preference for it when it is refined. But then you see I was brought up in this world which you despise, and I am sometimes inclined to sympathise with those poor rich people whom it is the custom to abuse." Then she added, "I suppose you would call Sir John 'the world,' or," with a gleam of mischief in her eyes, "is he under one of the other categories? You certainly avoid him very carefully."

Norah got very red.

"Lady Anstruther, Sir John doesn't like me."

"Poor Sir John. Well, you see, you don't give him much chance of knowing you better, and perhaps you are one of the people who improve upon acquaintance."

"If I thought it would give Sir John any pleasure to see me, of course I would sit with him sometimes. But you know, Lady Anstruther, I have always been rather afraid of him."

"And perhaps the aversion, if there was any, was not all on one side. Well, do you know, Norah, I have found that very often the best way to overcome a feeling of that kind is to see as much as you can of the object of it. If you and my husband saw more of each other I believe you would become quite attached. Besides," she added in a lower voice, "I think you could help him, Norah."

"I help Sir John," cried Norah in amazement. "How?"

"In the same way as you helped old Nick Bales, my dear."

Norah reddened again, and her eyes filled with tears, partly because of the gentle voice and look which accompanied Lady Anstruther's words. Nick Bales had been a dreadful old reprobate and the despair of both Mr. Gilman and his predecessor. Not long since he had met with an accident, being thrown under the wheels of the waggon he was driving. He lingered for some weeks, however, and during that time Norah visited him constantly. He would not see the parson, or if he did turned a deaf ear to all he said, but somehow, by the wonderful tenderness and love which this young girl could bestow on the suffering, she had won a place in his heart; he was amazed at her sympathy for one like himself, and by-and-by he began to see there was something he could not understand that made her so patient and forbearing, and that enabled her to overcome the shrinking which he knew a lady must feel from his dirty room, the impure air, and the accompaniments of his illness. Gradually he was won to listen to her reading of the Bible, to hear her prayers without impatience, and to try and keep from swearing when he was in pain. At last he was induced to receive Mr. Gilman respectfully, and when he found that the clergyman, whom he had despised, was no less humane and forgiving than his daughter, he was won to put his trust in him and in the message he had been commissioned to bring. Before he died he was so evidently a changed man that his end had been a subject of marvel in the village. And Lady Anstruther, who had herself visited him, had sufficient insight to perceive that his repentance was sincere; and had been told by the man himself that if he got to heaven he would owe his eternal happiness to this girl who had led him to his Saviour.

"Sir John is a very different person from poor old Nick," said Norah.

"Well, I hope so," said Lady Anstruther, unable, as usual, to resist seeing the funny side of the matter. "He has not to my knowledge poached very frequently, nor shot a man in a quarrel, nor been drunk six days out of seven. But I don't see why he should be any less a cause of concern to you. I believe it is in your power to make his life happier. He can't run away from you as he used to do, Norah. And though I am afraid he would never stand being what he calls preached at, and is inclined to consider even sincere religious conversation cant, I am sure he would be glad of your sympathy in the things which interest him. Who knows but that by that way you might get him to sympathise in the things which interest you!"

"But what are the things which interest him?" asked poor Norah, who did not share Lady Anstruther's sanguine expectations that Sir John would be even gracious to her, much less admit her to his friendship.

"You silly little creature, your training will never be complete," said Lady Anstruther, patting her hand, "until you have some knowledge of human nature. Find out what he likes to talk about. For a beginning there is the subject which I like best to speak of. Try it with him."

"Do you mean—Mike?" said Norah hesitating, but smiling in spite of herself. Certainly there was one thing which she and Sir John had in common.

"Of course I do," said Lady Anstruther. "My dear husband is not half such a hard-hearted person as you think, Norah. He has natural affection just as much as Mr. Gilman. You might even find he liked to talk about me sometimes," she added. "And then you know he is great on Egyptian antiquities. You might get him to enlighten your mind on those matters; it won't weary you much more than the rambling reminiscences you sometimes have to listen to from your village cronies, and it may be a little more profitable."

"Well," said Norah, "if you are sure, Lady Anstruther, that he won't turn me out I will summon up courage to go into the library next time I come."

Perhaps Lady Anstruther prepared him. At any rate it was true as she had said, that he could not any longer run away from Norah, and possibly he was not altogether sorry now that he was cut off from so many pleasant things to see a young person in a pink print dress and a hat trimmed with roses, walk into the dark library in answer to his gruff "Come in." Norah had an ideal

manner with invalids, and her low sweet voice was not the least of her charms. She had come armed with a letter she had received from Michael and which she offered to read to him. She also suggested letting a little sunlight into the room, and as the light fell upon her where she sat, and gave brightness to her hair and face while she read, Sir John found himself looking at and listening to her with distinct gratification. How often he had longed for the presence of his own dear little daughter, and thought how much easier his trial would have been to bear if only Evelyn could sometimes come and sit with him, and laugh at and pet him, and give him her girlish sympathy. That could never be now. And he had rejected other comforters. But he could not help acknowledging, when Norah said somewhat timidly that she thought she had better go, that he was sorry to lose her so soon. He had been very polite to her, and refrained from saying anything sarcastic, so Norah felt less afraid of him, which was a good thing, for though Sir John never considered people's feelings, he was really more sensitive himself than anyone gave him credit for, and he hated anyone to be afraid of him. Norah went to Lady Anstruther able to report that she thought the visit had been a success, and she should be encouraged to try again.

So she did, but the half-hours spent in the library or the dining-room, or by the side of his chair on the lawn were not all so pleasant as the first. Sometimes he was very morose and tired poor Norah and tried her nerves; sometimes he was depressed and full of complaints, at the same time rejecting with scorn the only consolation she had to offer; now and then he provoked her purposely, half amused, half interested at seeing the sudden flush of her delicate skin and the steady compression of her lips. "I can't get her to hit back," he told his wife. "She's a provoking little thing, and I wish she were more of a spitfire, but I can't help admiring her self-control, though I wouldn't tell her so for the world." But Lady Anstruther told her, and Norah, who knew now that she was bearing witness to the truth she believed, and realised that Sir John would be ready to note the first little flaw in her armour, and to seize on the first impatient word or sign of anger with a sort of triumph, was more than ever on the watch. By-and-by Sir John began to get fond of her, and then he became exacting, and wanted to have more of her time than she could spare. She was helping him to catalogue some of his curiosities, and he hated the necessary stoppages, and interruptions, though Norah was generally not sorry when she could conscientiously say she must go. Sometimes she was obliged to cry when she got home from sheer weariness, and the boys used to say to her that when she had been with the curmudgeon, as they disrespectfully called him, her eyes were at the back of her head; but none the less it was worth while, for was he not Mike's father, and was there not the hope that, as Lady Anstruther had said, she might some day be able to help him to higher things? But it needed all her faith to believe it, so far did Sir John seem from any approach to faith, or hope or charity.

One afternoon early in August she had been sitting with him doing the somewhat uncongenial work till she was physically unable to sit still any longer. He had not offered her any tea, being himself unaccustomed to drink it in the afternoon. Lady Anstruther was out driving with a friend who was staying at the Hall, and Norah, as they were not likely to be back punctually at five, decided not to wait for them, but to go home. It was a hot day and she was not ordinarily fond of walking in the sun, but any movement was grateful to her, and she went down the drive rather rapidly, anxious to get home. She was not in the most cheerful frame of mind, for though it is doubtless true that virtue is its own reward, the person recompensed is not always immediately aware of that fact. Suddenly Norah saw some one approaching at a pace more leisurely than her own, and as at Woodfield to meet anybody at all was an event, she found herself wondering who it could be. And then in a minute her cheeks were no longer pale nor her eyes sunken, and her walk was almost changed into a run. The cause of this excitement quickened his pace, however, and the next moment Norah and Michael were holding each other's hands. Taken by surprise as she was Norah, even if it had been natural to her to do so, could not conceal her happiness, and Mike would have been blind indeed if he had not noticed her radiant look. To be welcomed joyfully is gratifying to anybody, but when one is lonely and sad and disappointed and has just sustained a loss, there is something doubly acceptable in the knowledge that one's presence in the world is able to give happiness. It was not till afterwards, however, that Mike realised, being made wise by his own experience, that his coming meant to Norah the end of longing as well as the beginning of gladness. It is possible, that though at no time given to a high estimate of his own attractions, he would have seen this sooner if he had not been pre-occupied by his thoughts of Beattie ever since love had found a place in his heart at all.

Just now, however, he could only feel how good it was to be at home again, and his childhood's playmate was part of home to him. He did not see any difference in her, but Norah perceived in the first minute, though she said nothing, that Mike was changed. The marks of his recent struggle were yet upon him.

"I walked up from the station," said Mike in answer to Norah's question. "I came home unexpectedly. And I thought I would take you by surprise."

"Your mother is out. Lady Greystone is staying with her, and they drove to Elford."

"Have you been taking care of the father then? I hear that you have become great chums."

"I am cataloguing the antiquities," said Norah, with a somewhat rueful expression.

"Poor child. What a task! I began it once, but the father had no patience with my stupidity, and we quarrelled so we made no progress. Were you going home?"

"Yes."

"Don't. Come back and give me some tea."

Norah obeyed willingly enough, and while Mike went in to see his father she gave the necessary orders and prepared for her congenial work of ministering. Her heart was singing for joy, and yet there was a touch of sadness at the back of it as there is with most happiness, because Mike had gone through some suffering, and she knew nothing about it. But when he had washed the dust off him and joined her in the drawing-room, and they had had tea and asked and answered many questions, she was not sure if her first impression was a right one, or if after all it was only that she noticed Mike was older and graver, in a way she would not have done if there had been no separation since last year's sorrow.

Soon after Lady Anstruther's return Norah again set out homewards, but with what different feelings from a little while back. Mike had told her that he would be in England for a month, and that was a long time to look forward to, with the almost daily intercourse which took place between the Hall and the Rectory.

Michael and his mother had a long talk that evening as they sat alone in the dusk. Lady Greystone had considerately left them together and retired to the library on the plea of neglected letter-writing. She had grown-up children of her own, and she could enter into the feelings of these two who had not met for many months. Lady Anstruther heard from Mike that his hopes of ever marrying Beattie were at an end. He told her very briefly what Mrs. Swannington had said, and Lady Anstruther understood that though he was in need of her sympathy, Mike would not care for many words on the subject.

"I had so hoped for your sake, dear, that you would get what you wanted, that I can scarcely believe it is otherwise," she said.

But except that she was sorry for any sorrow of his she did not altogether regret that matters were at an end. Better certainty than suspense, and this Beattie was quite unknown to them. Besides she agreed with Mrs. Swannington that there were other nice girls in the world, and that a man's first love was not always his last. And again her thoughts reverted to her little favourite, Norah. But this was no time to speak of her.

In the morning she had a suggestion to make. She had long wanted to take Sir John to the seaside, and what better opportunity could they have than now, when Mike would be with them to help to take care of him? The question was where should they go? If it had not been for the presence of Mike's enchantress, Lady Anstruther would

have been tempted to try Crabsley, or some place on that coast, but it was wiser to keep out of that neighbourhood. Lady Greystone told them that the year before she had greatly enjoyed a stay at Bude, and then Lady Anstruther remembered her promise to take Norah with her one day to visit some of the spots she remembered. Lady Greystone's stay was to terminate in a few days, and that would just give them time to make the necessary arrangements.

After lunch Mike went up to the Rectory to call on Mr. Gilman and give Norah Lady Anstruther's note of invitation. There was no doubt about Norah's delight. Her eyes were sparkling when she showed her father the letter and asked if she might say "yes."

"We should like her to come if you can spare her, sir," said Mike. "My mother and father seem to look upon Norah as their special property."

"I know I have been away already this year, father," said Norah, "and if you want me at home I won't go. But I should like to," she said.

It was so seldom that Norah desired anything for herself with such apparent earnestness that Mr. Gilman was quite surprised at the warmth of that "I should like to." Norah generally wanted to do what other people liked, and had a way of choosing the uncongenial rather than the pleasant thing for herself. Still he was glad of anything that would give her happiness. He laughed.

"I shall be quite jealous of your parents, Mike," he said. "It requires great persuasion as a rule to get this silly child away from home. Or is it you that are the attraction?"

Poor Mr. Gilman spoke in the most innocent manner. It had been a joke when Norah was quite a little girl that she would follow wherever Mike led, and he could persuade the somewhat timid child into attempting feats which were risky and even dangerous. "You would if Mike wanted you to," the boys used to say when they were old enough to wish her to join them in freaks which she was beginning to discontinue.

Mr. Gilman therefore meant nothing more than he had thought or said many times before, and he was consequently a little startled when even his near-sighted eyes saw the effect of his words in his daughter's crimson cheeks and the imploring look she cast at him.

Mike came to the rescue, for he too had noticed Norah's confusion and silence.

'I am afraid I can't flatter myself to that extent, sir," he said. "I am told this holiday is an old subject of discussion. But I shall exercise my ancient prerogative of being Norah's protector, for the father it appears has been availing himself of her good nature to an alarming extent, and I mean to keep the Egyptian antiquities out of Devonshire."

"Well, some sea air will do you good, Norah. And those young scamps as usual have holiday invitations. So I don't see any reason why you should forego your trip. And I shall manage as I did last year."

"Why don't you come too, sir?" asked Mike. "It would do you a world of good. You never go anywhere, and you ought to have a change sometimes, oughtn't he, Norah?"

Norah had sufficiently recovered her composure to be able to look at him now, though there was still a little self-consciousness in her glance. She did so hope Mike had not seen how red she got when her father had spoken to her.

"I wish he would," she said. "But I have tried to persuade him so often that I have given up any hope of doing so."

"Yes. My wandering days are over, I think. Besides, what change will it be for your parents if they take the whole of Woodfield with them?"

But Michael having once got an idea into his head was not going to relinquish it in a hurry. Perhaps, too, the half formed thought which had entered his mind made him desire that the father and daughter should be together as their guests rather than have Norah singled out from the family, or let her and him rely on each other too much for society. Besides, Mr. Gilman's life was, or seemed to the young man, utterly monotonous. Even such a little variety as change of scene would do him good, and make the long, quiet winter less trying to him.

"Come for my sake, sir," he said. "I do not see you constantly at any rate. And think what a difference it will make if I have someone to take excursions with, and long walks such as you and I enjoyed when I was a youngster. Besides I have no end of interesting things to tell you. And I don't know what chance I shall have if you stop here and I go away."

"Do you really mean it, my boy?" said Mr. Gilman. "Can the society of a deaf old fogey like me give you any pleasure? Well, I daresay I could arrange for Graylet to do my duty. I've obliged him many a time. And there's no one very ill. But speak to your father first. I don't want him to be worried by the sight of his parson when he's out of the parish. But we are better friends than we used to be, he and I, Mike. That's this girl's doing, I expect. Bude, isn't that near the place where Hawker lived?"

"I believe it is," said Mike. "My father says there are no end of interesting churches round there. You will be as happy as possible poking round. I'm glad that's settled. It is settled, isn't it, Norah? Don't you let him persuade himself out of it."

Mike looked very serious as he walked home.

"I do hope I'm mistaken," he thought. "I expect it's only that she's grown up now, and doesn't take chaff as she used to do. It's too absurd to think she could care for me like that. She might almost as well fall in love with one of the boys. Poor little Norah. I hope she has a happier fate in store for her than to care for some one whose love is given elsewhere?"

And as Beattie's face rose before him in the radiant beauty in which he had last beheld it, the image of Norah faded away, and he thought of her no more.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Without Ceremony.

The famous surgeon, John Hunter, was a busy man and did not stand on much ceremony with anyone. His wife, on the other hand, was an agreeable, clever, handsome woman, fond of gay society.

On returning home late one evening, after a hard day's work, the surgeon unexpectedly found his drawing-room filled with musical professors, connoisseurs, and other idlers, whom Mrs. Hunter had assembled.

He was greatly irritated, and walking straight into the room addressed the astonished guests pretty much in the following strain:

"I knew nothing of this kick-up, and I ought to have been informed of it beforehand; and as I am now returned home to study I hope the present company will retire."

Punishment for Scolds.

A form of punishment for women who misused their tongues in the town of Sandwich during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is worth mentioning. It consisted in having to carry a large heavy wooden mortar suspended from an old broom over the shoulder, or in having it borne before them, through the principal streets. This custom appears to have been peculiar to Sandwich.

In the annals of the town the following is the earliest allusion to it:—

"1518. A woman for abuse of the mayor was sentenced to go about the town with the mortar borne before her; but her husband commuted the punishment for a fine of twenty-one pence to the corporation."

We have no instance of the punishment being enforced after 1637.

Not Practically Applied.

Farmer Clovertop: "What did that boy of yours learn at college?"

Farmer Hayrick: "Well, he learned Greek, an' Latin, an' football, an' fencin', an' a lot o' things."

Farmer Clovertop: "Fencin', hey? Well, I don't see as how your fences look any better nor mine."

The Philosopher.

Welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, nor sit, nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain,
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE really inclement weather of June made a very serious difference in the frocks for both to-morrow and to-day. No one knew quite what to buy, and I fear the shops felt the weather as much as we did, and, like us, were left out in the cold. People returned to their winter jackets, and even sables were seen in the Park. Without the aid of the tailor-made where should we have been? Fortunately that is always with us, and each year it becomes smarter and more dressy, and, sad to say, more expensive too.

The real novelties in dress are, perhaps, not many this year; but the change in nearly all things is great. The dresses are long and



A SUMMER GROUP.

trailing, and, unless for a bicycle, the short dress is not seen; though I had hoped that women would be sensible and would cling to the comfortable short skirts, which do not require holding up. Even the tailor-made more than touches the ground. For them the new umbrella skirt is not liked, and the gored skirt, with a narrow front gore, and two or more at the side, is preferred; and it accommodates itself with the clinging style very well.

The difficulties of cutting the circular flounce are so great to the ordinary dressmaker, that few of them are a success, unless cut by a first-class hand; and it must be remembered that they require a double-width material, of at least fifty inches wide. The straight portion is for the front; but the best of a well-cut one is at the side, for there it is really very difficult to make them sit, and not fly out in an ugly fold. I notice that many ladies prefer the Spanish flounce instead of the shaped one. The report heard in the early days of the season, that we were to "rustle" no more, and no more noisy silks were to be worn, has not been carried out by facts, as they are noisy; for I see all the many frocks of thin materials, gauzes, muslins, canvases and grenadines, are all very rustling indeed, with handsome silk linings. Indeed, they increase the expense of dress dreadfully this year, and make really smart dressing impossible, save to those with good allowances. People who live in the country are better off; and they say that coats and skirts for Ireland and Scotland, and the country, are the sole possible wear; thus economical dress is quite attainable still.

There are so many white belts to be seen nowadays, and I find so much ignorance of their effect on the figure, that it is well to draw attention to the fact that women and girls with long waists should not use them, but wear black belts instead, as the white give too great an effect of length to be becoming. Short-waisted people, on the contrary, acquire an artificial increase of length which is very desirable. It should be remembered also that a white waistband needs a very rounded waist indeed to look well, and in this way a very stiff waistband is not desirable. The white silk webbing or Petersham, or a white satin band, are the prettiest, and, personally speaking, I would always prefer a white band to a black one, to be worn with skirts and muslin blouses for young people. In the new dresses which are made with black satin ribbon sashes, these are put round the waist and crossed at the back through a buckle of paste or steel, without any bows at all, merely the two ends, which reach nearly to the bottom of the skirt. This produces a very pointed effect at the back, which is not becoming unless care be taken to keep the front of the band well down, for a band up in front, and down at the back cannot be becoming.

The illustrations display the frocks of the month extremely well; their dainty lightness, and general effect of frills and laces, which is so fascinating and summer-like. The first is a group of four figures, the centre of which shows one of the pointed capes which have been one of the new introductions of the season. It is made of silvery grey satin, which is covered with lace and flounces of *chiffon*. The lace and *chiffon* is black, but both are so light in character that they do not look in any degree heavy. The seated figure has also a cape of satin, but it is white in this case, and has bands of black velvet laid over the black figured lace covering. The ends of these bands are finished with paste buckles. This is quite a full-dress cape, and has a charming appearance. The dress is of a plain grenadine, over a watered silk or *moiré*, and it has one of the new grenadine or *chiffon* sashes.

The figure which is sketched standing up in this picture wears a very new and pretty costume of black gauze, with silver stripes and spots. The silver stripes are really a narrow *galon* which forms the trimming of the bodice and sleeves. The hat is white with black feathers and *chiffon* and silver ornaments. A sash of *chiffon* is tied in front. Many of these new sashes are of lace, either in white or black; those in white are made up with a lace border trimming at the edges, so that they look like a handsome scarf; there are two long bows and two ends at the back, but the scarf does not go round the waist; there is a satin ribbon and an edge of the white lace like a fold appears below it, just giving a line of white or cream (for we rarely see pure white) and not giving too much length to the bodice. I have been very particular to tell my readers all I can about bands and sashes, and the way to wear them, and I must conclude by saying that I observe an incredible tendency to pull in this portion of the dress very much more than is desirable, when one remembers how injurious it is. But not only that, the effect produced when the waistband is unduly tightened is to make a bulgy look both above and below. This is nicknamed "the pudding bag" effect, and should be very carefully avoided.

The extent to which American boots and shoes have taken in England is very remarkable, especially among the upper classes, who seem to prefer this long-toed foot-gear to our English make. The pointed toes really seem inordinately long, but are considered to produce a slight and thin effect, which is much sought after. The newest strapped shoes have very tiny straps across them, and all cut very close together, and these are ornamented with very small steel buttons. I do not see nearly so many patent leather shoes worn by women this year, and fine kid seems to be in the ascendant. The green kid shoes, which were, it is said, the invention of some woman



WHITE MUSLIN GOWN WITH TUCKS.



NAVY BLUE CLOTH AND ÉCRU LACE.

with large feet, are to be seen everywhere in the windows of the shoe-shops, but they are intended principally for wear on grass and in the country. With white gowns, nearly everyone wears white shoes and stockings, and they look, to a certain degree, very nice indeed, though they have a decided tendency to make the feet look large and rather clumsy. Our eyes do not readily get accustomed to the look of white stockings after the neat effects of the usual black ones.

The "white muslin gown, with tucks," which forms the subject of our next illustration, has quite a novel method of treatment, as it is tucked in vertical tuckings from the middle of the bodice to the knee, and from thence there falls a full flounce, which is trimmed with narrow knitted *ruches* of black gauze, with a rather thicker one at the edge of the dress. The yoke and sleeves are of black figured lace, and this is laid over a muslin foundation. Black velvet bands ornament the bodice, and a black velvet sash finishes it, which is secured at the back by a handsome paste buckle. White muslins, as well as coloured ones, are very generally trimmed with black velvet ribbon of very narrow width. Three or four rows are used on the flounces, which are also finished with a border of Valenciennes lace. The bodice is sometimes worn over one of white satin, and there is a very general liking for white satin as a trimming to other bodices, which extends into having tucked yokes, and sleeves of white satin, to gauze and taffeta gowns.

The third illustration shows a navy-blue gown of fine ladies' cloth, which is decorated with *écru passementerie*, or perhaps more truthfully describing it, lace *appliqué*, which is laid in a floral design on the front breadth, and follows in a round shape to the back breadth. The half of the bodice and the top of the sleeves is made of apricot silk. The flounce at the front is of *écru* lace. The silk is tucked vertically, and the sleeves are gathered at the shoulder. This gown was worn with a black hat and apricot feathers and roses.

The newest hats all turn up directly in front, and have a large black velvet *choux* bow in the very centre, over the hair, and sometimes a paste ornament. Very long ostrich feathers are worn on them, which start from below this rosette-bow, and wander round each side, and there is often a cluster of black tips as well, to say nothing of ospreys. The only comfort one has about this is, that they are not real osprey feathers, but are made of the stalk part of the feathers of any bird. Coloured hats are more seen than either white or black just now.

There is an immense bow of white lace or *chiffon* beneath the chin, and this seems really to grow larger and larger every week. Everyone wears a lace scarf when they do not wear a white, or white and black mixed feather boa. These are worn short, and are drawn into a V shape at the waist, and held tight, so that they are not always slipping off.

The colours most used are apple-green, which is trimmed with black lace, watermelon pink, which is used also with black chocolate, colour, and is trimmed with the new burnt orange colour, a very favourite hue; which is also seen with turquoise blue; but the last-named is in as much favour as ever, but more for trimmings than entire gowns. Sage green is much used for dresses, and foulards and taffetas of dark blue with white designs on them are great favourites for morning wear. They are trimmed with white silk muslin or baby ribbon *ruches*, and generally have white satin yokes and sashes. White hats are more used with them than coloured ones. Roses are the sole decoration, apparently, on all the hats, and a very well-known milliner told me the other day that everyone liked them better than any other flower. They are open and fully blown this year, but have no leaves; and they are now frequently used in shades from dark to light. Cerise is with us still, and so is a handsome dark red, which seems popular for taffeta gowns. I have seen a number of bright and light yellow dresses and blouses lately, which are always trimmed, as I have described, with black velvet and white lace.

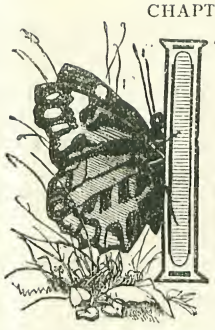
The small pearl necklace is nearly always seen, and the long chains with it; and I have lately been told that amber beads will be used in the autumn, and also pink coral. This seems to point to a revival of the necklace, which we have not seen for so long a time.



THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

CHAPTER II.



IT must not be supposed that David's attention was entirely absorbed by the attractions of his opposite neighbour during lunch. He was keenly alive to the novelty of his surroundings. He certainly had not expected, when he started out that morning, to find himself at mid-day within a mile of his point of departure, established as a paying guest at Boscombe Hall, with this circle of people, not one of whom he had ever met before. He considered that circle, one by one, with more or less interest. First came his host at the head of the table, to whom he had been hastily introduced before luncheon. He looked almost as old as the oak tree in the park, although he took some pains to hide the ravages of years, holding himself erect with conscious effort, and composing his features from time to time as if to smooth out the fine wrinkles that clustered about his mouth and eyes, but they reasserted themselves instantly. Each wrinkle seemed to tell its own tale of disappointment. His clothes, though carefully brushed and put on, were shabby, a trifle frayed at the button-holes and shiny about collar and cuffs. He held himself a little apart from his guests, not joining much in the general chitter-chatter, but listening with a sort of aristocratic indifference of manner.

Once or twice David found his keen old eyes fixed upon himself, as if anxious to discover what manner of man he was. Mrs. Menzies must have been at least twenty years younger than her husband, and betrayed a nervous anxiety that her guests should be satisfied and comfortable, yet determined withal that the family traditions of greatness should be kept well before them. Her conversation was cleverly interlarded with references to the county families, as if that were the only form of society in which she could be expected to take any interest. Deborah was not to be seen. Clearly she had her meals apart from the rest of the family, but the child's mother sat near David, a woman of some thirty years, whose colouring and complexion made him think that she must be a foreigner. She was still good-looking, but her face did not please him. It was haughty in expression, and her manner was supercilious. She scarcely addressed a word to David, but confined her conversation almost entirely to Miss Laing. The other guests were too uninteresting to bestow more than a passing thought upon, a profoundly commonplace old maid of plump proportions, whose chief object in life seemed to be, at present, to secure the good things at table for herself, and a naval officer and his wife, whom Mr. Menzies had evidently known in earlier happier days. From the company about him, David's eyes wandered to the room where they were seated, with its oak pannelling and family portraits of successive generations. Valuable old china glimmered from corner cupboards and antique silver glistened on the table, kept bright, though David knew it not, by Mrs. Menzies' own hands.

"Poor souls! lots of possessions and no money," thought David, as he rose at the end of the meal to open the door for the retreating ladies, winning by the simple act of courtesy golden opinions from his hostess. Mr. Menzies retired very soon to his library at the other side of the hall, and there his wife found him, half an hour later, sitting by his writing-table with his head resting in his hands in an attitude of indescribable dejection.

"I'm not sure that you have done right after all, in allowing that young man, Russell, do you call him? to come without any sort of guarantee for his respectability but his calling card. You've been impulsive, my dear. It is reducing ourselves much to the level of a common lodging-house."

Mrs. Menzies clasped and unclasped her hands in nervous agitation.

"It would not do always, I know, dear. It is right to be particular, but sometimes one can trust one's instinct, and I knew that young fellow was a gentleman the moment I set eyes on him. He's used to good society too. Did you see the way he opened the door for me, and sprang up to change my plate at luncheon when I was waiting? His name, too, is in his favour, and Deborah was quite taken up with him."

"It is sheer nonsense to quote a child of seven years old."

"But children's instincts are often true."

"Well, well," sighed Mr. Menzies, "I suppose one must make the best of it. The whole thing is hateful to me. I sit here and think, and think, if there is any other way of making money, but none suggests itself."

"We might sell the place," suggested Mrs. Menzies, "and often I think that, hard as that would be, it would be better than this hideous struggle to keep up appearances."

Mr. Menzies' pale face flushed to the very roots of his scanty grey hair as he brought down his hand heavily on the table.

"Never! never!" he cried, his old voice shaking with suppressed passion. "Not in my lifetime. I'll live and die here like the rest of them, and when I'm starved out and laid underground you can do as you like about it, but I shan't be here to see, thank God."

He tried to recover his self-possession with an uneasy laugh.

"It's no use reopening that discussion, Eliza. There's the boy, Tom, you know. He may make a happy hit yet, and I may live to see the old place set in order before I pass away."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Menzies soothingly, but she only wished to humour the old man's fancy. Secretly she had but little hope of any such happy issue out of their troubles. The Menzies, of late, had not proved themselves a money-making lot; they missed the proper commercial spirit. Tom, the only surviving son, had spent his life in mining speculations which all failed. He could not support his own wife or child even, so there seemed no prospect of his building up the family fortunes, and with Tom the male line of the family was apparently to end. The only child he had had was Deborah whom her grandfather had never forgiven for not being a boy. It was the crowning disappointment of his latter years.

Tom's marriage had been bad enough, a new and hated departure from the traditions of the family. No Menzies had heretofore married a foreigner, and Tom had given his heart away to this South American girl, whose father had been an Englishman, but her mother was a Spaniard, and Mrs. Menzies, junior, was Spanish to the backbone. Then the old man's hopes had centred on Tom's children, to be frustrated once more by the appearance of Deborah, who, at four years old, was sent home with Tom's wife until better times. The better times had not begun yet, and that was three years ago.

David, left alone, sauntered about the grounds by himself, first through the large walled-in kitchen garden, where the fruit trees grew rampant for want of pruning, and vegetables and groundsel struggled side by side for existence, into the greenhouses, conspicuous chiefly for a general absence of paint, then through the further door of the garden to the stables, where there were stalls for a dozen horses, and no living creature to be seen in them but a rat, who glared saucily at David with its bright eyes, and slipped leisurely back into its hole.

"I can't think what possessed me to come here," thought David, "but I've only committed myself to this deplorable fate for a week." Then a path through the shrubbery brought him back to the lawn and there, seated before an easel, was Miss Laing, making a sketch of the house. She was a very beautiful picture herself, and David's lips parted in a smile as he looked at her, and he was honest enough to own that that face and the importunity of the child who sat at Miss Laing's feet were the reasons of his taking up his abode at Boscombe Hall. He crossed the lawn quickly, throwing away his cigar. Deborah acknowledged his presence by a grave nod of recognition, but Miss Laing did not look up from her painting.

"It is far prettier on canvas than in reality," he said, glancing over the artist's shoulder.

"That is what an artist should do, soften down the ugliness and bring out unsuspected beauties," said Miss Laing, lifting her soft lazy eyes to David's face. "I want it to be pretty; it is for the old gentleman."

"How pleased he will be," ejaculated David, feeling that the girl was as good as she was beautiful.

"It's an order," she said, rather coldly. "I'm an artist by profession, or hope to be one day. I study in London for more than half the year, and in summer I come down here. What made you say you knew me? I very nearly exposed you on the spot?"

"I said we had met before, and so we had," said David, laughing. "There is a very fine line of distinction between veracity and truth. I repented on the spot, however, but honestly I felt as if I knew you already. Hulloa! Deborah, where are the fircones?"

"In the box," replied Deborah soberly.

"Aren't you going to play at anything? I thought, perhaps, you'd run a race with me. I feel sure somehow you'd beat me."

For a moment Deborah looked inclined to desert her post.

"We could run it when she goes in to tea, couldn't we?" she asked. "I don't want to go away just now."

The child's devotion was rewarded by a smile from the object of her adoration.

"I wonder what made you come here? Do you want a quiet place for reading," Miss Laing asked David, presently.

"No, I'm running away from books. I've just finished my last exam. for the Indian Civil Service. I'm out in search of—amusement, I think," with a quick glance.

"You'll take your pleasure sadly here then. There is absolutely nothing to be done."

"You won't mind if I watch you at work then?"

"Not in the least," said Miss Laing calmly, "but you'll find it pall after an hour or two."

"Deborah does not seem to find it dull," said David, looking after the child as she ran off to the house for something.

"Deborah! she's infatuated about me," and Miss Laing laughed; "but that will not last either."

"Won't it? I'm not so sure, the child has such true eyes."

David was late for tea that afternoon, and came in hatless and breathless, having lost his race.

(*To be continued.*)



BATHS AND BATHING.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

WHAT is more delightful than a cold bath on a hot morning in August? How exhilarating is the cold water, and how soothing is the reaction which follows! What can be more pleasant, when the midday sun is pouring down his sultry rays on one of the three hot days that are said to constitute an English summer, than to lie in a hammock under the shadow of a thick tree and dream after having indulged in the morning tub?

What is more miserable than trying to bathe in freezing water filled with needles and sheets of ice on a dark morning in the middle of January? When the soap refuses to lather and the towels are frozen hard—and if you succeed in melting them they are scarcely less wet than your shivering body. After this to go to work still shivering from the morning tub which has not produced a reaction, to try to make an effort with hands blue, nose red, and teeth chattering, with an aching body and a torpid mind, and to believe that a cold bath in the morning should be taken by every one, always and everywhere.

One hears from nearly every source that a cold bath in the morning makes you warm by reaction, heightens the appetite, whips up the energy, and produces a healthy body and a clear mind. So it does, *usually*. Nothing is better than this daily bath for the old country gentleman who eats and drinks too much, who can live in the fields all day long, whose only exertion is riding or hunting, and whose mind is not fraught with care. But is it equally good for an anæmic girl, working twelve hours a day in a factory, whose food is insufficient, who is compelled to live where fresh air is unobtainable, and who can never take a proper amount of exercise?

"Oh, yes, it should be indulged in by every one!" says the hearty sportsman who never felt ill in his life.

I know better. Would it surprise you to hear that yesterday I attended a man who died from the effects of a cold bath? Yet it is true. The man had a fatty heart, and the bath brought on an attack of angina pectoris, in which he died.

"Oh," says the sportsman, "I did not mean that a man who was not healthy should take a cold bath! I know nothing about that."

"Then would you advise that the factory girl should take a cold bath every morning?"

"I don't know anything about factory girls," he replies.

"Then why did you say that every one 'should take a morning tub'? Perhaps you do not include factory girls in 'every one'? They are ten times more numerous than sportsmen and of far more consequence to civilisation. If they are not so healthy as you are, it is not their fault!"

This man is quite right from his point of view—a cold bath will never do him any harm; but, like most healthy people, he cannot understand that some of us are feeble and have to live in unhealthy surroundings. Few citizens can obtain sufficient air or exercise.

I do not want you to think that I disapprove of a cold bath every morning. On the contrary, I take one every day myself, and think that for most people it is an excellent practice, for some almost indispensable. I only wish to insist upon this fact—that a cold bath is a powerful agent, that it can do good, but that it can also do great harm.

Let us briefly review the "physiology" of the morning tub, and then we can understand more clearly how and when it should be indulged in.

On jumping into a cold bath and squeezing a spongeful of water down your back, the

breathing is momentarily checked—this every one has experienced. The blood-vessels of the skin contract, and the blood pressure is raised; this slightly embarrasses the heart and congests the internal organs. On getting out of the bath a sense of warmth and comfort is experienced. Now the vessels of the skin dilate, flushing the surface of the body and removing the congestion of the deeper organs which occurred during the bath. The heart is relieved. The bath has acted as a stimulus, and as a very powerful stimulus, to the brain and heart. The bodily vigour is increased, the mind rendered more active, and the appetite sharpened.

We all know that healthy people who take a morning tub eat a large breakfast. The effects of the bath last for a varying time—sometimes for the whole day. But you will often notice that "tubbers" tire more easily than others. Nothing can stimulate either the body or the mind for more than a short period, and all stimulation must be paid for afterwards by depression.

If a bath produces the above symptoms, it does undoubted good, and should be taken. But it does not always produce these results. If the water is too cold (of course some can stand much lower temperature than others), if you remain too long in the bath, if you are delicate, or if from any other reason you are unable to withstand the shock to your system, one of two things will happen: either the reaction will not occur and you will remain cold and semi-torpid all day, or the result of the bath will wear off and in the afternoon, or perhaps before lunch-time, your whole energy will go and you will be fit for nothing for the rest of the day—often with a splitting headache to boot.

Many patients, chiefly young women, have consulted me complaining of total inaptitude to work after lunch, and I have often found that stopping the morning tub has effected a cure. If your appetite is not excited by a bath, that bath does harm. There are many people whose nervous system cannot stand a severe shock.

Now you will ask me, "Ought I to take a cold bath in the morning?" It depends upon yourself, try it and see if it agrees with you.

Most people can stand a cold bath in summer; few can stand it in severe frost. The other day a woman was boasting to me that she always made her children take a bath summer and winter. She thought as so many think that there is a special virtue in a cold bath, and that the virtue increases in the same ratio as the coldness of the water. She stated with pride that the water was often frozen and that her children used to slide on the ice before rubbing themselves with the icebergs.

"But, madam," said I, "surely you don't think that this will improve the health of the children?"

"Oh, yes, I am sure of it; and, besides, cold baths can do no harm. No one ever took cold from a cold bath."

I wonder where she got this notion from? Nothing in my experience has been more fertile for producing "colds" than a cold bath!

"Madam," I retorted, "do you take a cold bath every morning yourself?"

"Well—a—no—not always."

"Did you take one to-day?"—a freezing day during the great frost of 1895.

"No, I did not; but my children did."

"Well, madam," said I, "take an ice bath to-morrow morning and come and tell me how you like it."

She took the bath and came to me.

"Well, doctor, I don't think a cold bath suits me."

"I well believe you. An ice bath suits very few people. If you take my advice, you will substitute a warm bath for your children in place of ice." Which she did, greatly to the benefit of her offsprings.

If you cannot take a cold bath, you may raise the temperature a little by adding hot water—not sufficient to make the bath warm, but just to take the chill off.

There is a new way of taking a cold bath, which does not produce so much shock and of which I have heard that it is very pleasant and efficacious. It consists of standing in a bath of warm water and sponging the body with cold water contained in a vessel by the side.

Whether you should take a sponge bath, a plunge, or a shower bath, or a combination of two or more of these, is a matter of taste; but the plunge is the most severe.

The most important action of the bath is to clean the skin, but this seems to be entirely overlooked by some people.

The cold bath necessitates the use of a sponge. Sponge, as most of you know, is the skeleton, or rather the earthy part, of a colony of gelatinous animals. It consists almost entirely of silica—in other words, it has the same composition as flint.

When you buy a sponge, do not get one of enormous size, as besides being very expensive cumbersome and difficult to manœuvre, it is almost impossible to keep it clean. When you have bought your sponge, soak it in warm water for twenty-four hours. If it is gritty, soaking it in a solution of hydrochloric acid (spirit of salt) (1 in 20) will remove the grit and render the sponge soft.

After a sponge has been in use for some time it usually becomes slimy and offensive. To prevent this, always wring out the sponge after use and hang it up to dry. If it has become slimy, soak it in hydrochloric acid for twenty-four hours. Wash away all traces of the acid, and leave it till it becomes quite dry. On using it again you will find that all the sliminess has gone. It is the presence of funguses and bacteria of various kinds that causes a sponge to become slimy.

A cork mat in the bath-room is a great luxury. Cork, being a non-conductor of heat, prevents the cold creeping up the legs.

Another luxury for the bath-room is a fire or stove of some sort. A bath is much more likely to produce a healthy reaction if the room is warm.

The chief external agent for producing a thorough reaction and for stimulating the circulation is the bath towel—let it be rough, large and dry, and use it energetically.

Ice baths are very useful in some diseases; in fact, for reducing a high temperature there is nothing to equal them. If you are nursing a patient with fever, you may be told by the physician to give the patient an ice bath if the temperature rises above a certain point (it may be 103° F., or whatever he thinks best).

To give a person an ice bath, let the bath be filled with tepid water, and when the patient is placed therein, gradually add lumps of ice till the temperature is lowered to the required degree. This way gives less shock than placing the patient at once into ice-cold water.

Warm baths seem to have been grossly neglected of late, yet they are really of more importance than cold baths. In cold weather a bath of about 60° to 65° F. may well be substituted for water somewhere below 40° F. with advantage.

A warm bath is a far more useful agent both in health and sickness than a cold bath. Children and elderly persons should never take any other than a warm bath.

The warm bath is a time-honoured remedy for infantile complaints, especially for fits occurring during dentition. The treatment of infantile complaints, however, has been considerably altered since we were in that condition of existence, and now a warm bath alone would not be considered sufficiently active treatment for fits. Still it may be used with benefit if no other remedy is at hand; and sometimes it gives good results, whereas it can do no harm.

The temperature of a warm bath must not exceed 100° F. If you dip the tip of your elbow into water at 100° F. it will feel fairly hot. Never take a bath at a higher temperature than this—unless you wish to emerge like a boiled lobster—not that in itself it is dangerous, but because the danger of catching cold afterwards is very great.

The "physiology" of the hot bath is very different from that of the cold bath. On getting into warm water the blood-vessels of the surface are relaxed and the skin is flushed so that the amount of blood in the internal organs is reduced.

On getting out of the bath no reaction follows. If, however, you stand in a draught, a reaction does occur and the internal organs become congested, and many serious affections may be started in this way. Many inflammatory diseases of the gravest kind can be traced to "catching cold" after a bath.

Everybody knows that a hot bath should not be taken after a big meal, but it is not every one who knows the reason for this. After a meal all the blood in the body, that is not absolutely necessary for the other organs, goes to the stomach and other digestive apparatus. The blood is withdrawn from the skin. If now you flush the skin, the blood with which to flush the skin must come from somewhere. Where can it come from? Either from the stomach (in which case digestion will be seriously impeded) or else from the other organs, when the brain may be rendered anæmic and fainting occur. So you must not take a bath after meals for the same reason that you must not work or walk after eating; all your energy must be given up to the process of digestion.

Whatever form of bath you take, always dry yourself well afterwards with a good rough towel, and be very careful to keep out of draughts.

Sea-bathing is a delightful way of taking a bath, and when at the seaside for a holiday sea baths should never be neglected by those who are strong enough to stand them. They are best taken when the sun is on the sea.

A lady once told me that it was impossible to catch cold after bathing in the sea. I do not know where she got her information from, it certainly does not agree with my experiences.

Sea-bathers are very liable to overdo it and remain too long in the water. The proprietors of bathing machines at fashionable seaside resorts are greatly to be commended for limiting the time allowed for the dip.

If you cannot go to the seaside, you can get a fair substitute for sea-water by dissolving sea salt in the water of your bath. In London you can have sea-water delivered at your house, but I do not think that it has any special advantage over the salt.*

A footbath is a very useful thing in certain complaints. Washing the feet with hot or cold water will often relieve certain forms of sleeplessness and cold feet at night. The mustard footbath is very useful in cold in the head, bronchitis and other inflammatory affections. A footbath of boric acid (half an ounce to the quart) at bedtime will relieve excessive perspiration of the feet, and act as a preventive from chilblains.

* Remember that you cannot use soap with sea-water.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "FLUCTUATIONS."

It was April weather, and I was sad—
So sad I thought my heart would break.
All the sky meant rain, and badly clad
I wandered round the drear, dank lake:
"If I weren't a Christian, O, I would plunge
"And wipe out my troubles as with a sponge!"

But the weather-cock moved—the sun came out—
A cowslip at my feet looked up,
All the larches shook wet limbs about,
The birds came forth for song and sup;
And my garden looked so refreshed and clean
I thought what an idiot I had been!

Prize Winners.

Six Shillings Each.

Miss E. Blunt, Pitsford, near Northampton.
Caroline Bracey, 37, Sparsholt Road, Crouch Hill, N.
Edith M. Brock, The Ferns, Alcester Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
Eveline Hooley, 13, Twyford Street, Derby.
Florence E. James, 1, Highwood Road, Upper Holloway, N.
Clara E. Law, Rylstone, Enfield, N.
Ellen E. Lockyear, Claremont, Pontefract.
Annie G. Luck, 136, Upper Grosvenor Road, Tunbridge Wells.
Ada Rickards, 1, Greenland Villas, Wood Green, N.
Annie Roberson, 8, Mount Pleasant Crescent, Hastings.
Mrs. S. A. Sanderson, North Street, Ashford, Kent.
M. Short, Grandsen Cottage, Grandville Street, Peterborough.
Miss L. W. Siffken, Anglefield, Slade's Hill, Enfield.
Ellen R. Smith, 11a, Union Court, Old Broad Street, E.C.
Gertrude A. Spink, Sandal, Wakefield.
Helen C. Stone, High Street, Ewell, Surrey.
Edith Mary Younge, Tor Crest, Torquay.

Special Mention (equal with above).

Eliza Acworth, E. M. Howard.

Most Highly Commended.

May Baker, Ethel G. Bell, Lily Belling, Nanette Bewley, Miss Box, Gertrude Broomhall, Edith Carpenter, Alfred E. Cashell, J. A. Center, Ellen Chester, George R. Davidge, Annie Davies, Mabel E. Davis, Martha A. Fitzwilliam, Ada Graves, Florence Graves, Alice E. Johnson, Ethel L. Jollye, E. T. Loader, Arthur Madin, Mabel B. Miles, Mary E. Miles, Annie Neaum, Annie D. Pope, E. G. Potter, Ellen M. Price, Ida Rafford, Elizabeth Rose, Annie Saunders, W. R. Scotland, Alfred Scott, Edith F. Sellers, A. C. Sharp, Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Helen Simpsons, Helen Singleton, Mrs. G. W. Smith, S. Southall, Margaret B. Strathern, Emily M. Tattam, Hubert Tutte, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Very Highly Commended.

Emma Adcock, M. Adeney, Ethel B. Angear, Florence M. Angear, May Ashworth, Helen Baines, Francis R. Bentley, Eleanor Bonwick, Kate Buchan, M. J. Champneys, Mabel Chudleigh, Annie H. Claridge, Leonora E. L. Clark, A. M. Cowlman, Marion L. Davies, Dorothy Dodd, C. Flather, B. G. Fletcher, A. and F. Fooks, Mary Fudge, Florence L. Gardiner, Caroline Gundry, Mima How, Alice L. Hunter, Amy Johnson, A. Kilburn, E. C. Kitchin, Ethel Knight, Nellie M. Knight, Ethel Leather, B. M. Linington, Emma Linnell, M. Dorothy Long, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. C. A. Martin, M. G. Mason, Marian E. Messenger, E. C. Milne, Elsie Montagu, Mrs. Amy Moraine, Elizabeth Mugford, Ethel Normanton, Edith V. Olver, M. Oxley, Lilla Patterson, F. T. Phillips, Edith M. Prentice, E. Preston, N. E. Purvey, Emily L. Reid, Rose Riedel, Eva Robertson, Hazell G. Robson, A. Roderick, Mabel Sackeld, Daisy Saffery, Gertrude Saffery, Bessie Salisbury, Beatrice Sennett, Mildred M. Skrine, Annie L. Smith, Gertrude Sterling, James Swan, Ellen Thurtell, Annie F. Walker, Louisa Whitcher, Maud White, Mrs. Winny.

Examiners' Report.

After examining twelve hundred solutions we are not in a condition to write an ornate report. Happily this is not necessary, as there are quite enough points in the puzzle calling for instructive comment, and instruction should never be ornate. It would be easier to explain why not if we knew precisely what we meant.

Not one solution gave the author's version exactly, and yet, such is the nobility of our professional nature, many were marked as perfect. It is to the imperfections of these perfect solutions that we must first turn our attention. "All the trees shook dripping limbs about." Now the trees are larches, and the limbs are wet. But the difficulty of drawing a larch which does not look like a tree is obvious (we do not refer to amateur attempts), and the limbs appear to be dripping. Wherefore we have no fault to find with this reading of the line. It may be urged—indeed, it has been—that if "trees" had been meant a variety would have been presented. This is true, but inasmuch as the swallows in the following line can only be rendered "birds," we could not with propriety insist upon the point. "Firs" and "pines" are quite as good in conjunction with "dripping," but having regard to the length of the line, not with "wet."

Many authors of these perfect solutions will wonder why their names do not appear in the prize-list. The omission of the necessary comma between drear and dank, the substitution of "were'nt" for "weren't," and the writing of the weather-cock otherwise than as a compound word are the chief of the responsible imperfections. Another very common error was a neglect to divide the "poem" into two stanzas. It is, of course, extremely sad that such things should be, but it was only by the discovery of them that we could keep the prize-list within the prescribed limits.

We have been obliged to omit the highly commended and honourable mention lists this month, not because there are no solutions deserving of such honours, but because there are so many.

A much larger proportion of the competitors than usual made mistakes as to the correct length of the lines. For instance: "I wandered around the drear, dank lake"—one syllable long. "But the vane moved, the sun came out"—two syllables short. "All the fir-trees shook dripping limbs about"—one syllable long, unless line 3 be rendered, "All the sky too meant rain, and badly clad," an admissible but not very happy reading.

Swallows for "birds" in line 10 is open to the same objection. Furthermore, swallows do not come forth for song even in April. No competitor who failed to give the right length of any line has been mentioned.

In the 11th line the "guard" was commonly taken for a line yielding the curious reading "linen." One's linen is not generally improved by a shower of rain, unless it be in a very reprehensible condition indeed.

"Green" often took the place of "clean," being a pure guess. The title was left out in a number of instances, and "thought" was often carelessly substituted for "felt" in line 2. Inaccuracies like these are fatal to success in these days of excellence.

One competitor laments that she has tried for some years to win a prize, but without success. We are glad to be able to congratulate her upon this month's reverse of fortune, and we venture to express the hope that she will not squander the six shillings she has so hardly earned.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

Ellen Kavanagh. — You say that your throat "swells" outside and that your eyebrows get "puffed up." You have a sensation of throbbing in the throat and a choking sensation on exertion. You are also anæmic. Here is a problem—everything here can be accounted for by anæmia. But anæmia may only be the result of the "swollen throat," or again they may be independent of each other. You have not given a sufficiently accurate account of your swollen throat for us to be able to tell you what is wrong with it. The swelling may be due to enlarged glands, or to goitre, or to other causes. The "throbbing" may occur in either condition. You therefore see that we cannot give you a direct answer. Under any circumstances you should treat the anæmia, which may be done by attending to the rules we have given, from time to time, in this paper. We advise you to see a surgeon about your throat.

Milly.—Freckles are caused by the light of the sun and not by high temperature. Some girls are very much more prone to them than others. Freckles are masses of pigment and originate in this way:—There is a small amount of pigment in the skin of everybody, this pigment increases in quantity in a strong light; more than this, the light gathers together the pigment into certain spots thereby producing freckles. If you are a photographer you will have heard of "actinic" rays. These are the rays that produce the photograph, and they likewise produce freckles. The photographer shields his plates in the dark room by red glass, and you can protect your face from freckles by wearing a red veil, or using a red parasol. If your freckles are very numerous and dark, you can bleach them with peroxide of hydrogen. Apply a little of this fluid to the spots. Sponging the face over with dilute solutions of toilet vinegar, or household ammonia (used very weak), are said to be preventives from freckles, but we very much doubt their efficacy.

Hopeful.—You say that your right leg is longer than your left, and that the right hip is more prominent than the left. This you attribute to standing on one leg (the right). Do not you think that you stood on the right leg *because* it was longer than the left? The legs are very often of different lengths. You are not yet twenty, so it is exceedingly probable that you will outgrow the deformity, which, to judge from your letter, requires a critical eye to detect. No, there is nothing to be done for it, but to wait.

Troubled Jim.—Sulphur soap is usually of a pale yellow colour. It cannot be pure white, but it may be a very pale yellow. If your soap is brown it must contain some ingredient other than sulphur, which gives it its colour. The colour of your hair is "chestnut."

"Freckles," "Dolly" and others.—There seems to be an epidemic of freckles this month! Read the answer to "Milly," another victim of this complaint.

K. H. Freeman.—1. You are not the only person who has been puzzled by "astigmatism." It is a most complicated subject, and one that is very difficult to explain. The ophthalmoscope in the hands of a skilled oculist is an almost infallible and easy way to discover the condition. But any one can tell whether she is astigmatic. We are all the subjects of spoon-shaped corneas to a certain degree. The readiest way to test for this error is to make a large black cross on a sheet of white paper and look at it from a distance. If you can see both limbs of the cross clearly, without altering the accommodation, your eyes are not abnormally astigmatic. Where you cannot be sure that the accommodation is relaxed, it must be temporarily paralysed with homatropine, or else the cross must be placed at a long distance from the eyes. To tell whether the astigmatism is hypermetropic, myopic, or mixed, a series of glasses is necessary. You first test the horizontal and then the vertical vision. Though not really difficult, it is often a long and tedious business to get the exact formula. The only other conceivable form of astigmatism is the condition in which the cornea is completely irregular in curvature. Such a state of things, however, is not ordinarily included with astigmatism. Theoretically all forms of astigmatism can be absolutely corrected with suitable glasses. But in practice it is often found that it is sufficient to partially relieve it by correcting only one of the curvatures. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain accurate cylinders for complicated astigmatism. Such glasses are always very expensive.—2. Yes. You must wear glasses as long as your refraction is erroneous. Some errors of sight tend to become less marked and eventually to disappear. Where one eye only is defective, and is not corrected by glasses, it tends to become blind; but if timely steps be taken it will recover. We have found Juler's and Nettleship's books the most useful works on the eye.

Elsie.—We strongly advise you to see a physician both for your eyes and for your heart. It is impossible for us to say what is the matter with you without personal examination.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

Tyro.—Your poem does not contain anything but thoughts that are frequently expressed, and we do not think that reflections so familiar would be accepted for publication. The line—

"Thinkest that thou wouldst be happier?"

is hardly correct, as "thou" is omitted in the question.

"Do the seeming trials which wait thee,"

is "a syllable too long," trials "being a dissyllable. The spirit that breathes from your lines is to be approved.

An Independent One.—From your letter we should judge that the degree of A.R.A.M. was beyond your reach. There are local examinations held by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music. Apply for full information to the Secretary, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

Yma Stolla (an Old Reader of The Girl's Own Paper).—The motive of your story—the description of the life of two girl friends earning their living in London—is good, but the working out is defective. There are many errors in composition, grammar, and spelling. Then the view given of life is by far too rose-coloured! Girls, alas! do not take their "scetches" (*sic*) to an editor to be instantly paid, and solicited for more. You should not constitute the Editor of the *Star* (or of any other known paper) the hero of your romance. All these are faults of inexperience.

Agnes M. Hill.—The rule for the "Stories in Miniature" is that they should be written on "one page of foolscap only." This is, we think, clear. "Foolscap paper" is all that is necessary—the quality is immaterial, and the size is determined by that expression. "One page" means just what it means in the direction to study "one page" of French grammar. You would not study both sides of the page! Neither must you write on both sides of the foolscap page in the competition. A good many excellent papers were disqualified by non-attention to this rule. We advise you to try again.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

At the wish of a Hungarian reader we insert the following:—

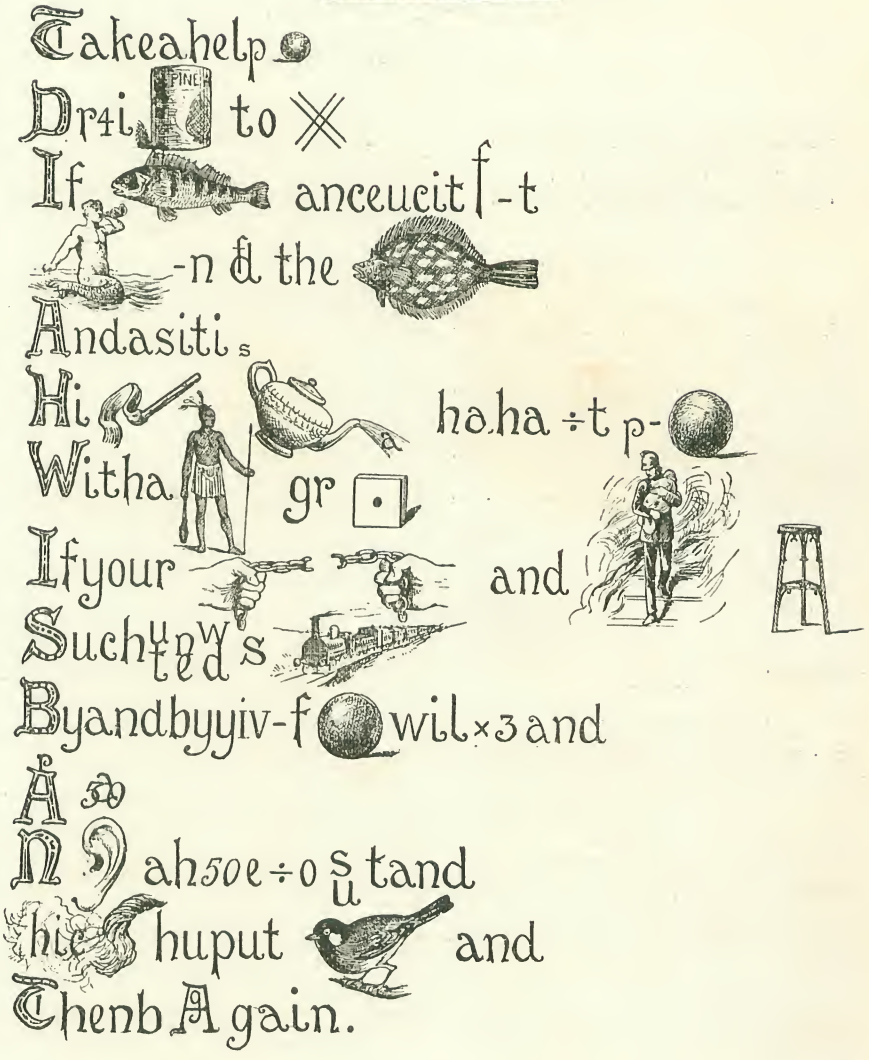
"'Ugly Duckling' wishes to enter into correspondence with an English girl of 19 to 22 years old. She must be of good family, fond of music, drawing and painting, and a diligent letter-writer. 'Ugly Duckling' speaks German and French, but English she does not know very well, and just therefore wishes to improve her English knowledge through correspondence."

Kitty M. Stupart, The Green, Edmonton, aged nearly 16, would like to correspond with a French girl of her own age or a year or two older.

Ellen Wrigley, 44, Regent Street, Weston-super-Mare, would like to correspond with "Lys de France," with a view to their mutual improvement. She can read French well, but cannot construct French sentences.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.





*** Prizes to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be September 16, 1898; from Abroad, November 16, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A Consolation Prize of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Such slight divergence of religious creed ought not to prove a barrier in married life—but rather the reverse. Our opinion, based on a large outlook, is that most marriages are happy, and that a union of hearts such as yours ought to be is the highest form of human existence.

TOURIST.—Yes, Willson's *Handy Guide to Norway* (Stanford) is the best and the only one up to date.

BÉBÉ.—Say, "I wish Daisy were (not was) here;" also, "If I thought she were going, I should wish to leave too." Certainly it is not "the right way" to pronounce "congruity" as "superfluity." The words have perfectly dissimilar significations. The former has four syllables divided thus—con-gru-i-ty, and the latter has five syllables—su-per-flu-i-ty.

NURSE'S DAUGHTER.—If you so much like, and have reason to respect the young man you so often meet as a stranger, and whom you describe as "an angle," you might perhaps obtain his introduction to you through a mutual friend. If not, then do not set your heart on an acquaintance as it would seem that God's wise Providence had denied it to you, and He knows best. Your writing is fairly good, but your spelling needs attention.

JOSIE.—To make little cakes for breakfast, take one pint of whole meal, one teacupful of milk, butter about the size of a walnut, and one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix well and bake for half an hour.

KITTY and L. F. S.—April 17, 1879, was a Thursday; and Dec. 2, 1874, was a Wednesday. Also Oct. 21, 1860, fell on a Sunday (leap year).

K. G.—We see no objection to the photographing of a couple engaged to each other in the same picture. But it needs not to be said that were there the remotest chance of a rupture between the affianced pair it would be exceedingly unpleasant to have been thus coupled together.

A TROUBLED ONE.—You must decide for yourself, but in any case you should see the clergyman or the minister, and arrange with him about your baptism. He will probably put you through a course of instruction in preparation for the rite. Make no further delay in fulfilling this duty.

CERTES.—To prevent the rubbing off of pencilled sketches, they should be set by dipping them in milk and water. The bath should be broad and flat, and the immersion should be only for an instant, just in and out, the surface wetted but not the back.

OUR SUPPLEMENT STORY COMPETITION.

"A VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS."

A STORY IN MINIATURE.

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).
"Soldanella," Montreux, Switzerland.

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.).
"Hope," Nieder Schlesien, Germany.

THIRD PRIZE (10s. 6d.).
E. M. Watts, Portsmouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

M. Bishop, Wellington; A. Bowers, Belfast; M. N. Bryant, Redditch; M. A. C. Crabb, Rickmansworth; "Elsie," Oldham; B. Fitch, N. Brixton; E. M. Garnett, Burton-on-Trent; E. L. Hawkins, Builth; L. Hope, W. Hartlepool; S. E. Hopkinson, Chesterfield; A. M. Hutchinson, Eynsford; M. F. Jamieson, Portobello; R. Judge, Banbury; R. Knight, Wandsworth Common; L. E. May, Alton, Hants; M. Moscrop, Saltburn-by-the-Sea; A. E. Munro, Highbury, London; A. S. Murphy, Tullow, Ireland; C. M. T. Reindorp, Beckenham; L. Richardson, York; L. A. Rogers, Parkstone; A. Somerville, Edinburgh; M. A. Venn, W. Kensington; M. G. Watts, Portsmouth; "White Heather," Edinburgh.

TO THE COMPETITORS.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—It was an almost impossible task to select from the hundreds of papers sent in, the three—or even the thirty which gave the best idea of both the plot and action of the story epitomised.

What surprised me most was the large number that on the first reading appeared to be of absolutely equal value. I had, therefore, to judge them by some principle which might act as a separator and reduce the number within the necessary limits.

I remember, when a child, hearing several people discuss the respective merits of two sermons, and though I have long forgotten everything else that was said, a certain remark remained in my mind. It was pointed out that one sermon was not so well balanced as the other—that the speaker dwelt too long on the earlier divisions of the subject, at the expense of the later. I found this to be the case in many otherwise excellent papers.

A number of candidates were disqualified by failure to keep the rule which limits to one page only.

It is not a little difficult to avoid every pitfall, but a resolute and continued effort to succeed is of undoubted mental value, so that, in this sense, there is a prize for all.

Your affectionate friend,
HARRIET HUGHES
(Author of "A Village Schoolmistress").

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

A VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IT was a great many years since the little village of Stillmere had experienced an owner's care. Young Mr. Beverley, the Squire, had spent most of his time abroad since his coming of age about four years ago, so that Mr. Grant, the trustworthy but penurious agent, had still continued to have the whole management of the estate in his hands. Strongly opposed to the spread of education among the lower classes, he considered any money devoted to this object as worse than wasted. The village school he held in contempt! But the post of schoolmistress being left vacant, the choice of another teacher fell to him, nor when he had accepted the offer of a young lady, a clergyman's daughter, was he disposed to be over-friendly to her—as perhaps his absence from the station when she arrived seemed to testify. The newcomer, Mary Evelyn, was not the only person bound for Stillmere on that showery October day; two other people had travelled from town in the same train—a distinguished-looking young man, who after eyeing her curiously as she left the station, drove away in a dog-cart, and a woman, who was chiefly noticeable for her good-humoured face. Mary, finding herself unexpected, had to walk the four miles to Stillmere, and when she arrived, in drenching rain, she found the school-house deserted. Taking up her abode at the inn, she was warmly received by the landlady, in whom she recognised her travelling companion. The next morning a visit was made with Mr. Grant to the school-house, which would have been a pretty cottage, had it not been in a sad state of repair. Undaunted by the discouragement of Mr. Grant, Mary, with the aid of a charwoman, was soon able to completely transform the house. But her difficulties were by no means at an end. The girls whom she had to teach could neither read nor write well, and having never been accustomed to obey, there was greater unruliness in the class than Mary had been led to expect. Added to this, everything belonging to the schoolroom—desks, books, maps—was in the most dilapidated condition, and Mr. Grant had impressed upon her that no help was to be expected from him. A visit from the Squire helped her, however, out of her difficulties. He came one day accompanied by Miss Alice Herbert, a young lady living at the Grange and the aged rector—a scholarly man who took but little interest in the village. Mr. Beverley, the handsome young fellow whom she remembered having seen at Elmsleigh Station on her arrival, promised to provide all she needed in the way of schoolroom fittings, while Miss Herbert came to her aid by giving a few hours' teaching every week. Slowly and surely Mary had made way with her pupils; in a few months a great change was visible. Tidy obedient girls had taken the place of the unkempt, rebellious creatures of former days, and in Alice Herbert she had not only found a true friend, but one who helped her greatly in her arduous task. To no one did this change appeal more strongly than to Henry Beverley. He regarded with admiration the girl who thus devoted her life to the care of a few poor children, and the gentle face, with its sweet eyes, had a peculiar attraction for him.

Late one night, when Mary had been called out to see a poor woman who had burnt her foot, she found to her surprise on leaving the house that Mr. Beverley was waiting to escort her home, for he had seen her go forth in the dark on her errand of mercy. As they wended their way back together on that dark, dreary night, the words which he spoke to her were those of love: he told her about his lonely life, rich perhaps in worldly goods, but destitute of that which makes life most precious—the love of a good woman. It remained with her, he said, to compensate for that which he had never known; for, from the first time he had seen her on the platform at Elmsleigh, he had felt that she was the only woman who could ever fill the place of wife to him. The answer was rather chilling. Mary begged him to wait six months—during which time they might learn to know each other better—before she could give him a decisive answer; but it was not without hope that he left her. Soon after this old Mr. Clinton left, and under the new rector, a fine, energetic man in the prime of life, the state of affairs changed. Mr. Blount's first work was to reorganise the Sunday-school. His interest in the village school, too, was of great encouragement to Mary, and he increased the ardour of the girls by offering rewards to those who had worked best during the year. . . . The prize-day had come and gone, and thanks to the energy of the rector and other kind friends, it had been a great success. To Mary especially had it been a memorable day. Henry Beverley had reminded her of the promise she had made a few months before, and when he had overcome all her conscientious scruples, Mary, with perfect confidence in his love, had promised to be his wife. . . . Some time later, when Mr. and Mrs. Beverley had returned from their honeymoon on the Continent, to learn of Alice Herbert's engagement with the rector, Mary felt how much happiness had come out of the few months she had spent in Stillmere as village schoolmistress. "SOLDANELLA,"

5, Avenue du Kursaal,
Montreux, Switzerland.

OUR NEXT STORY COMPETITION.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject;—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR AUGUST."

A SAILOR'S BRIDE, by MINNIE DOUGLAS.

We offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT for the month is all about.

One page (that is a quarter of a full sheet which consists of four pages) of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in an unsealed envelope with the words "Stories in Miniature," written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is August 19th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

Examiners:—The Author of the Story (Minnie Douglas), and the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.



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"'I WAS THINKING,' SAID BEATTIE."

CHAPTER XVII.



CECIL MUSGROVE had proposed to Beattie, but she had not accepted him.

Her refusal was one of those inconsistencies which make it so difficult to form certain conclusions when one is dealing with human nature. Warm-hearted, impulsive, and generous, if anything too ready to respond to affection, it seemed strange she should not have given this man who professed to love her a different answer. Perhaps it was because somehow he failed to convince her of the reality of his love that his declaration left her cold, and she could not tell him in sincerity that she felt towards him as she would wish to feel to the man into whose keeping she would have to give her life.

It was on the day on which Aunt Ella's excursion had taken place. She had left the young people alone as much as possible. It had been a day of brilliant sunshine. Beattie, always happy in the open air, had been in high spirits, and her gaiety, if not communicated to her companion, charmed him into half-envious admiration. As usual, she was exquisitely dressed, and she was one of those fortunate people whose complexion is not vulgarised by exposure to the sea-breezes and the sunlight. She was bubbling over with life, and perhaps a little excited. The possibility which Margaret's letter had laid bare to her, that Michael Anstruther loved her made her hesitate to put a barrier between them, and without being certain of Cecil's sentiments or quite convinced that he could not make her care for him, she was desirous of keeping him at a distance as long as possible. She did not consciously do anything to attract him, and indeed her apparent devotion to her uncle, and her unwillingness to leave him was a little exasperating to Cecil. However, he and Aunt Ella combined were too strong a force for her to resist, and as the latter also seemed wonderfully well satisfied with her husband's society, and unwilling that he should desert her to take part in climbing and exploring, which she could not share, Beattie found herself about five o'clock in the afternoon alone with Cecil, the latter literally at her feet.

They had climbed the side of a hill together to see a particularly beautiful view, and now Beattie was seated on the grass, fanning herself with a large shady hat, while Cecil, watching her, pulled up inoffensive tufts of herbage, and threw them to one side. Neither of them had been speaking for a little while, and the thoughts of one of them were far away, for Beattie, though not a dreamer, sometimes had her deeper moments, when her spirit lifted her away from present surroundings, and filled her with the vague longings and aspirations which are the prerogative of youth. Beautiful scenery often affected her in this way, and roused a yearning for something better than she knew, as if the material world were not enough, and her eager soul stretched out hands for something more permanent—more satisfying still. She could not always put her thoughts into words, but where appropriate speech was lacking silence was the only alternative. She started when Cecil spoke to her.

"What has made you so serious all of a sudden?" he said.

"I was thinking," said Beattie.

"What of? Will you tell me?"

She shook her head.

"I can't. Not because I wouldn't, but you know one can't express everything, at least, I can't."

"I did not think you were usually wanting in words," he said, smiling. "I have never before known you have difficulty in expressing yourself."

"I have words enough for all the ordinary things of life," said Beattie; "but one can't always define feelings, can one?"

"Mine are generally decided enough for adequate setting forth," he answered, "but then, you see, I am never sentimental."

"I don't know what you mean by sentimental," said Beattie, with some heat. "Why should one laugh at sentiment. It is only another word for feeling, and to be without emotions is to be only half alive. For my part I like people who can feel, and feel intensely."

"Well, don't be angry with me, Miss Margetson. If to be a person of sentiment is to be like you, I too will be an advocate for the cultivation of the feelings. Only I did not realise that you were so much in earnest. It is not half an hour ago that you were making fun of me, and how could I expect that suddenly you had soared away into heights of sublimity?"

"I hadn't done anything so wonderful. But one may be grave sometimes."

"Certainly—you especially. All your moods are equally charming."

"Don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Pay that sort of compliment. You know I would rather you were in earnest."

"But I am in earnest, desperately in earnest. How can I convince you I mean every word I say?" Then he suddenly dropped the half-bantering tone he had used hitherto. "Beattie, you have bewitched me. I love you, and I want you to marry me. You believe I am in earnest now?"

She raised her eyes, and for a moment they met his. Then she said in a low voice, "I hope you are not."

"Why? Child," he took her hand, "you are not going to say you cannot care for me, are you?"

Beattie was silent. At the moment she scarcely knew her own mind. She could not honestly say she could not care and yet she was very sure she did not. But she hated to give pain, and moreover she was not insensible to the fact that he was doing her great honour. Her aunt had never forgotten to tell her how many women far superior to herself would gladly, according to Mrs. Gilman and others, become Mrs. Cecil Musgrove.

"Won't you answer me, Beattie?" Cecil said. Such a contingency as her refusing him seemed remote indeed, but he knew it was possible.

Beattie looked at him again and her eyes were full of tears.

"I wish you hadn't proposed to me," she said, rather like a spoilt child it must be confessed, but she was nervous and half afraid. "It is very good of you to care for me, but I would rather you had gone on being as you used to be."

"Isn't that expecting impossibilities, Beattie?" said Cecil. "You seem to forget that there is no such thing as standing still, even in friendship, and you are not a person whom most men would wish to keep at a distance."

"You said you never cared for people."

"That was before I knew you. You may not perhaps remember that you yourself advised me to bestow my affections on some one."

He still spoke in the quietly argumentative tone which Beattie had often laughingly spoken of as his professional manner. There was none of the passionate ardour with which her other suitors had familiarised her, but then, as she told herself later when she was thinking the matter over, this was no young fellow, ready for any foolishness, but a seasoned man of the world who had tested many things and knew their value.

"I do not know that I should make you happy," said Beattie presently. "You see you are used to having everything just as you wish, and you have often told me how particular you are. And you are so much older and more experienced than I. I am only eighteen, you know, Mr. Musgrove, and I am dreadfully ignorant. You don't realise how little I know."

"You silly girl, I don't want to marry you for your knowledge or your housekeeeping. And as to whether you could make me happy, I am the best judge of that."

"Ah, but," thought Beattie, "I do not know if you would make me happy." Aloud she said: "Then, you know, I often do impulsive and silly things and am sorry for them. Perhaps sometimes I should make you angry."

"That is quite likely," said Cecil. "But I am ready to risk it. When you have finished all the objections, perhaps you will tell me what I am longing to know. Will you be my wife?"

If Beattie had spoken absolutely what she was thinking but did not like to say it would have been: "Yes, if I were sure you loved me. Your love would compel mine." Somehow he chilled her, and she liked him less at that moment than she had ever done since

they had become at all intimate. It seems a heartless thing, but for some reason women often feel something almost approaching dislike to one who has hitherto been regarded with favour, at the moment when, by all the laws of ordinary charity, they ought to feel most kind towards him.

She had long since drawn away her hand, but now she stretched out both to him and said imploringly—

"Mr. Musgrove, if you love me, will you wait a little while. I know I oughtn't to ask you, but I can't say 'yes,' and yet if you will let things be as they are, perhaps I should learn to love you. Let us both be free, you as well as I, free as we were before you spoke, and if when a year has gone you still care for me, I may be able to answer differently. I wouldn't for the world make you unhappy if I could help it. I hate anybody to suffer. But I think it is very likely I shall soon love you as you want. Only I do not yet."

"Well, let it be as you wish then. I am sorry I am so unlovable."

"But you aren't. You are everything some people admire. Aunt Ella thinks you are nearly perfect. She will be very angry with me. Do you think I need tell her—about this?"

"I don't see the least necessity," said Cecil promptly. He was a good deal piqued, and he did not particularly care for Mrs. Swannington to know that her niece had not responded to his advances more eagerly. He quite understood that that lady, who was by no means reserved in these matters, would be capable of boasting, should Beattie marry someone else, that among other previous "opportunities" she had had was one no less eligible than Mr. Cecil Musgrove.

Cecil was not more than usually silent as they wended their way back to the others, only his remarks were confined to the merely commonplace. Beattie could not make out whether he really minded her having answered as she had. Had he given signs of being miserable, above all if he had shown any sympathy for her—and indeed she appeared the more unhappy of the two—it is probable she would have relented and encouraged him to speak again today instead of a year hence. She stole occasional furtive glances at his face, but that told her nothing. Like Mrs. Swannington, she was disposed only to believe in deep feeling when she saw its manifestation, but in her case ignorance was her excuse.

All her former brightness had deserted her, and by the time she had rejoined her aunt and uncle there was no need for her to tell Mrs. Swannington that something had happened. Cecil's manner betrayed nothing; but Aunt Ella could read Beattie like a book. Indeed she was at no time good at concealing her feelings. The poor lady was exceedingly uneasy, and was thankful that the time for returning had arrived. The drive home was distinctly dull; then there was supper to be gone through. As soon as possible Beattie slipped away to her own room and Mrs. Swannington followed her there.

"Beattie," she said, "tell me what has occurred. Have you two quarrelled?"

"Not that I know of, auntie. I believe we are still good friends."

"Then what is it made you behave to each other so strangely?"

"Did we?"

"Come, child," said Mrs. Swannington impatiently "I desire that you shall tell me."

"Auntie, he asked me to marry him."

"What? He has then proposed. Oh," Aunt Ella heaved a sigh of genuine relief. "But that should not sober you, my dear. You are of all girls most fortunate."

Beattie shook her head. She was on the verge of tears. She was afraid Aunt Ella would be so disappointed, and she dreaded the imminent discussion.

"But what do you mean then? Are you not to be congratulated?"

"Auntie, I don't love him."

"Love. Bah! that will come. Besides, what absurdity. Not love so handsome a man, and so distinguished? You will be the envy of scores of women."

"I don't want anyone to envy me," said Beattie, "but I do want to care for my husband. I can't fall in love with him just because he has regular features or is intellectual. I don't feel we are in sympathy with one another. He is much older than I am, not just in years, but in other things. I don't think if we lived always together we should suit each other."

"But how ridiculous. *Tiens!* I have no patience at such talk. But come, you are tired. In the morning all will look different. If Cecil were old and ugly the affair might be other than it is. You shall have a lovely trousseau and a fine wedding. I am delighted it is settled." And Mrs. Swannington rubbed her hands together as though washing them of a disagreeable matter. She felt more comfortable than she had done for some hours.

"But, auntie," cried Beattie desperately, "can't I make you understand? I have not accepted him."

Mrs. Swannington paused in her imaginary ablutions and stood open-mouthed with horror.

"You—have—not—accepted—him! Explain!"

"I told him I must wait. I said I might marry him some day. But not yet. We are both free, he as well as I."

"You—have—not—accepted him!" repeated Aunt Ella.

"Aunt Ella, I had a sort of instinct. I daresay you will laugh at me, but I did not feel he really loved me. I never have been sure of it. I believe he was with me and at the time he thought he loved me, but he does not truly, not as I should want to be loved."

"I would never have believed it," cried Mrs. Swannington, "that you should be so foolish, so wicked. 'As you would want to be loved,' nonsense. Is it not enough he would marry you? What have you but your looks? You are a nobody. You will have no money. To Alphonse will go every penny of my money if you do not obey my wishes. I am furious, I am distracted. If I could beat you with my hands I would be glad to. You have thrown away your chance, for what? For a freak, an imagination, a vanity. Your head is turned by so much praise as you have had, and you think none good enough for you. Whom do you expect? An earl? a duke perhaps? Ask you again? Is it likely he will ask you again? You had better mend your mistake while there is yet time. You had better humble yourself to him."

"Auntie, I cannot!" said Beattie, trembling with excitement "If he cares for me he will wait. If he does not we had better part."

Never had Beattie seen her aunt so angry. As she said, she was furious—she was distracted, and her words continued to flow forth in torrents. No doubt it was exasperating, after all her planning, which certainly was partly disinterested, to have her niece thus, for what she considered a whim, throw away an excellent match! The fact that she did not love him was no reason in Aunt Ella's eyes for her refusing to marry a man with a good income, but what enraged her was that Beattie did not love him. She could see no reason against her doing so—Beattie too, who always seemed to think ugly people pretty, and saw something nice in everybody. There was only one thing which could account for her foolishness, and that would be a prior attachment, and there was only one person she could think of who might be the object of it; but that seemed too ridiculous. It was a year since they had met, and she had taken pains to keep Michael out of Beattie's thoughts. True, he had remained faithful, but the cases were different. And after all, Michael was not nearly so attractive as Cecil Musgrove. What Mrs. Swannington did not realise was that that would not affect the matter. A person really in love is not likely to consider anyone else so attractive as the beloved object, or rather does not compare others with that one.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Swannington, "is there possibly anyone else?"

Beattie hesitated an instant. Then she said—

"There is no one else, Aunt Ella. I may yet learn to care. Why should we not wait a little while?"

"Why? are you an idiot? Because you should take your chance when you get it. Once you were engaged you would find you loved him well enough."

"But if I didn't? Isn't it better to make sure before I am engaged, rather than let ourselves be talked of first. Auntie, let me have my own way in this. There is plenty of time. Why are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?"

Aunt Ella gave momentary signs of relenting. She might perhaps have been fairly satisfied with Beattie's arrangement if it had not been for what she had said to Michael. That troublesome young man might keep her confidence or he might not. Indeed, after the lapse of a little while he might feel himself justified in speaking. He as

well as Cecil was a friend of the Gilmans. If once he mentioned the matter to Mrs. Gilman, Aunt Ella trembled for results; it would be sure to reach Cecil's ears, and then if he knew that Mrs. Swannington had appropriated him in the way she had done it would probably disgust him with the whole family, and Beattie's chances, where he was concerned, would be at an end. And though Mrs. Swannington was more or less indifferent to the opinion of the world except where her personal appearance was in question, she somehow felt she would rather not offend Mr. Musgrove, who had a way of saying sarcastic things when he chose, not only to, but of a person he disliked. Still, she thought, it was a comfort he had, at any rate, proposed to Beattie. It gave her more reason for having said what she did, and there had only been a day's difference between her announcement and Cecil's declaration. Nevertheless, she did not enjoy her position, and it made her angry with herself as well as with Beattie, though the latter had to be scolded for both.

"I trust that to-morrow you will rectify your mistake," she said at last, when she had talked both Beattie and herself into a headache. "If you do not I cease to take all interest in you. I tell your uncle so this night. It is time we remind you you are not our child to take as a matter of course all the kindness you have received."

Aunt Ella did not mean this. She could have bitten out her tongue directly she had said the words. She knew that her husband would be really sorry if she reminded Beattie that his home was not hers. Never before had anyone done so. But it was useless to regret it now. She had said it, and spoken words can never be recalled. To Beattie, who was acutely sensitive, and who really had regarded her aunt and uncle almost as a mother and father, they were like a cruel wound. The startled, sorrowful look that came into her eyes made Aunt Ella angrier than ever with herself, and again Beattie had to bear the consequences of her wrath. But after another warning sentence or two Mrs. Swannington left the room, and Beattie remained to pass a more miserable night than she ever remembered to have spent.

Perhaps she was rather foolish, but she was young and inexperienced in what is generally known as life, and she had always unhesitatingly submitted to Mrs. Swannington's authority, consequently now she believed that all she had said to her was true. She began to think she had behaved unfairly to her aunt as well as unkindly to Cecil. She had refused offers before, and Mrs. Swannington had laughed and shrugged her shoulders. She knew Aunt Ella desired the marriage with Mr. Musgrove, but after all, her rejection of him had not been final, and even if it had been she had no reason for expecting such a scene as she had gone through. If she had anticipated it perhaps she would have been less independent. But she was too much in the habit of acting spontaneously to have learnt not to follow the impulses of the moment.

Mrs. Swannington, leaving Beattie to shed tears and meditate in a most unwonted manner, went to her own room, where she walked up and down till her husband appeared. Then she immediately informed him of Beattie's iniquity. Mr. Swannington took it to heart far less than satisfied the irate lady.

"Well, I think she knows what she's about, Ella. Perhaps he took her by surprise. It's a pity he didn't ask us first, and then we could have prepared her. I expect it'll come right."

"I don't believe it will," said Mrs. Swannington, who was now on the verge of tears herself. "He may never ask her again."

"Well," said Mr. Swannington colloquially, "Musgrove isn't everybody's money. He's good-looking in a sort of way, but if I may say so of my guest, I think he's rather a prig. I daresay Bee would get on more happily with a heartier chap. I wouldn't worry her about it if I were you. Besides, I daresay Musgrove can manage his own affairs. I shouldn't be surprised if they are engaged by to-morrow evening."

But the next morning Mr. Musgrove announced that the post had brought him a letter which necessitated his return to town that day. As nobody had the courage to say they didn't believe it, they had to accept his excuses with a good grace. Beattie was pale and looked tired. She regarded Cecil wistfully once or twice, but he avoided meeting her eye, and retained an attitude of dignified reserve towards her. To Mrs. Swannington he was affable to a degree, and more attentive than he had yet been to her husband. Mr. Swannington had an idea that Mr. Musgrove patronised him, and did not particularly like him in consequence. When he had gone without giving himself the opportunity of being alone with Beattie a moment, and having bidden her good-bye almost coldly, the latter, who really liked him very much as a friend, and who minded the possibility of losing him in that capacity, showed so poor a spirit that her uncle found her weeping disconsolately in the room where she had parted from him.

He was far too easy-going to make much of his niece's love-affairs, but he wanted to have things comfortable all round. Beattie did not take him into her confidence, but he told her he knew all and spoke to her, as he thought, very kindly.

"I hear you've sent away poor Musgrove," he said. "I should advise you to think the matter over again. I doubt if you'll do better as men go, and I believe, though he's not a demonstrative fellow, that he's thoroughly fond of you. Of course he's a bit huffy just now; it isn't every man who can bear to realise he's not irresistible."

But for her aunt's speech last night Beattie would have taken these words exactly in the spirit in which they were meant. As it was, however, she thought that her uncle, too, wanted her to realise she must not pick and choose too much, but was expected to find her own home before very long.

"Perhaps, after all, I have been mistaken," she thought. "At least he desired to have me with him always.

And her heart began to turn towards her departed lover.

(To be continued.)

GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

PART V.

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

"A long life of golden days fruitful of golden deeds."

Of the many women-workers engaged at the present time in trying to make the world brighter and happier, the one best known to every class of society is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

With her vast means and position, everything was possible to her, yet she chose to devote herself to the service of those in need, whether of love, sympathy, pecuniary assistance or moral support.

Above all, she has striven to increase the usefulness of women in their homes, and given them opportunities of self-improvement.

Passing over her early work of building churches and endowing bishoprics, her time and her wealth have, as a rule, been expended among the very poor in the East End of London and in the poor parts of Ireland; but so varied and gigantic in proportion has her work been, that it is next to impossible to convey any idea of it.

Nor is it only what she has accomplished, but what she has set going, which is so marvellous—works and schemes which are fertilising and developing in a thousand ways as the years roll on.

One of her early efforts for the good of women, in which she had the hearty co-operation of Charles Dickens, was the establishment of a home at Shepherd's Bush for those who had forsaken the straight path but longed to get back to it.

Charles Dickens wrote the anonymous letter which many of these sorrowful people received, and from which I will quote a few passages:—

"There is a lady who has seen you from the windows of her house, and her heart has bled for you. She is what is called a great lady, but she has looked after you with compassion as being of her own sex and nature, and the thought of you has troubled her. She has resolved to open at her own expense a home very near London for a small number of women such as you, where they will be taught all kinds of work which will be useful to them in homes of their own, and enable

them to make them comfortable and happy . . . Because it is her wish that they may be restored to society, they will be supplied with every means at the right time to go abroad, where, in a distant country, they may become the faithful wives of honest men, and live and die in peace."

In emigration the Baroness found the best means of effecting permanent improvement in these people.

From about the year 1860 she devoted time and money to the East End weavers, whose occupation was destroyed by the treaty with France in that year. She started some of the weavers in small shops, and others she sent abroad as emigrants, while their girls she trained for service.

Even when this was done, there were still helpless numbers to provide for, and for these she opened an institution in Brown's Lane, and called it the "sewing school." Its purpose was to afford elderly women, recommended by want and good character, the opportunity of spending a profitable afternoon each day.

The school opened at half-past one, and, before beginning work, each person was provided with soup and bread. The work they were set to do was making shirts for the army and police. About five hundred were thus assisted annually, many of them earning eight shillings a week, some even as much as fifteen.

This alone would have been a great thing for one woman to do, but it was a mere fragment.

Connected with Brown Lane Institution was a complete system of help for the neighbouring poor, one part of which was the employment of professional nurses and clergy to visit the sick.

On their report being handed in each afternoon, meat, wine, maternity boxes and blankets were distributed.

To young servants going to their first place complete outfits were given.

Casual work was provided in the after part of the day for unemployed workmen, who, while still free to seek permanent occupation, were thus enabled to keep their homes together.

Money alone could never have made this scheme successful; it was its combination with thought, sympathy and the desire to help which gave it force and power.

During the bitter winter of 1861 the Bermondsey tanners were unable to follow their occupation, and it was the Baroness who came to them in their time of trouble and kept their homes together without pauperising the work-people.

It is impossible to overrate the help she gave in the East End during the time of the cholera in 1867. She distributed 1,850 meat tickets, value one shilling each, five hundred pounds of rice, two hundred and fifty pounds of arrowroot, fifty pounds of sago, fifty pounds of tapioca and oatmeal, twenty gallons of beef tea, thirty pounds of black currant jelly, eighty quarts daily of pure milk from her own farms, four hundred yards of flannel, one hundred blankets, twenty-five gallons of brandy and fifty gallons of port wine. In addition to all this, she had immense quantities of beef-tea made and sold at cost price. She distributed disinfectants by means of four agents, and appointed two sanitary inspectors. Think of the giant proportions of this work for one woman to undertake! Yet a few years has almost effaced the remembrance of it except among a small number of people.

The costermongers to this day look upon her as their best friend; she started a club for them with the object of advancing money to members for the purchase of barrows, the amount to be repaid at the rate of a shilling weekly—the sum usually charged for the hire. In this, as in all other of her work, she neither destroys the independence of those she helps nor pauperises them.

The club has ever since been quite independent of outside aid, and the members themselves conduct its affairs.

The Baroness was, I believe, the very first to consider the recreation of the costers and to make it possible for them.

Some three or four years ago, when the costers were threatened with the loss of their trade, they at once turned to her, knowing that she would not fail them. Nor did she. She at once directed her own solicitor and an able barrister to take up their case, which was decided adversely in the first Court, but the decision was reversed in the Court of Appeal.

She has thrown in her interest and sympathy with Mr. Groom's work for flower-girls; she has enabled the factory girls of Manchester to have a paying home instead of going to common lodging-houses.

The gulf which divides East and West London is nothing like so wide and deep as it was formerly. It has been bridged over in a great measure by women's love and sympathy, by women's work and women's wealth, especially by this one woman's work and wealth and love, and even by her life itself.

To-day we could hardly recognise the description given of the East End by Charles Dickens, who visited it in company with the Baroness. Speaking of one part, he says, "Everything is perverted, childhood is old and careful; infants, imitating the violence they have seen about them from their earliest recollection, are shrill and shrewish with the smaller infants placed under their care; the home, instead of being a haven of rest, is an earthly hell; the women are unwomanly and the men like brutes; the air carries from window to window the vapours of corruption; the sun's rays, instead of bringing wholesomeness and purity with them, draw up a new wealth of nastiness from every nook and corner, and, heating it to fever pitch, breed death far and near."

Into the centre of this district came the Baroness, then Miss, Burdett-Coutts. It was known as "Nova Scotia Gardens"; but, notwithstanding its name, every evil in an exaggerated form had its dwelling there, and the stench arising from the mass of decaying matter was simply horrible. Fever and other diseases were rampant, and the inhabitants were starving weavers, thieves, disreputable women, prize-fighters, and dog-stealers; a most unpromising spot indeed, yet it was chosen by the Baroness as a platform on which to carry out her noble enterprise which was to improve the condition of the London poor.

The reeking mass of refuse was removed, and four blocks of model dwellings for the poor were erected—the first of the kind in London. They afforded accommodation for two hundred families, or about a thousand persons, and the place received the name of Columbia Square.

Each block contained about fifty complete residences, mostly of two and sometimes of three rooms each, one of which was provided with a good kitchen range. Special attention was paid to securing light and ventilation, and the drainage, lavatories, and baths were better than those enjoyed by the better-off classes.

At the top of each building a large laundry was fitted, also a reading-room and a library of five hundred standard books provided.

The buildings were opened in 1861, and from that day to this the rooms have been eagerly sought after, and drunkenness and disease have in great measure disappeared.

We paid a visit to them last week, and found they were kept in admirable order—bath-rooms and lavatories were perfectly clean and in working order. Every residence was occupied, and there was an air of respectability and prosperity about the building. The cost of each residence per week is about 4s. 6d.

Three years after these were opened, a very important work was begun not a hundred yards distant, viz., the building of a wonderful market, the object of which was to secure an abundant supply of cheap wholesome food for the poor of the district.

It was known as Columbia Market, and it stands out from every other market in the world for lavish decoration and adornment. It was a gift of Miss Burdett-Coutts to the poor of that poorest of neighbourhoods, and cost a quarter of a million of money.

The gates are masterpieces of scroll wrought iron work, and every pillar is of polished granite. The Halles of Paris and the Central Market of Brussels are as nothing when compared with this almost cathedral pile. Imagine a building such as this occupying the site of the old Nova Scotia Gardens!

The opening ceremony was performed on the 28th April, 1869, in grand style.

By this time Miss Burdett-Coutts' work had really reconstructed a neighbourhood which had fallen into such dilapidation and squalor as to be a source of danger to London.

Unfortunately it did not fulfil the object for which it was built and must have caused the Baroness great disappointment; still it is productive of much good at the present time. It is in the Shoreditch district, about ten minutes' drive from Liverpool Street.

On arriving there a few days since we saw an open market for the sale of potatoes and green-stuff, and wondered where all the beauty was hidden away, for we could see nothing but an ordinary frontage. At length we saw the Secretary, who was very courteous, and by his means we were admitted to all parts of this wonderful pile of buildings.

The large hall, with its beautifully-carved arches, slender polished pillars, and twisted ironwork, is now used as a polytechnic, known as the East End Church Polytechnic, which is kept up by the Rev. W. Dawson almost entirely at his own expense. Of course the noble proportions of the building are spoilt by the many wooden partitions put up to divide the social room from the gymnasium, and that again from the billiard and other rooms. In like manner the galleries are used as reading rooms and recreation rooms.

Mr. Dawson is doing a wonderful work here among the working-men of the district. The two sides of the square are let out as shops and private dwellings. This picture will give you a very good idea of the place.

In 1871 the Queen conferred on Miss Burdett-Coutts the honour of a peerage of the United Kingdom, under the title of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. It is the only instance of a woman having been raised to the peerage in recognition of her own life and deeds and independently of any other consideration.

Greatly as she prized this royal favour, I do not think she values less the spontaneous and fervent ejaculations of "God bless you!" by the poor.

Nor must you think that her life and money have been spent only in the very great and prominent deeds for the benefit of the poor. There is scarcely a good work going on anywhere that this good woman does not help quietly and substantially. The position she occupies in the hearts of the people is one that belongs to her alone and to no one else. The life she has lived among the poor will never die. Her name may be forgotten in future ages, but her work never.

DIGESTION AND NOURISHMENT.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."



O you know what is the use of the blood? It is to nourish the body by supplying every individual organ with oxygen and food. The blood obtains oxygen from the air by means of the lungs, but all other food-stuffs are taken from the digestive organs. Oxygen exists free in the air, of which it forms about one-fifth part. The lungs take in this oxygen and pass it on to the blood unaltered; but what you put into the digestive track does not enter the blood until it has been completely altered by the process of digestion.

The blood is the food of the body. All the organs draw what nourishment they require from the blood, and if that fluid were not constantly replenished with nourishment, it would soon become useless and the body would die of starvation. The blood collects food from the stomach and digestive organs. Everything that you eat which nourishes you must get into the blood. Anything that you eat that does not become blood is useless.

But do not innutritious materials get into the blood from the stomach? Most certainly they do. If a person takes a dose of poison it will get into the blood, and the poisoned blood circulating through the body will produce death. From this we draw the very valuable hint that we more or less possess the power of altering the composition of our own blood by what we put into our stomachs.

If you eat a piece of meat or a potato, the nourishing part of it will get into your blood—not as meat or potato, but as another substance derived from the meat or potato.

Most of the food we eat is solid. A piece of meat is a solid. More than this, it is an almost insoluble solid. It will not dissolve in any ordinary fluid. But the blood is a fluid during life, and if that piece of meat is to get into the blood it must be made soluble, and it is made soluble by the digestible juices.

The organs of digestion in man are very numerous and complex. The food taken passes through the following passages and cavities. First it enters the mouth, here it is masticated by the teeth and mixed with the spittle or saliva. It then passes to the back of the mouth and is swallowed into the pharynx and gullet and then enters the stomach. Here it is acted upon by the gastric juice and churned into a mass resembling porridge. It then passes into the first part of the small intestine, where it is acted upon by the secretions of the liver and pancreas. It then passes into the lower part of the small intestine, where it is acted upon by still another digestive juice. From the small intestine, that part of the food which is indigestible passes into the large intestine. The blood circulates through the whole of this digestive canal and gradually absorbs the nourishment from the food as it passes, first in the stomach, but chiefly in the small intestines.

You see, therefore, that we have a great many digestive organs, and every one of them is of extreme value. Let us further consider their actions and uses.

The mouth is the first part of the digestive canal. It contains the tongue, the cheeks, the palate, the teeth and the fauces, and into its cavity open the ducts of the salivary glands. The chief use of the tongue, in digestion, is to move the food about while it is in the mouth and to help in the process of swallowing. Moreover it contains the nerves of taste. When we say the tongue is the organ of taste, a reservation is necessary, for the tongue only tastes coarse flavours such as bitter, acid, salt or alkaline. The delicate flavours are tasted not by the tongue but by the back of the nose. The palate does not possess the power of tasting, so the adjectives "palatable" and "unpalatable" are misnomers.

Mastication is the only digestive action which is completely under the power of the will. It is, doubtless, for this reason that it is usually so slovenly performed. There is an old adage that as you have thirty-two teeth, you should give each mouthful of food thirty-two bites. How many of us do so? How many there are who are content with two or three bites! Yet it is most important to thoroughly masticate your food, for the digestive juices cannot properly act upon lumps of food.

Insufficient mastication is one of the commonest causes of indigestion, and it may give rise to the very worst forms of dyspepsia. Two or three weeks ago I saw a middle-aged man who came to me complaining of very severe indigestion. So severe, indeed, were his symptoms, that I came to the conclusion that he had cancer of the stomach. Before however giving a definite opinion I examined his mouth, but of teeth he had not a vestige. This was quite enough to cause his symptoms. I asked him if he had never had false teeth. "Oh, yes!" he replied. "I had a complete set of false teeth, but I dropped them overboard six weeks ago, and could not get another set." "How long have you had indigestion?" I asked. "Five weeks," he replied. Just one week after losing his teeth. He got another set of teeth and is now quite well again.

Always masticate properly. If you have not got teeth of your own procure false ones. Many persons have a ridiculous objection to false teeth. I believe this partly arises from the belief that false teeth are made from teeth that have been extracted from other humans, or else made out of hippopotamus's tusks. One does not take out teeth that are good, nor put in false teeth that are decayed, so you may rest contented that the first opinion is a fable. All false teeth are now made of composition.

One must lay great stress upon this point about mastication, as it is totally useless to try to cure dyspepsia when the teeth are out of order, or are not used sufficiently.

The salivary glands secrete the saliva or spittle. This fluid serves a double purpose; it makes the food into a sticky mass preparatory to swallowing, and it is itself a digestive juice. Very few people know that spittle possesses digestive power. It digests starchy food. Therefore food containing a lot of starch should be retained in the mouth as long as possible, so as to get digested by the saliva, which converts the starch into grape sugar.

One of the worst forms of indigestion is that called "amylaceous dyspepsia," a condition in which starchy foods are only digested with extreme pain and difficulty. The chief cause of this trouble is insufficient mastication. It seems absurd to tell you to give thirty-two bites to a piece of mashed potato, but you should do so if you have the slightest inclination towards indigestion. It is not the mastication that is necessary here, but the intimate mixture of the starch of the potato with the saliva.

Having arrived at the back of the mouth the food is swallowed into the pharynx. This process of swallowing is one of the most elaborate operations of the body. The food passes from the pharynx into the gullet and downwards till it comes to the stomach.

The stomach is practically a hollow muscular bag. It has strong muscles, and possesses numerous "pores" which secrete the gastric juice. The stomach is situated just under the heart, and both organs are supplied by the same nerves. This explains many curious phenomena in connection with these two organs. Have you ever noticed that you feel sick after being excited by good news, or after being depressed by sudden misfortune? If you have indigestion do you feel the pain over the heart and palpitation? It is the nervous connection between the stomach and the heart that causes these symptoms.

A large number of my readers suffer from fluttering of the heart, and have long ago come to the conclusion that they suffer from heart disease. But if I were to examine their hearts, I should be very much surprised to find that more than one per cent. had heart disease. Palpitation is a rare symptom of heart disease, but is almost constantly present in dyspepsia.

The stomach performs two functions. It churns the food into an almost liquid form by its muscular coats, and it furnishes a digestive juice, the "pepsin."

Pepsin does not digest all foods, but only those which contain nitrogen. It only digests proteid (or albumen), which is the nutritious part of meat. Proteid is not only found in meat, but exists in certain amounts in nearly every food. It is the most important food-stuff of man. The gastric juice converts this proteid into what is called "peptone," and this is absorbed into the blood. But peptone does not remain peptone for long; it is changed back again to albumen as soon as it enters the blood.

I cannot here enter into the question of disorders of the stomach. I will only state that the gastric juice will not act if it is diluted too much. Therefore you should never drink large quantities of fluid with your meals.

Leaving the stomach the food passes on into the first part of the small intestines. It is here that the greater part of digestion is carried on. Immediately the food enters the small gut, it meets with the secretion of the liver and the pancreas.

The secretion of the liver is called the bile, and it has the power of digesting fat. This is the reason why a very greasy meal makes you "bilious." The bile does not enter the stomach naturally; when it does it makes you sick.

Surely the liver does more than secrete a little bile to digest fat? This the largest organ in the body? Oh, yes! It has a very much more important office to perform. The secretion of bile is but a tenth part of its office. But the other actions of the liver I will leave for another time.

The pancreas or sweet-bread secretes the pancreatic juice. This is the only digestive fluid which digests all three forms of food, starch, albumen and fat.

Digestion is now finished, and the food is in a state in which it can pass into the blood. But all of it cannot pass into the blood. A certain quantity consists of indigestible food, dust, and various other impurities which would produce disaster, if they were to get into the blood.

You have twenty feet of small intestine. The food travels slowly through these twenty feet and as it passes the useful parts are slowly taken up by the blood. This gut also supplies

a digestive juice, of not much importance; its sole object being to convert cane sugar into grape sugar.

I had a dinner yesterday. Part of that dinner is now writing this article. It does so in the following manner:

My dinner consisted of roast beef and fat, potatoes, bread, salt, water and coffee.

These foods have the following composition:—

Roast beef	= proteid
Fat	= fat
Potatoes	= starch
Bread	= proteid, starch
Salt	= salt
Water	= water
Coffee	= caffeine, water

So that my dinner consisted of proteid, fat, starch, salt, water and caffeine. If you have carefully followed this article you will be able to follow this:

The proteid was converted into peptone by the stomach and pancreas.

The starch was converted into sugar by the spittle and pancreas.

The fat was converted into soluble fat (soap) by the liver.

The water, salt and caffeine need no digestion, they can enter the blood direct.

So this dinner was absorbed by the intestines and got into my blood. The blood circulated through my brain and hand, and gave them nourishment which enabled them to write this account of their nutrition.

Is there anything in the digestive organs of man that tells us what we should eat? Most certainly there is. As we have organs which digest a mixed diet it must follow that we require a mixed diet. And so we do. Again the length of our gut (twenty feet) also suggests a mixed diet, for it is intermediate in length between that of a carnivorous and an herbivorous animal.

Those who read this paper and are unfortunate in regard to their digestions can gather many valuable hints from this brief account of the physiology of digestion. I will enumerate the chief points here suggested.

1. Thorough mastication of food is indispensable.
2. Starchy foods must be thoroughly mixed with the saliva.
3. What you take by your mouth finds its way into the blood.
4. A mixed diet is the physiological diet of man.
5. Drinking in large quantities at meals is to be avoided.
6. Greasy food should not be taken when there is a tendency to biliousness.
7. If you have palpitation, you have probably *not* got heart disease.

COLD MEAT COOKERY AND VEGETABLES.

Mince.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of cold meat, one small onion, one ounce of dripping, half an ounce of flour, one gill of stock, pepper and salt.

Method.—Mince the meat finely and remove all skin and fat; slice the onion and fry it brown in the dripping, take out the onion and stir in the flour, let it brown and then add the stock by degrees and the minced meat. Let the mince get quite hot and serve with a border of mashed potato or well cooked macaroni round.

Rissoles.

Method.—Make in the same way as mince, using only half the quantity of stock, and then spread the mixture on a plate to cool. When cold divide into equal portions, flour the hands, roll into balls, egg and crumb and fry in deep fat a golden brown.

Hash.

Ingredients.—Slices of cold meat, a slice each of carrot, turnip and onion, half a pint of stock or water, half an ounce of dripping, one ounce of flour, sippets of fried bread sauce, browning, bay leaf.

Method.—Chop up the bone from the cold joint and put it to simmer for an hour in the water or stock. Fry the vegetables in the dripping, add the flour and fry that brown, pour on the stock from the bones, stir till it boils, add the bay leaf, pepper and salt, put on the lid and let all simmer half an hour. Put in the slices of cold meat and let them heat gently in the sauce, take away the bay leaf, add a little Harvey or ketchup and a little browning. Serve on a hot dish with sippets of fried bread round.

Curry of Cold Meat.

Ingredients.—Half a pint of curry sauce—(See Chapter on "Sauces.")—cold meat, rice.

Method.—Cut the cold meat into dice and let it heat in the curry sauce. Serve with a border of boiled rice—(See "Odds and Ends.")

Cold Meat Mould.

Ingredients.—Three-quarters of a pound of cold meat (minced), a quarter of a pound of cooked ham (minced), one egg, two tomatoes, one small onion (chopped), parsley (chopped), half a gill of stock, one dessertspoonful of flour, pepper and salt.

Method.—Butter a pie-dish, slice the tomatoes and ornament the dish with them. Mix the meat with the onion, parsley, pepper and salt; mix the flour smoothly with the stock and stir it until it boils in a small saucepan; beat the egg and add it to the sauce when it cools; mix well with the chopped meat, etc., and press all into the ornamented piedish, cover with a greased paper and bake half-an-hour in a moderate oven. Turn out when cold.

Cold Meat Patties.

Ingredients.—Any scraps of cold meat, pastry, pepper and salt, a little stock or water, beaten egg.

Method.—Cut the meat into little pieces and take away any skin. Line some patty pans with short pastry: season the meat with pepper and salt; put some meat on each patty pan and a very little stock or water for gravy; cover with pastry, brush with egg, make a little hole in the middle of each and bake twenty minutes.

VEGETABLES.

General Rules for Cooking Vegetables.

1. Green vegetables must be cooked with the lid off the saucepan to keep them a good colour.
2. Root vegetables can be cooked with the lid on as they will not discolour if the steam is shut in.
3. Pulse (i.e., peas, beans, and lentils) must not be cooked with salt in the water as the salt hardens them.
4. Potatoes, artichokes and turnips must be put into water as they are peeled to prevent their turning a bad colour.
5. All vegetables except pulse must be cooked with salt; green vegetables need a pinch of carbonate of soda.
6. Salt for boiling vegetables is used in the proportion of two ounces to the gallon.

Boiled Potatoes.

Wash the potatoes and dry them, pare them thinly, putting them as you do so into clean, cold water; boil gently with salt in the water, from twenty to thirty minutes according to their age and size. When tender pour off the water and put the saucepan back on the stove with the lid off for the potatoes to dry. Sprinkle with salt and shake slightly.

Baked Potatoes.

Wash the potatoes and dry them. Lay them on a tin and bake them an hour or more until they feel tender. When half baked turn them over.

New Potatoes.

Wash the potatoes and scrape them. Boil gently with a sprig of mint from ten to fifteen minutes. Drain and dry on the stove; melt a little dripping in the saucepan, put in a little chopped parsley, and toss the potatoes in this.

Carrots.

Wash and scrape, if large split in halves. Score across the thick end with a knife and boil one hour.

Turnips.

Wash and pare thickly, boil half an hour, drain, mash with pepper and salt and a little milk.

Onions.

Cut off the top and bottom and take away two skins; blanch them by putting them in a saucepan of cold water, bringing to the boil and throwing the water away. Boil three-quarters of an hour.

Parsnips.

Wash and scrape, cook like carrots.

Cabbage.

Put to soak in cold water with salt, head downwards, to draw out the insects. Take away the outer leaves, cut off the stump and score through the thick end to help it to cook. Boil from twenty to thirty minutes. Drain and press well; cut up small. Young greens need hardly any leaves removed.

Cauliflower.

Cook in the same way as cabbage but serve whole.

Leeks.

Cut off the roots and the top part of the green leaves; wash thoroughly, boil gently about twenty minutes until tender and then drain.

Green Peas.

Shell and rinse; boil gently with a lump of sugar and a sprig of mint about twenty minutes. Drain when tender and toss in a little butter or dripping.

Beans.

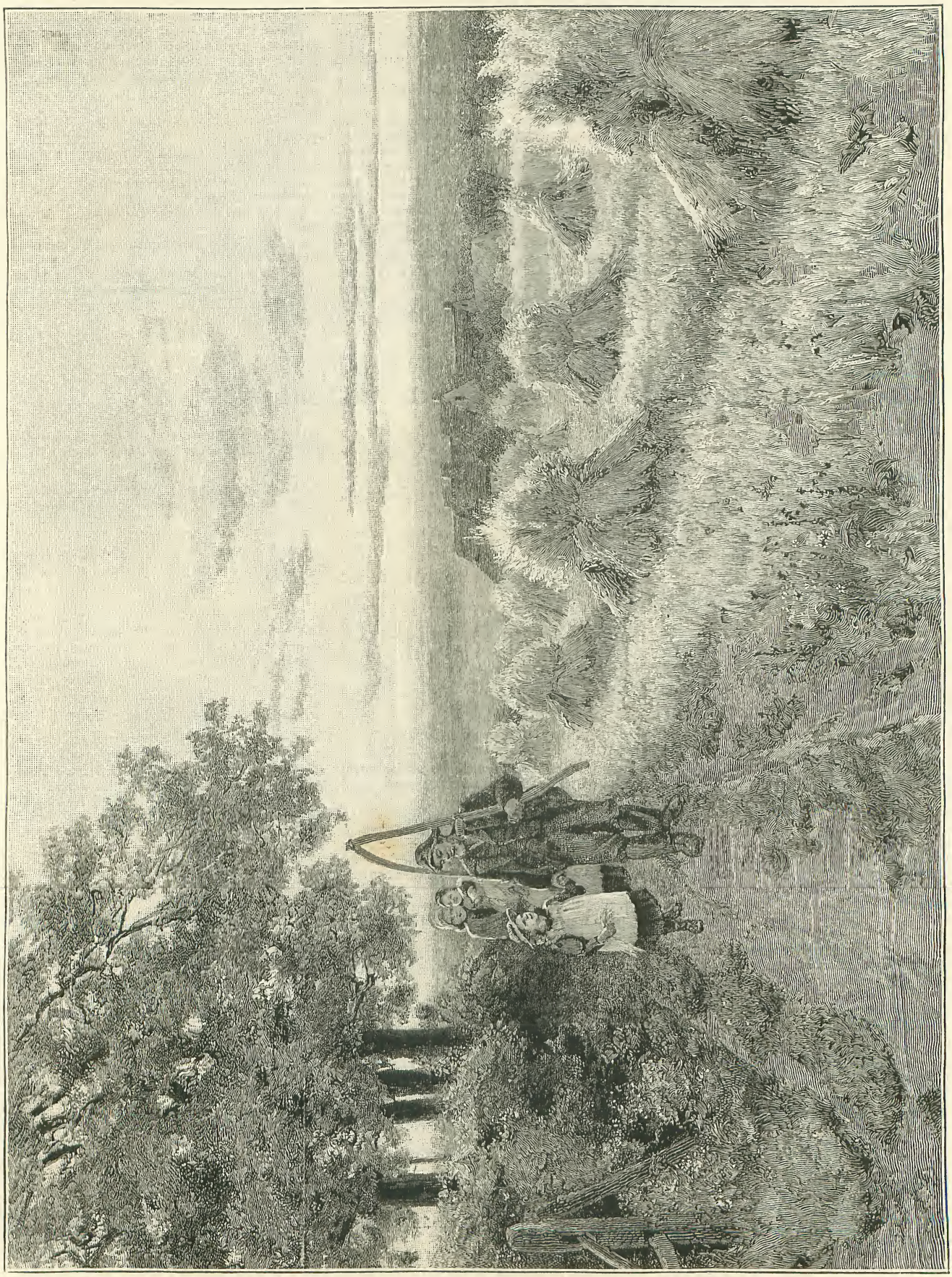
Rinse the beans and cut them in pieces. Boil until tender and drain well.

Artichokes.

Wash and peel, boil gently about twenty minutes until tender. Serve at once as they soon lose colour.

Spinach.

Pick the stalks off and wash very thoroughly, letting the tap run on it and turning it over and over. Rinse out a saucepan and put in the spinach. No water is needed. When tender press and drain well and toss in a little butter or dripping; add pepper and salt and serve.



"WHEN THE TOIL OF DAY IS ENDED."

A SUMMER NIGHT.

By ERIC BROAD.

THERE is magic in the beauty
  Of a perfect summer night,
When the winds of Heaven move softly
  And the stars gleam, golden-bright:
When within the shrouded woodland
  But the nightingale's awake,
And silver moonbeams glisten
  O'er the bosom of the lake.

By the gate the lilies cluster—
  Samite, shadowy, and tall;
And the jasmine's planets glisten,
  Gold and white, upon the wall:
While the roses, with shut petals,
  Secrete sweetness, for the day
That shall fill the east with glory,
  When the moon has passed away.

There is magic in this beauty
  Indescribable and sweet:
When the toil of day is ended,
  And we rest our tired feet;
A magic that instils in us
  An infinite delight:
That strengthens for the morrow,
  And arms us for the fight.

O jasmine flowers! O lilies!
  O roses! sweet and fair!
O glorious thrill of music
  That enchants the perfumed air!
O stars! O moonbeams silvern!
  O peaceful-bosomed lake!
I could almost wish the glory
  Of the dawn might never break.



"THE GOLDEN HEART."

CHAPTER I.

A RIVER fringed with reeds, some green and young, some veterans over six feet in height, ripened into brown and topped with feathery tufts that waved and rustled softly. Patches of flags also that made the banks gay with yellow flowers. Hay-scented air, and larks carolling upwards as though transported with the ecstasy of living in so fair a world. Purple shadows of wind-driven clouds chased each other across the downy hills which hemmed in the landscape, their wooded hollows cast into semi-twilight, for it was evening.

But in June the days are long in dying, and the twilight after sunset almost melts into the twilight of dawn.

It was an hour beloved by artists, possessing a witchery peculiarly its own. In the flat-bottomed ferry-boat, moored to the landing-stage, stood a young girl leaning upon the punting-pole, and on the bank sat an artist painting her. Her graceful figure was clearly outlined against the stream; her dark hair was blown loosely in the breeze, and a certain voluptuousness in her beauty inclined one to the belief that gipsy blood ran in her veins. Her features were finely moulded, her parted lips displayed a set of faultless teeth, and her lustrous eyes had a slumbering fire in them that suggested a passionate, impetuous nature. They were pensive and dreamy just now, and her pretty mouth had a wistful droop at the corners.

Allison Carne was the daughter of the ferryman, whose cottage was within calling distance of the furthest river bank. A picturesque stone cottage, thatched with river reeds, and standing in a small orchard which stretched down to the towing-path. Thirteen children had been brought up in that cottage, and of these Allison was the youngest and the only one left at home.

Many a time had Shirley Elton, the artist, painted this girl, and never did he grow weary of depicting her beautiful face and form in varying attitudes and style, for she inspired him, he said. Moreover, she was a study to him in all her moods and tenses, which were variable as English weather and far more delightful. He knew well how to call them into play; a word or tone from his persuasive voice was sufficient to charm the simple, inexperienced Allison, and he led her captive at his will.

To her ignorant mind the handsome artist was a most wonderful being, holding at command unlimited powers to do and create whatsoever his will and fancy prompted.

Also, the admiration the artist evinced for his model was not difficult to discover. It told the girl what she already knew and had been told before, that she was beautiful, but it was in a different way and more flattering to her vanity. To have so much deference paid her was a pleasing experience, and she had begun to set a higher value upon her charms than she had hitherto done. The dangerous fascination Shirley Elton exercised over her grew continually, and became the more dangerous because his power over her was speedily evident to him, and he derived both pleasure and amusement from the use of it.

Now, Allison was betrothed, and had promised that, before the ensuing winter, she would become the wife of Dan Humphrey, head shepherd on one of the biggest farms south of the river, but notwithstanding he was as fine a young Hercules in qualities of both mind and body as could be found in Rivermead or out of it, Allison now drew unfavourable comparisons between him and Shirley Elton.

Dan was too dark-browed and weather-beaten, he was awkward in manner, he had no eloquence of tongue; while the artist was a fair-haired, blue-eyed Adonis, kind, gentle and winsome in his ways.

Dan could talk of little else than the occupation of his daily life. His flocks, his very dog were nearer to his heart, Allison bitterly told herself, than she would ever be. Dan could not say a pretty thing, or take her hand and hold it, after the manner of this prince from the outer world.

She had been restless and dissatisfied for some time past, and when in poor Dan's company pettish and silent by turns. It was not long before she began to absent herself at such times when her shepherd swain was wont to seek her. Those Sunday evening rambles over thymy downs had been very pleasant once, but they were distasteful now. Another bondage held her, whose chains were the cause of such sweet pain she would not shake them off if she could.

Poor foolish Allison, treading a slippery path that would lead her she knew not whither.

Dan grew unhappy and sore troubled in his mind, for he could not understand the change that had come over his Allison, having as yet no suspicion of the truth. He attributed her coldness and ill-temper to shortcomings of his own. He racked his simple brain to discover what these might be, and concluding he had not shown sufficient warmth of manner perhaps, took the earliest opportunity of remedying the mistake, but met with so unmistakable a rebuff as to chill and mortify him and prevent a repetition of the offence. He took a week to puzzle out the situation, and then came to the conclusion that, as girls are coy and difficult to understand, her repulse might have been intended only as a snare to lure him on. And yet, her manner had said so plainly—

"Keep your distance, and don't try that on again."

Dan was resolved, however, that the misunderstanding should not assume bigger proportions, so he determined to seek an explanation, and chose the very evening on which our story opens for the purpose.

It was unfortunate, for Shirley had that day told Allison that his stay at Rivermead would come to a close on the morrow, he having been unexpectedly called home. She had known, of course, that he must go sooner or later, that their delightful friendship must come to an end, but when the news of his immediate departure came, it came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. She had been living in a fool's paradise, and must now be shut out of it into an unsympathising world. What was to become of her? What should she do? How could she abide at home and go through the weary hours of a colourless life without hope for the future, with that dreadful promise to Dan calling ever louder for its fulfilment as the time drew near. Nothing should induce her to keep that promise. She would rather kill herself first.

In this ungovernable tumult of feeling, Allison left the house and walked—nay, ran—blindly along, the farther from home the better. Thus it happened that when Dan arrived at the cottage the girl was not within, and neither the ferryman nor his wife could say whither she was gone. Disconsolately enough, the shepherd sat down to await the chance of her return. He could not bring his attention to bear upon his host's attempts at conversation, and while he drummed impatiently with his fingers upon his knees, his gaze wandered absently round, only to be brought suddenly to a standstill by a picture that was leaning against the wall, and which at once riveted it. He was looking at an unfinished sketch that represented Allison standing in the orchard, holding back a red and white calf.

Dan stared at it spellbound. There was the girl of his heart, looking at him from the canvas with a bright and blushing face, the beautiful eyes sparkling and glowing with liquid light and mirth. Dan stood speechless, and a dreadful pang shot through his heart, for Allison had never looked like that at him. There was a subtle transformation in the face that was indescribable to him. Every feature spoke a language foreign to his comprehension. It was Allison, no doubt, but not his Allison, and he turned away with a groan.

"That be a bonny picter of our lass, be'ent it, Dan?" remarked the ferryman, looking at him askance.

"T'ain't as I knows her, nor as anybody knows her, exceptin' it be him as painted it," replied the shepherd shortly.

"Lord bless you, lad! Why, artists don't see with eyes like yours or mine," said Carne, anxious to propitiate. "They're bound to put a colour and a witchery into everything. They sees beauty where folks like we wouldn't dream of lookin' for it, and they turns everyday work and life into po'try, easy as puntin' acrost river; leastways, he do," jerking his big thumb over his shoulder in the direction where the artist was supposed to be.

Dan examined the picture again.

"I don't say as you mayn't be right," he agreed at length, "and I s'pose as it's eddication makes the difference, but I don't understand it all the same. Has it helped him to make a face speak contrary to all it ever said afore?"

"'Tis the soul, Dan, that's what it is," said the ferryman, from between great puffs of tobacco smoke.

"Then his soul has an understanding with Allison that my soul hasn't had the luck to get, and I don't like it," said the young man sternly, and he turned to go.

Carne smoked on with a sidelong glance at Dan that was full of inquiry and suspicion. His slow mind began to awaken and to revolve something as little to his liking as it was to the shepherd's, and he knitted his shaggy eyebrows.

"That's right; don't you wait for her. Better let her think you don't care a brass button whether you sees her or no. Allison is treating you shabby, and I'll have to talk to her."

"No; bide quiet. I'd rather you didn't meddle," answered Dan briefly, and walked out of the cottage.

Pulling the brim of his hat over his eyes, he strode on, wrestling with fierce emotions. The demons of suspicion and jealousy having entered his breast, a bitter struggle began between them and his old love and trust. Had he met Allison then, hot words would have ensued, to be repented of perhaps through a lifetime. But no Allison came in sight, and following the tow-path till he came to the bridge, Dan crossed it and pursued a chalky road over the downs towards his lonely dwelling on the summit. The evening had lost its beauty for him, the tunefulness of nature made his own tuneless feelings only the more emphatic and exaggerated his misery. Allison's soul had mocked at him out of her sweet eyes that were not sweet for him, and he had not recognised them as hers.

And where was Allison?

She had surmounted the steepest of the swelling hills behind the village, and thrown herself upon the short springy turf to try and think out the problem of her life, for a problem it had now become. Her mind was in a whirl. Reason, duty, feeling, were in a chaos out of which she could evolve nothing clearly. Wild, tumultuous passion was uppermost, the one idea she was able to seize and hold being the certainty that she could not marry Dan in the autumn. The image of another was in her heart. She had created a beautiful god for herself out of human clay and had ignorantly fallen down and worshipped it. Her overwhelming trouble now was that Shirley Elton was about to quit the neighbourhood. True, he had said he would come again and renew the friendship made so happily. He had said that she must not forget him, as he should never forget her; but he was going, and once gone, what hope that he would remember?

A long time Allison lay, face downwards on the turf, till long shadows darkened the plain, and the opposite hills just caught the lingering rays of the departing sun. The shepherd's hut, the brown hurdles of the folds, and the white flocks all driven in one direction, were still visible. Dan was there too, with his dog, but she never saw him. She was on one side of the river alone, and he upon the other. The thoughts of both were occupied with the other, but what a wide, wide space between!

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

The Letter Came Back.

A lady staying at one of the newest hotels at Aix-les-Bains wanted to write to her servant in England, and used the hotel notepaper, which, however, was so full of the advantages of the establishment that the address was obscured.

There was no reply. The lady, fearing that something was wrong, wrote to a friend asking her to call on the servant.

"Why," said the servant, "I wrote as I was told, but the letter came back with 'not known' written on it."

She produced the envelope, which was addressed, "Miss ——, Hotel Britannique. Ouvert toute l'année. Ascenseur Hydraulique!"

Hope On.—The power that moves the world is hope. An anxious, doubtful, timid man or woman can accomplish little. Fear unnerves us; hope inspires us.

On the Bargain Counter.

"You say then that this material is the latest fashion?"

"The very latest, madam."

"But will it fade in the sun?"

"Why, it has been lying in the window for two years and look how well it has stood."

Nodding an Answer.

A firm in Glasgow recently employed as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone.

When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query "Are you there?" he nodded assent.

Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, he lost his temper and roared through the telephone—

"Man, are ye blin'? I've been noddin' my head off for the last hauf-oor."

For the Curing of Herrings.

When about six years old, our Maggie was taught in her geography lesson that "Yarmouth is celebrated for the curing of herrings."

"Oh! how funny it must be," she exclaimed, "to see the little ill herrings sitting round getting better!"

Answer to Triple Acrostic (p. 692).

1. M e R o M (*a*)
2. A d O b E (*b*)
3. V enta B elga R (um) (*c*)
4. *I w I l L*
5. S e N s E

Mavis—Robin—Merle.

(*a*) See Joshua xi.
(*b*) The brick of Mexico.
(*c*) Winchester stands on the site of the Roman Venta Belgarum.

DAINTY RIBBON EMBROIDERY.

RIBBON-WORK has enjoyed a long run of popularity, and our embroideresses are by no means tired of it yet. Several novel varieties of it have been lately prepared, some of which, to be described and illustrated here, are even now not quite ready for the general public.

The doyley shown in Fig. 1 shows quite a new application of our work. The foundation is of amber satin upon which the design of the scrolls and flowers is plainly outlined. The raised flowers are of soft and shaded ribbons about a quarter of an inch in width and varied in colour. To make each little rosette cut a two-inch length of the ribbon, and with a small needle threaded with strong but fine silk run a draw-thread all along one selvedge. Gently pull this up, being careful not to twist the ribbon, until a close rosette is formed. Before breaking off the silk, sew this firmly down to its appointed place in the pattern, and make a few finishing off stitches on the wrong side of the work. Make all the other roses in the same way.

The smaller and flatter flowers and the so-called "leaves" in this class of design, can be made in slightly narrower ribbon, which is passed through the eye of a large needle and so carried from the wrong to the right side of the work as to form stitches, one stitch forming one petal or leaf. But this kind of flower will be referred to later, so I will pass on now to the stems which unite the details of the pattern into wreaths. They are worked with from two to three strands of filoselle silk and in outline stitch.

Outline stitch is seen again in the very conventional "ribbon" scrolls inside the floral sprays, but these are worked with coarser silk; that is, with several strands of filoselle used together. The colours chosen for them should be two shades of bronze green which must accord in tone with the background and with the little flowers, the ribbons for which must, by the way, harmonise well together and also with the rest of the work.

I wish next to speak a little of such ribbon-work as can be executed by the home worker without the aid of *traced and commenced* specimens. So, in Fig. 2, are illustrated several simple sprays, such as almost anyone can not merely copy for herself, but adapt and vary to suit any position. Little isolated sprigs such as these are useful and effective sprinkled over the silk, satin or brocade background of satchets, book-covers, photo-frames and innumerable other articles requiring rich materials and delicate treatment. In embroidering such patterns, it is as well to indicate with pencil or other marks the required positions and shapes of all the details.

Various kinds of flowers can be simulated. Towards the bottom is the treatment for a suggested twig of forget-me-not. The stems are worked in outline stitch in green silk, and the largest flowers have five small petals. Thread a needle with fine knitting-cotton or a double strand of darning thread, and make one stitch for each petal or leaf. This serves, not only to mark out its position still more clearly, but also to slightly pad and raise it.

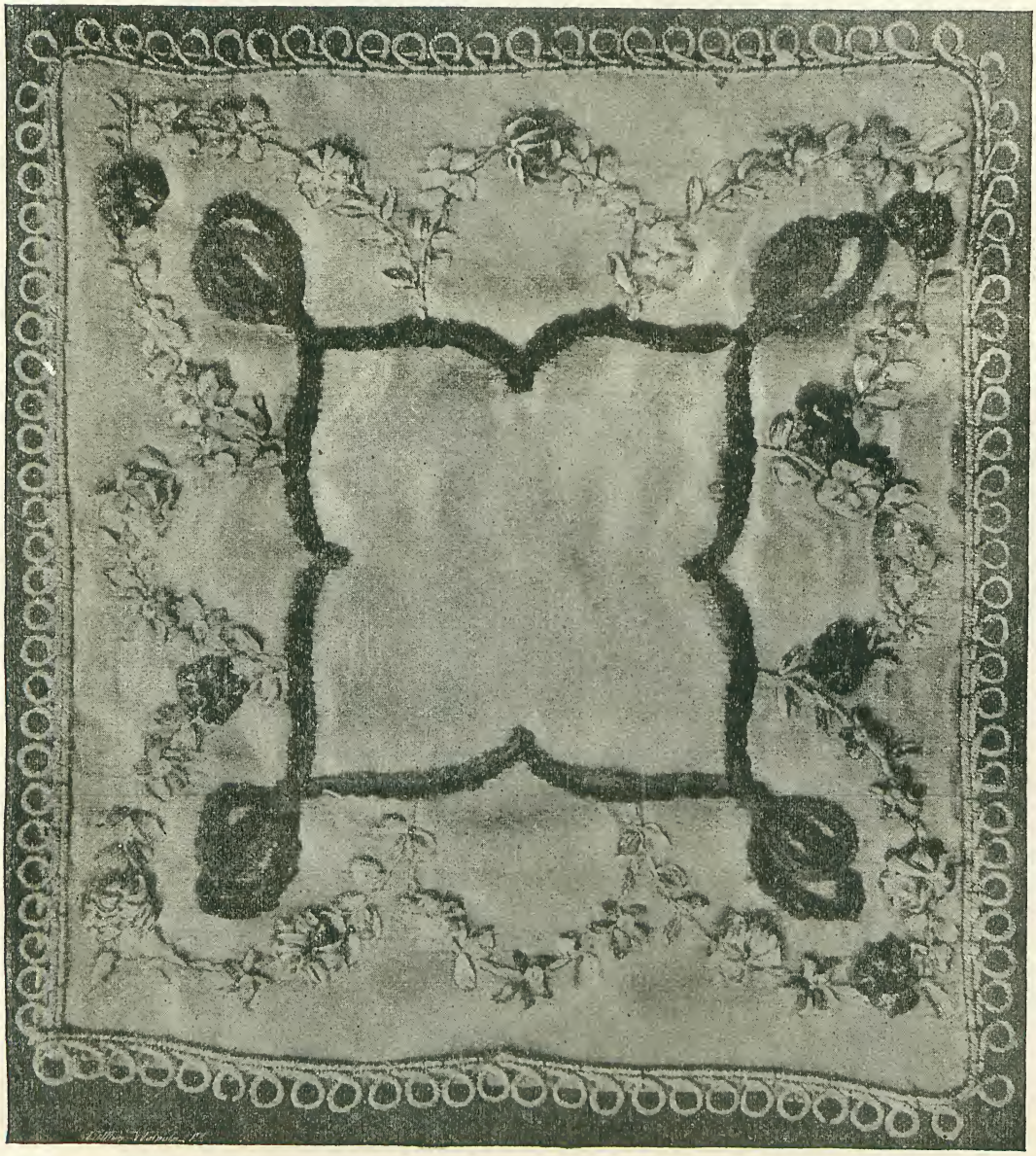


FIG. I.

The flowers should be blue, the larger ones dark, the others paler in hue and the buds pink. These are all worked with ribbon cut into short lengths and passed through the eye of a coarse needle. Care must be taken not to twist the ribbon, and to get each stitch neither loose enough to sag nor tight enough to be puckered.

The flower centres can be made in several ways. In the doyley (Fig. 1) a French knot in yellow silk was made to serve; but in this sample small fancy sequins of various colours are used, and each is held down with a white crystal bead.

The leaves deserve special mention, being made of the new crinkled ribbon, which is very much softer and also slightly narrower than the plain makes. Further, the leaves are not here as elsewhere indicated each by one stitch, but are formed of straight stitches, sloping on each side of a centre line and made of more than one shade of green ribbon. The paler ribbon should be used towards the tip of the leaf.

The crinkled ribbons are seen again in the large leaf above and towards the left side. Here pale green is used on one side of the centre silk-embroidered stem and darker green on the

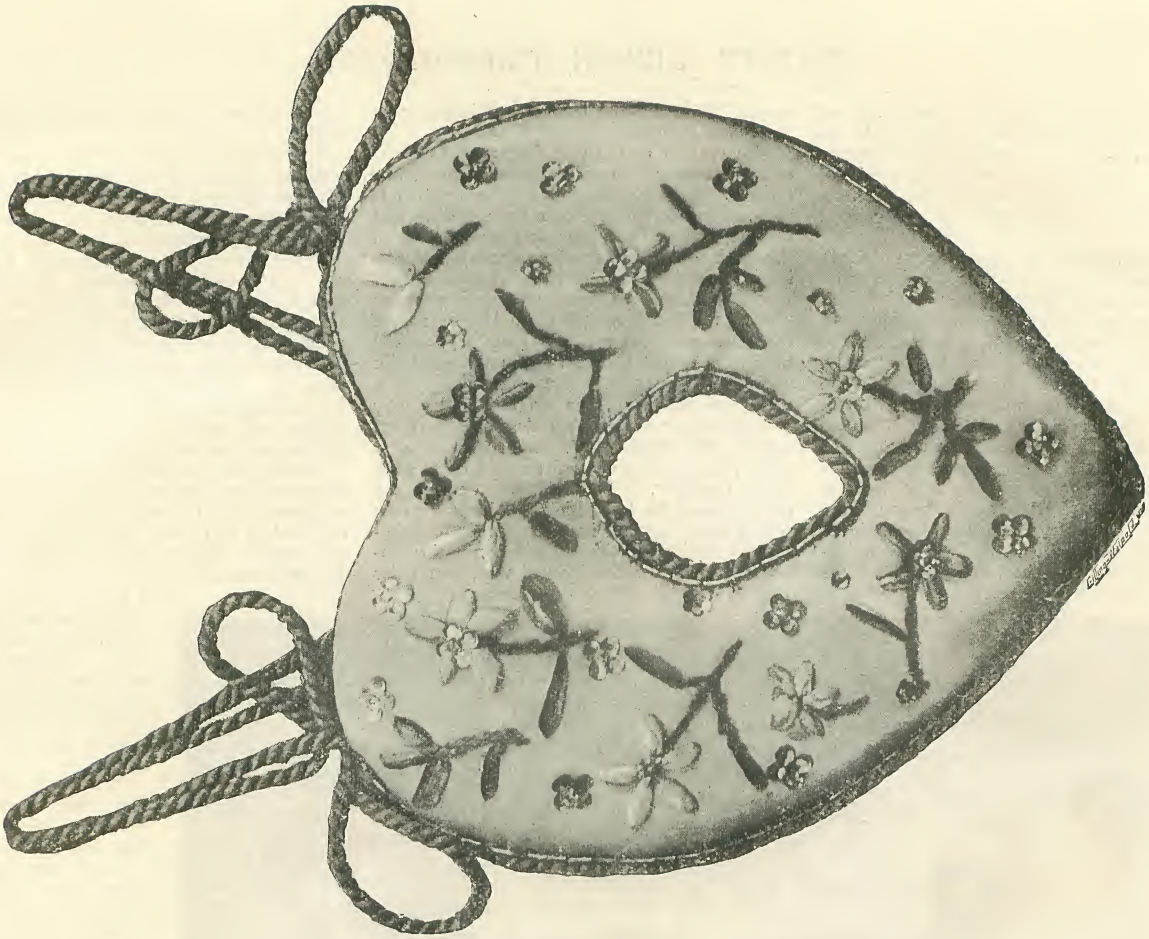


FIG. 3.



FIG. 2.

other, each leaflet being composed of a single chain stitch caught down at the tip by a shorter stitch. The other examples here call for no special comment. They are of various colours of delicately shaded ribbons (some Swiss, others French), and chiefly noticeable for their size and form.

The number of petals ranges from four to six, and in the lower left-hand corner is a "bud" with three shaded heliotrope petals and two green ribbon stitches below to serve as calyx.

As an example of how these single sprays can be used the heart-shaped miniature frame in Fig. 3 should be consulted. It measures four inches in depth by nearly four inches across the widest part. These dimensions should be indicated on a piece of good satin: heliotrope was the colour of that here used, and the place for the sprays should be marked out with due allowance for the central space.

It is always easiest to do ribbon-work in a frame, and it is further advisable to back the satin with soft linen. This done, the embroidery is quickly executed, the leaves and petals being first duly padded and the ribbons used in covering the cotton stitches being of various colours.

The flowers have sequin centres, and these glittering trifles of differing shapes and colours are also scattered about the background.

To make up the embroidery when freed from the frame, trim it to the size proposed and cut the centre hole. Take two pieces of stout card, the size to serve for the foundation, and cover one on both sides with silk or satin. Cut a central hole in the second section and cover it on one side with a lining silk, on the other with wadding, then with the embroidery.

Take especial care to get the space in the middle accurate and neat, and surround it with a band of silk heliotrope cord and one of tinsel.

Stitch the two heart-shaped sections firmly together, except down one side, where space must be left for the insertion of the miniature. Lastly, edge the whole with cord and tinsel, and arrange full rings and a suspension loop of the former material at the top of the frame.



FIG. 4.

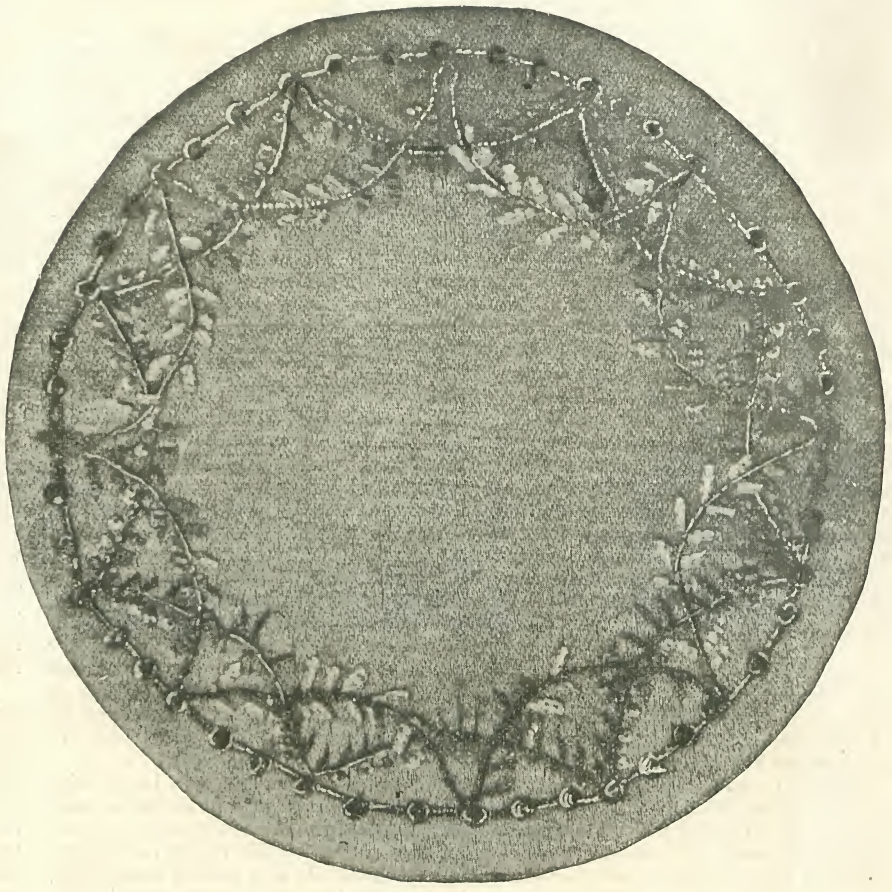


FIG. 5.

In Fig. 4 is some rosette ribbon-work, such as is now sent out by the Decorative Needlework Society (Sloane Street). A black and white illustration gives but a poor idea of the delicate shading of the embroidery, wherein the topmost rose is of delicately shaded pink ribbons, another is crimson lined with pink, and the third white tipped with pink shading to red. The ribbons are made up into rosettes somewhat as when making the roses for Fig. 1, but they are drawn up less tightly, the ribbon forming the outer circle of petals being caught down in a ring, leaving a small circle of satin uncovered in the middle; the succeeding frills are gradually made close so as to finally conceal this space, while, to keep all in place is a "rose-heart" of green and yellow stitching. For each leaf several stitches of shaded green ribbons are used, and the whole is on a background of white satin.

In daintiness the fifth and last illustration closely rivals this delicate rosette-work. This design for a miniature-frame or *bonbonnière*-lid is traced out upon rich satin with fine but bright gold tinsel. Round the extreme edge this is used double and has tiny copper-red sequins caught down to it at intervals. Some of the wreaths show delicate stitches of tinsel, suggesting leaves carried all along the stem, but the larger and more prominent leaflets are formed by stitches of crinkled ribbon. On each wreath the colour of the ribbon is all pink or all blue, these tints being used alternately (four sprays worked in each), and more than one shade is seen in each spray, where, whether it be pink or blue, there is not merely the same number of stitches (leaves) as in all the others, but the shading of the ribbon composing these is graduated in exactly the same positions in each. As a finishing touch, extremely minute blue sequins outline the inner curve of all those wreaths, which, on the outer curves, have tinsel stitches for leaflets.

Work such as this is a speciality of the firm mentioned, and is remarkable for careful workmanship, good materials, and attention to detail. Yet, withal, it is not so difficult but that a reasonably skilful girl should be able to execute it, there being many designs procurable, all pretty and suitable for the purposes for which they are severally intended.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.



CHAPTER III.

It was a curious revolution of the wheel of fate that turned Boscombe Hall into paradise for two people in the course of the following week. One was David Russell and the other Deborah. For David fell head over ears in love, as might be expected, with Miss Laing, who allowed him to linger by her side morning, noon and night, accepting his very self-evident and honest admiration with the same calm indifference with which she appropriated Deborah's devotion. She neither encouraged nor repulsed him. She listened, rather than talked, was the quiet recipient of all the young fellow's hopes and fears, and looked sympathetic, without being so.

David was by far too honourable a young fellow to seek to bind this beautiful girl of eighteen into any promise of marrying him. He knew that at present he had nothing to offer her but his honest young heart, but he told her of his prospects, of the good opening that was before him, should he prove one of the successful candidates in the Indian Civil Service, of his determination to make his way in the world, and of the hope of one day having a home of his own.

"I may be out there for years, you know," he faltered during one of these talks, "but if I come home, may I come and see you? Shall you mind if I've turned yellow?"

"I think I shall; I like you best as you are," answered Miss Laing, turning her great eyes on him for a moment, a reply which positively set every pulse in David's body tingling, and yet when he came to digest the sentiment there was not a grain of encouragement in it, not a vestige of hope for the future.

Deborah's paradise was of a different and safer order. It was the realisation of a strange and bewildering novelty that had dawned upon her life. Before, the days had passed in the same routine, and the child had found her amusement in watching those about her; every day of this memorable week brought some startling novelty with it, and the prime promoter of this delightful state of things was David Russell. Sometimes he would go off to the nearest town and bring her back a toy or a picture book, at another he would take her for a walk; one never to be forgotten afternoon was spent with him and Miss Laing in the woods, and it became an established right that she should fetch him out every evening for a game of hide and seek before she went off to bed. It was no wonder that she adored him. It was too happy a state of things to last, and it broke up all in a moment, like an American summer.

The week was coming to a close, and David in his infatuation had almost decided to stay for another when, coming from a long and rapturous morning in the garden, he found a stranger at the luncheon table; no stranger alas! to Miss Laing, who accorded the newcomer, a young and rising barrister, a smiling reception.

"I had a few days to spare, and I thought I would come and look you up," he said, with the air of a conscious favourite. "I can stay for a week if Mrs. Menzies will be good enough to take me in."

"Delighted I'm sure, and I daresay you and Mr. Russell—may I introduce you to each other? Mr. Dayrell, Mr. Russell—will go out together sometimes. I'm afraid it has been dull for him with no companions this week."

The two young men glared at each other, like knights at a tournament. Mr. Dayrell had caught sight of the reclining figure by Miss Laing's easel as he came up the drive. They mutually acknowledged the introduction, however, by a bow.

"Thank you," said David, turning politely to his hostess, "but I am afraid I shall have to be moving on, not that I have been dull. I have seldom spent a more delightful week."

The statement sounded almost like a challenge to the young man opposite, and if David had hoped that the announcement of his near departure would extort even an unspoken protest from Miss Laing he was doomed to disappointment. She kept her eyes on her plate and did not even look at him.

He gulped down his own lunch with mingled feelings of mortification and anger. Did not she really care a straw for him, when he felt ready to live and die for her? It was almost maddening that when the meal was ended, Mr. Dayrell took up his position by Miss Laing's side as if it belonged to him by right, and presently the pair disappeared down the garden, and David was too much of a gentleman to follow. Instead he went back disconsolately into the hall.

Deborah came slowly down the stairs, one step at a time. She quickened her steps to a run when she caught sight of her friend.

"Where are you going? Can't I come too?" entreatingly.

"Yes, Deborah. I want you very much, for I'm going away to-morrow."

Deborah's pale face turned positively a shade paler.

"You said—you said—that perhaps you'd stop another week; I heard you tell Miss Laing so this morning," she stammered.

"Yes, little one, but everybody may change their mind, you know, and I've changed mine. I'm going to-morrow. One can't play all one's life, and my game is ended."

Deborah was a child of curious self-control, but a knot climbed into her throat, and David saw it climb, and was comforted that even a little child should dread his leaving.

"But we will have a jolly afternoon together, you and I. Just run up-stairs quickly and get your hat, and ask mother if you may come out with me for an hour or two."

The proposition was so delightful that Deborah forgot the impending sorrow in the present joy.

She trotted off by David's side in high content, and if her legs ached before they reached Hailstone she would have died sooner than own it. David's destination was a toy-shop and he demanded dolls to look at, the most beautiful ones in the shop.

They were laid out in a row before Deborah, and then David told her to choose the one she liked best and sauntered off to the window. His eyes followed dreamily the things that passed to and fro in the street; his thoughts unwittingly went back to Miss Laing. Was that beast Dayrell lying by her on the grass whilst she painted, as he himself had done that morning, he wondered bitterly? Poor lad! he was too sick at heart to be reasonable. His meditations were disturbed by a little hand laid gently on his arm.

"You must help me choose, please. There is not one quite as pretty as she is, but this one's got lots of hair, and shuts her eyes with a click."

"That's a great recommendation," said David rousing himself. "Let's have a look at her. Yes, she's got a jolly wig," but there in common truthfulness David's praise stopped short. The beady eyes with lashes painted on the highly-coloured face did not in the least remind him of the soft beauty of Miss Laing's eyes, but even this faintly expressed approval was enough for Deborah.

"This one, please," she said, handing the doll under discussion to the shop-keeper, and shortly after she emerged into the street with the silver-papered parcel held close to her beating heart. It required open air and daylight to help her to realise the value and beauty of her new possession.

David's vanishing hopes revived a little that evening when Miss Laing suffered him to seat himself by her for a minute or two on the sofa.

"You are an impulsive man! I wonder why you decided to leave so suddenly. I suppose you want to know the result of your examination?"

"Do you really want to know what makes me run away?" blurted David, colouring to the roots of his hair. "Shall I tell you? May I?"

"I think I can guess," Miss Laing answered, with a soft little laugh. "I believe you are running away from—

Deborah. The devotion you have aroused in the child's heart can only be accounted for by the shameful way in which you have bribed her with presents and attentions. She has gone to sleep with that new doll in her arms and tears on her face. You have quite eclipsed me in her affections." So David's expression of his hopeless passion was averted.

He told himself that he was glad of it the next morning when he marched away, with his knapsack on his back, and a lump in his throat. He had not even told Miss Laing when he bade her good-bye that he hoped to meet her again.

"But I will; I should have been a mean hound to say anything to her now, but I'll come back some day unless—unless—Dayrell wins her," he said, aloud.

Then he turned in the drive to see if he could catch one last glimpse of his love. She was walking slowly down the lawn with Dayrell at her side carrying her easel. She was too busily engaged in conversation to notice that he had turned to wave his hand, but from the topmost attic of the house a little white handkerchief fluttered. Deborah was standing at the open window to catch a farewell view of her friend. Apparently he was not going to turn back and see her, but yes! he was looking now and was taking off his hat to her as if she were grown up, like Miss Laing, and the joy of that thought kept back her tears until he was fairly out of sight. Then with a smothered sob Deborah caught up her doll in her arms and made her way to the dell, but she was seized with a feeling of desolation and loneliness that was new to her. The fir-cones lay by her side and she swayed the doll to and fro on her lap. She could find no solace in her game of visitors. What fir-cone could fitly represent her departed friend?

"I shan't play it any more. I think I'll bury them," she said. She often talked aloud in her solitary games, so, one by one, the fir-cones were laid to rest under the moss, and a little bit of stick was stuck by each to mark its resting place. After all this new game was very exciting, and she would come every day and put flowers on the graves of her departed playmates.

"And I shall always keep you, my pretty," she said, lifting up her doll with a tender hug, "and I shall call you Miss Laing."

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

MATILDA.—Your nose gets red because you drink tea and other indigestible drinks. The offensive breath is also a common symptom of indigestion, especially when tea-drinking is the cause. Give up all indigestible food and attend carefully to your digestion. You will find further information on this subject in the Answers to Correspondents for the last three months. Never take any drugs if you can help it. You would be surprised at the large number of people, especially girls, who ruin their digestions by taking useless and what they think are harmless medicines! What do you want "cooling medicines" for? For offensive breath? for indigestion? or for a red nose? And what do you mean by "cooling medicines?" We have never yet met with such things, though we hear plentifully about them.

SELMA.—It is an almost proverbial fact that the hair falls out during times of great worry and anxiety. After severe illnesses the hair very frequently falls, but we believe that in these cases the hair invariably returns. Premature greyness is very near akin to hair falling, and for all practical purposes it may be considered as part of the same condition. You should use a stimulating lotion containing rosemary or jaborandi. Do not use a hair-dye if you can help it. See what can be done by other means first.

AN EIGHT YEARS' READER.—Excessive expectoration is undoubtedly a symptom met with in consumption; but it is also a symptom of every disease of the lung, and of nearly every affection of the throat. You say that you have this excessive expectoration and shortness of breath, and you ask us whether these symptoms are due to consumption, and if it would be advisable to have your chest examined. It is possible that you have got phthisis. The other information that you give us, especially the point about your taking your food well, is against it. Yes, it is decidedly necessary to have your chest examined; for if you have got consumption it will be in an early stage, and the cure of this malady can only be accomplished during the earlier stages. If, as is probable, you have not got consumption, it will be an immense relief to you to hear this for certain.

THE GIRL CYCLIST.—1. "Can you tell me the cause of one's face becoming red and burning just after tea? I cannot think what it can be." Surely, you cannot have thought very deeply! Did it never strike you that the tea was the cause? Such is the case, and if you object to have a red and burning face you must give up tea.—2. What do you mean by cycling "a lot"? There is no objection to any girl cycling in moderation, but it is very harmful to over-fatigue yourself.

A. F. B.—We really cannot go on answering questions about "red noses" *ad infinitum*. Read the answer to "Matilda," and to the very many others who have asked this question before.

HOLLY.—To cure boils. If they have come to "a head," apply boracic fomentations. These may be made by folding a piece of flannel four times and wringing it out in very hot solution of boracic acid (1 in 40), cover with oil-silk and wadding, and renew frequently. When the boil has burst, dust it thickly with powdered boracic acid. For "blind boils" boracic ointment may be applied. If boils are thoroughly treated in this way they will not return. No internal treatment is necessary, nor indeed is it of any avail in ordinary cases.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

SPECULATION.—A correspondent, "Rosa," suggests that the poem of which you are in search with the line

"I dreamt I was an omnibus"

may be taken from "Sylvie and Bruno," by the late Lewis Carroll.

ROSA.—Many thanks for the letter quoted above. We think the discovery of the coin most interesting, and recommend your father to send an exact sketch and description, if not the coin itself, to the authorities of the British Museum, who would no doubt at once give him the information he needs. There are many wonderful Roman remains in your town, and the very address your letter bears is significant of antiquity.

WINNIE.—1. Your quotation,

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"

is from a poem by Thomas Haynes Bayly (1797–1839), entitled "Isle of Beauty." The couplet runs:—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!"

The same author, now little known, wrote the words of several songs once familiar, *e.g.*, "I'd be a butterfly born in a bower," "Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar," "She wore a wreath of roses."—2. Your writing is clear, legible, and neat; but in our opinion it is spoiled by the downward sweep of the tail of your final letters, which always has a feeble appearance.

RUBY.—1. It is a very odd coincidence that you also should ask for the same quotation—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Read our answer to "Winnie."—2. The couplet

"Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together"

is from a poem, "The Passionate Pilgrim," by Shakespeare.

DOREEN.—We can never undertake to answer a question "in the next issue of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER," because we go to press long before you receive your magazine. Your extract—

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing"—

is from Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn": Third Evening: Theologian's Second Tale, Elizabeth, Part iv.

JOEY.—The sketch you enclose is very good, and shows that you have talent. We cannot of course tell how far it is like the original; but we think you ought to have good teaching.

LINA.—1. We have noticed your letter below. Your writing is very legible, but we cannot tell you that it is good. It is too cramped, stiff, and small, and has no flow or freedom about it; it looks as though you scratched, rather than wrote, with the edge of your pen.—2. The idea in calling our magazine THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is that it belongs to each individual girl, which idea is emphasized by the use of the word *own*.

FLORENCE A. JEFFERY (New York).—We are glad your father thinks our magazine is "like a breath of the air of England." To what Scholarship Examination do you refer? We would gladly give you any information within our power. We insert your request under "International Correspondence."

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

GERMAN CLARA writes from Hamburg to suggest to ROSEBUD that "The Doctor's Fee" is a story by Mrs. Linnæus Banks, and is contained in vol. vi. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; the full title being "The Dutch Orphans; or, The Doctor's Fee."

MISS MAY CONNELL, Danby Wiske Rectory, Northallerton, kindly writes: "In answer to LENA'S query, I beg to say that 'How Five (not three) Bachelors Kept House' is in *Readings for Winter Gatherings, Temperance and Mothers' Meetings*, etc., Second Series, published by the Religious Tract Society, price one shilling."

ETHEL RIMMER inquires if the poem by Christina Rossetti, beginning—

"When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me"

has been set to music, and if so, by whom. She asks the same question respecting another poem, the first lines of which are—

"Once when the sun in slowly dying splendour
Sank, sending crimson smiles across the sea."

Can any one respond to these inquiries, saying also whether the songs are for soprano or alto?

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

We have six offers of correspondence with LYS DE FRANCE—from (in each case Miss) Janet A. Caldwell, Hill House, Loughborough, Leicestershire (aged 16); Edith C. Powell, 11, Medomsley Road, Consett, Durham; Bertha Millbanke, Shoeburyness, Essex; Anna B. George, Sydney House, St. John's, Worcester (aged 16); Elsie S. Stevenson, Rosehill, Kilmarnock, N.B. (aged 15); Bessie Bagshaw, 35, Queen's Road, Alexandra Park, Oldham. Doubtless LYS DE FRANCE will feel a little perplexed among all these candidates, and we should advise her to try the first on the list. Perhaps some other French girls will select correspondents from the remainder.

WHITE HEATHER had better ask her pupil, Willie Taplin, to write immediately to one of the French boys whose request we lately inserted. The address formerly given is sufficient—Lycée, Rochefort, Charente-Inférieure, France.

HELEN PURVES, aged 15, would like to correspond with a French girl about the same age. The address is Beningbrough, Brampton, Huntingdon.

MISS PEARSON, Rathforker, Donegal, Ireland, would like a French or a German lady of from 20 to 30 years of age, as correspondent.

We have a pleasant letter from LINA telling us of the French and German correspondents gained by her and her two elder sisters through the medium of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. She says: "Allow me to thank you very much for the good that the International Correspondence is doing to my knowledge of French."

FLORENCE A. JEFFERY, 848, Columbus Avenue, New York City, U.S.A., would like an English girl correspondent of about her own age (18). She says that her letters would be full of the war in which the Americans are engaged. But as this announcement cannot appear till some weeks after we are writing it, let us hope that the war will be at an end before our amateur War Correspondent receives a reply. We think the idea of English and American intercorrespondence is an excellent one.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAY.—As you cannot play the piano nor have patience to learn, and you do not appear to be a performer on any musical instrument, we do not think that you could dispense with a master for the mandoline, at least you would require a few lessons. Your learning to spell correctly is far more desirable than playing a mandoline. The spots on the skin of which you complain may arise from poorness of blood.

L. B.—Probably we can do no better than put you in communication with Miss Mason, Bessels House, Bessels Green, Sevenoaks, Kent. Terms for board, etc., 15s. a week, four meals a day provided. As the accommodation afforded in this "Home of Rest" is rather limited, you should make an engagement early, sending a stamped envelope. Reduced railway fare for a month, from London Bridge or Charing Cross, 2s. 6d. The Home stands in a large garden, at a little more than a mile's distance from the Sevenoaks station, and which is at an hour's distance from town, South Eastern line.

MARJORY.—The phrase "born in the purple" generally means to be of royal birth. On the accession of Julius Cæsar a law was passed prohibiting any private individual to wear that colour. As a royal colour we find a mention of it in the Book of Judges, viii. 26, "purple raiment that was on the kings of Midian," and when our Lord was attired in mockery as a king, they put a purple robe upon Him. Mordecai was clothed in a garment of purple, and permission for its use was a mark of special honour to the recipient. The great and the wealthy alone could wear it because of the costly nature of the dye. The little shell fish found in the Mediterranean called the *Murex*, produced very small quantities of what the ancients employed to produce the "Tyrian purple." In the time of Cicero, wool, double-dyed with this secretion from the *Murex*, cost 1000 *denarii* for a pound weight, equal to about £35 of our money—such numbers of the fish had to be obtained to dye a very small quantity of wool. It was punishable with death among some ancient nations to wear purple, excepting only the king or the supreme judges. You may remember that one of the early Christians of Thyatira, Lydia, was "a seller of purple"—a costly manufacture.

NEW READER.—When the housemaid has to call a gentleman visitor in the morning she should knock at the door till she receives an answer. The boots or shoes left outside the night before should be replaced there, together with the hot water, and the coats or trousers hung across the back of a chair after having been brushed. But if there be a valet, or other manservant in the house, he should take in all these things, open the shutters and do all else required. If the visitor be a lady, the housemaid should knock, and on receiving a reply, should take in the water, shoes and brushed dress, or fetch out the latter and return with it shortly. She should open shutters, empty and rinse the basins, and inquire whether she can do anything further.

COOK.—We do not know how milk may be protected from the effects of a thunderstorm. We think a small bowl might be closely shut up, as the sugar in it turns to lactic acid from the electricity in the atmosphere, which renders it unfit for children. Indeed it is so some time before it turns sour. Milk should be kept at a temperature not exceeding 65 degrees, and to destroy all dangerous germs boiling is the only method. Filtering is by no means effectual.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—The difference between the Irish and Welsh harps consisted chiefly in the strings. The former, like the more ancient examples, were strung with wire, and the latter with cat-gut. The most ancient existing is that of the Irish King, Brian Boroimhe, now in the College Museum of Dublin. It was given to Pope John XVIII., with the Crown and Regalia of his father by Donagh, son of the former, to purchase absolution for the murder of his brother Teig. The harp was given by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII., and passed through many hands till deposited in the museum in 1782. The Welsh harp had twenty-eight strings in the sixth century. Pedals were invented in the year 1720. All particulars as to prices you could obtain at the Harp Warehouse in New Oxford Street, W.C.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—It is quite true that there has been a revival of taste for the works of Robert Burns, and the price of the original edition has risen in a wonderful way. It is quite true also that a copy of the edition published at Kilmarnock (612 copies) in 1786, at 3s. a volume, fetched £90 in 1880, sold out of Dr. Lang's collection. The edition was all bought up in a month after first publication; it fetched a guinea in 1832, £17 in 1871, £38 10s. in 1876, £68 in 1887, and rose again in price the following year to £86. The last price obtained for an original copy does certainly appear fabulous, but we have no reason to doubt the fact.

SPRINGTIME.—Sandals would have to be made to order, if for children; for a man, they can be had at a fancy-dress *costumier's*.

WORRIED ONE.—To bake cakes experience is required. If you get a piece of tin and lay it on the floor of the gas stove, and place the greased paper on that, the cakes would not be burnt. Probably the heat is too great, and you should be content with less heat, and slower baking. Perhaps the bottom of the stove is worn out, or worn too thin.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement, will be inserted.

LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—A series of articles will be given in our next volume on the marks distinguishing the firms and countries where porcelain is produced. There are several small publications on the subject; but the most comprehensive is that by Chaffers, which includes the pottery manufactures at home and abroad. There is a book having reference to old furniture, and is by V. le Duc. You had better inquire for it at a library.

CONSTANT READER and E. C. (Bath).—To make a dough-nut, take half a cupful of butter, one of finely powdered sugar, two eggs, half a cupful of sour milk or cream, and half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, a little ground nutmeg and cinnamon, and sufficient flour to roll out into a soft dough. Form the paste into twists or balls, and fry them in boiling lard until of a golden-brown colour.

QUEENIE.—Certainly, the use of curling-irons must be injurious to the hair, because it dries up the natural oil, and the pressure, especially under the action of heat, must tend to break it and to split it at the ends. The use of curling-paper would not have an injurious effect, provided that there were no strain on the roots.

NORFOLK SCHOOLGIRL.—In the first phrase the tense is wrong. The preterpluperfect should be employed, viz., "When I wrote that letter I had not had the pleasure of hearing his sentiments" (or becoming acquainted with his sentiments). The second phrase is badly expressed, and would read better thus—"I am so old-fashioned as to dislike our cook's habit of cooking without a cap." We should say that it needs not to be "old-fashioned" to object to so uncleanly a habit. A *chef de cuisine* always wears a white cap, and so do bakers and pastrycooks.

D. D.—It is said that travelling by electric tramcars does tend to injure a watch, and this constitutes a serious objection to the use of the new horseless cabs and carriages. Whether the process of injury be a slow one, or how soon an effect would be perceptible, we have not as yet ascertained; but it is a fact known to the great watchmakers for some eight or ten years past, and it is said that they have been on a quest for some material of which to make springs which will prove uninfluenced by magnetic action. One substance that might be substituted for steel is glass, and possibly has been already employed.

"CONSTANT READER" (Paris).—You could not go to a nicer seaside place in South Wales than Tenby. There are chalybeate springs there of a tonic character, and being not far from Pembroke, there are pleasant excursions to be made to the old castle there, and *en route* to Carew Castle, also to that of Manorbier. There are also extensive sands and bathing, and you could visit the Milford shipbuilding docks. Your best plan would be to go to an hotel for the night, and look for lodgings or a boarding-house the next day. On this side of the Severn there is Ilfracombe (North Devon) facing west and just at the entrance of the Bristol Channel. There the air is bracing. There are many charming places within a walk, and pleasant for a picnic and sketching excursion. The bathing arrangements are not good, as the place suitable for it is reached through a tunnel, and there are eddies a little way out which are dangerous for swimmers.

MOTHER.—You would do well to keep the nails of the child very short, and procure some quassia from a drug-store with which to wet the finger-tips. Should this fail to break the habit of biting them, tie on a pair of old dark leather gloves, and do not remove them except for washing.

READER OF THE "G. O. P."—If your gloves be so much shrunk, we can only advise you to give them to someone with a smaller hand. They might be worn by a child.

ALPENROSE.—1. "Turck's Medium" can be had at any artists' colourman's shop, of which you will find one in the Quadrant, Regent Street, and in Oxford Street, close to Hanover Square, W.—2. Respecting your MS., the Editor's answer will be given shortly.

DOLLY inquires why a cat should go by the nickname "puss." We do not know the origin of its application to a cat; but to a hare it may be explained. To arrive at this, we must refer back to a time shortly after the Norman Conquest. The upper classes then spoke a mixture of Latin and Norman French; and the Latin name of the hare is *lepus*, corrupted into *le puss*, and the article *le* being soon dropped, the name "puss" remained.

W. J. E.—1. There is a handbook on *Model Yachts and Boats*, by J. du V. Grosvenor, of which a good notice was given in the *Graphic*. It treats of their "design, making and sailing." (Gill, 70, Strand, W.C.)—2. All Indian stamps are required for the Indian department of a stamp-collection book.

FAITH.—Far be it from us to deny the power of "the prayer of Faith." But never forget that our prayers must be "according to His will," see 1 St. John v. 14. No promise has ever been made in reference to the stature of a man or woman, and your sister is ignorant in thinking that a miracle would be wrought in such a cause. At twenty-one full stature has been attained in the ordinary course of nature. The probable cause of the greater stature attained by the aristocracy, and their finer physique, as a rule, is that they have inherited better constitutions and lived under more favourable conditions of life. The wide-spread habit of drunkenness prevailing in the lower ranks of life naturally promotes disease, and dwarfs their children; pauper marriages, crowding together in cheap lodging-houses, and the destructive habit of marrying too early, are all sources of deterioration in the so-called working class.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART XI.

KENT.

WHEN we consider the vast importance of Kent as a county, containing the ecclesiastical metropolis of England and the seat of the archbishop of the southern province of this country and its two most ancient episcopal sees, when we know that it has always been the high road to the Continent and so rich in agriculture as to have received the appellation of "the Garden of England," full of large villages and towns, with pilgrimage ways, important abbeys, castles, and manors—one is naturally led to expect that the parish churches would yield to none in this country in splendour and size. Now although the Kentish churches are remarkably interesting and many of them valuable examples, especially on account of their antiquity, yet if we except the two cathedrals there are none which could be called either grand or magnificent, and it is a curious fact that the smaller churches are far more interesting and beautiful than the larger ones. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the large churches are really small churches enlarged from time to time, showing that the villages and towns increased slowly in point of population—just the reverse of what took place in Norfolk and Suffolk, where at the commencement of the fifteenth century manufacturing industries caused a great influx of inhabitants from other counties, and thus the small old churches had to be rebuilt entirely upon a much grander scale.

If we look at such churches as Margate, St. Lawrence, St. Clement's, or St. Peter's, Sandwich, we shall notice that although they cover a large space of ground they are so exceedingly low that they have little grandeur



LYMINGE, KENT.

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of effect, and a further examination will show that they have been increased in width and length over and over again, but no addition has been made to the height; and if we compare the beautiful little churches of Patricksbourne, the Hospital Church at Harbledown, Barfreston, etc., we shall see that these small churches, which are beautifully proportioned, are quite as lofty as the large churches. Where, as was the case at Chartham and Wingham, the churches were rebuilt in the fourteenth century, the height is in better keeping with the length and width. Unfortunately, the monastic churches in Kent have for the most part disappeared; probably when they were perfect the county would have held its own against others as a field for the study of ecclesiastical architecture. However, we are considering in these articles rather the parochial churches and their towers as showing the condition of the people, and must therefore only refer to monastic churches where they throw some special light upon the question. Now with regard to the towers of the Kentish churches, we notice at once a peculiarity which is very remarkable: as a rule they are very broad and massive, but are scarcely ever lofty. The early examples are adorned with arcades and are fairly elaborate; they were, and some still are, capped with low wooden spires covered with lead or shingles of stone, but most frequently with wood shingles; a shingle is a small thin slab nailed on to the framework like a slate. There are no stone spires in the county. It cannot be denied that the Kentish towers are very striking, but they often look like buildings erected for purposes of defence: no doubt to a certain extent this was the case, as the county was particularly exposed to invasion from its extensive coast line. Though, however, the appearance of a castellated structure is common to so many Kentish church towers, the details are generally elegant and refined, showing a high state of civilisation. The example which we illustrate from a sketch carefully made on the spot is that of Lyminge, and it is certainly a very characteristic specimen of a Kentish tower.

Of course there is one remarkable exception, and that is the stately central tower of the cathedral at Canterbury: this is undoubtedly one of the most graceful towers ever erected, and is a masterpiece of exquisite proportion; it has, however, no local character about it, and seems far more akin to the towers of Gloucestershire and Worcestershire than those of Kent.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE next few months did not pass very happily for Beattie. She was rather restless and unsettled. She neither heard nor saw anything of Mr. Musgrove. He had theories of life which she could not understand. His proposal had been one of the rare occasions when he had acted on impulse. The result had chilled his unwonted ardour, and he would not give himself the chance of again losing his self-control. Beattie had said, "wait a year;" very well. If at the end of that time there was a possibility of ultimate rejection the less he saw of her the better. At any rate he did not care to be at her mercy under the circumstances in which he found himself at Crabsley. Beattie's power over him was exercised far more when he was with her than in absence; for the sort of fascination she possessed was due to her personal attractiveness. He knew he could not long be offended with her if he remained in her society. He had taken his holiday in Norway, but Beattie knew that he was in London again as soon as she herself.

Mrs. Swannington had had a chill, the result of which had been to bring on an indisposition that made her for a wonder irritable and fractious. She had not yet forgiven Beattie, and on the girl she now vented the ill-humour, for which she was not entirely responsible, but which she made no attempt to restrain. She had to lie down several hours each day, and she took it amiss if her niece did not keep her company for the greater part of the time. Beattie, who hated inaction, and felt it more keenly after the free outdoor life she had just quitted, was, though naturally sweet-tempered, sometimes rather cross towards the end of this confinement, and did not always meet her unkind remarks in the cheerful and forgiving spirit which she would otherwise have shown. And as Aunt Ella was not a person who could bear to be contradicted, there were occasional little quarrels which did neither of them any good, and tended to widen the barrier which had imperceptibly begun to separate them. Mrs. Swannington turned for protection and sympathy to her husband. She was not able to throw off any little annoyances as she would have done if she had been well and could divert herself with the usual distractions, and so she made much of trifles, and brooded on them, and when Mr. Swannington came home he was bound to hear complaints of his niece. He dared not side with her, for the only occasion on which he did so, or rather laughed and tried to make light of Beattie's offence, Mrs. Swannington got into such a state that he resolved never to waver in his allegiance again. He realised, as he had not hitherto done, his wife's capacity for jealousy, and he loved his own peace and comfort far too well to risk rousing it. So poor Beattie began to feel more and more that she was an outsider in her home, and to dread lest the happy times were over.

But even so she had far too much spirit to marry Cecil or anyone else, because she was not quite as comfortable as she had been. Only she found herself getting fonder of him. Unlike him, absence increased rather than decreased her liking. She began to idealise him, to forget anything in him that dissatisfied her, and to dwell upon that which pleased her. But what chiefly drew her to him was the fear lest she had made him suffer, lest in her ignorance she had underrated his affection for herself. Her aunt and uncle (and the words of the latter had much weight with her) had both expressed their belief in his love. And Beattie had not realised that in refusing to regard him yet as her future husband she would immediately lose touch with him in the way she had done. She began to regard the affair from his (imaginary) point of view, and as just then she had more time for dreaming and speculating on the matter than was good for her, she found her own gradually changing.

Mrs. Gilman was also an unconscious agent in guiding Beattie's mind.

Beattie called there one day to take a doll she had been dressing for Eva. She had seen it in a shop, and thought it like the little girl herself, and had had the idea of dressing it in clothes exactly like those which Eva was wearing that autumn. Eva was greatly delighted, and Mrs. Gilman, who was drawn to anyone who was kind to her child, insisted on Beattie, after she had a promised game with the little girl, spending the evening with herself. She sent a message to Mrs. Swannington, and Beattie, who had left a somewhat stormy atmosphere, was not loth to accept her invitation.

Beattie was not the sort of person who cared to air her grievances, but there was a subject on which she found herself speaking. A day or two ago Norah Gilman had written to her and asked her to spend a little time with her. Beattie, glad at the prospect of a change, had eagerly carried the letter to her aunt and asked permission to go to her friend. To her surprise Mrs. Swannington at once and firmly refused her consent, giving no reason except that she did not wish it. The refusal seemed to Beattie very arbitrary. She had no engagements. There was no cause that could possibly be alleged unless it were the state of her aunt's health, which would probably be better when the time came for going. It had been understood that this visit would one day take place, and Mrs. Swannington had always professed to rather approve of the friendship between the girls.

She was much irritated by Beattie's persistency in desiring reasons.

"I wish the invitation refused, and that is enough," she said. "If you do not mean to obey me you had better not remain under my care."

Ordinarily Mrs. Swannington would have had no objection whatever to Beattie's accepting it. But she knew that Norah's home was also that of the Anstruthers. She could not be certain that Michael had returned to Paris, and if he and Beattie met who knew what complications would arise? Not that

Mrs. Swannington any longer had the same aversion to their union. She began to wish she had let things alone at the beginning, since she had occasional doubts as to whether Mr. Musgrove would ever now become Beattie's husband. But what she did fear was what disclosures might take place as to her own part in the affair. Beattie knew neither of Mike's first proposal nor his subsequent renewal of it. Also if Mike discovered that Mrs. Swannington had lied to him it would not be exactly pleasant for herself. But what she chiefly feared was that, even if there were yet any likelihood of Musgrove again proposing to Beattie she would again refuse him should Mike have gained any hold over her; whereas by keeping them apart and by making her own home unpleasant for Beattie the latter would most likely be glad enough to accept Cecil. And then all would yet be as she desired. Her only uneasiness was lest, as he showed himself not too well pleased with the state of affairs, Cecil Musgrove should stay away till he had lost interest in Beattie; or worse still, lest he should hear what she had done, and for that reason keep his distance.

But Beattie could not be expected to know all the workings of her aunt's mind, and accordingly she did not take her refusal very meekly.

"I am very disappointed," she said to Mrs. Gilman.

"And so I am sure will Norah be. But still, you must, of course, do as your aunt wishes. There may be other opportunities."

"I can't see what reason she can have for keeping me away though."

Mrs. Gilman was a woman who made a point of attributing kind motives.

"I expect, dear, it isn't that she wants to keep you away from Norah, but near herself. Besides," she added, smiling, still well-intentioned, though not particularly wise, "I don't think Norah is the only person who is fond of you. I rather believe, for I have been taken partly into confidence, there is some one nearer home who cares in a different way from Norah, and Mrs. Swannington may think it well not to send you away on visits just now."

Mrs. Gilman meant that she had been taken into Mrs. Swannington's confidence during the summer, but Beattie understood her to mean Cecil's. She found herself blushing crimson.

"Mrs. Gilman," she said impulsively, "do you think people can always tell before marriage whether they are likely to be well suited to one another?"

"Dear me, no," said Mrs. Gilman, airily, "or how is it they make so many mistakes? But as for you, Beattie, you are so easy to get on with that anyone could live happily with you. And I don't think you are hard to please, either."

Beattie was silent.

"We must not mention names," said Mrs. Gilman, "but I heard someone who is a very good judge of character say that you had the most charming disposition he had ever met. Only, if anything, you were too guileless."

"I should like to know what that means?" said Beattie. "It doesn't sound altogether flattering."

"It was meant to be," said Mrs. Gilman. "Ah, Beattie, you would be very vain if you had heard all he said about you to my husband one evening during the tableaux. Robert told me that for a man who generally had disparaging things to say it was quite remarkable. But for my part I think Mr. Musgrove's way of running things down is only a mannerism. I believe he has more appreciation of life and the world in general than people give him credit for."

"I thought no names were to be used," said Beattie, laughing.

But when she went home to find her aunt rather vexed at her having stayed out her thoughts turned almost instinctively to Cecil.

"I suppose I have been a little idiot," she said to herself. "They all make out he is very fond of me, and I have repulsed him without due consideration. He is not a boy to be snubbed and laughed at, and I don't wonder he was hurt at my treating his proposal so lightly. I expect I am too stupid to have understood him rightly, and because he has not appeared to take things seriously I hardly believed he was serious in that. And yet, it seems absurd. Why else should he have proposed? Aunt Ella is right; I am a nobody. I have only a pretty face and a good figure. And he has so much to offer. Many women would give anything to be loved by him. . . ." Then she fell to musing. "What reparation can I make? The only thing is to make myself fitter to be his wife. He lent me books; he wanted me to read and think. I will try to go on doing so, only much more seriously. He shall find I am not so empty-headed, nor so frivolous, as I have been."

The result of this was that when she wrote to Norah refusing the invitation, and alleging as a reason that her aunt wanted her at home, she consulted her as to what books she would advise her to read with a desire to self-improvement. And Norah, having asked her father, there arrived in due course a long list, with the offer of the loan of some of the volumes named. Beattie eagerly accepted, and with the feeling that she was doing something which would please Cecil when he came to know of it, threw herself with ardour into the pursuit of learning. Mrs. Swannington was still confined to her room for a considerable part of the day, and when Beattie sat with her she turned the time to good account. Her natural distaste to reading was conquered by her enthusiasm to do what was right towards the man she now regarded as her future husband, and as Beattie never did things by halves she really studied in earnest. The books which the Gilmans, father and daughter, had selected, were not altogether those which Mr. Musgrove would have chosen, and their effect on the impressionable Beattie was other than he might have admired. Still, this was an epoch in Beattie's life. She began to realise that there was an ideal far removed from the actual existence, to see that the great minds of the world thought very differently about many things from what was held up by the accepted standard. She had a spirit easily kindled to enthusiasm, and the narrow round of social duties, the amusements and pursuits which she had believed the sum of reasonable existence began to shrivel and appear rather contemptible. In the Swannington household success and money were regarded as the essentials of life; she was beginning to perceive that failure in a noble cause and voluntary poverty for the sake of a greater good might be worth far more. And gradually, almost unconsciously to herself, she found the necessity of forming independent judgments, a necessity that comes to most young people sooner or later, and which, like all other development, brings sorrow as well as joy with it. Every step away from the old things is a step towards that loneliness which in its degree marks the progress of the individual through life. However well-intentioned, she was not really fitting herself to regard things from Mr. Musgrove's standpoint.

All this took time, but it is doubtful if Mrs. Swannington had sent him more than one invitation to the house, for there had been no supposition that the visiting or the degree of intimacy was to be any different from what it had been hitherto. The first two of these invitations he had refused, but quite courteously, alleging engagements which were *bonâ-fide*, one of them a public meeting which Mrs. Swannington saw by the newspaper he had attended. He had called one Saturday afternoon, but it chanced that Mrs. Swannington and Beattie were out driving. It is true he had not as before invited them to any sort of entertainment at his own house, but that was natural enough. Under the circumstances it would not have been quite agreeable for Beattie to receive hospitality from him. He had not ceased to be fond of her, but he was acting in a way which he considered most dignified and most likely to bring Beattie to a different state of mind. But yet unconsciously to himself he was growing more indifferent to her, and less desirous of renewing his offer of marriage.

Christmas had passed, and Beattie had received from him, together with her aunt and uncle, one of those somewhat formal remembrances of the season which of late have taken the place of the pictorial Christmas card. In return she had chosen, with much care, and sent to him the prettiest and daintiest she could find. She wanted him to see that she acknowledged this recognition of herself. He wrote and thanked her, and his letter was so friendly that Mrs. Swannington, who insisted on seeing it, was sufficiently encouraged to again send him an invitation, this time to a small At Home she was having shortly after the new year. To her surprise he neither answered it nor appeared, and a few days went by without her knowing the reason. She had a return of her old uneasiness, but one day Mrs. Gilman called and then they heard the cause of his silence.

Beattie and her aunt were together, and the former was in one of her old bright moods. Mrs. Gilman rather wondered at her gaiety, for she had quite made up her mind that Beattie was fond of Cecil. At last she attributed her apparent indifference to ignorance of the facts, and said, with some hesitation, to Mrs. Swannington—

"I suppose you have heard about Mr. Musgrove?"

"No," said Aunt Ella eagerly, for indeed she had intended presently to speak of him herself, only she was somewhat timid as to possible revelations. "Is anything the matter with him?"

"There is a great deal the matter," said Mrs. Gilman. "He is so ill that it is possible he may never recover."

She ventured to glance at Beattie, and she saw that the girl had grown deathly white. For a moment she feared she would faint, but Beattie had never been guilty of such a weakness, and though it seemed as if her heart had stopped beating, she managed to control herself.

"I hope I haven't shocked you," said Mrs. Gilman, for even Mrs. Swannington had grown a little pale.

"But indeed you have," said the latter. "We have heard nothing of this. And I am lately so nervous that the least thing upsets me. Beattie, get me my smelling salts."

Beattie, only too glad to rise and have an excuse for turning her back, moved to the other end of the room where the bottle lay.

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have told you so suddenly," said Mrs. Gilman. "But I quite thought you would have known."

"Has he been ill long?" inquired Mrs. Swannington, sniffing vigorously at the salts and then handing the open bottle to Beattie, who for a wonder availed herself of the hitherto despised article.

"Oh no. And it was partly an accident that made him as bad as he is. It appears he hasn't been feeling quite well for some little time. I believe myself the drains of that house are bad. Robin stayed there a few days once when I was at my mother's with Eva, and he got a dreadful sore throat. Still, I may be mistaken. But anyhow, Mr. Musgrove had a touch of fever; it sounded to me suspiciously like typhoid. Of course he didn't take proper care of himself; men never do, and that housekeeper of his doesn't understand illness. Well, just after Christmas he went away to stay with some friends in the country. There was skating, and though he really wasn't fit for it he had an idea that he would like to go on the ice. And then of course there was the usual story. There was a dangerous part, and people weren't properly warned off it, or something. A boy went in and so did he. As a matter of fact I believe he would not have gone in if it had not been to save the boy. At any rate he kept him up, and they were both rescued. But you may imagine going into icy water when he was warm and then keeping on wet clothes, as he must have done for a little while, was not the way for a person recovering from fever to get well. He was taken with rheumatic pains and got steadily worse. And his sister was telegraphed for."

"Then he has not come home?" said Mrs. Swannington.

"Oh no," answered Mrs. Gilman, "he was far too ill to be moved. There is a night and a day nurse. The people are old friends, and have been most kind."

Mrs. Gilman's account was as inaccurate as a statement of fact could be. Like many other women she had a habit of confusing what she believed with what she knew, so as to convey a wrong impression to the listener, although not voluntarily. Mr. Musgrove had had a sort of low fever, and the ice had given way, and he and another young man had been in the water, and he was dangerously ill. But the bad drains and the life-saving part of the story were pure fiction. Probably Mrs. Gilman's informant had been as inaccurate as herself, for to tell about things exactly as they are needs a certain amount of scrupulousness and caretaking, and perhaps an absence of excitement. The story that Mrs. Swannington told her husband that evening was fuller of details and somewhat different, and what she dwelt upon was the fact that Mr. Musgrove had plunged into the water and risked his life to save that of a little boy who was drowning. And somehow this was what laid hold of Beattie's mind. This man whom she had believed incapable of deep feeling had done a noble action; he had saved a life.

Mrs. Gilman had no need to marvel at Beattie's good spirits after her revelation. Beattie sat absolutely silent, while her aunt and her visitor having exhausted this topic of conversation turned to others of trivial interest even to themselves, but discoursed on according to approved fashion, till Aunt Ella, who was soon bored, yawned and wondered if tea were ever coming. She was sure Thompson was quite three minutes late. And this led to a few words on the shortcomings of domestic servants and the possibilities of Mrs. Gilman's new parlourmaid, till tea appeared. Shortly after it had been partaken of, Beattie alone touching nothing, Mrs. Gilman left.

"You will let me know any further news of Mr. Musgrove," said Mrs. Swannington. "It is such a pity that he is not at home that one could send and make inquiries."

"You seem depressed by this news, my dear Beattie," said Mrs. Swannington to her niece when they were alone. "I rather wonder you did not make a pretence of not minding more before Mrs. Gilman. She will be quite convinced you are in love with Mr. Musgrove. When will you learn to hide your feelings better? In society one should be always lively. But yet I am glad you now feel properly towards him. I only hope it is not too late. You will regret it, if so. Indeed," she could not resist adding, "although one could not say so to Mrs. Gilman, I believe that talk about his house being unhealthy is rubbish. He has been well enough all the time he lived there before. My impression is that he felt your rejection of him more than you imagined, and that that is what pulled him down and made him liable to illness. Men will be such fools," she concluded with a shrug of her shoulders, as Beattie, unable to bear any more, made her escape from the room.

What if Aunt Ella were right; if she were in some way responsible?

She fell on her knees.

"Oh God, make him well," she cried passionately. "Make him well. And I will dedicate my life to Thee."

(*To be continued.*)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SOME people have an extraordinary objection to drinking cold water, but it is absolutely necessary for good health, and the want of it leads in some cases to serious diseases. The greatest care should be taken, however, that it is pure. Most filters are no use whatever, except to harbour and multiply microbes and organisms, but if water is boiled it ensures absolute safety, though the taste may be somewhat flat. It should be boiled fresh every morning, and not left from day to day, and the jug should never be left near a sink or drain, but placed in fresh air.

Too much water should not be taken immediately before eating a meal, or it weakens the digestion, and it should never be taken icy cold.

Area doors should never be unlocked after dusk, or when the family are out. It is easier to get disreputable tramps into a house than out of it.

If toys are bought for children that they will put in their mouth, these should be carefully washed before they are given to them, and it is not safe to give children toys bought from people in the streets. They have mostly come from unwholesome houses and have often been in the mouths of dirty and disgusting people.

In case of a leaking pipe, make a paste of some soap and whiting, and apply it to the leakage. It will effectually prevent waste till a plumber can be sent for.

Oil-lamps when not burning should not have the wicks turned up above the burner, as they draw up the oil, which then drips on to the metal work and causes a nasty smell when lighted.

Biting finger-nails is not only a disgusting habit, but a dangerous one, as it sometimes leads to blood-poisoning.

A dress-skirt should be folded, for packing, with the right side out. It will crease it less than if folded wrong side out.

When kid gloves are taken off they should never be rolled like a ball inside each other, but each finger pulled out straight and laid flat in the box where they are kept.

"GLORIFIED" WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.

PART III.



DEAR GIRLS,—What could you be thinking of to get into a wrangle with neighbours? I know it must have been intensely provoking from all you have told me; but you must remember that you are not living among friends in London. I trust that long ere now all the worry is over and that your cosy little nest has lost none of its charm. One comfort is, that you are both too busy to worry over past disagreeables! May I give you a bit of personal experience? When I had my "flat," I did not know a creature in the building; but I shrewdly suspected that some of my neighbours were not too nice. One man had the eccentric habit of taking his dog out about 2 A.M. Another old lady let her pet cat out very late. Result! One night a pitched battle took place under my windows. All the sleepers were roused, and naturally no policeman appeared till about half an hour's bad language had been expended, and either cat or dog was nearly demolished! Next morning I walked down to the agent's office about 9 A.M. to lodge a complaint. He civilly assured me that mine was the twelfth he had had, and that both parties had already been spoken to. The same course had to be pursued with people who had somewhat noisy "musical" parties right on through the night, and in both cases the nuisance was stopped at once without any personal intervention. You see "flat-dwellers" have to think of "law and order," and certainly had better abstain from taking the law into their own hands. You will pardon my sermonette, I know, for I feel so anxious that your venture should go on as well as it has begun.

Now I must try to reply to your various queries.

I am glad you find the cooking-stove a success. Have you tried one of these delightful double saucepans which fit into each other? Now that the warm days seem to be near you will not be so anxious for warm meals; though I am a great advocate of a hot evening meal as best for digestion. I should much like to give you some cookery recipes, which could be easily carried out and give you time for your evening's walk or ride. I shall first give you two—both of which are delightful. Get a bottle of rennet from your grocer's, and in the morning before you go out put a teaspoonful in a deep saucer or small soup-plate. Warm half a pint of milk and pour over. When you return at night you have a refreshing dish of curds—or peptonised milk—ready to be eaten with or without sugar as you prefer. Another delightful dish, but which is only available when "small fruits" are in season, is a summer salad. To make this you require half a pound of red currants, half a pound of raspberries, half a pound of strawberries. Carefully pick these and arrange them in layers in your pie-dish—with sugar sifted between. If you ever indulge in cooking-sherry, pour a little of this over the fruit, or an excellent substitute is ginger wine. Then, on the top of all, slice a banana or two. This is most refreshing and delicious and does not take long to make. Salads too are almost a necessity in summer, and are so easily prepared. A small lettuce for foundation, a little beetroot, watercress (if you still like it), and either a hard-boiled egg in slices for garnishing, or some shreds of ham, or cold fish. "Salad cream" is always handy and can be poured over the last thing.

You see I am trying to take away the taste of my admonitions. I could go on indefinitely on the cookery question; and you must let me know if you want more of my "easy recipes" before autumn or winter. At present you cannot be enough in the open air so long as you do not neglect your health and live, as two girls of my acquaintance did, on tarts and sausage rolls and tea. I need hardly tell you the result!

And now I must try to answer your queries about entertaining. I very strongly advise your having an "evening." This sounds grand—does it not?—for girls who work all day. But I can assure you from experience that it is the simplest and best plan. Of course you see your intimate friends when and where you can; but for the "casuals" who may turn into friends, it is far the best plan to be "at home" one evening a week. This leaves you free for the other evenings to work, read, go to church, or lectures; and if people know they can find you, they will be sure to look you up. As for entertaining, I hardly think that need alarm you. No one will expect two girls to give elaborate suppers, and the more simple you are the better for purse and temper. I should recommend your moving the cooking-stove into the scullery, where the tea can be made. Do not attempt coffee! It ought to be good, and that involves care and attention and worry. Have your kettle "on the boil," and have nice fresh tea, and some tiny scones, like the girls in the "Humble Enterprise." This saves cutting bread-and-butter; and always remember people come to see you and not to eat and drink! If you start your "evenings" in summer, home-made lemonade might take the place of tea; though I confess to a weakness for tea even on a hot evening.

Another thing you mention is the summer holiday. You seem doubtful about getting away together. If you do, everything will be very simple, for you will only have to put away your treasures—taking care to leave no food about—and lock your door and go off with an easy mind. But if, as you hint, you will have to take separate holidays, try to have some one to fill the vacant place during the other's absence. Ask one of your cousins to stay with you, and you will have the double boon of showing her London and having company while your other self is away. I daresay all this sounds very grandmotherly; but I know your mother does not understand, as I do, the dreariness of living alone, and the bad effect it has on health and spirits. If she did, she would echo my wise saws!

Another point you ask about is "spring cleaning." Well, I should recommend your waiting for that till you are both returned from your holidays, though this sounds very Irish. You should then engage a reliable woman to thoroughly clean down your rooms, walls and all. Before you do this, go carefully over shelves and cupboards and turn out all the rubbish—your church "mission woman" may be glad of some things—reline the shelves and make all neat and tidy. Then the outside cleaning may begin. A quick worker ought to do *your rooms* in a day, leaving you to put the finishing touches, clean curtains, etc. The great secret of comfort in rooms such as yours, is to have no unnecessary furniture, and not to hoard "odds and ends." At the end of each season get rid of the clothes which cannot be used for the next; there are always poor people thankful for them. Dresses, etc., which can be utilised, or renovated, should be well brushed, peppered and laid by, in brown paper, in their own niche. This applies also to extra blankets and wraps. These should be cleaned before putting away; they are then ready for use at a moment's notice. You cannot be too "old maidish" in your home; and when the real home comes, you will find the good of tidy and regular ways. I cannot write too strongly on the dangers of degenerating into slovenliness to girls who live as you and Annie do. It is so easy, when one comes home tired and there is no one to dress for, or brighten up for, to throw things on one side and just rest "anyhow." Never let yourselves get into this way. Your hours are long enough; but always, when you get home, change your dresses, and carefully brush the one you have worn in the day before putting it away. It will last far longer and you will be twice as comfortable.

Self-respect makes others respect you, and I am writing all this exordium with a vivid remembrance of a friend who lived alone for a time, and who told me seriously "it did not matter" when I remonstrated about unwashed dishes and undusted rooms. Fortunately (for her) she was taken ill, and I took her rooms in hand and had the pleasure of a hearty acknowledgment from her, that "a stitch in time saves nine," or the equivalent of it, when she found her china cupboard and silver all bright and orderly. I fear you think Aunt Mary is wandering far from your "glorified workmen's dwellings;" but your questions have led from one thing to another, and you will find the glory depart speedily if you relax the pretty, dainty home ways you have always lived in.

Now I am going to give you an idea which I think you will like, to take away the taste of so much good advice. I think you find it not easy to dispose of all your numerous photos? Here is the plan I have worked out with great success. I had a cardboard dress box which was not needed, 23 inches by 16 inches. I carefully cut off the edges of the lid with a sharp penknife, then faced it with a reddish brown cotton velvet, costing, I think, about 1s. 1½d. The back, which of course was sewed to the velvet, I made out of a black cotton dress lining. This was just the size to fit into a travelling trunk. Then I got about sixty-seven yards of red ribbon (1d. per yard) and crossed this from side to side and corner to corner, much on the lines of the Union Jack. At each crossing I pierced a hole with a sharp knife and fixed the ribbon with a brass paper-fastener. I ought to have said this was done before the back was sewn on. This rack adorns my walls now, and holds about forty photos. The more ribbon crossings you have, the more space is available for sticking in photos of course.

If I hear that you have taken this all in good part, I can give you many more "wrinkles;" meantime you have had enough, I daresay. Your affectionate

AUNT MARY.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.



CHAP. IV.

SOME six years later, on Christmas Eve, old Mr. Menzies sat by his library table, conning his Christmas bills. The problem how to pay them was deepening the network of wrinkles round eyes and mouth into furrows, for matters had not improved with the family at Boscombe Hall. Deborah's father had been home not long since on a flying visit, still sanguine of the fortune which hitherto had so successfully eluded his grasp, and had gone off again to America in hot pursuit of it. Meanwhile, each year that passed left the family estates more heavily involved, although nothing that could be made into money was spared. The shooting was let, the fruit, vegetables, and flowers, were sold for what they would fetch at the nearest market. Even the stables were hired out to a neighbouring farmer, but the one proposition that the proud owner of the Hall declined sturdily to entertain for an instant was that the house he loved so well should be either let or sold. He held fast to his decision that he would live and die under his own roof-tree, and "after that the deluge." Inside the house the same rigid economy was practised. In the winter months, when no paying guests could be hoped for, most of the living-rooms were closed to save lights and firing, and the little family of four people shared the library as the common living-room, except that in the mornings Dorothy and her mother carried on lessons in somewhat desultory fashion in the shabby little schoolroom overhead. Mrs. Menzies, who was working by the fire, kept casting furtive glances from time to time at her husband's anxious face.

"Put them away, dear," she ventured at last. "Your head will be quite tired with calculations. Put all the bills aside until after New Year's Day."

Mr. Menzies pushed his chair from the table, and rising, crossed the room to the window, gazing with dimmed eyes upon the wintry landscape. Snow lay thick upon the ground, and the heavy bank of clouds that shrouded the horizon gave promise of more to follow. The cedar trees on the lawn, impatient of the burden that weighted their boughs, shook themselves free as the cold north wind blew upon them, and soft showers of snow fell from them to the ground.

The only sign of life or hope about the place was Deborah, now a tall slip of a girl of thirteen, who raced up and down the garden paths in merry defiance of wind or weather. Presently she paused, made a rapid dash across the lawn, regardless of the fact that she was up to her ankles in snow, and drawing a hunch of bread from her pocket, began to break it into crumbs, scattering them around her and whistling softly. There was a fluttering of wings, and down came a host of birds at her feet, robins, and finches, and sparrows, who scolded and chattered, trying boldly to keep the feast for themselves. Mr. Menzies rapped peevishly upon the window-pane, and Deborah, looking up with rather frightened eyes, came near.

"Come in," said her grandfather. "I want to speak to you."

Deborah did not run now; she walked with sad and lagging steps, waiting to knock off the snow from her boots on the mat. Her grandfather's summons was always a precursor of reproof. She came into the library, standing close to the door so as to effect an escape as speedily as possible. The faint colour that her run in the garden had brought into her face was fading, and it was with grave, rather troubled eyes that she looked up at her grandfather, and then the unutterable sadness of his expression appealed to her and filled her with sympathy.

"Sit down; it fidgets me to see you stand."

Deborah sank into the chair nearest the door.

"How often must I tell you, my dear, that we have no food to waste in this house? Spare crumbs from the table may go to the birds, but you were pulling a large piece of bread to bits."

"It was part of my own breakfast," said Deborah pleadingly. "And they are so pretty, grandfather. There's a robin that knows me."

"But you want all the food you can get, child, for you must grow up healthy and strong. God knows what is before you. You may have to rough it after I'm gone. The winter is on us, and for me there seems no hope of spring."

The last words were spoken more to himself than to Deborah, and she only half grasped their meaning, but for the first time the cloud of trouble in which she had grown up, and of which she had been happily unconscious, seemed to touch and chill her.

"Are we so very poor, grandfather? Can't I do something to help?"

He smiled sadly.

"What can a child like you do? Still, you are old enough to understand that you must waste nothing—nothing! I don't know how to pay the bills as it is."

"But I could earn something before very long," said Deborah. "If I were taught things I could earn. Look at Miss Laing. She's not very old now, and she earns a lot, and she sold her first picture at eighteen. Why can't I learn, and sell things?"

"The child speaks truth," said Mrs. Menzies, speaking for the first time. "I've been thinking a great deal about her education lately. She ought in common fairness to be put into the way of making her own living."

"It is all very well to say 'ought,' but where is the money to come from?" argued Mr. Menzies irritably. "I thought Deborah's mother taught her."

"I know some things, grandfather," went on Deborah gently. "Spanish and French, because mother can speak them as easily as English, but there is such a lot to learn, and as I can't be beautiful, I want to be clever. I might be clever if I were taught."

Deborah spoke in all simplicity. She did not know that she was clever already. She regarded it as an accomplishment that might be acquired. Mr. Menzies scanned her curiously.

"Beautiful!" he echoed scornfully. "Never wish to be beautiful. It is a curse, rather than a blessing."

"Is it?" said Deborah simply. "I should like to be beautiful, like Miss Laing, but if I were clever I might earn some money and help you, so I'd rather be clever."

"You can go now. I'll think over what you've said, and if I can see my way to it you shall have a good education," said her grandfather, not unkindly, and Deborah went upstairs to the schoolroom with her head cram full of new and startling ideas. Her doll, that treasured companion of years, was seated in a chair before the fire. Deborah was always so anxious that "Miss Laing" should not feel the cold. Hitherto she had been a person, not a doll, but now Deborah felt as if in a moment childish things were slipping away from her. Life in its reality was opening out before her.

"Miss Laing," she whispered, lifting the doll on to her lap, "I don't feel somehow as if I should ever have time to play with you much again. I've got to work hard, ever so hard, and get clever and make money for poor old grandfather. He's so sad and so old, and has hundreds and hundreds of wrinkles, but I shall love you just the same, dear, and you won't think I don't care just because I shan't have time to play with you. I've got to grow up, you see."

The door opened slowly and Deborah's mother entered.

"Take off your boots, Deb. They are wringing wet, and for goodness' sake put away that doll. You are much too old to play with dolls."

"I'm never going to play with her again," said Deborah sadly. "I've just promised grandfather to grow up and be clever if he gives me a chance. Mother, can't we make money somehow, you and I? Grandfather says he doesn't

know how to pay the bills, and that I ought not to feed the birds, but I shall. I'd much rather go hungry than let them starve."

"Good gracious, child, what notion have you got into your head now, I should like to know. We have always been poor, and shall remain poor to the end of the chapter, I suppose; but I don't see how you and I can alter things."

"I want to go to school and be taught things."

"I might teach French and Spanish at a school if I were in a town; but what can we do here, buried alive in this hole?"

The ideas that Deborah had set afloat simmered for a few days, and then were discussed solemnly in the family council of three, with the final result that it was determined to raise a small sum by a mortgage on the house, with which the younger Mrs. Menzies and Deborah should be sent into lodgings in London as close as possible to a first-rate high school, to which Deborah should go. Deborah's mother proposed to help towards the carrying out of the scheme by seeking an engagement as teacher of languages at some school, or by taking special scholars at home. Deborah was half frightened, half delighted, at the prospect of the great change in her life, but wholly determined to make the best use of the opportunities of education that were to be given her. The bustle and excitement of the next few weeks were bewildering. Her wardrobe was overhauled, her frocks lengthened, and she was fitted for two new ones, an experience which had not occurred in her lifetime before.

The last night came, the closing of the life of her childhood. Deborah was kneeling before her box, laying something in it with very tender hands.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Deborah's mother, peeping over her shoulder. "Take it out again. You are too old to play with dolls. Leave it here, or—burn it."

Deborah's face flushed crimson.

"I promised faithfully not to play with her any more," she said, with a choke in her voice, "but I shall take her with me. She'd never get over it if I left her behind, and Mr. David gave her to me. I shall keep her for ever and ever. Burn her! Oh, mother, I didn't think you could be so unkind!"

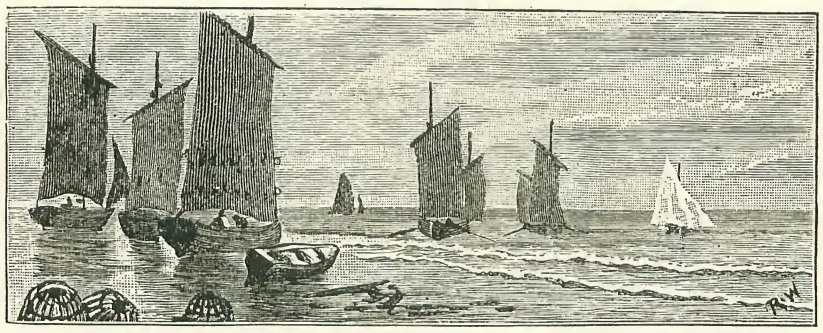
Deborah was so close to tears that her mother's voice softened.

"Well, well, pack it up if you like, but a doll is a doll and nothing more nor less, and the sooner you learn that the better."

The next morning a fly drove up to the door, and carried Deborah and her mother away. Through all the days of her childhood Deborah never remembered her grandfather kissing her, but to-day a sudden impulse made her lift up her face to his, and he bent down and kissed her on the forehead.

"Good-bye, grandfather; I'll try and be clever, I will really!"

(*To be continued.*)



SOME NEW CONTRALTO SONGS FOR GIRLS.

WITH all his classic genius and his more serious labours, Frederick Cowen still favours us with such delightfully simple yet beautiful songs as "The Gift of Rest" (R. Cocks), which any girl can appreciate. The original key is No. 2 in d reaching to d, but the lowest is in c, the compass being from a to c.

Clifton Bingham writes the verses which sing so lovingly of the children's visitant,

> "The dear sleep angel
> Out of the beautiful west."

Speaking of sleep, there is a fine setting of Tennyson's lines in "The Foresters" "To Sleep," by Geraldine FitzGerald (Augener); it is short but very impressive, and suitable too to a voice of small compass. "Childhood," by Theo. Ward (Weekes), a sister's cradle song to a tiny motherless one, is peculiarly touching and melodious (No. 1 key), while the sleepiest, prettiest little Dutch lullaby is "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," by Marion Stephen (Metzler). The quaint conceit is that Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes, and Nod is the little head. Compass a to e.

Another song, "The Pilgrims," by Frederick Cowen (Metzler), is easy in voice part and accompaniment, and fitted for Sunday singing; the refrain is full of reverent feeling.

"The Children of the King," by C. Francis Lloyd (Morley), is written in his most popular vein, and it is accordingly most useful for any audience. Four bars of "Hark, the Herald Angels" are introduced with an extremely telling effect, which can be heightened if sung in harmony by an invisible choir or quartet, also if accompanied on the organ (or harmonium) and piano, the latter plays a very pretty imitation of Christmas chimes. The contralto key is b flat to e flat. There are many serious songs like this for low voices, more so than for others, naturally because the timbre of contraltos is generally impressive and more suited to them. Another akin and very pleasing is "The Great Eternal Home," by Hartwell Jones (Phillips and Page), a worn but ever interesting story of a little homeless city waif—how many of them there are in the great cities close to our bright homes! It is not in the least difficult, and though it is published in four keys, we prefer it for contralto (b flat to d).

Two more songs of this kind by Arthur Godfrey are "Answering Angels," with simple organ accompaniment if required (No. 1 key), and "The Face of an Angel" (R. Cocks).

> "For every dear one lost on earth
> There is one more star in heaven"

is the beautiful meaning of the words; it is easy to sing, and will surely never fail to please (key c).

Madge E. Conroy has written a little June idyll, "Among the Roses," which is just charming in its melodious freshness; it is published by Messrs. Ascherberg in one cover with "A Rose Garden," and entitled "Rose Leaves." The accompaniment is elegant and repays study.

"A Roving," by Edith A. Dick (Cramer), is very graceful, light and useful, and for those who sing plantation ditties "Sweet Ellie Rhee," by Leslie Crotty (Cramer), is a favourite, with its pretty chorus, for home-singing. It is useful to mention that the always delightful books of Scott Gatty's plantation songs (Boosey) are now brought out with guitar and banjo accompaniments, a want long felt.

"Two Little Friends," by C. Francis Lloyd (Morley), is simple and interesting, and a sad but sweet little love song (not without a sage moral) is "In the Time of Roses," by Felix Corbett (No. 1 key) (Boosey); it is most melodious with a 'cello obbligato. Mademoiselle Chaminade's beautiful music to M. C. Gillington's beautiful words render "Meditation" (J. Williams) a gem for low voices (in b flat); and although we are unprepared to like another version of H. F. Lyte's familiar hymn, "Abide with Me," an exceedingly fine new setting is by S. Liddle (Boosey), and it will be found a really grateful and worthy study for contraltos.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.



SONNET.

SOMETIMES, when gazing on thy brows benign,
Where yet youth lingers, while a sadder grace
Born of self-sacrifice endears thy face,
I think that should'st thou die, no tears were mine,
That stumbling weary down the dark decline
Of life, unlighted by thy tender love,
I would not Orpheus-like Death's angel move
With selfish prayer his victim to resign.
Too well I know the sordid struggle dire,
Too clearly see the iron entering in
Thy patient soul that day by day soars higher
To purer altitudes, until it win
The eternal Silence, or return more blest
To lead lost souls and lonely back to rest.

H. SWINBURN WARD.

HOUSE MOTTOES.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART II.

ACCORDING to my promise, I now gather from a large collection a few more mottoes and inscriptions from English cottage homes, from London and the near neighbourhood, and conclude with some examples from Scotland and Ireland.

Amongst the humble dwellings of our pretty English villages there is one in Norfolk, standing close to the road leading from Sedgeford village to the hall so named, which is decorated with two painted inscriptions, one on the east and the other on the west side. That on the former, the couplet—

"Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise";

and on the latter side—

"Though the day be never so long,
It ringeth at length to Evensong."

There is another roadside house, between Cheltenham and Gloucester, which is distinguished by a motto in Dutch, viz., "*Iniets zonder Arby*," or "Nothing without labour." A similar proverb exists in Latin, "*Nil sine labore*." The Dutch *Niets* clearly stands for the German *Nichts*, and the "y" in *Arby* stands for the "ei" in *Arbeid*.

Again, a humble domicile in the village of Axmouth, Devon, built of cobble-stones gathered from the beach; but, after the old usage, the handsome chimney-stacks were carefully constructed of cut stone, with elaborately ornamental inscriptions on the chimney-tops (in some cases). On one of these stacks, to be seen on a house standing at the entrance of the hamlet, we find—

"1570."
"God giveth all."

In the same village there is another house, with the inscription—

"*Anno Britannico*"
"*illo.*"
"*Mirabilis*"
"1641."

These examples may suffice as representing our cottage mottoes.

On the *Corn Exchange*, Windsor, dated 1707, are the words—

"Arte tua Sculptor non est imitabilis Anna. Anna; vis-similam sculpere Sculpe Deam";

which may be rendered in English—

"In thine own Art, O Sculptor, Anna is inimitable.
Anna, if thou willest one in Sculpture, produce a goddess."

The inscription over the *New Royal Exchange*, London, is very appropriate, and calculated to make the busy money-makers reflect—

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."

With reference to this inscription, I may observe that, in a conversation with the architect, Sir William Tite, the Prince of Wales drew attention to the fact that in Germany it was the custom to place a motto, in a conspicuous place, on important public buildings, and he consented himself to suggest one. Some time afterwards the Prince informed Sir William that, after consulting Dean Milman, the latter suggested the inscription above named, having been approved by himself.

Over the doorway of *Holy Trinity Hospital*, West Croydon, you may see the words—

"*Qui dat pauperibus nunquam indigebit;*"

which signify, "Who giveth to the poor will never want."

There is a modern house at *Chiselhurst* which bears the motto—

"This is the welcome I'm to tell,
Ye are well come, ye are come well."

Should the reader take a walk on the Ditchingly Road to the Brighton Downs, she will find *Hollingbury Copse*, the residence of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, and there may read an inscription running round the whole south front, under the eaves—

"Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall you see no enemy, but winter and rough weather."

Another greeting to the visitor appears by the outside entrance to the study, viz.—

"Open lock, whoever knocks."

These are all painted in black; and the house is a wooden structure.

Returning for a cursory review of London, I may direct attention to a private dwelling in Chelsea, built for the painter Whistler, by Godwin. The former is, as most of my readers are aware, remarkable for his very peculiar ideas on the subject of art and the beautiful in general, and so, whether the criticism immortalised on this structure be just and fair to the distinguished architect, the passers that way must severally form their own judgment. Report says that the proprietor who employed his services quarrelled with him, and to revenge his disappointment in the work, inscribed the following lines over the entrance-door, viz.—

"'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.'
"This house was built by Godwin."

A few more old, as well as modern inscriptions, may be collected in London, as, for instance, at *Scarsdale House, Kensington*. Here there are two chimneypieces, bearing the Zouche motto—

"Let Curzon holde, what Curzon helde."

Again, in Ave Maria Lane, you may read over the entrance to the "Oxford and Cambridge Press"—

"*Verbum Domini manet in æternum.*"
"The Word of God endureth for ever."

We may now take leave of England proper, and turn our attention to North Britain and Ireland. We learn that there was once an inscription in iron letters over an ancient window on *Castle Hill, Edinburgh*, adjoining the abode of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, which was taken down between the years 1850–60, viz.—

"*Laus Deo*," or "Praise be to God";

and at the Fountain Close, the words—

"Only be Christ." "Arys, O Lord."
"*Vincet Veritas*, 1573."

On the house of *John Knox* we find an old inscription worthy of that divine, viz.—

"Lufe God abvee al, and yi nychtbors as yi self."

In the *Cowgate* we may read one of the



"WHERE YET YOUTH LINGERS."

sayings of the wise, on the front of an old house—

"Gif we deid, as we sould,
We myght haif as we vould."

At *Inverkeithing* we may see the same motto on an old house as that on the famous and beautiful house at Chester. It is dated 1688.

"God's Providence is my inheritance."

At *Stirling Castle* (a portion of which forms the house of the Earl of Marr) there is a curious old inscription, which I leave my readers to interpret for themselves—

"Esspy, Speik, furth, and, spair, notht,
Consider, vell, cair, notht.
The, moir, I, stand, on, oppin, hilth,
My, faultis, moir, subject, ar, to, sitht.
1584."

For myself, I give it up.

On a stone fountain at *Linlithgow*, in the main street, there is a consolatory address to the wayfarer. On the top of the fountain there is a quaint little angel, who, we suppose, indites the motto below him, viz.—

"St. Michel is very kind to strangers."

On the ruined gate of *Melrose Abbey*, in Roxburghshire, founded by David I., we may read—

"The Earth goes on, the Earth glittering with gold.
The Earth goes to the Earth sooner than it would.
The Earth builds on old castles and towers.
The Earth says to the Earth—All this is ours."

Carved over the doorway of *Dundarrow Castle, Inverary*, is the following couplet—

"I man behald the end de nocht,
Wiser, nor heirst hoip in God."

This sentiment seems rather obscurely expressed, but may be rendered in somewhat simpler English, "I must (or maun) behold the end of nought, no wiser than (to have) the highest hope in God." This is the elucidation given by "C. M. T.," as stated in *Notes and Queries*.

Let us now take a flight across to the "sister isle," and make a small representative list of what may be found in the way of house-inscriptions. Most people have heard of the redoubtable "Vicar of Bray." At or near the fashionable watering-place of that name, in the co. Wicklow, a memorial with reference to the vicar may be seen on the *Oakley Arms*—

"Friend Isaac, 'tis strange, you that live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the Vicar.
Though it may be an odd one, you cannot but say;
It must needs be a sign of good liquor."

"Answer."

"Indeed, Master Poet, your reason's but poor;
For the Vicar would think it a sin,
To stay, like a baby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign of bad liquor within."

Perhaps my young readers may inquire, "Who was this clerical personage?" His name was Simon Alleyn, and his determination was to hold the incumbency of Bray, and die in possession of the same, at the price of changing, as often as needs be, from the English Church to the Roman, and from the latter back again. It is said that these changes of his took place in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary I., and Elizabeth (1540 to 1588), recanting whenever he could thereby retain his benefice. There was another such weather-cock, who owned the same Christian name, one Symonds, who set this deplorable example during the Commonwealth and the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William and Mary.

At a small inn at *Shanganagh*, co. Dublin, but not far from Bray, we find a motto in Latin, which was one of the many adopted by Queen Elizabeth, and was also placed on the "herse" of Queen Mary II., and set up in Westminster Abbey; and was, moreover, assumed by Queen Anne by royal Act, viz.—

"*Semper Eadem*"; "Always the same."

There is a house by the Bridge of Allan (co. Wicklow) which once bore the name of the original proprietor by whom it was built. Circumstances obliged him to sell it, and an unsympathetic neighbour, residing opposite, improved the occasion by inscribing the misspelt couplet on his own dwelling—

"Heir I forbear my name, or arms to fix,
Least I or myne should sell these stones and sticks."

We doubt his possessing any "arms" to set up but those of flesh and bone.

Returning to the co. Dublin, and the neighbourhood of Bray, we are reminded to sit down and count the cost, before building the tower. My readers will remember the parable. The words of the memorial run thus—

"This goodly house was erected by Wyndham Henry, Earl of Dunraven, and Caroline, his countess, without borrowing, selling, or leaving a debt; A.D. 1850."

To bring my notes on house mottoes within the limits of a magazine article I have had to make but a small selection from a great mass of information, derived from the United Kingdom alone, leaving the whole field of German, French, Swiss, Tyrolese and Italian examples untouched. I do not include the other European nationalities, for with them I have not made myself acquainted. With reference to the Swiss and the Tyrolese, I will only observe, what may have struck my fellow travellers in those most beautiful countries, that the mottoes are distinguished in a very remarkable way for the deep religious feeling and simple faith which they demonstrate, and the admirable moral courage evinced. There is no fear of ridicule, nor being charged with hypocrisy. They confess their Christian faith with a courageous loyalty, which is as edifying to those who read these outspoken convictions and hopes, as it is specially characteristic of those countries. Before closing I will give a specimen or two of what I have described. At Fidris, in the Prätigau valley, C. Grisons, we find a rich harvest of them, viz.—

"*Ein Pilger bin ich hier auf Erden;*
Und walle heir nur kurze Zeit.
Oft unter mancherlic Beschwerden
Zu meinem Ziel—die Seligkeit."

"A Pilgrim am I, here on earth;
And travel here for but a brief season,
Often under many difficulties,
To my goal—eternal life."

Further on, beyond the narrow gorge of the Klus, and at the entrance of the Prätigau valley, you arrive at the little town of Grüsch, where, amongst others, you may read—

"*Durch Kreuz u. Pein, Sum Licht, u. Schein;*
Durch Kampf u. Streit, Zur Ruh u. Freud."

"Through Cross and Pain, to Light and brightness,
Through war and strife, to Peace (or Rest) and joy."

Two more Swiss mottoes shall wind up my collection—

"*Hüeth dich; fluech nicht in minem haus,*
Sunst gang' grad' zur Thür hinaus.
Sunst würde Gott vom Himmelreich
U's beide straffe', mich und dych zugleich."

"Take care! Do not swear in my house,
Or else you'll go straight out of the door.
For God in His Kingdom would punish us both; thee and me also."

Lastly, at Jenay, there is a house distinguished by a very full, yet concise confession of faith and religious feeling—

"*In Namen Gottes wil ich bauen*
All hier auf diesen Platz;
Auf Jesum steht mein Vertrauen,
Im Himmel such ich mein Schatz."

Which may thus be rendered in English—

"In the Name of God I will build here, on this spot.
In Jesus I put my trust,
In Heaven I seek my treasure."

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

THERE IS HOPE FOR HER.—There is hope for the girl who doesn't have to fall down more than once in order to learn how to stand up.

ONLY TRY.

Try to be something in the world and you will be something. Aim at something and excellence will be attained.

This is the great secret of success and eminence. "I cannot do it" never accomplished anything. "I will try," has wrought wonders.

A MODEL COLLECTOR.—There never was a better collector than Dr. Michael Hutchinson, who gathered £3,749 for rebuilding All Saints' Church, Derby, in 1730. He was so industrious and successful in this labour of love, that when the waits played at his door for a Christmas-box, he asked them in, treated them to a tankard of ale, and persuaded them to subscribe a guinea.

KNOWLEDGE.—The seed of knowledge ripens but slowly in the mind, but the flowers grow quickly.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Evil events come from evil causes; and what we suffer springs generally from what we have done.

THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE.

Youth.

Oh, Sage, the parentage of Wisdom tell!
She seems not of the earth—but from above.

Sage.

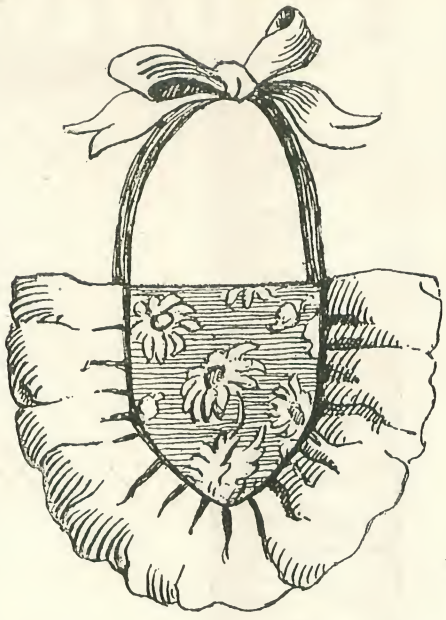
Good youth, she's part of earth, men know too well;
Pain is her father—but her mother Love.

CRETONNE KNICK-KNACKS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

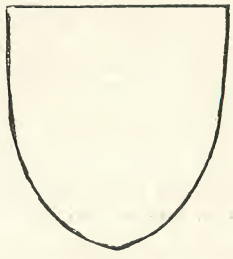
PERHAPS the easiest things to manufacture in the way of fancy-work, suitable for presents—really useful presents — to others, are the many articles which we can make out of *cretonnes*, chintz and sateen. They are all called *cretonne* because I find few people discriminate between them. However, we shall have to do so before we begin to use them; and then we shall see that *cretonne* means a material rather rough on the surface, and thick in comparison with the other two. It is also cheaper, and since its introduction has been a perfect boon to the house-mother, who is obliged to think of her pence and shillings. For myself I prefer chintz, bright and glossy, and so old a material as to be connected with all our visions of delightful drawing-rooms a century or more ago. Chintz has usually a great charm in a country drawing-room, especially one which looks on a garden, and has vistas of trees and distant blue hills. Sateen will, I daresay, be connected in most people's minds with down quilts or *duvets* (as they are called in France) for the prettiest are used to cover them: and also the pillows which are employed on the sofa, when not covered with a more expensive material. I have used all three, and my choice has been generally determined by the prettiness of the design, and the special purpose for which it has been needed. Chintz is rarely available on account of its stiffness; but the beauty of the flowers which one sometimes finds upon it makes it very tempting.

The other material we shall generally need is some thick brown cardboard, and a very strong pair of scissors with which to cut it; or indeed, many people who are accustomed to use a sharp knife will probably prefer it to anything else. But, personally speaking, I prefer the scissors, as I cannot control the knife sufficiently to avoid cutting my fingers, or making useless and wasteful cuts in my material.

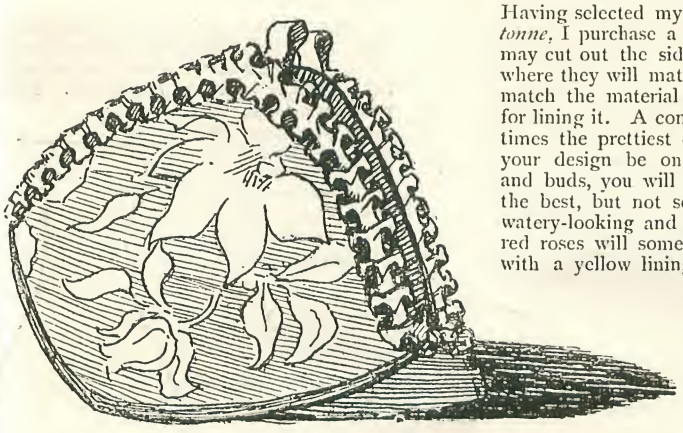


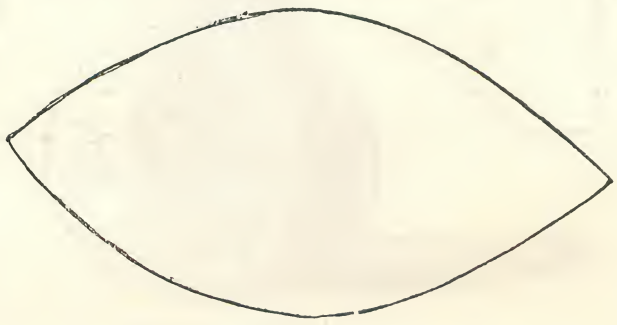
The first thing we will begin upon is what is called in Canada a "beech-nut basket," on account of its being in the shape of those curious small nuts of the beech tree, which I daresay you know quite well. The illustration of this is so accurately drawn, that you will have no difficulty in copying it, nor in recognising that the design on the *cretonne* should be one in which you can find an entire pattern for each side, if possible; or if not, at least for the two sides that are visible. Having selected my sateen or *cretonne*, I purchase a yard, so that I may cut out the sides of my basket where they will match; and then I match the material with a sateen for lining it. A contrast has sometimes the prettiest effect. Thus, if your design be one of pink roses and buds, you will find a pale blue the best, but not so pale as to be watery-looking and insipid. Dark-red roses will sometimes look well with a yellow lining, and a wood-brown lining will also look effective with blue, or a green lining with the pink roses may be nicer than the blue.

The pleated ruching is generally made of a woollen braid, which should match something in the pattern of the *cretonne*. For instance, if there be brown leaves, use a brown braid, and I prefer a neutral kind of lining to bright red or a green, unless these hues very much preponderate in the design you have selected. If you make a peculiarly grand bag, you must use a satin ribbon; but in general the braid looks quite well enough, and remains clean longer. Of course I need not tell you that in all that you do in the way of *cretonne* work, you will need to have silks, and coloured cottons for sewing, to match your materials. The lining generally has to be considered, and you should devote some care to it, for it is exactly in these small things that the beauty and completeness of your work will lie. Never be guilty in this, nor anything else, of saying, "Oh that will do." In general the very utterance of this phrase means the contrary, and that it will not do at all.



WORK-BAG FOR STOCKINGS.





A BEECH-NUT BASKET.

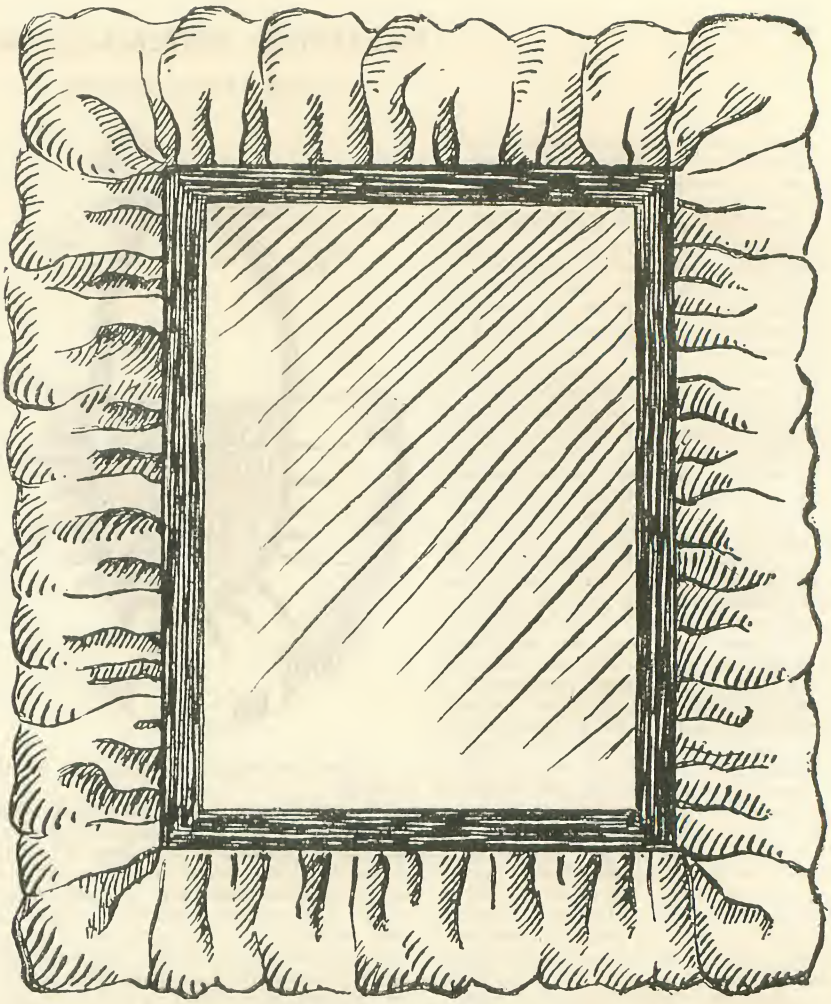
The size of one of the shaped sides of the beech-nut basket is 10½ inches at the longest part by 6 inches at the widest part. If you cut out pieces of cardboard by these dimensions, you will find it easy to shape it afterwards; or still better, make yourself a paper pattern of it, and be sure that you shape it correctly. When you have made your foundation shapes, the next thing is to cover them, first with the *cretonne*, tacking it on, and then with the lining, which you must turn in, to meet the covering evenly, and then sew very neatly, over and over, all round with either silk or cotton to match the lining. Then cover these seams, when you have put your basket together, with a flat braid of the same kind which you have chosen for the *ruche*. I have seen baskets made without this, but do not think they looked neat enough, and besides, the braid forms a kind of decoration. The basket is finished off by two loops of braid. This is a very useful shape for a travelling work-basket, or still better, to hold knitting or crochet.

The next illustration represents a bag for stockings, into which we can put those which require to be mended, together with all the requisites for reparation—needles, wool, and cotton-darnings, scissors and thimble. All these it is best to keep together; and in some bags there are small loops for the scissors, and an inside case for needles and cottons. There are two shaped sides, which are about six inches long and five inches across. They are made up exactly as I have described

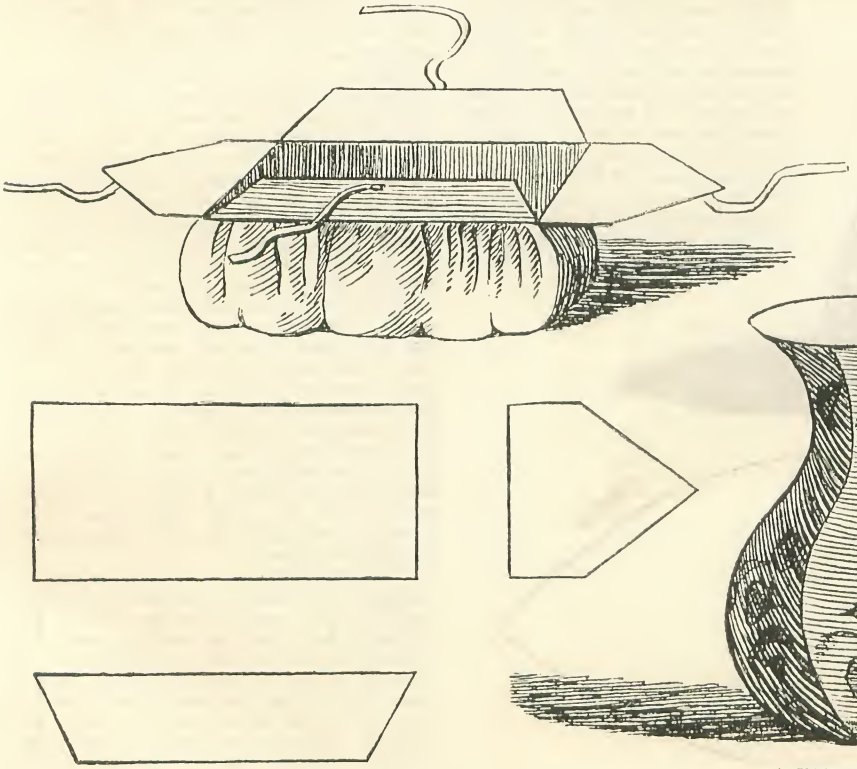
for the others; the cover of *cretonne* put on first, and the lining afterwards, and carefully over-sewn all round. The puff which goes round is seven inches wide, or perhaps eight, and about three-quarters of a yard in length. It is neatly gathered, and then sewn on the wrong side to each side, a piece of work which requires great neatness of handling. This puffed portion may either be made of the flowered sateen, or a plain one; and the bag itself is often made of brown holland and red braid.

The vase in *cretonne* I saw when in America last year. It is intended for flowers, and has a glass or tin which fits into it, to hold them, and which can be taken out and washed. The vase I saw was made of a *cretonne*, with bright red roses on it, upon a yellowish ground, and it was lined with a red sateen. The method of making-up was that usually adopted, but all the stitching was done on the outside of the jar of course. The size of the pieces of cardboard for the foundation was four and a half inches across for the bottom piece, and fourteen inches long by seven inches at the widest part of the round. If, however, you possess a vase of this shape, I should measure it, and cut out my pattern by that.

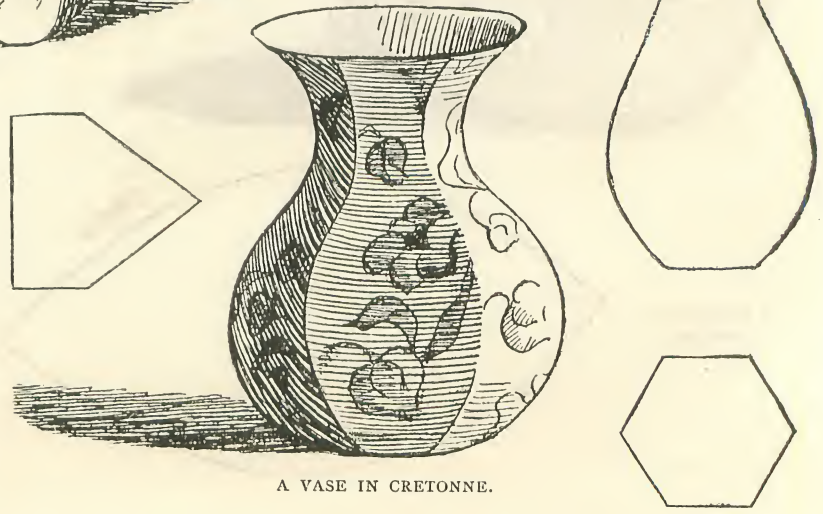
The handkerchief-case is a very useful and pretty novelty. I saw this also in America; indeed, with one exception, all my selections come from thence. This article may be made of any material, and more costly if desired than *cretonne*, but the latter answers well and looks very pretty. The design explains itself sufficiently, and consists of two sides, two ends, which constitute the flaps, and a foundation on which the puffed sides are sewn, which must be covered exactly as the flaps are done. The length of this was about ten inches by five inches wide, but the dimensions are not a matter of importance, as many people would perhaps like to have a larger one. The width of the puffing is from six to eight inches, and the length; and you will require the size of the foundation, and then to allow as much again for the length of the puff. It must be lined with the same sateen as the other pieces. The top is supported and held together by a wire foundation. This, if you have a pair of pliers, you can make for yourself. But if not, you must pay a visit to the nearest workman who is likely to make it for you, taking with you



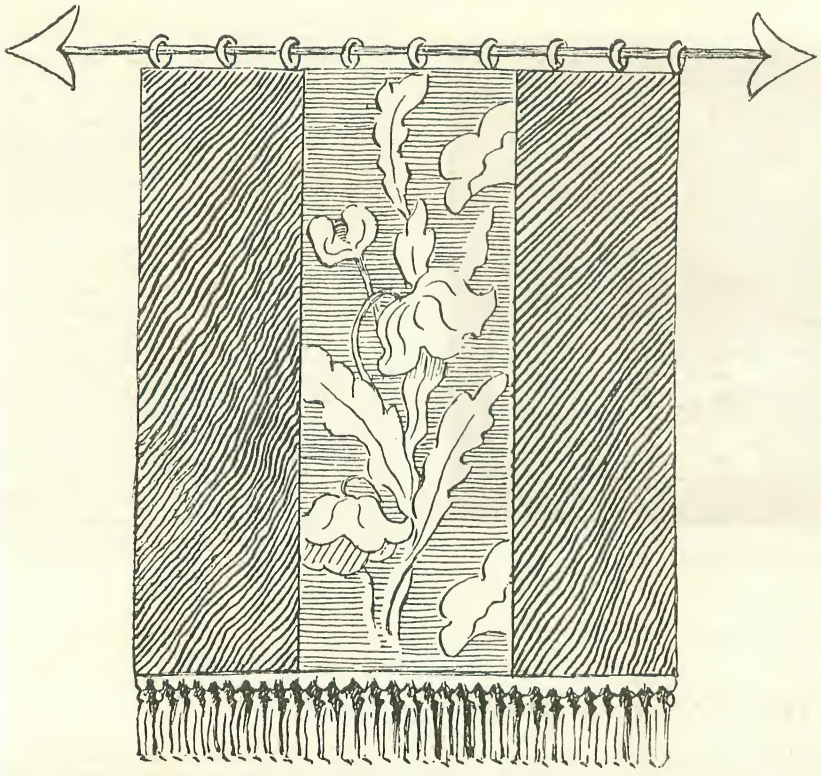
FRAME OF CRETONNE OR SILK.



HANDKERCHIEF-CASE.



A VASE IN CRETONNE.



HANGING BAG FOR A DOOR.

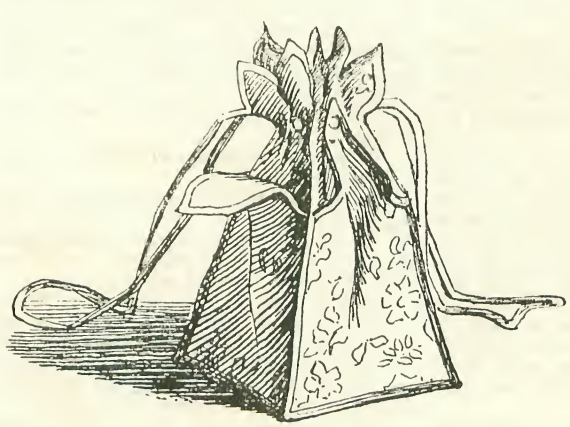
the paper pattern of the foundation-piece, and having the wire bent to the square shape of that. A good strong wire is needed, and you should get it well joined. Your puffing is gathered over this, but first I should cover it by winding some tape or strips of cotton round it, so that you may be able to sew on the flaps securely. This shape of case is a change from the old-fashioned handkerchief-sachet, and holds the handkerchiefs more easily.

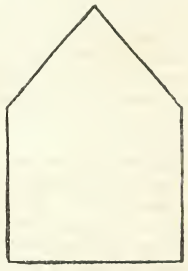
I must begin by confessing that I have usually seen an old and shabby picture frame used for this *cretonne* one which I have illustrated, as a foundation, and this is probably its true value, in helping people to make old things look new and bright. But there may be more aspiring minds amongst my readers, and they may prefer to make the foundation frame themselves. In this case it can be made with a wooden back, the ordinary picture-frame back, if strong enough; or even a millboard back, and a front of the same, cut out to a similar shape, as shown in the sketch, so as to form the framework of the picture. The black band may be of velvet, or may be an ordinary black or black and gold beading, which can be purchased by the foot (in length) from any picture dealer. One frame of this kind that I saw was of yellow silk, and had a black velvet band; and this I think had a very effective and pretty appearance and was a novelty to me. Engravings and photographs look best in these frames, and they require a rather dark wall as a background. They go beautifully with black oak furniture, and the idea may be used in many other ways, for the small china shelves, book-cases, and hanging brackets of all kinds.

I found my next a hanging bag, used for drawing-room dusters in the drawing-room, or for hanging behind the bedroom door for soiled handkerchiefs and collars. It is a very pretty ornament for doors and is in no one's way. It is made of a breadth of very pretty *cretonne* and two breadths of velveteen, and it is lined with a sateen to match the velvet. The fringe should also match. It may open either at the back or at the top, but there is generally a small opening left at the right-hand side of the *cretonne* in front; at the upper part, just enough to slip in the hand. It is finished with brass rings at the top, and a small brass rod with ends as well as hooks to screw into the door. These can be found at the ironmonger's. One bag that I saw had a stair-rod fitted to it, and also the stair-rod clips as well. In a country where the shops are often a long way off, people become very clever at adapting everything to their use, and it takes a very great difficulty to prevent them carrying out an idea.

The next thing is a real travelling workbag, which is so yielding in its nature, that it will slip in anywhere, and hold anything in reason. The materials required are a narrow binding ribbon, and either a pretty sateen or cotton of any kind, or even a silk or satin. My original bag, which was bought in Paris, was of a greenish brown colour, with gold embroidery on it. About eight yards of ribbon are required and about a yard of material. The shapes of the design are thus measured. The foundation is five inches square. The length of the long side is eight inches by five, and the shorter one six inches by five. These sides must be bound at the top to begin with, and then the sides bound together. The bottom square is put in last. Then comes the string casing, which must be twice run round, and lastly, the two strings which draw up on opposite sides are run in with a bodkin, and tied neatly.

My last illustration is quite Canadian, I am told, in its origin, and it may be so; but it is very difficult to say where anything does originate in these days. So I will leave the question open, only saying that I have never seen these pretty and oriental-looking table-cloths anywhere else. An old table-cloth, if clean, may be used for the foundation-cloth. It may be faded and well-worn too, without anyone's seeing it, as it is only, after all, the foundation. When you have acquired this, you will have to take it as a guide for the size of your squares. Their usual size, however, is about a quarter of a yard square, unless you choose to adopt the shape shown in our illustration, which is long, about six inches by ten, but the square shape is rather the best for making-up. I always purchase several separate yard lengths of various *cretonnes*, half a dozen or more varieties, and if it be yard wide, you should have sixteen squares for each yard you buy. You might begin with four yards of four different patterns that you think would go well together. Yellows and reds there must be in abundance, and a paler yard to make a change, but the colours must be rather evenly distributed, not intense dark, nor vivid light. Cut your material into squares, we will say, and begin to lay them on the foundation, edges to edges, flatly, and tack them firmly round each edge. The black lines that you see are simply black woollen braid, of which you will require a whole piece, which I

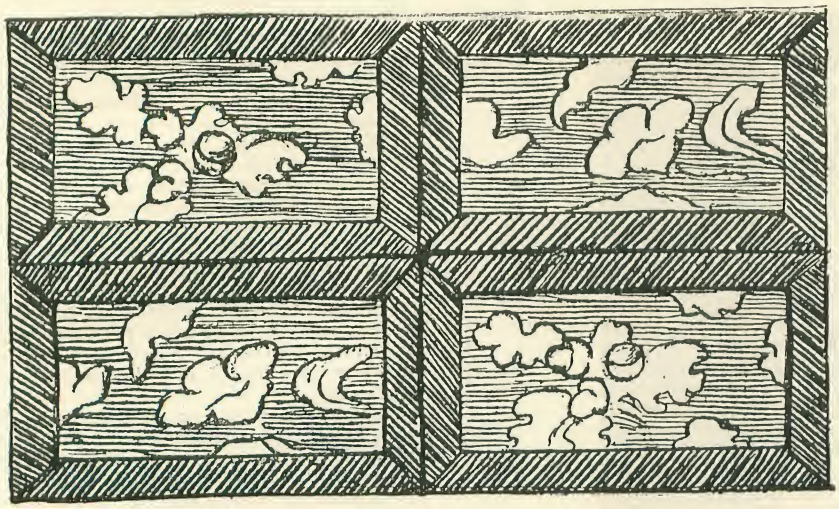








TRAVELLING BAG FOR WORK.



TABLECLOTH IN CRETONNE AND BRAID.

think costs under 2s. the piece, and this you must lay over the edges in long lines across and across in lattice fashion. With tacking secure the places where they cross, and tack the braid down, so that you may sew it on the machine at each edge. You must do this perfectly evenly, without any wrinkles or tucks, or the effect will be spoiled. When finished, the cloth is bound round with braid, and decorated with a hanging tassel at each corner.

I think this is almost the cheapest tablecloth for either dining-room or drawing-room that can be made, as it does not cost more than five shillings when finished, and may cost less if you watch your opportunities at sales and pick up a remnant of sateen or *cretonne* here and there. The oriental effect is very strong, and if seen for the first time it is impossible to discover of what it is made, without a careful examination.

Some workers embroider rows of coral stitch on the black braid in yellow, or silks of several colours. This makes it very effective, but increases the cost and trouble of making. Rows of herring-boning in colour also look well, and the machine-stitching may be done with yellow silk.

"THE GOLDEN HEART."

CHAPTER II.

SHIRLEY ELTON was gone, and the light had died out of Allison's days. All that was left her was the memory of the parting and his last kind words. He had spoken cheerfully in order to dispel her gloom, and when he had seen the tears she could not repress, he had stooped and kissed her, for nobody was nigh. Moreover, he had detached a little golden heart from his watch-chain and placing a tiny spray of forget-me-not gathered from the river's edge, within it, had put it in her hand —to keep for his sake.

"If I can ever be of service to you or your family, you have my address and know where I am to be found; do not hesitate to ask it. Good-bye, dear child."

That was a very different Allison the artist left behind to the girl she had been when he first came to Rivermead.

Then, she was an innocent, light-hearted girl, whose highest ambition had been to settle down contentedly in that cottage on the hills and make Dan Humphrey the happy man he expected to be.

Now, no careless merriment called the arch dimples of her cheeks into play. Her looks were sombre, her dark eyes heavy with the gloom of inward trouble, her thoughts a tangle of hot emotions, in which rebellion against the unkind fate which had made her what she was and seemed likely to keep her so, was strongest. She separated herself from the company of all who loved her, and passed hours in solitary wanderings and profitless communings with self in her own little chamber, answering unwillingly to any call upon her services.

Her mother was patient, but the ferryman grew angry and often launched into reproachful language.

Matters being in so unsatisfactory a condition, Carne and his wife took counsel together, and came to the conclusion that it would be advisable under the circumstances to hasten the wedding-day in the hope that Allison would come the more quickly to her right mind. The ferryman undertook a consultation on the subject with Dan and returned from his errand elated with success.

Dan was only too pleased that his marriage should be hastened rather than delayed, as he had begun to fear might be the case. There would be one more lamb for him to tend, one, too, that he was longing to take into his strong arms and shelter in his bosom. He was oppressed, however, with a fear that the girl might be unwilling, but Carne combated this doubt with some amount of bluster.

"The girl must do as she's bid, or I'll know the reason why," he said. "She has been fashious enough of late, and 'tis time that this is ended and no more trouble made."

If the ferryman expected to find his daughter amenable when he made known the decision that had been arrived at, he was disappointed. Allison's face turned of an ashen white at the announcement, but she said nothing. Her eyes, however, flashed ominously and she set her lips tightly. The symptoms betokened mischief. Leaning carelessly against the open cottage door with head tilted back, she beat a tattoo upon the brick floor with one foot.

"Well, Ally?" questioned her mother gently.

"Have you nothing to say?" queried Carne, raising his voice.

"Only this," replied the girl without looking up, "that it's too soon. I promised for the autumn, and now you and—and Dan have been laying your heads together to make me marry him at once, and I will not."

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed her father roughly, "we give ourselves airs do we, and set ourselves agen lawful authority, but 'twon't do, my girl. Dan and me, we've made up our minds, so married you'll be and took good care on, come this day four weeks."

It was unwise to bring the shepherd's name forward. Allison's eyes blazed, she lifted her head proudly, and replied in defiant tones—

"I've made up my mind too, and I say I will not marry Dan Humphrey this day four weeks."

This said, she walked in stately fashion from the kitchen, went upstairs and shut herself into her own room.

Carne and his wife looked at each other in some dismay.

"Think she means it?" he asked of his wife presently.

"Aye, she means it—just now," said the mother, resuming her darning with nervous fingers. "Ally is wilful. When she takes a notion in her head it's like to stick there. You didn't do a clever thing, father, to bring Dan's name into the business. Any girl of spirit would mislike to hear that her lover had fixed the day for marrying without consulting of her."

The ferryman was ill-pleased to be put in the wrong and unwilling to admit that he had made a mistake, wherefore he worked himself into a rage, brought his big fist down upon the table with a bang, and swore that the thing should be as he willed, that he had done the fixing, and what was the good of being a father if he was not to be obeyed.

The logic was unanswerable, and like a wise woman Mrs. Carne held her tongue; but by-and-by she crept upstairs softly to try what a mother's gentle powers would do to bring Allison to reason, but as she was not admitted and could extract no answer, she was forced, unwillingly, to give up the attempt.

That night, Allison slept not at all. She was planning how to escape from what was threatening, and at length conceived the wildest scheme in her disordered brain. The execution of it seemed simple enough to her, and before morning she had begun to carry it out.

While father and mother were wrapped in peaceful slumbers, she made her slight preparations and stole noiselessly out of the house. In her purse she carried all the money she had earned as the artist's model; round her throat, suspended by a ribbon, was hung the precious golden heart, and folded carefully, for safety, an address written upon a leaf torn out of Shirley Elton's pocket-book.

When Carne and his wife descended that morning and found none of Allison's usual duties fulfilled, nor herself anywhere to be seen, they stood bewildered.

"She has overslept herself," said the mother, and ran upstairs to her daughter's room. She found it empty. The bed had not been slept in, and pinned to the coverlet was a scrap of paper on which a few hasty lines had been scrawled. With difficulty, in her agitation, Mrs. Carne at length deciphered their meaning. The purport of the message

was that Allison had gone for a few days to stay with a married sister who lived about twelve miles off, and that they need not trouble to come after her, as she meant to take a holiday while making up her mind to the future which was awaiting her.

Mrs. Carne ran to tell her husband.

"Gone to Lizzie's! Taken a holiday!" he cried wrathfully. "Without so much as by your leave! What's got the wench, and why couldn't she go off at a seasonable hour when her work was done, instead of clearing out like a thief with an uneasy conscience?"

"Maybe the poor child thought we wouldn't let her go," excused the mother, in a troubled voice. "You see, she's been bothered above a bit about getting married next month, and I dare say she wants a quiet time to make up her mind."

The ferryman laughed scornfully.

"Gone to be quiet at Lizzie's, where there be half-a-dozen children!" he jeered. "And what for does she need to be makin' up her mind about a thing that was settled long ago? Why does she kick up all this fuss now? Has she altered her mind about takin' Dan, after all, and if so, why? If the change that has come over her has anything to do with that Mr. Elton"—and his dark face grew purple at the thought to which he had given utterance. "I'll go and see the poor lad. I'll find him somewheres about, and hear what he has to say about this start of Allison's."

The ferryman fulfilled his purpose, but if he succeeded in inspiring the shepherd with his own uneasiness, the feeling was not allowed to appear. Dan would not hear a word against the girl.

"You're a-hinting at things I won't hear of," said he. "My Allison's not a girl to be talked of with any demeanin' suspicions, and if I'm satisfied there isn't much to be said."

Carne was silenced. There was nothing further to be done or said. Allison was at her sister's, safe at any rate; they must wait, therefore, until her return home, perhaps in a better frame of mind, before taking any further steps in the matter.

But Allison was not at Lizzie's, and had never gone there. When she left home that morning, she took her course across the downs into the next county, and then along a weary high-road which would lead her to the small town nearest the address given her by Shirley Elton. A long, long tramp it was, with only a crust of bread to stay her hunger if she felt it. She had taken this route instead of the more direct and easy way, which a walk to their small wayside station and a short railway journey would have offered, to avoid being traced.

Allison would not rest in the town, but asking her way, trudged on in the direction indicated; another three miles to traverse before her goal was reached. It was afternoon, and the sun beat upon her throbbing head with tropical fierceness. A thick wood lay upon her left; it looked so cool and shady, she resolved to seek its shelter and take a short rest.

This gave Allison time to collect her thoughts, for in obeying the mad impulse which had driven her onward, she had not asked herself what object she had in view. The one extraordinary idea which possessed her was that of throwing herself upon the protection of the artist, of appealing to him to ward off from her the dreaded marriage, which she did not feel able to escape from if she remained at home.

She had his assurance that he would assist her in time of need; she had his pledge concealed within the bosom of her dress—the little golden heart—and she felt still warm upon her lips the kiss he had given her. Poor Allison. Her moral and mental perceptions were completely blinded.

Exhausted by all she had gone through, the girl at length sank unconsciously into a slumber so profound that the evening was advancing when some sound caused her to awaken with a start and raise herself from the mossy couch on which she had been lying. The sun was low, the wood in semi-twilight.

She heard the murmuring of voices, and soon a man and woman could be seen approaching along a path which wound among the trees a few yards from her place of concealment. Allison watched and listened. There was something familiar in the figure and voice of the man. With a throbbing heart she waited, and soon became certain of his identity. It was Shirley Elton, and with him was a lovely girl of about her own age. Shirley's arm was around her waist, his head bent towards her; what he was saying called up tender smiles into her sweet face. The watcher's face grew grey; she shivered as with cold, and yet her jealous eyes were burning like live coals.

Allison grey faint with sudden anguish, but recovering herself, followed slowly and entered after them the private grounds of a house she could just perceive between the trees. It would be hard to describe the girl's feelings at this moment. She was devoured by a torment of rage, jealousy and despair. What she had seen convinced her that her vaguely-formed hopes were at an end, but instead of flying from the spot she followed, and saw Shirley and his companion enter the house by an open French window and stand there hand in hand, looking out upon the flowery garden. The murmur of their voices mingled with the delicious warbling of a thrush. The evening was very sweet; Allison the only discordant element in it. They disappeared, and she crept nearer to look within. What she witnessed sent the blood flying in wild tumult through her veins, for the white-robed fairy of the wood was clasped in Shirley's arms, and his face touched hers.

Allison felt as though she were choking, and, clutching at the ribbon that hung round her throat, she tore it with the golden heart from its hiding-place. What did she care for it now? It lied, and so did the forget-me-not within it. Wrapping the locket in the paper which contained the artist's address, Allison dashed it furiously to his feet and fled, but missing the path by which she had come, ran blindly into the mazes of a shrubbery, till suddenly she found herself in an open, grassy spot whereon stood a pretty gabled building having one large window facing to the north. It was the artist's studio, but of this fact Allison of course was ignorant. The door stood open and she looked in. Her gaze was at once riveted by a picture which stood upon the easel. It represented a beautiful girl standing in an orchard holding back a red and white calf. Allison entered, gazed and wondered.

It was herself, but how different! Never more would she be the Allison of that picture, to smile and blush and look so happy. She gave a gasping sigh and wrung her hands convulsively. Then her eyes fell upon an open pocket-knife, and immediately a wicked impulse took possession of her. With one sharp stab the girl deliberately ripped the canvas through from top to bottom.

A sharp exclamation, and two hands caught hold of her from behind.

"Allison! You! Why are you here, and oh! what have you done!"

Shirley Elton let go his hold and stood contemplating the mischief with wrathful eyes. Allison looked upon the floor and said not a word, but her breath came pantingly.

"I do not understand this," said the artist at length. "Why are you here, and why have you ruined my picture? It was you, I suppose, who threw this into the room just now, where I and——"

He stopped abruptly and held out the locket.

"Yes," cried the girl fiercely, "I threw it in, it is yours. I cut the picture because it told lies and I hate it. Your golden heart lied too, I gave it back."

"You must be mad, you poor child, to have done such a thing. What have I ever done to induce such vengeful spite?"

"What have you done? If I were to tell you, you would not know yourself in the picture I could draw of what you tried to teach me in all those weeks you spent at Rivermead. I will not tell you, you shall not know what a fool I was. I'm sorry I spoilt your picture, but it's just as well, for she mightn't like it; give your golden heart to her and don't waste any more fine speeches on poor girls like me!"

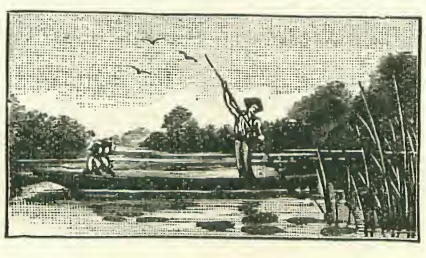
This said, Allison turned and walked out of the studio. Shirley Elton stood a moment dumb with amazement. At her last words he turned hot and cold, then made as if to follow her.

"Don't come near me—don't speak to me, but let me go," cried Allison waving him back, and her attitude was so commanding and Juno-like, that he stopped, full of admiration and wonder. The blood in his veins was tingling too with shame and regret, for he could not but realise that his own thoughtlessness was to blame in the working out of this little drama. He had meant only to be kind, but his kindness had been selfish and wrought harm. Shirley would willingly have endeavoured to help Allison out of the trouble her mad escapade might bring her into, but her manner deterred him.

"After all," thought he, "perhaps it will be best for her to return alone, there will be less talk," and he returned to a rueful contemplation of his damaged picture.

Through all that summer night Allison lay in the wood doing battle with her misery. The winds of heaven were not so rough or the earth so hard as man's unkindness.

(*To be continued.*)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

WEARY ONE.—"Migraine" or "megrim" is a very definite form of nervous disease. It is commonly called "sick headache," and though all sick headaches are not megrim, a fair number of them are. This condition, which recurs at irregular periods, is nearly always connected with indigestion or biliousness. It occurs chiefly in young people, and rarely persists after twenty-five years of age. The symptoms you describe—nausea, giddiness, lassitude, specks and rings before the eyes, neuralgic pains on one side of the head, the whole terminating by profuse vomiting—form a very concise picture of a moderately severe case. This condition is often brought on by one special article of diet, different in every case. If it is possible to discover this food, suppressing that special article is often followed by permanent relief. During the attacks lie down in a darkened room, and take nothing to eat except a little iced milk or soda-water. A brisk purgative at the onset often cuts short the attack.

NANCIE.—We cannot say that we have observed any good effects from rhubarb for "enlarged pores of the skin." In fact there is no internal treatment of any kind that we have found useful for this condition. Rhubarb will tan leather and close the pores of a dead skin if applied locally; but it has no effect upon the human skin when taken internally. Its action is entirely confined to the alimentary canal.

CYTOS.—We think that you are correct about your trouble, and that you do suffer from indigestion. Whether there is anything else wrong with you we cannot say for certain. We do not however approve of your treatment. You say that you live chiefly on brown bread and cocoa. Both of these are indigestible, and you would do well to forego them. Never take much liquid with your meals. A half a glassful of fluid when you have finished eating should be the maximum taken. Avoid all the really indigestible foods; eat slowly, often, and take very little at a time. Sit down after meals, and take a moderate amount of exercise every day. We strongly dissuade you from taking pepsin. That it relieves indigestion we are fully aware, but it makes the condition much more difficult to cure in the long run. The only drug taken for this form of indigestion should be bicarbonate of soda, a teaspoonful after meals if the indigestion is severe.

MALTINE.—Good rich Devonshire cream is one of the best substitutes for artificial foods. Two large tablespoonfuls after every meal is the usual dose. It is of course far less easily digestible than the malt preparations, but is very strengthening and conducive to plumpness.

"CANADA" and "ONTARIO."—The questions that both you and your daughter ask us are of excessive difficulty, and though you have apparently described every symptom, yet it is almost impossible to give either of you a definite answer. Your affection is undoubtedly nervous. It is certainly not heart trouble. We expect that one of your parents was subject to nervous disease, and that you have inherited a disposition to nervousness, as your daughter has obviously inherited a nervous disposition from you. We do not think that either you or your daughter suffer from organic nervous disease. The fit that your daughter had was not epilepsy as you doubtless imagined; nor are the fits she occasionally has now. Epileptic fits never have an exciting cause, and are always accompanied by total unconsciousness. The ailment from which both of you suffer is a common form of that little understood and extremely complex disease "hysteria." Do not think that this means that you are "shamming," or any nonsense of that sort. Hysteria is a definite and formidable complaint; but it is curable. The worries to which you have been exposed are quite enough to cause your complaint. As regards treatment, eat as much as you can, but do not take indigestible food. Try to get about—you never know what you can do till you try. We do not advise you to take any drugs, but a short course of iron might do your daughter good. If it is possible, by far the best thing you could do would be to live in some town where the life and amusements would do much to take you out of yourself. If you cannot move to a more lively spot, you might at least send your daughter to some town where she could come into relation with other girls of her age. This would do far more good than any other measure.

JANE.—You will find all necessary information about sleeplessness in a very long answer that we gave about this complaint in the May Part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

TROUBLED TEACHER.—In the May number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER we gave an answer dealing with superfluous hairs, and there we detailed and criticised the various methods that have been adopted for remedying that condition. We do not think that soap would in any way affect the growth of superfluous hair.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

MYRTLE (*Board School Teaching*).—You will have observed that the Bishop Otter Memorial College, Chichester, is intended for the daughters of the clergy and professional men. You had better write to the Principal asking for full particulars of terms and of the qualifications students must possess on entering the college, and enclose a stamp for reply. For the present, what you must do is to pass the Cambridge Junior Local Examinations, for which you are preparing. Passing this will excuse you from entering the Preliminary Examination for Pupil Teachers. Write then to the Clerk of the London School Board, School Board Offices, Victoria Embankment, expressing a desire to be engaged by some school as a pupil teacher, or you might prefer a similar request to the managers of a board school in your own locality if, as is probable, you would rather not leave home. If a vacancy were found for you, you would then be indentured for two or three years from July 1 following after your engagement. You would receive a small salary of 3s. a week to begin with and 10s. a week at the end. You would afterwards sit for the Queen's Scholarship Examination, and on passing this, you would apply for admission to a training college.

TROUBLED ONE (*Civil Service*).—If you passed the examination at one of the London centres you could be employed at one of the head offices in Queen Victoria Street or Newgate Street. Whether you offer yourself for the sorting or the telegraphic service you must obtain a sufficient knowledge of geography to pass the examinations. But geography is, after all, not an amazingly difficult subject. You should study an atlas constantly until you get to know the shape and position of the countries in the same unconscious way that you know at which end of a street your friend's house stands. A slight knowledge of languages will help you, too, to make a good guess at the country where a particular town is to be found, even if your geographical memory is at fault. Another helpful plan would be to sketch out imaginary journeys. Ask yourself, for example, "Supposing I were a war correspondent, and a newspaper editor ordered me to sail for Cuba by the shortest possible route, what would be the line of my journey? To what station in London (to begin with) ought I to be driven? to what part must I take my railway ticket?" and so on. Think the thing out for yourself, as though you had no one to advise you; this is the only way to acquire knowledge which you will not forget.

DEJECTED ONE (*Civil Service*).—You could sit for the examination for sorting clerks and telegraph learners at Leeds. To find out when an examination will be held, you should study the advertisements in the principal London papers on Thursdays. Ample notice is usually given, but we fear you have lately missed an examination. You could apply, however, for an application form to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W. The subjects for the examination are handwriting, spelling, English composition, arithmetic and geography. You write a particularly clear and neat clerical hand—a qualification which ought to help you.

CARE (*Hospital Nursing*).—You, like many girls, find yourself forced to solve a difficult ethical problem. As you put it, with more than a touch of exaggeration, you are "in the middle of a dozen cross-roads." We do not see, ourselves, that the number of roads between which you have to choose is so great. It is quite plain that there is one of them which should not be taken. It cannot be right to marry a man towards whom you are not drawn by affection or sympathy. Such conduct would not be fair to him, or to you, or to society at large. Marriage, if regarded more than superficially, must be seen to be not an ending, but a beginning; and, especially, in the case of a quite young girl like yourself. It might solve a few difficulties for the moment, but it might be the occasion of much more important ones in the future. Of course we are assuming in saying this that you have given us a sincere representation of your feelings. The advice is only applicable if such is the case. Whether you should become a hospital nurse is another matter. Hospital nursing is, undoubtedly, a fine and a satisfying career; but it should only be followed by one who believes she has a love of it that will outweigh all sense of the toilsomeness and the frequent disagreeableness of the duties. Moreover, it calls for robust health. You could write to the matron of any hospital or infirmary asking her whether she has a vacancy for a probationer, but you should enclose a stamp for reply. Matrons require young women to possess a fair general education. It is a delicate matter to mention; but your spelling and grammar are decidedly imperfect. Whatever your ultimate place in the world may be, it would be wise to pursue your schooling a little further before you become too much occupied with the practical business of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"LILIAN" is informed that Miss Sarah Doudney wrote "The Lesson of the Watermill." It is not correctly quoted. It will be found, as it was first written, in *Psalms of Life* (Houlston, publishers).

ELLA.—The manufacture of tapestry dates back to very remote times. There is little doubt that the curtains of the Jewish Tabernacle were of this description, being made of "fine-twined linen with blue, and purple, and scarlet, and with cherubim of cunning work." The original invention of this manufacture has been attributed to Atterlin III., King of Pergamus, who died 133 B.C. The early workers in France were called *Sarazinois*, because the art was transmitted to them through the Saracens in about the 9th century. The Flemings were early distinguished for the excellence of their work, which in their country reached its highest state of perfection at the beginning of the 11th century. In 1255, Eleanor, wife of Prince Edward, introduced it into this country. If ever you go to Paris you may have a chance of seeing the Gobelins tapestry manufacturers—men working at the backs of the upright frames.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—To aid in preserving meat in hot weather keep some sticks of charcoal in the safe and lay some upon it, having carefully examined and cut out all "kernels" in it, and ill-looking edges. It should be well washed with fresh water slightly salted in the first instance. Stale bread may be restored by putting it into a closely-covered tin, and place it for half an hour, or an hour in an oven at a heat not exceeding that of boiling water, and when cool it will be like new bread. To restore a stale cake, immerse it in a bowl of milk, and when soaked through, heat it in an oven and it will become like new.

MAB.—The "Letters of Marque" which are now spoken of by the Spaniards, give, in war-time, authority to fit-out armed ships for the capture of any prisoners, or their property, on which the cruisers may be able to lay hands. These letters also give permission for the sale of the plunder, and the appropriation of the proceeds for the private use of the captors. It is an error to suppose that Napoleon Buonaparte stigmatised the English as a "Nation of shopkeepers" (as more distinctive than "of sailors or soldiers"), nor was the original use of the term applied to any special nation. It was a phrase employed by Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations*, quite in an impersonal sense; but its application to us we owe to Bertrand Barrière, one of the leaders of the French Revolution, when speaking before the National Convention, June 11, 1794, he said "Pitt might boast of his victory to his *Nation boutiquière*."

NELLIE.—Silkworms are advertised (or were) in the *Exchange and Mart* (170 Strand, W.C.). But in the Liverpool market, which is within easy reach from Birkenhead, you could doubtless obtain them: and with them, full directions. The best time is when the mulberry trees are in leaf; for, although the silkworms may be kept alive for a short time on lettuce leaves, they require their natural food. In London, Covent Garden is the place where you should inquire for the eggs.

LAMBIE.—1. The principal type-writing machines are two in number; by one the paper is moved up to the type; and by the other the type is brought down to the paper. The first machine made was the invention of Henry Mill, in 1714; but although he took out a patent no description of it seems to be on record. A slow-writing typographer was patented by William Burt, of Detroit, in 1810. Other inventions followed, *i.e.*, the Thurber, Beach, Francis, and Hansen, and in 1867, the model of that one unitedly to Sholes, Glidden and Soule, which worked quickly and well. James Densmore afterwards joined the firm. But their machine failing under long use, a more costly one was required, and the gun-makers, Remington & Sons, united with Densmore in the production of a more perfect appliance. The first of these appeared in 1871, but as it printed in capitals only, Crandal & Brooks remedied the defect; and many improvements have since been made. There are several other type-writer manufacturers.—2. With reference to the forgiveness of injuries, there are two practical ways of conforming to our Lord's command, *i.e.*, you may "do good to your enemies" (when any opportunities occur), and you may "pray for them that despitefully use you." This form of forgiveness is in the power of those whose memories are good, and whose feelings are sensitive. They can also ask for the help of God's grace to "forgive, as they would be forgiven." At the same time a continued intimacy with, and confidence in, one who has deceived and wronged you, is by no means required.

LESSIMUS.—If you find that the hair becomes shorter, in other words, dried and crushed, and broken off, by the constant use of certain "hair curlers," of course you should give up their use. If you employ soft paper, as people originally did, your hair would not be injured by curling it; nor if you plaited it loosely, not making any strain on the roots.



VOL. XIX.—No. 973.] AUGUST 20, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SEA'S SONG.

By NORA HOPPER.

I AM the sea.
Come down and wash the world-stains off your hands;
I send the wind that sweetens many lands,
And whoso loves me shall be loved of me,
Yea, though I drown him.
With a thousand strands
Stronger than women's hair
I knit his soul to mine: and what I find
Harsh and unlikely, that my own I bind
And make it clean and fair:
And that I love I set not ever free.

I am the sea,
And all the golden sands my breakers drag
Crying, and clutching, down,
And every trail of broad wet weed and brown,
And all the samphire dangling from the crag—
Yea, each and all of these is part of me.
And each shall speak through silence to my lover
And mysteries to him shall each discover.
Once he shall speak with naked soul to me,
And hear my soul make answer—ere he drown.

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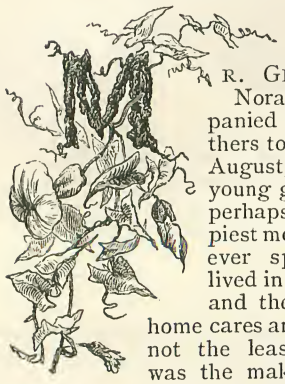


"ALL THE GOLDEN SANDS MY BREAKERS DRAG."

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.



MR. GILMAN and Norah accompanied the Anstruthers to Cornwall in August, and to the young girl that was perhaps the happiest month she had ever spent. She lived in the present, and the absence of home cares and anxieties, not the least of which was the making a little money go a long way, seemed to make her younger, brighter, and more girlish than usual. She was glad, too, to see her father looking better, for sometimes she grew uneasy lest his health should fail; he, like his daughter, seemed to have put off the weight of his responsibilities, and he fully entered into the delights of boating and coaching, and excursions over the breezy moors. Even Sir John seemed less grim, and to have grown softer and gentler away from his usual haunts. Or it may be that old memories revived in him when he and his wife were left alone by the sea, and he realised that he loved her no less in reality than he had done in the days when they were full of present gladness and happy expectations, instead of being saddened and tired with the journey of life. At any rate, to Lady Anstruther, as to Norah, those days of rest and sunshine and companionship were almost ideal in their satisfaction. And afterwards, looking back, there was one day which brought such wonderful joy that all those that followed were irradiated with gladness. Indeed it is not generally a place which in itself brings happiness or the reverse to people, but that which happens there, or a mood induced by other things invests it with a charm or a sadness not its own. There are dreary slums which have been homes of keenest joy, and there is here and there an earthly paradise where men have known such utter anguish that, when they have gone forth, their minds shrink from dwelling on the memory thereof; and they would fain forget how the flowers bloomed and the birds sang, and the air was fragrant and sweet and warm, since to remember that is to recall a tortured spirit that these things mocked.

For some reason the promised visit to Moorwinstow had not taken place, though Mr. Gilman, who was a keen admirer of the author of the *Cornish Ballads*, both as man and as poet, had set his heart on going there. But one morning Lady Anstruther announced that it was her intention to go further afield than she had yet done, and that Sir John had "given her a holiday"—a piece of praiseworthy unselfishness on his part, as to be left alone was generally a cause of grievance which everyone who had neglected him was made to feel. His wife, especially, he liked to be at his beck and call, even although he might not avail himself of her society when it was at his disposal. It was part of the general improvement in him that he showed during this visit a disposition to consider the pleasure of others independently of himself; and when Norah offered, after an inward struggle, it is true, to take Lady Anstruther's place, she was told in quite genial tones that this was not the season for self-denial, and she had better go and enjoy herself with the others.

Of course, if the four of them went, Lady Anstruther and Mr. Gilman were sure to pair off and leave Michael and Norah together, and to the latter that was all that was necessary for absolute contentment. The change in Michael made him more in sympathy with Norah than he had ever been, and sometimes he found her companionship a refuge from the loneliness which he felt when he remembered Beattie. But he was far too steadfast for it to be possible for him, at any rate at present, to take, as some men would have done, the love which might be his as solace for that which he had lost. Indeed Michael was not a particularly sentimental person. He had not many illusions about matrimony, and his attachments for the most part were to things rather than to people, though where he gave affection once he never wavered afterwards. So that though he would have given everything he possessed to call Beattie his own, yet, if she were denied him, he was more likely to concentrate his powers on those other interests than to find consolation in some person not herself. Still, he was very fond of Norah, and, although he hoped she did not care for him too much for her own peace of mind, he could not fail to be touched by her unfailing gentleness, her patience with him in all his moods, and her unaffected and unassuming interest in all that concerned himself. So that when at the end of the long drive Lady Anstruther and Mr. Gilman, with the ardour of the tourist and the antiquarian, made their way at once to the grey and venerable church, the young people lingered in the interesting burying-place where in nameless graves rest the shipwrecked sailors, some beneath the figure-head of their ship which met its fate as they did in the stormy waters. And there Michael told Norah stories of the rescues effected by Hawker, and of the difficulties he had to fight with and overcome in the lonely and perilous place, where the wreckers took advantage of the storm to lure their fellow-creatures to their doom on the rock-bound, inhospitable coast. He told her how the apostle of light, amid darkness and ignorance, had to show the value of human lives by risking his own to save them, and to teach reverence for the dead by his endeavours to recover the bodies of the unknown men who were dear to someone, that they might have decent Christian burial.

And as he talked to her, kindling with the enthusiasm which most men worthy the name feel for any who have fought, and not just let life slip by in self-indulgence, something he said revealed to Norah that he and she were now as one in the ideal which they had set before them. She did not ask him what had altered him, but she knew that, if he might differ from her in details, the great aim of his existence would be the same as hers; and that if it were ordained they should pass their lives apart and not together, yet they would be one in a sense deeper and more abiding than even marriage can guarantee.

When Lady Anstruther came out she rebuked them for their want of interest in what ought to have been the object of their visit, and sent them in to inspect the church itself, calling their attention especially to the moulding of the Norman arches which divide the north aisle from the nave.

"Do you know what Hawker said of that?" said Mr. Gilman. "Baring-Gould spoke of it as zig-zag moulding. 'Zig-zag!' said Hawker with indignation. 'Do you not see that it is near the font that this ornament occurs? It is the ripple of the lake of Genesareth, the spirit breathing upon the waters of baptism. Look without the church—there is the restless old ocean thundering with all his waves; you can hear the roar from here. Look within. All is calm; there plays over the baptismal pool only the Dove, who fans it into ripples with His healing wings.' It seems a curious thing," he added, turning to Lady Anstruther, "that men of poetic faculty and imaginative power are so often placed among ignorant and unlettered people, where their special gifts are not apparently appreciated, or even useful, and where practical unvisionary men would do better ministerial work."

"In the case of Hawker," said Lady Anstruther, "the practical and the poetic seem to have been combined. But I have often felt what you say myself. Men with a strong literary faculty are not usually gifted with a power to manage the ordinary affairs of life in a way that commends itself to the general mind; and it is not often either that you find literary people have the knack of dealing with their fellow-men. They live too much in theories to grapple with facts, especially such facts as obstinate human beings. Still, the world gains if they are thrown back upon themselves. No doubt the very limitations they find to their intellectual side lead to a concentration of that

faculty which entails its being poured forth in the form of literature, and gains them a large congregation and wide influence."

"Well, certainly our literature owes a good deal to the clergy of lonely country places," said Mr. Gilman. "By-the-bye, Mike, wasn't it in one of the churchyards near here that Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs* was conceived? He was a curate somewhere in Devonshire, I believe."

Mike, who had never read the *Meditations*, was obliged to confess to complete ignorance of the subject, but Norah, in whose memory were stored a great many out-of-the-way facts, crowned herself with honour and delighted her father by remembering that Hervey's curacy had been at Bideford, and that the churchyard was said to be that of Kilkhampton.

When on inquiry of the coachman it was found they could look in at Kilkhampton on their homeward drive, he was more satisfied still.

"I wonder how many girls of your age have read a book with such an unpromising and gloomy title?" said Mike.

Norah smiled. She did not mind Mike laughing at her now.

"It is very beautiful," she said quietly.

"Do you think my child is too serious for her age?" asked Mr. Gilman of Lady Anstruther, when they had left the two young people to inspect the building, and were walking together towards the side of the combe where they had elected to have luncheon. "I have heard Mike say things of that sort to her many times lately. It is true she has few amusements, and seems to prefer to touch the graver side of life, but I have had so little to do with young people that it has not struck me as unsuitable. Her mother was different, as you know she had always a joke ready, and laughed and made us laugh when she was ill and suffering; the boys are more like her. But Norah is not morbid; she is often cheerful under very depressing circumstances, and her mission seems to be to comfort others. Only she is undoubtedly grave. I have noticed that since she has been here, without responsibilities, and constantly in the society of someone near her own age, she has been gayer than I have ever known her, and possibly she would be better if she were less alone."

"I don't think you need trouble yourself about her," said Lady Anstruther. "Norah will probably be livelier as a woman than she is in her girlhood. She certainly is not quite like ordinary girls, but that may be partly owing to the depth of her religious convictions. I do not see why gravity should be undesirable. Laughing is not always a sign of real happiness. I have rather changed my opinion about Norah lately, and am inclined not to force her into the ordinary groove. I used to fear she would become narrow; but if she does it will only be theoretically. She is too sympathetic to stand aside from any of her fellow-creatures who may have need of her. After all, the only girl for whom she professes friendship is apparently entirely absorbed in pleasures and interests that Norah despises. As far as I can make out, Beattie Margetson is nothing but a beautiful and high-spirited girl who is, to use Norah's words, 'quite worldly.' As to Mike, no wonder Norah seems solemn to him; he is fresh from the society of a young woman who is full of curiosity about everything in the world, has endless theories, and insists upon being emancipated from all restrictions to her liberty. Norah's life is both beautiful and useful. I am sure even Sir John, who is not a person easily influenced, has seen that her unfailing goodness has a source which is beyond his understanding. Her light shines, you see."

"Sir John is changed," said Mr. Gilman. "He is, I think, less unhappy."

"He will never get over the loss of our children," said Lady Anstruther.

"Nor will you," thought Mr. Gilman, noticing the silvered hair and lines of endurance on her thin face. And then they changed the subject. Not even to so intimate a friend as Mr. Gilman would her loyalty permit her to discuss the character or the failings of the man she had vowed and striven to "love, honour and obey."

The mention of Geoffrey had saddened Lady Anstruther, but her eyes brightened again when she saw Michael and Norah coming towards them. She could not help trusting that even yet happiness was in store for her boy. She knew that if once he married Norah he could not fail to grow constantly fonder of her, and that Norah, who had been so loving a daughter and unselfish a sister, would make an ideal wife she had no doubt. She wanted Mike to marry one day. He was the only son now, and if he died and left no heir, Woodfield would pass away from Sir John's branch of the family to distant relatives, with whom he had long had a quarrel. She knew that her husband's feelings towards Norah were sufficiently changed for him to regard her, if not with gratification, yet with equanimity, in the light of a daughter. And he, like her son, would, she was convinced, grow fonder of her when once she was a member of his own family. There were not many things that Lady Anstruther now ventured to desire very earnestly, but this was one of them; and during the homeward drive she made up her mind to let Michael know that this was a cherished wish of hers. She would not urge him to take any step, but she knew that he would not turn away unthinkingly from any path which he knew would bring contentment to his mother.

"He must do as he likes," she thought, "but there can be no harm now in telling him the thought that lies near my heart."

As it chanced she had an opportunity that evening. On their return, Mr. Gilman found a packet awaiting him containing letters which had been forwarded from home, and he suggested that he and Norah should stroll out on to the cliffs and look at them together. There was still an hour before *table d'hôte*. Lady Anstruther, who was tired, elected to stay at home and rest, and Michael went to sit with his father. But, as it happened, Sir John was in the middle of an interesting article he was reading, and did not apparently wish his solitude interrupted just yet. Michael therefore strolled into the drawing-room, where his mother lay on the sofa, and took up a book. After a minute or two, however, he grew restless; he was never a good hand at sitting still.

"I think I'll go out and find the Gilmans," he said to his mother.

"What—haven't you had enough of Norah's society?" said Lady Anstruther, smiling.

"Oh, it isn't Norah," said Michael, reddening. "I thought I would hear if there is any news from home, that is all."

"That can wait, can it not? There is not likely to be anything very exciting. Come and talk to me a little while. I hardly get a word with you now, Mike. But still, I am glad you care to be with Norah. It is of her I wish to speak to you."

Michael felt rather miserable. He was afraid his mother had noticed what he did not want to believe true. Apparently his face betrayed his feelings, for Lady Anstruther laughed as he came towards her.

"You look as you did when you were a little boy, and thought you were going to be scolded," she said.

"I haven't done anything wrong now, have I?" he asked.

"No; or if you have I haven't found you out, so you need not be afraid."

"The part I minded about scolding was that you used to say I had made you unhappy. The father's floggings were nothing to that. However, if I haven't done anything you mind, I am not particularly afraid. But what is it about Norah?"

"Oh, Mike, you are such a trying person to talk to. You want one to say things straight out. There are subjects that have to be approached gradually—led up to. Now you know I am afraid of you sometimes since you have grown up. We have changed places."

"You afraid of me! Why, mother, I thought you were the most fearless of women! And why ever should you mind such a harmless person as I am?"

"Because I love you, boy; and I can't bear to think you should fancy I misunderstand you or fail to sympathise with you in any way."

"I shan't do that, mother dear. But what has all this to do with Norah?"

"Only that Norah and you are very much connected in my thoughts. I am only less fond of her than I am of you; and the happiness of both of you is dearer to me than my own. It is my own. The time has gone by when I can look for much personal satisfaction. If I could see your children playing about the old place it would be all, and more than all, I could wish for."

Mike grew crimson.

"Oh, mother," he stammered, "don't ask this of me. I can't change. I have

told you about—that other. I shall never care for any one else."

"But, dear, perhaps you are mistaken in her. You did not know her so very well, or for very long; Norah's value you have tested."

"I love Beattie," said Mike simply; and his mouth wore the look his mother knew for unflinching determination.

"I shall never change," he said presently. "Norah would not care for half a heart."

"I am not so sure," said Lady Anstruther, smiling. "If you offered her the half to start with and told her where the other was——"

"Mother," said Mike suddenly, "you don't think Norah loves me, do you?"

"No one but Norah has a right to answer that question, dear," said Lady Anstruther. "But I do not think she will ever marry anybody else."

Mike was silent.

"Don't throw away what you may possess for a dream, darling," said Lady Anstruther presently. "Even in this matter there are others to think of besides yourself—your father, me, and perhaps Norah."

"Well, there's plenty of time," said Mike presently, with a sigh. "I'm not worthy of Norah—that's quite certain. But I promise you this, mother—I'll never marry at all, or I'll marry Norah."

Lady Anstruther shook her head.

"That doesn't sound altogether satisfactory," she said, laughing. "But don't look so gloomy about it. Hark! there is Norah's voice."

He stooped and kissed her, and hastened from the room.

Norah had indeed returned with her father. Lady Anstruther had been wrong in her surmise that the letters were not likely to contain news of anything exciting. The first Mr. Gilman had taken from the packet had been addressed in a handwriting which he did not at first recognise, and the envelope bore several foreign postmarks.

"What is this about, Norah?" he said, puzzled. "Who do we know out in Africa?"

Norah glanced at the letter, then gave an exclamation almost of awe; her complexion changed, and she looked for a moment as if she would faint, and a trembling hand was laid for support on her father's arm.

"My dear," he said anxiously, "what is it?"

Her voice shook so that she could hardly speak.

"Father," she whispered, "the miracle has been wrought." Then, as he gazed at her wondering—"Don't you see? Look closer, dear! That writing is—Geoffrey's!"

"Geoffrey's! But Geoffrey is—— Norah, can it be possible the boy is not dead, after all? Open it quickly—quickly! Here, sit close by me! Read it, child!"

And breathlessly, in tones that with an effort she rendered distinct enough for her father's hearing, Norah read the note.

It was not a very long one, and it had been written in extreme weakness. It told how he had been desperately wounded and left for dead, but how by the kindness of some Dutch people he had been taken care of and nursed through months of misery, when his mind as well as his body had been affected; how, when he began to recover, he had struggled back to a place of civilisation, only to be taken ill again, and brought near to death. How at last he had again recovered, and had learnt through an Englishman he had met, who knew him, that he was reported to be dead; how he sent this letter to Mr. Gilman rather than to his parents, lest the suddenness of the news should harm his mother. Possibly she might have heard through some official source, if it was yet rumoured in England. In that case they would want to know his whereabouts. He said that he was still hardly fit to travel, but he should sail as soon as possible.

The father and daughter sat silent, looking at each other, rejoicing, but overcome.

"Father," said Norah presently, "I prayed for this at first. I had heard of such things, and I could not, somehow, feel that Geoff was dead. But I gave up hope long ago."

Mr. Gilman turned to her with shining eyes.

"Norah," he said, "I understand you now. Will Sir John say, with you, the miracle has been wrought?"

The girl was silent. This prayer had been answered; she could not doubt the other, which had been most frequent lately on her lips, would be likewise.

"Come, dear—we must not keep this to ourselves any longer. I will go to Lady Anstruther. The sad news we broke first to him; but this surely should go first to the mother."

But wonderful, incredible, unexpected as it was, after a year of mourning, the mother needed no telling. The sight of their moved faces, the letter which Norah held towards her, the trembling yet careful haste with which they strove to put into words the message of untold gladness, were enough. Or did she have a spiritual before an intellectual grasp of the truth? She knew the end while Mr. Gilman was still stumbling over his preliminary announcement of good tidings.

"There can be only one thing," she cried. "God has given me back my child—God has given me back my child!" But the joy was too great and she sank back fainting.

Her first words when she recovered consciousness were to Norah.

"His father," she whispered—"tell him!"

And relinquishing her to Michael's care, whom Mr. Gilman had hastily summoned, Norah went to fulfil her mission.

Very different was Sir John's reception of the news to that of Lady Anstruther's. No hint availed for him, no faltering words of something wonderful which had come to light roused his suspicion of the truth.

When Norah told him simply from whom a letter had been received, he could not believe. She showed him the letter, and though he shook with excitement he doubted still. The postmark was no guide. The date—when was it written? At last he read it. Norah watched his face. Slowly, slowly a light stole over it; the gloom passed away. Then he sat silent, looking straight before him. When at last he spoke, it was in a low voice, scarcely more than a whisper, and his eyes, which were upraised, were as the eyes of one who has been blind and now sees. His words were the words of his wife, and they came slowly, with long pauses—

"God—has given me back my child!"

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Musical Enthusiasm.

"Ah, you don't know what muthical enthuthiathm ith!" said a music-mad girl to Tom Hood.

"Excuse me, but I do," replied the wit; "musical enthusiasm is like turtle-soup; for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves' head in proportion."

In studying History.—History should not merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but modify her views about the present, and even determine her forecast of the future.

A Model Address.

Louis XIV. of France, when passing through Rheims, received an address from the mayor who, presenting him with some bottles of wine and some pears, said, "Sire, we bring your majesty our wine, our pears, and our hearts."

"Ah!" replied the king, laying his hand on the shoulder of the mayor, "that's what I call a model address."

Being Educated.—Opposition and danger are educations. Without war—no soldier; without enemies—no hero.

His Fortune was made.

The Inventor: "Ah, ah! My fortune is made! Hurrah!"

His Wife: "How?"

The Inventor: "I've just perfected a duplex reversible device for automatically indicating to a woman whether her hat is on straight."

Death brings Changes.

If death dissolves dear relationships it also creates others dearer still. Then, possibly for the first time, the brother becomes a friend; but then also the friend is often felt to be more than a brother.

IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

PART XI.

OUR HIDDEN SELVES.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life" (Prov. iv. 23).



I WONDER whether you, my dear girl friends, have duly considered how supremely important our thoughts are, and that our "hidden selves" need to be watched with the most jealous anxiety. I suppose we are all ready to own that our thoughts are the seeds whence spring our words and works. If so, these seeds should be treated as diligently and constantly by us, as the gardener treats those which he has sown, in the hope of seeing them grow into plants full of grace and beauty. Just as he cherishes the healthy seedlings, removes from their midst those which are weak and worthless, and unsparingly tears up and flings away the weeds, should we do in dealing with the seeds of thought which are ever springing within us. We need to encourage those which will grow into beautiful realities, to be seen by and to influence others, as well as to make our own lives reflections of our Master's image.

It is so common, not only for the young, but for people of all ages to say, "My thoughts are my own. It does not matter to anyone what I think. I cannot be called to account or punished for thinking."

There is an old story of a man who was brought to justice for spreading evil tales about his neighbour. It was proved that the latter had suffered unjustly, both in character and position, through what had been said. The culprit was fined and admonished to keep his tongue within proper bounds for the future. As he very unwillingly paid the money, he asked:

"Can anybody fine me for thinking?"

"No," was the answer.

"Very well. I thought what I said about that man was true, and I think so still," replied the offender, and he left the court, probably feeling that he had some return for his money after all.

It is quite true that our thoughts are our own, but unfortunately, we do not always understand the vast responsibility which is attached to these possessions, which, hidden from all the world beside, are an open book in the sight of Him, who "is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

In the text with which we begin our talk this evening, great stress is laid upon this truth. It reads, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." But the margin of the authorised version gives the words, "above all keeping," and the revised version makes it if possible stronger, so that the text should read, "Keep thy heart above all that thou guardest;" because, just as from it the blood flows into every part of the body and is "the life thereof," so the thoughts are the springs whence come words and acts which make up our life before others.

You and I, dear girls, must face this great truth; that the thoughts which we have deemed of little consequence, because our neighbour could neither read nor call us to account for them, are given the first and most important place in God's estimation of what goes to make up our being. He would have us keep our hearts above all that we have to guard, for the very reasons that we too often set aside, namely, that to Him alone we have to give an account of them; the character of our own lives, the influence we exercise over others, and our personal happiness or misery all spring from them.

We are particular about externals, are we not? We do not like to go amongst our neighbours in soiled garments, and with unkempt hair, or unwashed hands. We do not like our companions to find us in our homes amongst needless litter and discomfort. If surprised under such circumstances, the flush of shame would rise to our faces, and we should hasten to do something to lessen the disorder; just as though the things which shame us when seen by others could possibly be right if only known to ourselves.

In our daily lives we come face to face with many things which we would not willingly allow the eye to dwell upon, and from which we turn away with an expression of horror and disgust if we are seen looking at them even for a moment. As to words which fall upon our ears from time to time; our tongues would refuse to utter them, and the very thought of our speaking in such a manner and being heard, fills us with shame.

Yet many who are particular as to the places they visit; the persons they associate with, and the language they listen to and use, will let their thoughts dwell on subjects which they would shrink from alluding to. They will say, "I cannot help thinking. Thoughts come unbidden. Who can shut them out?"

These are poor excuses which we make for not having, in the first place, guarded that citadel of the heart, which God has bidden us keep above all things that we have to guard. The heart that is full of love to Him and to our neighbour, has no room for such vile intruders. It "thinketh no evil."

Should a wrong or polluting thought creep in, we need not give it a welcome by dwelling on and cherishing it.

The wind may whirl the tiny seeds of some noisome weed into the plot on which a gardener has sown those of rare flowers. He could not help this intrusion, but, when the weeds show themselves above ground, will he encourage them to take stronger root and spread and choke his fair blossoms? Ask him, and you will be promptly answered.

"Let them stay? Water them so that they may grow here? I should be mad to do anything of the kind. When I catch sight of a weed, however small, out it must come, and the sooner the better. He is a poor gardener and not worth the name of one, who does not remove a weed as soon as it is big enough to be seen. Everybody knows that, living, it takes the room and saps the strength of better things, and if allowed to grow and seed, it will prove the parent of hundreds like itself."

It is just the same, dear girl friends, if we allow a wrong thought to dwell in our minds. It is sure to be a fruitful parent, and its presence encourages the coming of other wrong thoughts. Who can see the end of the harvest of varying consequences which spring from a good thought or an evil one?

We cannot run away from our thoughts. They are ever present with us, either as our friends, to stir us to pure and noble actions, or as our enemies, to incite us to the opposite. They are never silent, and we cannot help listening to these inner voices, whether we obey or resist their influence.

Looking from our inner selves into the world around us, we get many lessons to prove the importance of the unseen.

I was out boating one day, and was anxious that we should row in a particular direction. To my ignorant eyes all looked fair, safe and tempting, but the boatman shook his head.

"It looks all right, but there are some sharp, pointed rocks thereabouts. They are only small ones and are seldom seen, except when the tide is uncommon low. But because they are small and sharp they are more dangerous, specially to people that don't know every inch of the coast. Those of us who do, keep right away from that part, or we should have a hole through the bottom of the boat before we knew we were near. A big rock is a trifle compared to these little things, scattered up and down and mostly all under water."

Sailors could tell us of many hidden dangers far more to be feared than those which are visible. There are swift currents which run below the surface and have power to hurry a boat to destruction if it gets within their influence. The wise keep as far from them as possible.

How terrible is a dense fog on land! How much more terrible and dangerous at sea! There is room enough on the wide ocean for the vessels of all nations to voyage safely, and there would still be room were they multiplied a thousand fold. But when the fog, which is worse than darkness, surrounds them, each ship is a source of terror and danger to every other, as it may, all unwittingly, deal destruction and be shattered in the act.

The danger lies in the unseen, and the words "If the fog would but lift! If we could only see!" are on every tongue.

Thought and word or action are often compared to the lightning and the thunder which follows it. We often fail to note the flash, but the roar of the thunder tells that it has been near us.

In the unnoted flash lay the real danger. It was the cause of the thunder which was only harmless noise, and in this, lies the difference between it and the consequences of our thoughts.

Acts follow thought as thunder follows lightning, but they, unlike the thunder, are not without results, for they must have an influence of one kind or other. The roll of the unseen thunder dies harmlessly away. The act or word which has sprung from thought may soon be forgotten, but its consequences travel on and on, through time and to eternity.

Sometimes a wayfarer seeks to drink at a little stream which he has known from childhood and on the purity of which he can rely. He approaches it with confidence, but he finds that, all along its banks, refuse has been thrown, and the stream, thus adulterated, is unfit for drinking. He remembers, however, that the well-spring, whence it is fed, is not very far off, and to it he goes, with weary feet it may be, but with hope in his heart and longing to slake his thirst with a cool, pure draught.

He is not disappointed. The source of the spring lies far down beneath the surface, amid great rocks which it has spent ages in polishing. Its waters are ever flowing outward and sweeping away all minor obstructions of dead leaves and such like trifles which the wind bears down upon them. And even in the centre of that broader stream, that men have polluted, there may be discerned a silver thread which, flowing steadily

onward from its hidden source, remains untainted by the impurities around it.

Is not such a stream a fitting emblem of one of God's true children and servants, who guards the heart "above all that has to be guarded?" Of one who, conscious of weakness and inability to keep the citadel unaided, has gone to the Giver with the cry "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." The margin of our Bible gives the words "Constant," or "Stedfast," as alternative readings to right, and they seem to make the verse stronger. We want not only the right spirit, but we want it all the time, so that our heart's devotion may not vary.

God, the great and generous Giver of all good, condescends to ask just one gift from each of us. "Give Me thine heart." "Let thine heart keep My commandments."

Oh, my dear ones. The All Wise Creator "of whom are all things," knows our weaknesses, our temptations, our sins which most easily beset us. So, whilst bidding us guard the stronghold of our hearts above all that He has intrusted to our keeping, He also says "Give them to Me. Let Me be the tenant and the habitation will be safe. Give Me possession and there will be no room for aught that would pollute or destroy. My Spirit shall preserve the heart's purity, and it shall be the abode of holy thoughts, holy desires, of love, peace and goodwill towards all mankind." These, though not the exact words of the Bible, convey what it teaches in many places.

I think I hear you say, "The picture is very beautiful. Would that it were real in my case! Oh, that I were a true child and servant of God, happy in doing His will from my inmost heart! But what He asks is so difficult and hardest of all to yield. Have I not tried to do right, and yet the close of each day shows a record of things omitted that I had resolved to do, and others done which conscience told me were wrong."

My object this evening is to try and help you to find out the cause of your failures. We will not spend our time in brooding over or vainly lamenting our mistakes and misdoings. We will go straight to the cause of them, and see what can be done.

Were an architect called in to inspect a building the walls of which were sinking, would he be justified by examining them only and certifying that the bricks were good and well held together by the mortar? No; he would say at once that the danger lay below the surface, and did not arise from what could be seen.

"There is something wrong with the foundations," he would say. "The walls are sound, but the supports have given way."

So with the cleansing of a stream. If the source be pure, there is hope. Outward contaminating substances can be cleared away and the banks guarded against their renewal; but if it springs from a foul source, vain will it be to attempt to cleanse the bed along which it flows.

You and I must be in earnest in our searchings of hearts. We know that our thoughts are the spring whence words and actions flow. Very early in the history of the world, as the Bible tells it, this great truth is summed up, Gen. vi. 5. The prophet Isaiah repeated, and Christ Himself quoted the inspired teaching, "This people honoureth Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me."

How hateful mere empty words and professions of love and friendship are to us when the speaker's acts contradict them! Silence and estrangement can be endured, or even pass unnoticed; but want of truth and sincerity are always contemptible in our human eyes. What, then, must many of our words and acts be like in the eyes of Him to whom our thoughts are as an open book?

If we want to serve God we must begin at the beginning. Give Him our hearts and ask Him to take possession of the source, so that the stream of our lives may be a pure one.

"Will God do this?" you ask.

I answer your question with another—"What did Jesus say when teaching His disciples?" "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

If we want God's presence dwelling in our hearts we must ask for it, and ask earnestly, wanting to have it. Then there is our own share to be considered. God will work in and with us, but we are not to be idle. You have the control of your bodily senses. Do not let them be the channels by which evil thoughts are brought into the heart. If your eye sees what is wrong or impure, turn it away; do not continue to look on. If your ear is offended by the sound of foolish, slanderous, profane, or obscene words, do not listen; get out of hearing as soon as possible and strive to put them out of your mind, otherwise memory will repeat them at intervals to your hurt.

If you find yourself in the company of those who make light of sacred things or turn passages of God's word into idle jests, leave it as soon as possible and avoid such for the future. "The foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient," are specially named in God's word as things to be avoided. So, too, is the society of those who are likely to lead us astray. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

We can all to some extent choose our advisers and our intimates. I know that there are some of you, my dear girl friends, who are associated by your daily work with those who rather hinder than help you in the right way. This you cannot avoid, but you need not make them your advisers and confidants.

Try to use all outside influences for the good of your inner selves by shunning whatever suggests wrong ideas or stores up evil memories. Your inner self is the source of your visible life. All outside of and around the latter, re-acts on the mind. Endeavour to dwell on what is holy and Christ-like, so as to occupy your thoughts with what will be pleasing to God.

"Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, think on these things."

We can only really occupy our minds with one thing at once. Let us resolve that the one thing shall be such as to make us feel glad that God sees and reads it.

Perhaps you are thinking to yourselves, "This is a high standard which demands that my heart shall keep God's commandments, and that I am to guard it above all that I have to guard. How shall I attain to this?"

It is a high standard; but it is God's standard, and with every command He will give the power to obey. He bids us "Work out our own salvation." We are to do all that in us lies, but He adds by the mouth of His apostle, "It is God that worketh in you; both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

As to these senses of ours that are so apt to lead us astray. Is the tongue the offender? Pray "Keep Thou the door of my lips that I offend not with my tongue." Are you straying from the right way? "Lord, deliver my feet from falling?" and so on.

The Bible will furnish you with words of prayer for every need, and promises of strength, help and blessing, and gracious answers are sown broadcast over its pages. Let us be very thorough in looking at our inner selves, our "hidden selves" to all but God.

The surgeon who has been watching a wound which will not heal is not contented to look only at the outside, but probes to find how deep the mischief lies.

So, dear ones, you and I must search our hidden selves, and be contented with nothing less than giving to our Father, God, the loving, whole-hearted service, which it is alike our duty and privilege to render.

"THE GOLDEN HEART."

CHAPTER III.



N the fourth day after Allison's flight from home came a letter to Mrs. Carne from her married daughter Lizzie to the effect that her sister was with her and very ill. The doctor said she had brain fever.

"Ally came here three days ago," wrote Lizzie. "She seemed quite dazed and broken down, and complained of her head. She wouldn't say anything about herself, only that she had been somewhere on business and felt ill and tired. There's something I don't understand, but perhaps you will; so please come quickly, as she's very bad, poor dear."

Mrs. Carne needed no second call, but repaired without delay to her daughter's house, leaving the ferryman to manage for himself, with injunctions that neither he nor Dan should venture to come till they were sent for. The good woman was greatly troubled and alarmed, for, where had Allison been during the first day and night of her absence from home and what could have caused this sudden illness?

She was not destined to discover, for Allison lay dangerously ill during three anxious weeks, unconscious that the dear mother towards whom she had so grievously failed in duty was her constant and devoted nurse.

At the end of that time she was on the road to recovery, but as weak as a baby. Moreover, the illness appeared to have obliterated the memory of the unhappy incidents which had been its forerunner. Allison's mind was a blank as regarded everything, and a fortunate thing that was.

No questions were asked by Mrs. Carne, no painful recollections called into being. The girl was very quiet, very submissive, that was the most marked change in her. She would sit for hours saying nothing, but watching her mother about the room with a look of wistful content upon her face. The only remark she made that showed she had been inwardly questioning herself was—

"I can't remember how I came to be here at Lizzie's."

"Why, you came on a visit, dearie, and then you fell ill. Father's been missing us sorely, he'd like to have us home again," replied her mother.

"Let us go home," said Allison, "I feel stronger now."

So they went home, and all went on as if nothing eventful had happened, nor were the neighbours any the wiser.

Dan's name, however, never passed the girl's lips till Sunday evening just about the time he used to come in and claim her company. She was restless and frequently rose from the easy chair where she still reclined, in order to look across the ferry in the direction of the opposite hills.

Her mother watched her, but said nothing.

"Do you think he'll come to-night, mother?" asked Allison presently.

"Who, dearie?"

"Why, Dan. It's about time for him to be here."

"Aye, so it is. Yes, he'll come, to be sure. Sit ye down again, my pretty, and wait."

Soon there came a gentle tap at the cottage door, which opened immediately, and the shepherd's tall figure stooped to enter. Allison rose timidly as though uncertain of her reception, but Dan's manner was as gentle, his voice as kind, his smile as hearty and affectionate as of old.

It was only in Allison there was a change, but Dan thought it was for the better. She looked more like a delicate lily than the scornful gipsy-queen he had parted with six weeks ago, and her manner was soft and even deprecating.

Mrs. Carne left them together and sought her husband by the ferry. She laid her hand on his broad shoulder.

"We shall have a wedding in the autumn after all," said she; "'tis all right 'tween Dan and our Allison."

And so it proved. The past was gone and forgotten like a nightmare that has disturbed our repose, and is thought of no longer when the daylight shines.

Dan was a good husband. Allison's after life had its trials, as the happiest of lives must have, but she had found a heart of gold to lean upon.

OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "MY GARDEN IN MAY."

I've been waiting for May all the winter through;
(And the winter is long in the North Countrie)
But the bulbs have sprung forth; and I daily view,
In the sun-lighted distance, the deep blue sea.
O Crown Imperial, O tulip proud,
My loving heart just laughs aloud!

It is blithe when it all-that-it-longed-for gets;
(But the summer is short in the North Countrie)
We must hastily take drear old Winter's debts,
And hug to our heart and memory
The Iris, snowflake, and wall-flower sweet;
For spring-time days have footsteps fleet.

Prize Winners

One Pound.

Mabel Barnicott, Furze Bank, Preston, Brighton.

Fifteen Shillings Each.

Gertrude Smith, 10, Ferron Road, Clapton, N.E.

S. P. Smithin, Sherriff's Linch, Evesham.

Eight Shillings Each.

Richard Smyth Benson, The Rectory, Ballymoney, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

Josephine Coupland, 12, Crescent Parade, Ripon, Yorks.

Ethel Lorina Jollye, Merton, Stratford-on-Avon.

Nellie Meikle, 2, Newsham Drive, Liverpool.

E. R. Oliver, Frankley House, Weston-Super-Mare.

Gertrude Dean Williams, 53, Cranswick Road, South Bermondsey.

Helen B. Younger, 5, Comiston Gardens, Edinburgh.

Special Mention. (*Equal with third class.*)

Amy Briand, Mrs. Deane, Ellen R. Smith.

Very Highly Commended.

Louie Bull, Julia Hennen, Percy H. Horne, Edward Rogulski, L. E. Seal, Amy I. Seaward.

Highly Commended.

Eva M. Benson, Annie Fitt, Edward St. G. Hodson, Rose A. Hooppell, Mrs. C. A. Martin, J. D. Musgrave, Dorothy W. Shoberl, Violet Shoberl, K. Smith, Elizabeth Yarwood.

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. Adkins, Edith K. Baxter, M. Bolingbroke, E. H. Brookfield, M. J. Champneys, Alice J. Chandler, M. A. C. Crabb, Sarah M. Crerar, Ellie Crossman, Mrs. G. Cumming, Rose D. Davis, Jessie Facey, Ada Goodale, Mrs. W. H. Gotch, Edith E. Grundy, J. L. Hawks, M. Hodgkinson, Edith L. Howse, J. Hunt, Ethel Jackson, Mary Jackson, Elsie M. Jay, Alice E. Johnson, Gertrude J. Jones, Mrs. Latter, Ed. Lord, Ethel C. McMaster, Helen A. Manning, M. Theodora Moxon, Mrs. H. W. Musgrave, E. C. Milne, Lucy Richardson, Kate Robinson, Mrs. Sanderson, Mildred Seaton, A. C. Sharp, N. Skitter, Stuart Bostock-Smith, Isabel Snell, Sarah Southall, Mary E. Spencer, Minna Starritt, Mrs. G. M. Thompson, Violet C. Todd, Maud Tremaine, Hubert Tutte, Florence Watson, Miss Whithard, M. Wilkins, Emily M. P. Wood, Diana C. Yeo, K. Young.

EXAMINERS' REPORT.

Alas, for our prophecy! One solution was perfect in every respect, and two others gave every word correctly. But even this result, good as it is, shows a great falling off from recent achievements, and the puzzle must rank with the most difficult of the series.

If we had not so great a passion for imparting instruction, our report might well have ended here, for solvers can hardly desire more than to know the solution and their fate. But we have a great fact to communicate: Two hogsheads are *one butt*. The full beauty and significance of this information will quickly dawn upon those who have the energy to turn to the third line of the puzzle. There are the two hogsheads. Substitute one butt minus one and butt takes their place. Begin the line with Butt and there you are! How very easy it all is, and yet a very large majority of the would-be solvers began the line with Now. How that is obtained, we will leave our readers to discover. It is quite a little puzzle in itself, and the solution thereof is not quite as easy to comprehend as some other things we know.

The *huge* t in line 10, being a new device, also gave much trouble. We will not disclose the extremely fanciful substitutes for "hug" presented by despairing solvers—it would not be kind. Finally we must refer to the flowers in the eleventh line. The iris was generally identified, but the wallflower was often mistaken for a pansy, though not by a majority. Very few solvers failed to identify either flower, and they only because their horticultural education is not yet complete, and not from any fault in the drawing. At the same time, it is only fair to say that one competitor does not agree with us. He is learned in many ways, though, with becoming reticence, he does not say so, but he frankly acknowledges that he knows nothing about flowers. This being so, "I have been obliged," he says, "to get the opinion of several of the botanists of the day on your pictures—they are all unanimous in disagreeing as to these being flowers or anything else—the greengrocer says they look like carrots and onions, but which is which he cannot tell."

It is obviously an impertinence to obtain advice and then not to act upon it, though we believe it is sometimes done—and our correspondent accordingly adopts "carrot" and "onion" for his solution. When he has finished hugging these very useful vegetables to his "heart and memory" we shall be extremely pleased to record his sensations if he will kindly endeavour to describe them.

No. 73. In your solution of "A real Christmas" you wrote "in" instead of "with" in line 6. This mistake, in such a close competition, was fatal. Punctuation, neatness, and the "form" of the verse are taken into account in difficult adjudications but not caligraphy.

FOREIGN AWARD.

Saint Valentine.

Prize Winners (*Half-a-Guinea Each*).

Mrs. F. Christain, P. O. Bangaon, via Monghyr, Bengal, India.

Mrs. F. H. C. Sneur, Daphne Cottage, Wynberg, Capetown.

Very Highly Commended.

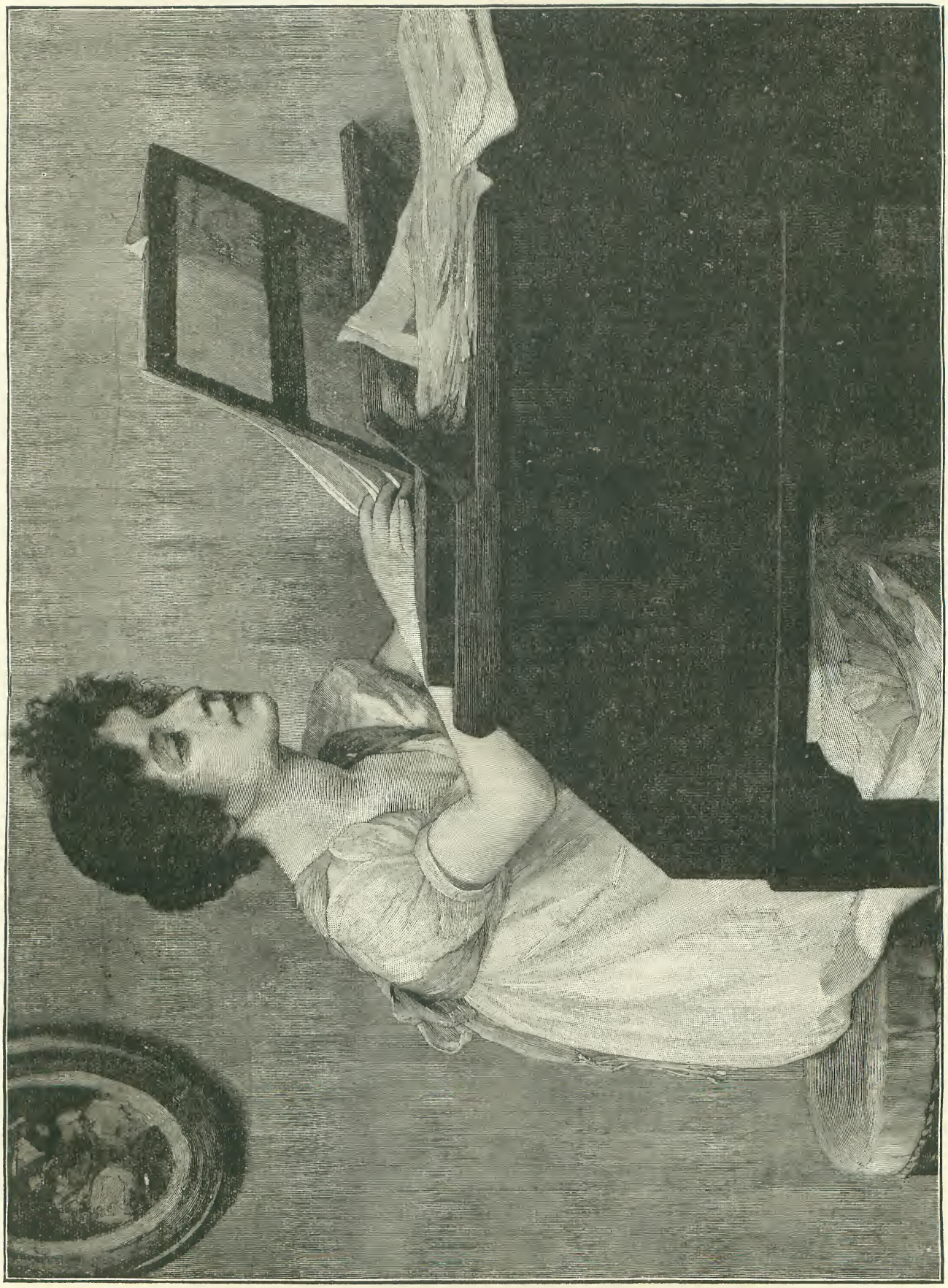
Elsie Davies (Australia), Violet Hewlet (Canada), J. W. W. Hogan (Straits Settlements), Nellie M. Jenkinson (Australia), Philippa M. Kemlo (Cape Colony), Florence Watson (?).

Highly Commended.

Lillian Dobson (Australia), John A. Fitz-Maurice (Australia), Katherine J. Knop, Hilda D'Rozario, J. S. Summers (India), Edith Wassell (Australia).

Honourable Mention.

Mrs. H. Andrews (Canada), Margaret L. Baller (China), May Malone (Antigua), Ina Michell (Cyprus), Frank and Ruth Ondatje (Ceylon), E. Nina Reid (New Zealand), Lilian Rodgers (West Australia), Mrs. Sprigg (Cape Colony).



SUNDAY EVENING.

[From photo: Photographic Union, Munich.

SOME NEW SACRED SONGS.

"The First Steps of Jesus," by Edmond Diet (Metzler), with English and French words, is a legend of singular beauty, recounting how, that to rescue a wounded dove our Saviour took his first infant footsteps on earth in the cause of the weak and suffering. The music is sympathetic with the theme, and quaintly descriptive; it suits a mezzo-soprano voice.

Another similar song, very simple and with a touching little story is "The Christ Child," by Francis Thomé (J. Williams): it breathes the same spirit of old French music which possesses a peculiar charm all its own, suggestive of the carillons from antique belfries abroad in days long passed away. The compass is small and any medium voice could sing it.

Again, Benjamin Godard's duet for soprano and mezzo, "The Babe of Bethlehem" (Metzler), is another example, of much beauty and simplicity. "The Wondrous Cross," by Myles B. Foster (Weekes), is really a setting of Dr. Watts's fine hymn "When I survey the wondrous cross" for mezzo-soprano, and the harmonious music (which is thoroughly good but not difficult) is full of reverent feeling, and expressive of that sad "sweet story of old;" the ending is particularly appropriate and telling.

"Pray for Me," words by F. E. Weatherley, music by Gounod, is one of the few sacred songs which unite extreme simplicity with true excellence. It is admirably adapted for home singing. This applies to another of Gounod's, "Rest in Peace," which though solemn is a calm soothing air for a somewhat heavier voice, compass c to f sharp; and it is easy and short to learn by heart; the words are by Clement Scott. Both these songs are brought out by Metzler.

A theme that will find an echo in all hearts is "The trust of little children," by D'Auvergne Barnard (Osborne). The song is published in four keys with a 'cello obbligato, and an organ accompaniment. The music presents no difficulties and is very prettily conceived, while the words are of import and exceptional sweetness to old and young alike.

"Make Thou our hearts like those of little children
Teach us to put our faith and trust in Thee."

"The Vision Divine," by Joseph H. Adams (Ricordi), is in a more ambitious style; it is narrative and certainly interesting with an effective refrain and a full and not difficult accompaniment; care must however be taken at the beginning of the first and last verses, to play it in a reverent manner or it would be too light for the words. It is published in three keys.

So too is the "City of Rest," by Francis Lloyd (Keith Prowse), and it is excellent for low or high voices; the words and music are very good and inspiring, and linger in the memory with very happy effect.

Frederick Cowen has written a song in his usual capable way, called "The Watchers" (R. Cocks): it reminds one of "The Better Land," in its very pretty questions and answers of mother and child. "The Heavenly Dream" is one of the popular quasi-sacred songs of Bryceson Treharne's published by Messrs. Morley, which will be found most useful and pleasing for girls to sing in many home circles.

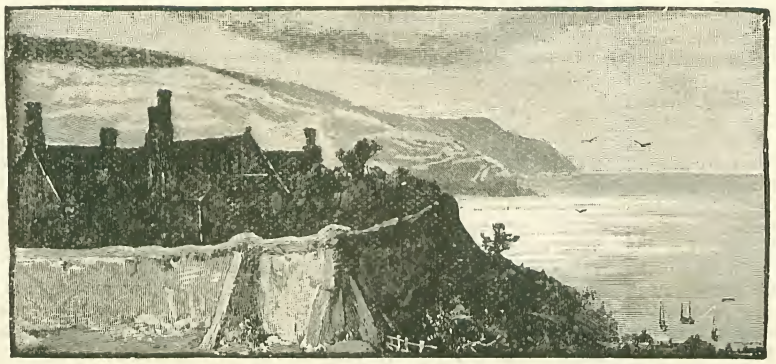
The same may be said of "Father Eternal," by Hartwell Jones (Phillips and Page); it is impressive and interesting, and it requires little study for voice or fingers; a choice of three keys is given.

For a high mezzo-soprano we have "Cradled so Lowly," a sweet, melodious little song, composed and written too by Frank Moir (Metzler). It is perfectly easy, and the refrain with direct simplicity sums up the vast extent of our Christian benefits:

"He who is able to save you,
He who eternal life gave you,
Suffered, suffered
And took all your sorrows away."

We hope many of these songs may help those of our girl-readers who sing to employ some Sunday or weekday hours happily for the gratification of those around them.

Mary Augusta Salmond.



HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

By O. H.

Behind the scenes in hospital life gives unbounded scope for the study of human nature. One quickly learns (with the philosopher who romanced of the World Unclothed) that the omnipotent tailor, who creates class distinctions, does not confer the hall-mark of greatness with his broadcloth or Court uniforms. For beneath every work-grimed fustian coat beats a human heart, and those who know the "hardy-handed sons of toil" in their hours of weakness can testify how often they are "kings of men."

The pathos of a hospital-ward is rivalled by its humour, but the pathos comes first. Some one is playing "Home, sweet home" on the old harmonium. One of human nature's most vulnerable points is the soft spot of home, the tender name of wife or mother; and there is a peculiar hush as the dear, familiar strains fill the long ward. Is it that "music hath charms" which stills the chattering tongues of those rough diamonds? But no, they are all asleep, the occupants of the long rows of beds, with their heads half smothered in the pillow, or hidden beneath the sheet. Yet presently nurse becomes painfully aware that they are only feigning sleep. Oh, what is one soft-hearted woman to do, surrounded by great men who are crying? What, even that swearing fellow in No. 10 bed? Yes, even he. But the player, with tact, bursts into martial airs and sailor-songs and triumphal marches quite foreign to the wheezy old harmonium. Some of the men wake up and begin to get interested, and even hum the tunes after a furtive glance round to ascertain that no one knows what fools they have been. But under one counterpane a form is shaking as if with sobs, and nurse steals up to offer her—perhaps futile sympathy.

"Daddy—what is it, daddy?"

Then she draws the screen round (that troublesome leg is always wanting attention), and hidden from view of the others, hears all about it from the rough seaman whose heart is breaking for wife and children far away, and for the honest little home going to ruin with the bread-winner in hospital. "And what shall I be but a poor cripple for the rest of my days?" No doubt he will be as surly and crabby as ever the next time nurse dresses his wound, but she will have more heart to bear with him now, and at least he has said, "God bless you, dear," with his tears on her hand, and seemed comforted.

Many a touching little scene at different bedsides shows that the domestic life of the poor is not all wife-beating. Here is an old Darby with trembling fingers smoothing his Joan's hair.

"Don' ye work so hard, my darling; you must leff off some of that there heavy work."

"I've a'most done for to-night," she answers cheerily, then whispers aside, "I've got heavy mangling, nurse ma'am, and shan' be done till twelve o'clock, but don' ye tell 'n. Things be looking up, an' only waitin' for ye to come whum again," she adds to old William.

There is an artisan who has found true love run smooth through many years of married life.

"If I haven't slept for pain, I'll be bound her haven't for thinkin' of me." And he's never content unless, under some pretext, his wife comes to see him every day for "a bit of courting." Sometimes only a glimpse through the windows, accompanied with the remark, "Did you ever hear tell of Romeo and Juliet, nurse?" A very erudite fustian, this!

In the corner is a Welshman who dreams every night of his "angel bride," and lives on her daily letters, written in Welsh, with a grateful postscript in childish English to the nurse. The love between these simple couples lasts on till they can sing together, "John Anderson, my jo, John," or compete for the flitch of bacon. Listen to this old pensioner.

"Have you had a happy afternoon, daddy?"

"Ay, a nice long court to-day, nurse," and his face flushes beneath his silver hair as his "missus" comes into the ward on visiting-days. And she, dear old lady, is far from being jealous when he says to his nurse, "Oh, my dear, you'm enough to charm the heart of a snail!"

Just now the comic characters of the ward are two men who are convalescing from severe operations, and they pace the ward together, nicknamed "The Comedians," for Nature was in a humorous vein when she moulded the quaint figure of the old bachelor, and the crinkled face of the young one. The young comedian is a coachman by trade, and it is his boast that he is going "to drive nurse to her wedding, white ribbons and a'," though in sadder moments, looking at his arms in splints, he puckers his absurdly childish face and meditates, "I'll be a poor hand at the ribbons after all!" The other comedian is an old fox-hunting butcher, with a face like a nursery rhyme. He has fallen from the opulence of butcherdom and the proud possession of a hunting hack to abject poverty, but nothing can quench his inborn drollery. He assumes a courtliness, too, that is very funny.

"Pretty well this morning, nurse?" he asks deferentially. "Well and pretty, nurse, well and pretty." Indeed, he is something of a gallant altogether, and romances of the old times when he was "trigged up in Sunday best with a flower in his buttonhole. And many's the mile I've been courting, in the happy old days, down country lanes." He makes a great affair of his daily toilette, carefully brushing the patched, blue tail-coat and threadbare velvet collar, as if he were getting himself up in pink for the chase. He shuffles about the ward in the old slippers, which have a little spring left in them, as if they still were dancing-pumps, and it is his great ambition "to dance a hornpipe with nurse." Unfortunately, that is not commensurate with nurse's idea of professional dignity, though sometimes, in mad moments, she can imagine herself skimming the polished floor between the beds, keeping step with this agile, old-world comedian.

Oh, God bless you, dear, honest, great-hearted simple fustians!

II.

It is night without. In the children's ward the firelight flickers on the folded cots. A little group is gathered round the fire by a baby wailing faintly. The dying infant lies on the nurse's knee, its little head moving from side to side in pain. Beside it kneels the fair little Sister, trying to coax the pet of the ward with spoonfuls of brandy and milk, and the young doctor leaning against the nursery-guard with grave face and professional air, is concentrating all attention on the wee, wailing baby.

It is one of the poor little "not wanted" lives; but if medical skill and nursing care can save it, it shall be saved.

Then the mother is sent for from the workhouse, not far away. She looks a wild Irish girl as she, too, comes into the glow of the firelight. She is picturesque, in spite of her roughness, in a big blue apron, and shawl pinned across her breast, ruffled black hair, and head unbonneted. Her words are careless enough.

"S'pose I should feel it, first going off," she says, alluding to her baby's death; yet, with a mother's heart within her, she passionately kissed the little one, then sits rocking herself to and fro, her head buried in her apron.

Ah, bright-eyed Jessie! Poor, unkempt, erring Jessie! In you culminates the sigh of pitiful, perplexed humanity!

The house-surgeon turned back as he left the ward to say to the Sister—

"Send for the chaplain if the baby is not christened. It will not live till morning."

III.

Christmas in the wards, undeniably Christmas, kept up as Christmas used to be.

First, Christmas Eve, the good, old-fashioned Christmas smell of holly; and a very old-fashioned litter of decorations in new-fashioned, germless, aseptic wards. Every patient hangs a stocking to the bed-head, even such old souls as are dubbed "Grannie" and "Daddie," with all the expectant glee of children. Later, "in the stilly watches of the night," a nurse, or, it may be, an impersonated Santa Claus, steals round with presents labelled for each patient according to their age and tastes, but spied by a wakeful patient here and there. For instance, Grannie, whispering delightedly—

"I see'd ye, my dear; ye can't catch Grannie napping. Oh, my! What a Christmassing to be sure! Never haven't hed such encouragements and indulgences ever since I was a—barn." And she looks round benignantly on the lofty ward, "like a fairy palace, zure," hung with flags and ivies, the firelight reddening the holly-berries, and casting mischievous lights on the mistletoe bough.

Except in childrens' nurseries, Christmas is nowhere so ideal as in the wards. "Goodwill" certainly abounds; the sick forget their sickness in the general gaiety, and the querulous their plaints. It is the nurses' delight to add in every way to the festivities, and their spirits are exuberant, hospital discipline being relaxed. At the Christmas Day dinner the steaming turkeys and the flaming puddings are followed by dessert and crackers and songs. No wonder such unwonted feasting draws from the Welsh lad "Taffy" the remark—

"It's my seventeenth Christmas, nurse, and the nicest I've ever had yet."

And an Irish sailor chimes in—

"I'm coming back next year with the wife and all the family, and if ye put me out at the door, I'll come in to the window."

"Christmassing" does not end with the feast of the nativity; concerts last through the week, and the spirit of festivity dies hard. Boxing night is devoted to carol-singing (the whole day having been a sort of expanded grin after Christmas fare). There is an unusually fragrant aroma in the male wards, where the patients are propped up in bed smoking long pipes; this unwonted privilege is more prized than all the rest of the season's good things. Presently the wide doors open, and a whole orchestra of nurses, in their spotless uniforms, troops in. Lights are lowered and windows opened, and the sound of carols fills the ward, the echoes floating to the street outside (where many passers-by, to whom Christmas has brought no joy, pause to listen to the sweet singing, and feel it would be no hardship to be within those great walls, cared for and "tended" in a little hospital bed). The men hum in unison with the nurses' singing, or click their pipes to the quaint tunes.

But they knock out the ashes and listen reverently to a hymn which recalls the Christmases of childhood—

"O come all ye faithful."

(To be concluded.)

WHAT TO COOK, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

PRESERVING AND CONSERVING. AROMATIC HERBS AND SPICES.

By L. H. YATES.

"But happy they, thrice happy, who possess
The art to mix these sweets with due address."—*W. Hone.*

In England "to preserve" means, five times out of six, to boil our fruit to a jam or jelly. Even in large factories only a small proportion of the stock of fruit used is set aside for bottling or canning. In America the opposite is the rule; to can and bottle is quite a matter-of-course with the American housewife—jellies and jams with her are a luxury. To sterilise or can fruit, they say, retains its flavour far more perfectly than any other mode, and this process is both less troublesome and more economical than the "old-fashioned" method of preserving fruit pound for pound with sugar.

This may be true, but it is also true that in England we cling to our old fashions, however much others may decry them, and we are loth to give up our beloved sweet, even if it is troublesome and costly. We might, however, with advantage keep our jellies and jams for table use only, making them extra good on this account, and use more "canned" fruit for cooking purposes. (By canned fruit we mean also bottled fruit).

Fruits may be canned (or bottled) with or without sugar, but as the sugar, unless it is previously boiled to a syrup, has no preserving quality, and as the fruit itself retains its freshness and flavour better without sweetening, it is best to leave it out.

To have a supply of bottled fruit in store enables us to indulge in tarts and compotes in winter that are but little inferior to those we enjoy in summer; but we find the indulgence to be a luxury if we have to buy the bottled fruit, as partly on account of the initial expense of the bottle and canning apparatus, and partly because this kind of stock is of a bulky and perishable nature, grocers and others charge more for them in proportion than for jams.

For home purposes, however, once the bottles with their screw tops have been purchased, there is no great expense afterwards. Large-mouthed glass jars should alone be used. If rubber rings are fitted to these as well as screw tops, see that the former are in

good condition each season, renewing them if necessary.

Only perfectly sound and freshly-gathered fruit should be used for bottling purposes. If bruised or cracked they will mould and taint all the rest. It is a good plan to set aside the best and finest fruit for this purpose when about to make jam, as the less perfect will boil down for the latter, and for jelly.

There are two ways of bottling fruit, *i.e.*, to cook the fruit until it is tender in water or syrup, then to fill the heated bottles while the fruit is boiling hot, fastening down at once; or to pack the prepared fruit into jars, filling each jar or bottle with cold water, placing the lids loosely on the top, standing the jars in a pan of cold water deep enough to allow of the water coming quite up to the neck, and bringing it very slowly to boiling-point. As soon as the water boils, lift the jars out, screw the tops down tightly, and set them aside (out of the draught), to cool.

All small fruits like strawberries, raspberries, and currants, apricots, pared peaches, and some pears, may be bottled in this latter way with advantage; but for plums, greengages, apples, and cooking pears, a cooking in syrup or water is much to be preferred.

When filling the jars, take care to have slipped these sideways, rolling them round in boiling water, and let them be as hot as possible at the time of filling. If the fruit is of a large kind, use a wooden spoon, taking care that one piece does not push another out of shape. Let the jars or bottles be full to overflowing with liquor, and see that no air-bubbles are on the top; then screw on the lids immediately. The fruit should not be stirred while it is cooking, as stirring spoils the shape.

The secret of jelly-making, to be truly successful, lies in taking the fruit at the time when the greatest amount of pectose is to be found in it, as it is this principle which makes jelly.

For instance, apples contain so much of this principle that but little labour or care is involved in making a jelly from them, but with other fruits this principle is present in a so much less degree that it vanishes to a mere nothing when the fruit is over-ripe. When any fruit has reached maturity, then this principle is present in its greatest strength, and taken for the purpose then, a jelly that will set firm may be made from almost any fruit. It is safer to err on the side of under-ripeness rather than let the fruit hang too long on the tree. Jelly made from currants a little under-ripe, if taken fresh from the bush, will set almost before it is cold; but if the currants are black ones the acidity will be too strong, and this kind it is absolutely necessary to allow to hang until the sun has ripened them fully.

It is not necessary that currants for jelly should be picked from the stalk. Wash them and drain well, then put them in the preserving kettle and allow them to come very slowly to a heat, that all the juice may be drawn away. Almost better than a preserving-kettle is a large glazed earthenware jar with well-fitting lid, that can be set in a corner of the oven to cook at its leisure.

When the fruit has reduced to a mash, strain all through a large hair sieve into a pan, then fix the jelly-bag in a safe position (say between two chairs), and place another pan underneath it. Empty the contents of the first pan into this bag slowly, and let it drip through to the one below. Measure off this strained juice, and to every pint allow a pound of the finest lump sugar.

Put the juice into the preserving kettle and set it where it will come rather rapidly to a boil. Let it boil twenty minutes before adding the sugar. While the juice is boiling the right weight of sugar should be spread out on tins and put into the oven to become hot; if it melts a little in the process it will do no harm. The reason for this is that the juice may not be retarded boiling by having cold sugar emptied into it. When the sugar is added, stir until it has quite dissolved, then remove the spoon. Allow the juice to boil up for just a moment, then pour without loss of time into very hot, small glass jars, and set aside out of a draught.

Jelly made thus will be found of a full fruity flavour, bright in colour, and will set almost before it is cold.

The key to the preservation of flavour and beauty of colouring lies in this—boiling well the juice or fruit, but not the sugar, as the key to the secret of obtaining a firm jelly lays in taking the fruit at the right moment.

Contrary to the rule which we must follow in bottling fruit, viz., covering tightly while the contents of the bottle are at boiling-point, jellies or jams should not be covered until they are cold.

If any moisture is found on the top before the paper is put on, wipe this off with a soft linen cloth. Cover with tissue paper drawn tightly and cut neatly to shape, fastening with fine string or strong thread, then pass a moist sponge over the whole surface when affixing the label, as this causes the paper to shrink when it is dry, thus forming an excellent cover.

In making jam, as we cannot wash the fruit, it behoves us to be all the more careful to pick it scrupulously over, and to see that it is gathered on a dry day while the sun is upon it. Here again we must remember that it is the fruit that requires cooking, and not the sugar; and at no time should the jam boil longer than twenty minutes after the sugar has been added, as boiling sugar passes so quickly from one degree to another. Take care that the fruit is sufficiently well-boiled before ever the sugar is added at all.

Jam should be stored in a cool and perfectly dry place, but not one into which the steam and odours of cooking will enter, unless there is ventilation enough to carry them away again.

Another way of preserving fruit is by desiccation or drying. This process is not one that the amateur can carry out successfully, moreover, as the best way of drying fruit is by exposure to the air and sun, and therefore warmer climates than ours are needed to carry out the process. The Americans achieve good results in the drying of hardy fruits like apples, but it is to the countries of the sunny south that we must go to learn what is the perfection of the art of drying.

Turkey, the Grecian Archipelago, Italy, and France all send out their stores of figs, dates, raisins, plums, currants, apricots, and apples; Normandy, the country most nearly resembling our own, has its own special export of pressed and dried "pippins"; Jamaica and the West Indies, Ceylon and India, send us ginger dried or preserved, the cocoanut both in its natural state and desiccated, with various other special products. The Cape and our Australian colonies have more recently opened up what promises to be a rapidly developing industry in the exportation of their fruits, both as fresh fruit, dried and canned.

For our spices and condiments we have long been under obligation to the far East, and to the West Indies. No plants that come to maturity in the open air of this climate possess sufficient aromatic flavour to enable them to rank as a spice, hence the tropics have the monopoly of the spice trade.

Spices, the chief of which are peppers, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, mace, ginger, and allspice, are all highly stimulant, heating, exciting to the palate, while pleasant because of their fragrance. Whether they fulfil any other function than a medicinal one in our temperate climate is doubtful, but since we may be said to range over the whole surface of the globe in quest of nutriment, it may not be inadvisable that with foreign aliment we should mix foreign condiment. The best quality that spices have is to stimulate the appetite, while their worst effect is to destroy by degrees the tender lining to the stomach if habitual use or indulgence is allowed.

Of aromatic herbs we have a longer list, and there is hardly one of the many that is not capable of cultivation in our clime, if indeed it is not indigenous to the soil. A broad classification groups them into two divisions, medicinal herbs, and those used for culinary purposes. The first-named is a list altogether too lengthy and too technical to be cited here; the second is much shorter, and as it belongs to our subject we may pause to consider it awhile.

Herb-lore, almost forgotten in our day, used to be of great interest to our foremothers; the housewife of earlier days, into whose hands so many industries fell, gave sedulous care to the cultivation of her herb-garden, as from its plot came the brews for the sick, the fragrant waters for the toilet, as well as cordials for the closet, fresh leaves to flavour the "sallet-bowl," and dried ones for the pickle and posset.

The gathering, storing, and arranging of these herbs was no light or inconsequent matter. In country districts some remnant of the practice still lingers, but there is comparatively little store set by this harvest compared to what was formerly the case. Cheap drugs and patent medicines have replaced the homely brew, and the spice-bottle or the ready-made sauce has assumed the place of favourite on the pantry-shelf.

"The art to mix these sweets with due address" is one that but few care to keep in practice.

A chemist in a country town once gave me a hint to this effect, that was all the more kindly on his part as it went against his interest to give it. I was asking for a remedy for a cold resulting from damp, naming the district where I lived, and which I believed to be too marshy. "Go and look in the hedgerows," said he; "you'll find there both dulcamara and aconite. I go and gather them for my shop, why shouldn't you do the same?" And once, when I asked the same dispenser for a liver tonic, he rounded on me with the brusque command, "Go and get ye some dandelions in the fields round about ye!" He did not actually anathematise me, but I saw the glare in his eye, and fled.

The gathering of herbs, like the gathering of fruit, has its noonday of ripeness, which, when passed, means a decline of strength and virtue. Not the actual period of flowering, but just before, is the time when the fullest and finest flavours may be captured. They should be gathered and the roots cut sharply off, the herbs being tied in bunches, the stalks left uppermost. Quick drying is essential for culinary herbs, that bright colouring may be retained as well as flavour. For this reason to dry them over the kitchen stove is sometimes preferable to drying out-of-doors in the sun.

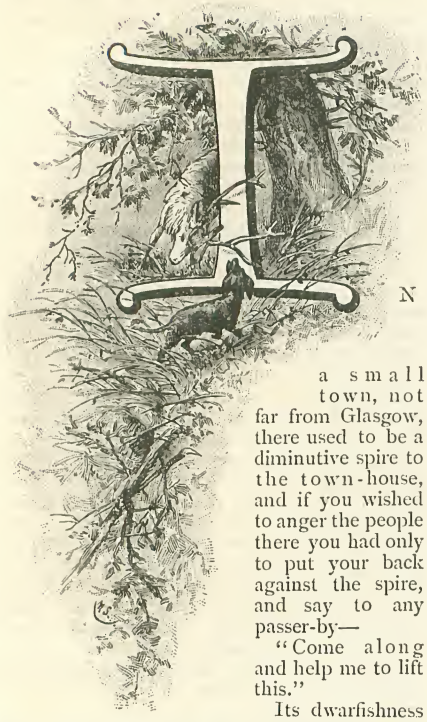
When perfectly dry, rub them through a fine wire sieve and store them in wide-mouthed bottles with well-fitting corks. Keep in a dark place, and see that the different bottles are plainly labelled.

The latter end of July and August is the time when most of the herbs should be gathered, but orange-thyme, fennel, tarragon, and chervil may be gathered in June with advantage. Parsley may be cut and dried almost any time after it is full grown, and sage may be left untouched till September.

Herbs might be called the flowers of cookery. They are not essentials, nor are they nutrients, but they give the charm, the elusive flavour, and the poetic touch that a flower lends to the table it adorns, hence let herbs have their due place and consideration.

LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.



In a small town, not far from Glasgow, there used to be a diminutive spire to the town-house, and if you wished to anger the people there you had only to put your back against the spire, and say to any passer-by—

"Come along and help me to lift this."

Its dwarfishness was a sore subject with the inhabitants. Let the spire alone, and you passed through the place as pleasantly as possible, received with courtesy by everybody, from the provost to the bellman. But, if you only hinted at its insignificance, nothing could save you from being stoned in the main street.

It was a good public illustration of the trouble that comes from rousing sleeping dogs, and of the great advantages that follow from allowing them to lie in peace.

No wonder that our ancestors in their wisdom coined a proverb advising us to leave them alone. They saw clearly enough that the world would be a great deal happier, and that people would get along together a great deal more harmoniously if some subjects were studiously avoided, and if a resolution were made by everybody, never if possible to touch upon the unwelcome, the disagreeable, the painful, or the irritating.

To some girls that would be a hard task—girls who have a mania for wrangling, discord, and disturbance, who would fight with the wind, and to whom a sleeping dog only suggests that they should tread on its tail or give it a poke with an umbrella. Such girls live in a perpetual atmosphere of growls and snarls, and not satisfied with that, they sometimes assist other people to do the same, like a promising maiden in a village in which we once lived, who made use of the education she had received at the Board School to write abusive letters, stirring up strife, for those who had a spite against their neighbours, but who were no scholars.

No disposition can be worse if one wants to get on in the world. Whoever would succeed must conciliate the minds of others, humouring them when that is necessary, and shutting her eyes often to what, if unfavourably commented on, would only make mischief.

It is by no means a good excuse that we say right out just what we think. To take a pride in doing that is a mistake, a sign not only of ill-breeding but of stupidity. "Nothing," says an old writer, "is more silly than the pleasure some people take in speaking their minds. A girl of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved her friend and made her fortune."

To rouse sleeping dogs is one of the easiest things in the world. A word will do it, a bare insinuation, a look even, and away they go barking to the discomfort of those who roused them, and to the sorrow and annoyance of everybody else.

There were once two young people who had sworn an eternal attachment, and it might have endured had it not been for the following incident.

"My dear," said one, "I do not think your figure well suited for dancing, and as a sincere friend, I advise you to abstain from it in future."

The other, naturally affected by such a mark of sincerity, replied—

"I feel very much obliged to you, my dear, for your advice. This proof of your goodwill demands some return, so I would recommend you to give up singing, as some of your high notes are more like the ill-regulated squalling of a wild cat than anything else."

Truths which might have been allowed to slumber were now out, and the two never afterwards met except as enemies.

Much the same thing happened the other day to Eliza and Jane, when Eliza cast up to her friend that she dropped her h's "all over the place," and that you could pick up a bushel-basketful of them before she had been talking for half an hour. Jane retaliated with a home-thrust at Eliza's freckled face and sandy hair, which was succeeded by an icy coldness between the two, and the wintry temperature is likely to last.

Yes, it is easy enough to make a disturbance. Arriving at a condition of quiet and repose afterwards is another matter.

The most likely time for discovering whether there are any sleeping dogs about is when people begin arguing about anything. Of all dispositions calculated to promote ill-feeling nothing beats the argumentative. It is the bane of all social happiness, and of all rational intercourse, and we have known it do more mischief in ten minutes than could be undone in a lifetime.

We do not say never argue, because if conducted temperately, with the sole object of arriving at truth, and with tolerance and kindly feeling on both sides, argument is useful. But without these conditions—difficult, we all know, to arrive at—argument is only a waste of words, and we are better to spend our breath another way.

In a heat we often say things that would be much better left unsaid. Our temper gets roused and out comes a word, a phrase, a statement, that does all the harm. It is, perhaps, not directly intended, and is only due to the excitement of the moment. But the thing is done. The main subject is forgotten. Bow-wow-wow go all the roused animals!

If this sort of thing is lamentable outside our homes, how much more so is it in our own parlours and drawing-rooms. In families, a wise observer remarks, it is a very common thing to have stock subjects of dispute. When people live much together they come to have certain set topics around which from frequent discussion there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject of quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. It is a sleeping dog, always in waiting for its tail to be trod on.

The remedy for this is resolutely to avoid all reference to such topics on your own part, and to take not the slightest notice of them should they be introduced by others. "I think," says one of the philosophers of antiquity, "the first virtue is to restrain the tongue. She approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent even though she is in the right."

Judicious silence is a wonder-working oil for making the wheels of home-life run smoothly. And that they should run smoothly is the interest of all sons and daughters who toast their toes on the same hearthrug. We can keep out of the way of irritated and irritable strangers, but we can't very well do that with those who every day sit at the same table and are warmed by the same fire.

Sleeping dogs roused by brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, are bad enough. What shall we say then, of those waked out of their slumbers by husbands and wives? One of the saddest objects in creation is that of a man tied to a nagging wife, who spends her time in gnawing the bones of old grievances, and whose tongue is an alarm-bell, waking up all the canine life in the neighbourhood.

Let girls who are going to be wives one of these days take note of it. She is terrible even to think about, her domestic barometer always standing at stormy, and her poor husband weary, dazed, and ill at ease. Mrs. Caudle of the *Curtain Lectures* is a type of this class little exaggerated, and those who notice in themselves early symptoms of a nagging disposition, a tendency to harp on grievances real or imaginary, and a conviction that weak woman has by man been "put upon from the beginning" (which she is not going to stand any longer), might spend their first hours of leisure very profitably in reading that book.

True, Mary, there are nagging men, if that is what you said just now. But they are more rare, and then we are only writing at present for such as your ladyship.

It is much oftener in conversation that sleeping dogs are roused than in writing. About writing there is a great deal more of deliberation, and common sense has a chance to put in a word of advice. Before the dangerous matter gets all down on paper it whispers, Draw your pen through that and leave the rest in the ink-bottle.

Besides, there follows the delay of getting the letter to the post, and that gives more or less time for reflection, during which we often discover how second thoughts are best, and how peace and safety are secured by the golden pen of discretion and compliments. We have nothing but praise for our friend Isabel, who wrote a letter last week, and in it in a bit of a temper, raked up an old subject which was sure to act on her correspondent like a spark to gunpowder. But she repented before the letter went off, and re-wrote it all in a different strain, even though it prevented her finishing that evening one of the stories of our Monthly Supplement, the end of which she eagerly wished to see.

When irritating topics, however, do get into letters, they are far worse than in conversation. The exact terms of a conversation are soon forgotten, and time happily takes the sharp edge off remarks that have been unpalatable. But the letter is shut up in a desk or laid away in a drawer, and every time the desk or drawer is opened, the memory of what it contains is brought back in all its freshness, and the roused dogs bark perhaps for days afterwards.

The lesson to be drawn from this, girls, is that if you have ever anything very ill-natured to communicate, you had better speak it than write it, but before doing so just put on your thinking-cap, and consider whether it is at all necessary.

It is not always easy to tell what are and what are not sleeping dogs. We may not know other people's past history, and may not have got acquainted with their peculiarities and angularities. We may even through ignorance give offence by an innocent joke, for there are some folks by whom a joke is invariably ill-taken, people chiefly who have not been well-bred, and who have not got a great deal of common-sense.

Quick insight and the habit—greatly to be strengthened by cultivation—of sympathy with our fellows, will often enable us to make out when we have touched the border-line of a sore or anger-rousing subject, and to draw back before we have said too much. We can then change the subject like our Florrie, who when she has almost come out with something better left unsaid, takes refuge with rapidity in discoursing on the last shower of rain and the prospects of a fine day to-morrow.

With all our care, however, it is hardly to be expected that we will not occasionally rouse discord and ill-feeling—intending all the while to be good and yet playing the part of the grown-up *enfant terrible*. All that is left for us, then, to do is to frankly express regret for the fault we have inadvertently committed. If our apologies are not as well received as they ought to be we may then go on our way feeling that there is nothing we can rightly be reproached with. But it is rare, even in this topsy-turvey world, that ready acknowledgment of error is met ill-naturedly by any people worth knowing.

Discreet silence—that is what we should all practise every day of our lives. "Hold your tongue," far from being an impertinence, as it often is, ought to be a friendly admonition given by ourselves to ourselves, or administered to us by those who have our interest most at heart.

To hold your tongue is not easy: no, it is not easy. Something, it may be, is just on the tip, and it seems as if the exertions of "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could hardly make you swallow it down again. In such circumstances think how a word spoken is an arrow let fly, and how it never can be recalled once you have allowed it to pass the fence of your front teeth.

You may, perhaps, have found a fine new knock-her-down argument for that controversy you had with you-know-whom-we-mean. You are in the right? Yes, very likely you are. But keep it to yourself. Or you may have got a phrase that will fit that half-cousin of yours like a glove and take down her pride, the stuck-up minx. Keep it to yourself. Or it may be a subject that will ruffle the feathers of your sister-in-law, who is not an angel before her time, any more than you are. Keep it to yourself.

Lydia has played the fool, has she? Keep it to yourself. Bertha's temper is the cause of all her unhappiness. Keep it to yourself. Eva, when she married, introduced dispeace into her husband's family. Hush! keep it to yourself. Alice's great-grandfather—— Well, you know about that unfortunate affair. Keep it to yourself.

In short, keep to yourself everything calculated to rouse ill-feeling even in the slightest degree. Not a yelp from a wakened cur ought ever to be uttered with you responsible for it.

Likely enough you may in consequence get the character of being a poor chicken-hearted daughter of Eve, afraid to say what you think and tell what you know, ready to do anything for a quiet life, and without the pluck needed for cutting a distinguished figure in the world. Never mind; you can in return think all who say so ill-natured, stupid, and worse.

But keep that to yourself.

What you can say aloud is that one of the signs of a wise girl is to move through the world without giving unnecessary offence to anybody. Life is full enough of trouble without our making more by indulging in reckless and provoking speeches, and it is quite noisy enough for most of us, without our rousing sleeping dogs as we go along. In our intercourse with others let us try to leave them richer by pleasant thoughts, and not glad to see our backs turned, and sorry ever after to hear the mention of our names.

"I, wisdom, dwell with prudence" is one of the memorable sayings of Holy Writ, and if a girl only casts in her lot with that good company, and hand in hand with wisdom and prudence, makes her way through life, though she may pass many sleeping dogs, yet so far as she is concerned they will slumber on for ever.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

CHAPTER V.



THE first few weeks of Deborah's school life were supremely miserable. Her solitary and desultory education had left her ignorant of the methods of modern teaching, and she found herself completely at sea in the ordinary class work routine. In the languages she had learned from her mother she was ahead of her compeers, but of this she was not conscious, but worked on under the painful conviction that not only was she backwarder than most girls of her own age, but also intellectually their inferior. Her ignorance of the manners and customs of school life subjected her to much good-natured ridicule, increasing her natural reserve. Nor was the outside atmosphere more congenial. To the country-bred girl, whose life had been spent under clear skies, amidst the companionship of birds and flowers, London, with its noise and dirt and fogs was stifling and depressing. Yet not even to her mother did Deborah make any complaint; the opportunity she had asked for of being set in the way of earning her own living had been granted to her, and she would make the best of it, but day by day the vision of "getting clever" receded further into the distance.

Mrs. Menzies had succeeded in obtaining a post as French mistress at a school not far from the high school that Deborah attended, and it was her custom to come and fetch Deborah home every afternoon.

It was one afternoon late in February when Deborah dragged along wearily at her mother's side through the busy street.

"What made you keep me waiting so long?" asked Mrs. Menzies, petulantly. "I shall have to complain to the head-mistress if you are kept in every day like this. You don't look half as well as when you came to town."

"I kept myself in," said Deborah, wearily. "I'm so stupid; I have to work twice as hard as other girls and then I don't do half as well."

"I don't believe it," replied Mrs. Menzies, sharply.

"It is true though," replied her daughter, simply.

Mother and daughter were alike glad when they turned out of the busy thoroughfare into the side street where they lodged, and Deborah's fatigue and depression were forgotten, when, on entering the shabby little sitting-room she recognised Miss Laing seated in the only easy chair turning over a paper whilst she awaited their return.

Her beautiful presence seemed to illuminate the room to Deborah, who remained faithful to her childish ideal.

"I thought you were never coming again," she said, "and oh! I've wanted you to come so badly."

"Well, you can see me as often as you like and render me a service at the same time," said Miss Laing, smiling. "I want you to sit to me, Deborah. You could come on Saturday afternoons, could not you?"

"But you can't mean it! you can't really want to paint me when I'm not pretty," stammered Deborah, flushing with pleasure.

She did not appreciate the calm selfishness of the proposal. The joy of rendering Miss Laing a service and the delightful prospect of frequent visits to her studio made the suggestion charming.

"I don't want beauties for my portraits," replied Miss Laing calmly. "I prefer originality and I shall get that with you. Shall you mind?" (turning to Mrs. Menzies). "Will you lend Deborah to me? If you could bring her I will always see, or send her home."

Mrs. Menzies turned over the proposal rapidly in her mind. It was something to be set absolutely free every Saturday

for some weeks to come, and Deborah would be happy and amused.

"Deborah may choose," she said.

"Oh, thank you, thank you ever so much," she cried with some return of her childish enthusiasm. "I shall love it. May I begin to-morrow?"

Those Saturday afternoons became the one absorbing interest of her life. They opened out a new and delightful world to her. She was certainly the most patient model Miss Laing had ever secured. She never seemed tired or cramped. It was enough for her to be near the woman she so passionately admired, and to watch her every movement. Visitors came and went, and Deborah noted how each one seemed to accord the same meed of admiration. There was one man who sauntered in pretty frequently, and that was Mr. Dayrell, who was still unmarried, and still carried on a sort of perennial flirtation with Miss Laing, but for him Deborah entertained an unaccountable dislike. He took some trouble to make friends with her, often bringing her books and bonbons, which she was too polite to refuse, but received with grave distrust.

"I don't like him," she said one day when he had just left the studio. "I wish he would not give me things. I don't like him!"

Miss Laing looked up from her picture with a laugh.

"Why not, Deborah? He's very kind to you."

"He's not got a kind face, like Mr. David."

"Like who?"

"Oh, you can't have forgotten," said Deborah eagerly, "He came to the Hall and stayed, you know, and he gave me my doll, and you liked him very much."

"There! that will do for to-day. We'll stop and have our tea. You are so odd. I wonder if you mean Mr. Russell whom I met years ago. He got some appointment in India in the Civil Service directly afterwards."

"Then we shan't see him again, and he was so nice," said Deborah regretfully.

"You must not be so old-fashioned. Nobody calls a man by his Christian name with 'Mr.' before it. Can't you say Mr. Russell?"

"Yes, if you'd rather," said Deborah meekly.

"It's nothing to do with me. It's because it sounds so odd, and you may drop the 'miss' with me altogether. You can call me Monica."

The proposition seemed akin to irreverence; yet Deborah felt she must make the effort. It was clearly wrong to be "odd."

Before she could answer, however, another girl artist came into the studio and the conversation dropped.

Monica Laing was an orphan with small independent means, able therefore to follow out her natural bent and take up the profession of an artist. She and three or four other girls lived together in a flat and shared a common studio, so that it was not often that Deborah had the happiness which was hers to-day of having her friend to herself. The other girls who came and went were profoundly uninteresting to the child. She was capable of a few strong attachments, and was blessed with the fidelity of a dog, but her friendships were slow in the making. She laid the foundation of another friendship in the course of the week, although it began in trouble and tears. For it chanced that in a certain paper on English literature Deborah felt for the first time that she had distinguished herself. It was written from notes on a lecture delivered by Professor Norwood, who lectured on English history and literature at the high school, and Deborah had been full of her subject, and had sent in her paper for criticism with the happy feeling that she had done well. What was her dismay, therefore, when it was returned to her to discover that there was scarcely a line of it unmarred by the red ink of correction! Notes were written in the margin, and the question marks, or notes of astonishment, seemed to poor Deborah like written smiles of derision. She gave one hasty glance through the paper, then afraid of a complete break-down, shoved it into her desk to consider at leisure when lessons were over. When school was over, therefore, and the rest of the class had gone to put on their things preparatory to leaving, Deborah, on pretext of searching for something in her desk, lingered behind and once more regarded the hateful paper. She folded her arms over it, and resting her head upon them burst into a perfect passion of tears. All the disappointments and mortifications of the previous weeks found vent in her sobs. The door of the class-room opened slowly and Deborah sprang to her feet, ashamed and dismayed. It was useless to try to hide her tears, neither could she in a moment control her sobs which came and went fitfully. And the disturber was none other than the professor himself who had come to look for something he had left behind him. He was a short-sighted, rather bald-headed man, of about thirty-five years of age, whose understanding of girls and their ways was being considerably enlightened by the girl-wife whom he had brought to his home during the Christmas holidays, but a girl in tears is proverbially difficult to handle. Yet he did not quite like to ignore Deborah in her distress.

"Is it Miss Menzies?" he said, poking forward his head a little awkwardly. "I have left a pencil here, a little gold pencil-case, and I don't want to lose it for—my wife gave it to me," with a passing smile.

In a moment Deborah was on her hands and knees on the floor seeking for it, grateful for the opportunity it gave her for recovering her self-possession. She found it presently and returned it to its owner. Seen in private life the professor did not seem half as alarming as when he stood before a room full of girls lecturing.

"Thank you," he said. "I should never have found it. I'm so short-sighted. Have you got into trouble over your lessons to-day, or is it an imposition?"

"No, no," said Deborah with a choke in her voice. "It's my paper, and I thought I had done it better, and that perhaps I was not stupid after all, and you have covered it with red ink, and I don't think I shall ever be able to earn any money!"

The accumulated grievances of weeks found vent in that one outburst, and it was small blame to the professor that he received it with a little burst of laughter which he could not keep back.

"But this is a thing that can be remedied," he said. "Shall we just look through the paper together and see where you've run off the lines, or where the red ink has been unjustly introduced?"

It was a kind-hearted act, for that fair-haired wife of his was waiting all impatiently for him outside, but for a full half hour Mr. Norwood sat by Deborah's side, showing her where she had blundered or mistaken his meaning, gathering from her remarks the history of her early training, and discovering that most of her mistakes had arisen from the fact that she had had none of the ordinary text-books used by the teachers of the school. That she was clever, eager about her work, and thoughtful, was evident by the quick way in which she grasped his corrections. One of the mistresses looked in once or twice into the class room, but Mr. Norwood explained that he was keeping back Miss Menzies to talk over her paper, and the mistress had quietly seated herself and waited.

"There!" said Mr. Norwood, rising at last and stretching out his hand. "I hope now that you see more the plan on which I want you to work. I think you will get on, for you seem possessed of 'an endless capacity for taking pains,' which, as Carlyle says, is the secret of cleverness."

Deborah blushed to the roots of her hair with pleasure.

"Is it really?" she said. "I'll take pains; I want to get on dreadfully."

"Well then, take my word for it, nobody who wants to 'get on dreadfully' fails," said Mr. Norwood kindly, as he shook hands.

Outside in the street Deborah saw a slight, fair-haired girl, with a very fresh-coloured complexion, waiting, who greeted the professor with rapture, intermingled with scolding. She did not look more than nineteen.

"Why, Johnnie," she heard her say, "I came, as we arranged, to walk back with you and you have kept me waiting hours! simply hours."

Deborah did not hear the answer, but she could not resist turning one look in the direction of the pair, and on the professor's face there was a smile as gentle as a woman's as he looked down on the pretty wife at his side, and she walked home wondering greatly that the professor who had filled her with such awe and dread should have such a young wife who was evidently not a bit afraid of him and who called him "Johnnie!"

The professor's augury came true. From that day forward Deborah began to get on.

(To be continued.)



A SCENE IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

From the Drawing by LANCE CALKIN.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

A Lover of the "G.O.P."—In the answers which appeared last April, May and June, you will find the question of "enlarged pores" treated from every point of view. The scars left by acne pustules are permanent, and nothing—save age—has the slightest effect upon them.

Charlotte M.—1. What do you mean by a loose cartilage in your face? Do you mean in the joint of the jaw? This is the only place in the face where there could be a loose cartilage—and here it is very rare. You tell us that your jaw is very stiff in the morning, so that we take it that the loose cartilage is in this joint. Was this diagnosis made by a competent surgeon or by yourself? For, unless it was made by the former, it is exceedingly probable to be incorrect. You do not give us any symptom by which we could corroborate the idea of a "loose cartilage." Stiffness of the jaw may be caused by a large number of affections. Osteo-arthritis (rheumatic gout) is a common affection of this joint, as also is inflammation of the joint due to discharge from the ear. But loose cartilages in this situation are curiosities. If the cartilage is loose, the only way to cure it is to have an operation performed. A very small blister or hot fomentation will often relieve the pain due to any form of joint trouble. Local frictions, massage and douches, are also valuable in some cases of disease of the maxillary joint. Of course internal medication is absolutely useless for a loose cartilage, and is very unsatisfactory in the other forms of joint trouble.—2. Your sister should bathe her legs in warm water before getting into bed to relieve cramp. We should like to know more about her general condition, for the cramps are probably dependent upon anæmia or other constitutional condition.

Forget-me-not.—The best way to treat dandruff is to wash the head occasionally with warm borax and water (1 in 40), and then rub a very little sulphur ointment into the scalp. It is distinctly a troublesome condition to treat.

"Hopeless One" asks us how to cure "a kind of giddiness and oppression which comes on when she goes to church or any other crowded place, or after working hard." She has had this for the last twelve years. What is the cause of this? It could be due to anæmia, to indigestion, to nervousness, to that versatile complaint commonly known as "liver" or to heart disease. These are the common causes. Heart disease, such as would produce this, is so exceedingly improbable that we will leave it out. Now does this "Hopeless One" suffer from nervousness, anæmia, indigestion or liver? She tells us nothing that suggests any one of these more than another, so that the best we can do is to direct her how to decide the matter for herself. She lays more stress upon a feeling of "oppression" than upon giddiness, so much so, indeed, as to make us think that anæmia is the probable cause. She says that she sleeps well and that her appetite is good. These, we think, exclude "liver" and indigestion. So we come down to two possible causes, anæmia and nervousness, or both together. Which of these it may be we cannot tell. If she is anæmic, she should treat that condition by attending to the rules that we have given many times to others, especially in the answers in the April and May numbers of this paper. If she is not anæmic, there is nothing to be done save attention to the general laws of health and well-being.

Emily.—Gelatin is not a staple food of man. It is indigestible and practically innutritious. You should not feed invalids on jellies and gelatinous soups. Albumen is the nutritious element in meat. There is no gelatin in meat, and soups made from lean meat alone do not solidify on cooling. Bones contain gelatin, and it is the soup made from bones which becomes a jelly when it gets cool. Soups do *not* contain the nourishment of the meat in solution. Albumen is precipitated by boiling water, and so clear soups, made in the ordinary way, contain practically no nourishing properties whatever.

Another Forget-me-not.—What is the cause of talking when asleep, and how can it be cured? We are not going to enter upon a discussion on these points, for our space is limited. But we will give you a few crude hints. Do you eat a big supper? Are you worried much with cares and anxiety? These are the two commonest causes of talking in the sleep. Another cause is sleeping upon your back. Everyone should accustom herself to sleep on her right side. If you have been in the habit of taking a large supper, discontinue the practice, and take nothing before going to bed except a small glass of milk. Bathing the feet in cold or warm water before getting into bed often prevents talking in the sleep as it soothes the higher nervous centres.

Acne.—Cold baths would do neither good nor harm in acne. The same may be said of sea bathing, except that in some people sea-water irritates the skin, in which case it would do harm in acne. We fully discussed the cause and treatment of acne in an answer to "Fair Isobel," which appeared in the May number of The Girl's Own Paper.

Cigarette.—That smoking too much is harmful is unquestionable; for it deranges the liver, produces indigestion, and occasionally injures the sight. Smoking excessively at one time alters the rhythm of the heart producing palpitation and irregular pulse. It also affects the nervous system producing tremblings and headache. These effects are *not* due to nicotine, for although tobacco contains a considerable amount of this drug, it is decomposed by heat, and so but the merest trace is left in the smoke. As regards the question "what constitutes over-smoking?" It depends entirely upon the person. Some sailors smoke many ounces of tobacco a day—an amount which would do considerable harm to most people. No one should smoke more than half an ounce of tobacco a day—this equals from nine to twelve cigarettes. According to this seventeen cigarettes daily is decidedly too many. Half that number would be a fair allowance for a full grown man. For a girl of seventeen to smoke seventeen cigarettes a day is very wrong, and you ought certainly to greatly reduce the number, if you do not give up smoking entirely. Have you never heard of the really serious objection to girls smoking? That the constant movement of the lips backwards and forwards, up and down, while indulging in the forbidden act, frequently produces a moustache?

Lancashire.—To cure habitual constipation the following points should be attended to:—(1) If you are strong, and like it, take a cold bath in the morning. If you do not like a cold bath it is useless to take it. If you cannot stand the shock it will do you great harm. (2) Take a walk every day—a good long walk of from three to seven miles. (3) Take plenty of cooked and uncooked fruit, especially in the morning before breakfast. Take a digestible diet and eat slowly and regularly, and sit down after meals. (4) Avoid tea and coffee except in great moderation. (5) Beware of taking drugs unless they are absolutely necessary. Chronic constipation is frequently caused by people taking all sorts of compounds of unknown composition to "cure" themselves. If any drug is necessary—liquorice-powder, or better still, calomel (gr. ij.) may be taken, but these must not be taken regularly. As an habitual laxative for this complaint the following pilule is very satisfactory:—Aloin, 100 grains; extract of nux vomica, 25 grains; green extract of belladonna, 20 grains. To be divided into a hundred pilules. One to be taken occasionally.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

West Australian.—We are gratified by your kind letter from a distance, and cannot forbear quoting what you say to us of our "Answers to Correspondents." "We girls starting out on life's way are often advised, cheered, and helped more than you can ever know." Your poem, "The True Woman," contains sound and wise statements; but we have our own staff of experienced writers for The Girl's Own Paper, and the only hope we can offer to our correspondents with regard to their literary efforts, is that of receiving counsel and criticism. You will observe that your rhymes in the following verse are out of accord with those of the other verses:—

> "She does not lay her talents by and rest,
> God gave them, so she uses each for Him;
> And in His strength goes on day after day,
> Saying, whatever comes, He knoweth best."

Thora.—Read what we have said to "West Australian." The subjects of your two poems are interesting and unusual, but you do not understand the art of versification. Your metre halts now and again; for example, "Firefly's back so white," is too short a line. "The river's marge," means "the river's edge," so that the last line of "The Boatman of the Meuse" has not the meaning you intend it to have.

Mary Lester.—Certainly your poems are not at all "bad for a first attempt." Indeed, "A Fairy's Thought" is distinctly good; the motive is pretty and quaint. You should avoid ending line after line with "be"—"happy be," "envious be," "no pride there'll be" come too near together. But this defect is only due to inexperience.

Castelfranc.—1. The dance "Sir Roger de Coverley" was invented by the great-grandfather of Roger de Coverley or Roger of Cowley, near Oxford. It was named after the Squire described in Addison's *Spectator*. We suppose it "comes last" at a young people's dance because of its merry informal character, which accords better with a time when spirits have risen and the first stiffness has worn off.—2. The pieces you name would be considered decidedly difficult for a girl of twelve, and she would be a clever student if she could play them well.

Geraldine.—All the letters that come into our hands are answered here in due course. We have no recollection of reading the story, *Poor Miss Finch*, can you send it again? Your note must have somehow gone astray.

Apple Blossom.—Your story is interesting and contains some graphic touches. If you have leisure time at your disposal, we should certainly advise you to continue to practise your pen. You and our other correspondents should write anything to be submitted for criticism on one side of the paper only. But we can certainly encourage you as regards the substance of your manuscript. Of course we could point out many defects in style, such as the question "Think you not so, reader?" "Three weeks later," placed as a separate sentence, and so on. Dr. Abbott's little book, *How to Write Clearly*, is valuable to literary aspirants.

T. Bell.—The play you send is amusing, but we think the motive is a little too far-fetched for anything but the broadest farce. And the burglar walking in by daylight and dressing himself up in the Professor's Oriental silks, is hardly "convincing" enough even for that.

Hope.—We published in the July part of The Girl's Own Paper, 1897, a very favourable criticism on a story and some verses sent under this pseudonym. Perhaps you can consult the bound volume for it. The story now sent has some merit; but it does not produce the conviction of being true to life, and is written in too artificial and sentimental a strain.

Devonshire Dumpling.—1. Would you not like to join the Queen Margaret Correspondence Classes? For all details apply, Hon. Secretary, 31, Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow. Or there are the St. George's Oral and Correspondence Classes; address, The Secretary, 5, Melville Street, Edinburgh. We frequently publish the addresses of amateur societies (consult our last bound volume), and have mentioned that R. G. P., Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield, gives correspondence lessons at 1s. a lesson. You can study privately for certain examinations in which you can take one subject at a time. Apply for all information to H. T. Gerrans, Esq., Clarendon Building, Oxford.—2. We will answer your second inquiry later.

L. M. H.—Our rules preclude us from answering more than two questions at a time. 1. Your quotation—

> "Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?"

is from "Abt Vogler," a poem by Robert Browning.—2.—

> "She should never have looked at me if she meant I should not love her."

is from "Cristina," by the same poet. If you send your other quotations again, we will reply in a future issue.

La Petite Bergère.—Many thanks for your very charming letter. Although you "did not love" your English governess, she appears to have taught you English very well. But you ask more than two questions; see The Girl's Own Paper for July last, where the rules are repeated. 1. There are many easier books than Morell's Grammar and Analysis; for instance, Meiklejohn's, or Gill's Oxford and Cambridge Grammar, each published at 1s.—2. We do not wonder you are perplexed about the pronouns, as we have none answering to your "moi," "lui," etc. "She" is the nominative case; "her" is the objective or dative, e.g., "I knew it was she." "It's just like (to) her." The verb *to be*, in English, takes the same case after it as before it, e.g., "It is I." Certainly you may write again.

La Marguerite.—1. We should advise you to write to the office of the Prudential and inquire if there are any vacant clerkships for which you could apply.—2. Perhaps some correspondent will tell you "how to do pictures on panel." We quote from your letter. "The kind I mean look like photographs of Academy pictures hand tinted and stuck on a wooden panel. . . . If they are painted on photos, would you tell me where to obtain them, what medium to use, and how to put the paint on?" We have not ourselves seen the panels in the shop to which you refer.

Vivian (Durham).—1. We cannot praise the "Easter Hymn" you send us, so far as workmanship is concerned, though your sentiments are excellent. The hymn obeys no known laws of metre.—2. Your writing is neat and legible, but scarcely formed as yet—it is like the writing of a child. You do not tell us your age.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"Lys de France" has the offer of three more correspondents:—May Norton, "Roselea," 244, Willesden Lane, London, N.W., aged sixteen; Agnes J. Dadd, Olive View, Dunmow, Essex; and Muriel Johnson, 5, Lucknow Place, St. Luke's, Jersey, aged just sixteen.

Ethel Corbett, Cotteswold Lodge, Swindon, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, aged fourteen, would like to correspond with a French girl of about her own age. She suggests that at first each should write in her own language, reversing the plan after a little while.

SEASONABLE SPRAY FOR LEFT SHOULDER.

ANNUAL SUNFLOWERS WITH JASMINE AND FERNS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

PHILIP EDWARD.—1. We have more than once answered the question about the Good Friday buns. According to Bryant, quoted by Dr. Brewer, the custom is derived from the offering of the *boun*, the cake which was offered at the Arkite Temples every seventh day. Also Cecrops offered to Jupiter Olympus a sacred cake called *bous*, of which the accusative is *boun*. The cross marked on our Good Friday buns is placed there in commemoration of the cross on which our Blessed Lord suffered (as generally reputed) on that day; and it is the cross of the Eastern Church—not that of the Roman.—2. From what you say of your health, we do not consider you eligible for hospital nursing. Rheumatism and a tendency to bronchitis, "nearly every cold going to your chest," constitutes a barrier to your being passed as suitable for such a vocation. "Inflammation" is spelt with two "m's" and "advice" with a "c," the verb "to advise," with an "s."

MARION.—According to Dr. Brewer, the term "Beefeater," which distinguishes the "Yeomanry of the Royal Household," is a sobriquet quite misapplied. Their institution dates back to the reign of Henry VII., who inaugurated them A.D. 1485. "Beef-eater" is misderived from the French term *Buffetier*, one who attends on the Royal *buffets*. That we have been ridiculed as a beef-eating race, just as our next neighbours have been as (really) frog and snail eaters, is true; but the writer above quoted says that, in none of the *ménus* of Henry VII.'s time does beef hold any place; which is remarkable. At the same time, whatever they ate themselves, the "Yeoman of the Guard" waited at the Royal table; and the dishes were brought in by the halberdiers, who were recorded to have been "fine big fellows." Doubtless, the safe-guarding of the King and Royal family was the origin of the viands being committed to the care of his own attendants (1602). In the time of Edward VI. this corps was appointed Warders of the Tower.

ONE PERPLEXED.—If you have committed yourself by "a promise to your parents not to leave them without their consent," the question of your doing so is one to be answered by your own conscience. No one else could help you by any advice, though a friend of your family might use their influence with your parents, to induce them to give the consent, which—by your own agreement—alone can release you. Of course, at your age, you might be regarded as a free agent, but you have bound yourself by a pledge; and honour and filial duty stand between you and your wishes. You add, that you "know they need you." Is there no such Christian virtue as self-denial? If an unfair lack of consideration for you should be evidenced by them, is there nothing acceptable to God in "rendering good for evil?" Commit your case to Him who will assuredly guide you aright.

HAROLD.—The name "Charterhouse" is a corruption of the French *Chartreuse*. The house was originally a Carthusian Monastery, founded in 1370, by Sir Walter Manny, surrendered to Henry VIII. in 1535, possessed by many eminent persons successively, till sold by the Earl of Suffolk to Sir Thomas Sutton, who founded on it a splendid hospital for "Poor Brethren" (gentlemen) of the Church of England, and a school, fully appointed, and free to a certain number of resident scholars with permission to receive others by day only. Sixty scholarships and twenty-one exhibitions are open to competition. The "Blue-coat Hospital" in Liverpool has no connection, to our knowlege, with the Charter House in London.

ALICE.—The term "Fellow" is one so exclusively applied in common conversation to men, that to use it in reference to women would appear much out of place. At the same time, as employed to denote a special rank or position in a university or learned society, it would really be as applicable to women as to men. If the term be traced to its ancient Anglo-Saxon origin, *Felaw*, it only means "one who follows," an "adherent," "associate," or "sharer." We use the word at the present day in its simple original sense, when we speak of a fellow-sufferer, fellow-passenger, or of having a fellow-feeling. A *Regius* professor is one who holds his professorship on a foundation due to Henry VIII., from which the five professorships thus royally endowed bring with them a stipend of about £40 per annum. The appointment to a Foundation, called a "Fellowship," gives also a title to certain immunities. There is nothing inherently masculine in such an appointment, but in the original grant, as regards the university, there may be a limitation to men. So if our women-graduates desire to share in a participation of any such pecuniary advantages, a new Foundation will have to be instituted.



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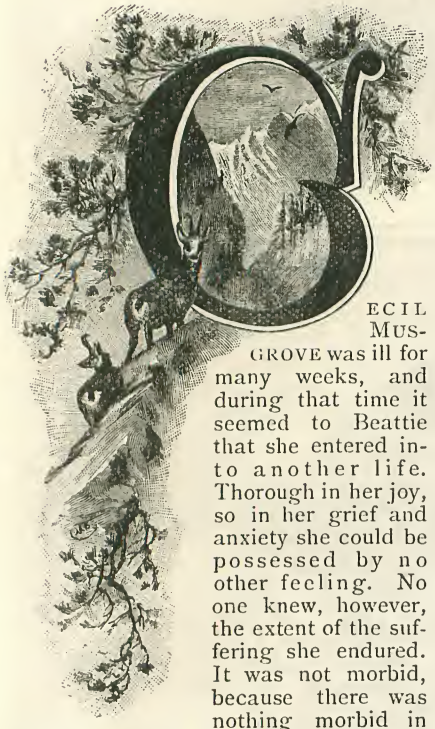
THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN GOES OUT FOR A WALK. (THE ADOPTION OF PARISIAN COSTUME.)

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IN SPITE OF ALL.

IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XX.



CECIL MUSGROVE was ill for many weeks, and during that time it seemed to Beattie that she entered into another life. Thorough in her joy, so in her grief and anxiety she could be possessed by no other feeling. No one knew, however, the extent of the suffering she endured. It was not morbid, because there was nothing morbid in Beattie's nature, but perhaps she indulged in needless accusations as to her own former pride and heartlessness. She felt she had misjudged her would-be lover, and the possibility of his dying just when she was growing to care for him, and of her never being able to explain herself to him, saddened her as with a cloud which would rest over all her life. All her former pleasures and interests, the many gaieties in which, as the season progressed, she was asked to take her part, wore a very different aspect from what they had done last year. All the time, even though she might banish it from the foreground of her thoughts, the consciousness of an impending sorrow and a present dread was with her. Sometimes Mr. Musgrove was reported better, then there was a relapse. It was not till spring had come that he was said to be out of danger. He was not yet to return home, but to go to the seaside with his mother and a nurse. The likelihood of a meeting was therefore still postponed for some weeks, if not longer.

During this time Beattie and Norah had corresponded with some frequency, and had really become intimate. In all her distress there was no one to whom Beattie could turn at home for genuine sympathy, and in her deepening inner life, the awakening of her soul to its own nature, she was not likely to find any response in the beings of either her uncle or her aunt. It was to her girl-friend that Beattie poured out all her thoughts, and in Norah she found someone who was not likely to laugh at her aspirations, nor take a superior attitude in face of the little exaggerations and errors of judgment which youth, inexperience, and intensity of feeling bring with them at any crisis. To Norah, who had grown quietly in spirit and in mind, even as in her bodily development, everything was much simpler than to the perplexed and enthusiastic young creature who wanted to do and be great things at a moment's notice. Beattie never broke her word, and when she vowed to dedicate her life to higher purposes than it had yet known, should that other life be spared, she no sooner heard such was the case than she was anxious then and there to devote herself to good works, and to do all in her power to show her gratitude. The reaction after the long strain made her happiness the more intense, and everyone who came in intimate contact with her noticed it. Yet neither Mr. nor Mrs. Swannington had any notion of all that had passed within the being of the girl whom they had seen daily.

"Beattie seems rather quieter than she used to be," her uncle had said once; "but I suppose she is fretting about that poor fellow Musgrove."

And Aunt Ella had answered, not so heartlessly as it sounded—

"She'll learn sense if he dies."

When she was again the life of the house they saw nothing deeper than her natural joy at his recovery. Her efforts at patience with her aunt, who although well again, was no longer quite so amiable as of old, passed unnoticed; neither did they observe that her former good-nature and affectionate consideration for those with whom she came in contact had deepened into an earnest desire to deny herself for the sake of others.

One day she asked leave to go and see the parlourmaid, who was ill in the hospital. Aunt Ella shrugged her shoulders.

"My dear Beattie, how can you wish to see a servant when it is not necessary? For me, I detest them all. But Barton was better than this silly Eliza. Tell her from me if she gets better soon I will take her back."

"It is a glorious day," said Mr. Swannington. "Whatever do you want to go to visit sick people for? Go to the Park."

"I would rather see Barton," said Beattie.

Aunt Ella laughed.

"Beattie is becoming a model young woman. I think it must be the fierce-looking curate who preached so tiresomely on selfishness last Sunday that is responsible for it. I notice she is making red flannel garments for the poor—she who hates her needle."

Beattie reddened. She did dislike needlework, unless it were on a thing that could be finished almost as soon as begun; but there was a consumptive girl of whom she had heard, and she was trying to make her some warm clothing. Aunt Ella had chanced to enter her sanctum, and found the garment side by side, it must be confessed, with a book and a bottle of barley sugar.

However, they let her have her own way when it did not clash with theirs, and she found, as is usually the case with people who are really in earnest, that there was plenty of good to be quietly done without breaking away from the restrictions which were placed upon her by those in authority.

At last a day arrived when, calling on Mrs. Gilman, they were told that on the previous evening her husband had inquired for Mr. Musgrove, who had returned home and resumed his ordinary life. "He was asking after you," she added, and Beattie, at whom she more especially looked, found herself blushing with a joy she had scarcely the art to conceal.

"To-morrow," said Mrs. Swannington, when they had left, "is Saturday. You and I will call at his house. It is but suitable we make inquiries."

"To-morrow! After all this long time! To-morrow!"

All that night she scarcely slept for thinking of the possible meeting of the next day. How would he look? What would he say? Would his illness have altered him? Would he be glad to see her? He had asked about her; she had been in his thoughts. How long, long ago it seemed since that afternoon at Crabsley, when she had asked him not to speak to her of love! If he had felt for her as she did now for him, how cold and light and even cruel her manner must have appeared. But he would soon see now that all was different.

Usually she was not sufficiently careful in her dress to satisfy Mrs. Swannington, who frequently had to send her back to retie a veil or choose another pair of gloves, but to-day she was fastidious to a degree. Her spring walking costume, for all it looked so simple, had cost nearly as much as Norah Gilman was able to spend on clothes for a year; but then, as Aunt Ella said, style is everything, and one must pay for it. Her hat was most becoming, and all the little etceteras of her toilette, so trivial yet so important, were in perfect taste. She was so long before the glass that, for once, she kept her aunt waiting instead of fidgeting downstairs while Mrs. Swannington adorned herself. The latter, when she appeared, said nothing, but nodded approval. Beattie was not thinking of effect, but only desired that her lover should take pleasure in the sight of her.

During the drive Mrs. Swannington, who was also a little excited, made from time to time disconnected remarks and ejaculations. Beattie was too agitated to say much; she was pale and trembling with nervousness. To her, this meeting with one who had been near death had something sacred in its character.

They were informed that Mr. Musgrove was at home, and were shown into

the library. The house, which had been shut up, was not yet quite in order. But Beattie felt glad to be in this room, which was more especially his own, rather than the big drawing-room, which was formal and unhomelike. The library opened into a small sitting-room, and as she sat there, her heart beating to suffocation and her eyes dilated, the handle of the door was turned. She looked away. Now that the moment had come she felt a longing to avert it. She was afraid. But it was not he who entered. Involuntarily she gave a great sigh, half of relief, half of disappointment, as the figure of Mrs. Coverdale, his sister, appeared.

She greeted the visitors with her usual somewhat chilling politeness. She was indifferent to Mrs. Swannington, but of Beattie she was inwardly jealous. She had thought her brother too attentive to her the night they had dined together; she was always secretly afraid of Cecil marrying. She had a little boy who would, if things remained as they now were, inherit his uncle's and his great-aunt's money. Accordingly she was a very attentive sister. As a rule Cecil, in whom family affection was not particularly strong, did not encourage the advances of his relations, but he was sometimes glad to take advantage of them. And at the present time, when people were constantly calling, it was a comfort to have a sensible woman who knew whom to receive and whom to send away, and who was not too cordial to gossiping individuals of her own sex.

"I could not refrain from coming to inquire after your brother," said Mrs. Swannington, who would be amiable at any cost. "His illness was such a shock to me. When last I saw him he was in quite excellent health. In fact, he was staying at my country house."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Coverdale; "but that was some time ago."

"In the summer, as a matter of fact."

Mrs. Coverdale smiled sweetly.

"I remember now. He mentioned that he had been with you for a couple of days. Cecil always has so many invitations. Do you know, I think your niece—she is your niece, is she not?—is rather altered since I met her here? She is thinner. Have you been unwell at all?" she inquired of Beattie.

"Oh, no. I am never anything but well," said Beattie, smiling.

"Ah!" drawled the lady. "How fortunate for you. I suppose it is only, then, that you have got a little older. Girls always look different"—turning again to Mrs. Swannington—"after their first season."

"I suppose she thinks I have gone off," said Beattie to herself. "I hope he won't."

"We are going, I trust, to see Mr. Musgrove," said Aunt Ella, changing the subject.

"I think he is in," replied Mrs. Coverdale. "I will inquire."

"Oh, I am sure he is in," said Mrs. Swannington promptly. "The servant told me so."

"He shall be informed that you are here," said the languid lady, and extended a hand towards the bell.

"Have you told your master that Mrs. Swannington and Miss——"

"Margetson."

"Miss Margetson are here, Simpson?"

"Not yet, madam."

"Do so, then."

She did not feel it incumbent upon her to explain that when the servant had announced to her her brother's visitors she had given no instruction that he was to be told. He left this matter to her management, as he was not always eager to see callers.

Again poor Beattie flushed and paled as the door opened, and she was further embarrassed by a consciousness that Mrs. Coverdale's fine grey eyes were coolly scrutinising her. Naturally emotional, it required all her self-control to behave with that absence of display of feeling which good breeding imposes. He, however, had no such difficulty. He had shown more at many a casual meeting with her than now, when she whom, almost the last time he saw her, he had asked to be his wife, laid her hand in his and looked up at him with her heart in her eyes. He was quite unchanged, except that he was a little thinner and paler. To Beattie, who had gone through so much on his account, it was almost a surprise that in him there was no difference; to hear the same calm, half-quizzical tones, to see the same look in his eyes, the same smile, and to notice that his comments on things were of the same order as they had been before his illness. Why not? But she was inexperienced, and she had fancied that the nearness to another life, the realities of pain and bodily weakness, the necessity of relying on the tenderness and care of others, would have made him—for the present, at any rate—more indifferent to the trivial things of this world, more transparently genuine in his manners, and more ready to dwell on the lovable side of human nature. She did not analyse her feelings, only she was conscious of a subtle disappointment; and, strangely, the fact that he was just what he had seemed to her formerly, made things easier for herself. Her love for him, though no less real, did not any longer overpower her. She was again mistress of herself. It was an intense happiness to be near him, and for the present she was content to sit quietly by while he and her aunt talked, only now and then exchanging remarks, which were equally uninteresting to both, with Mrs. Coverdale.

"When we are alone it will be different," she thought. "He will not be quite like this when the others are not by. He purposely does not say much to me."

Mrs. Swannington could not refrain from conversing on his recent illness and congratulating him on the heroism which she believed to be partly the cause of it. He, however, disclaimed anything of the sort.

"That, my dear Mrs. Swannington," he said, "is a mere fiction. I assure you I never saved anybody's life, nor desired to. I am not certain that if I had done so I should have been rendering a great kindness. You know it is a debated question whether existence is a boon. I remember a wise friend of mine remarking that man was a creature burdened with life and threatened with immortality. I often wonder, as the majority of mankind are sufficiently wretched, so much fuss is made of the saving of human life."

"Cecil," said his sister, "you will shock Mrs. Swannington. How can you talk so?"

"Mrs. Swannington, like myself, is a philosopher," he said, laughing. "And, moreover, she is tolerant of opinions not in accordance with a narrow creed, are you not?"

Aunt Ella shrugged her shoulders, and turned the palms of her hands outwards.

"I," she said, "am nothing if not tolerant. But I think, myself, it is enjoyable to live if only one's digestion be in order. I have no patience with people who are always making themselves unhappy because the world is not square and the moon does not shine by daylight. Still, Mr. Musgrove, you are a bad man (is he not, Mrs. Coverdale?) to be so ungrateful when your life has been spared. Ah, we were all most anxious, I can assure you."

"Well, it is very kind of you, Mrs. Swannington. At any rate, I am grateful for your giving me any thought at all. It certainly was a narrow escape. My relations, who are more pious than I, had me publicly prayed for, and my aunt, who is a most estimable old lady, attributes my recovery entirely to this fact."

Beattie flushed up to the roots of her hair. How could he speak in that light and jesting manner? She thought of the many times she had fallen on her knees in the solitude of her own room, begging that he might live and not die: how often in church, when prayers were offered for those in sickness, she had said his name in her heart: how she had told Norah that someone she cared for was very ill, and asked her to pray for his recovery.

"And why not?" she said involuntarily, surprised at the earnestness of her own voice.

"Ah," said Mrs. Coverdale, with a laugh which was not destitute of mockery, "Miss Margetson is shocked at you."

"Then I must beg her pardon," said Cecil, smiling. "Miss Margetson knows that I would on no account hurt her feelings."

As she met his eyes, her own, which had been flashing, suddenly grew dim with tears, why she scarcely knew.

"Beattie, you must know," said Mrs. Swannington, turning to Mr. Musgrove, "has become very edifying of late. When next you come you will doubtless see her engaged in knitting comforters or some such thing. I tell her, we shall yet see her in the Salvation Army. But come now, we must be going, my dear."

"And I have not had a word with you," said he, again looking at Beattie. "Do stay to tea, Mrs. Swannington. It will be here directly"

And he crossed the room and took a seat by Beattie's side, while Mrs. Swannington, with a sigh of relief at this move on his part, addressed herself to the task of flattering Mrs. Coverdale into some show of interest in herself, though, as she said afterwards, it was like trying to set an icicle on fire with a lucifer match.

"Is this true that I hear of you?" asked Cecil.

"Is what true?"

"That you have become desperately in earnest?"

Beattie laughed.

"One can't always be a child," she said. "I am getting older. Perhaps I am beginning to take things more seriously."

"I hope not," he said. "You were always so refreshingly happy. You took life as it was. You didn't want to improve anybody or anything. You hadn't a mission. You weren't a blue-stocking, nor a philanthropist, nor any of the heavy things which most women are nowadays. Don't change, Beattie."

He called her by her name for the first time, as if involuntarily. She blushed with pleasure and again her eyes filled. And yet, though it was evident he thought of her, as he spoke to her by her Christian name, his voice was not lowered, and did not linger on it, and his tone was not that of a lover. To the girl, who was conscious of the alteration of her own feeling towards himself, a new sensitiveness had come with regard to everything he said and did. But she would not believe he did not care for her. She had misjudged him before. She would not again.

"Now tell me," he said, "what you have been doing all these months?"

While she talked to him he was aware that she was less frank, less spontaneous than she had been. She was not so in reality, but so much of what she had done had been bound up with the thought of himself that she was shy in recalling it. If only she had been able to tell him everything it would have been different, but the presence of Mrs. Swannington and Mrs. Coverdale, with their metallic voices and small talk, made it impossible for her to say anything of all that was in her heart. When, before very long, Aunt Ella, seeing that their *tête-à-tête* was not progressing very favourably, and that there was an evident desire on Cecil's part to again make the conversation general, asked that the carriage might be ordered, Beattie felt an unwonted sense of depression steal over her, a consciousness that something had been missed which would not come again.

Cecil parted from them with the expressed hope of calling to see them before long. He shook hands warmly with Beattie and thanked her for coming. Mrs. Swannington saw no cause for uneasiness.

"I *think* it will be all right, my dear," she said, "if you are careful. Did you notice how massive all the silver was? Mr. Musgrove looks the same as ever. I think he was as attentive to you as he dared be before that woman. Woman!—she is only a statue. Fancy to be married to her! The poor husband!"

When they had left, the statue said, "That Swannington woman is not good form. I rather wonder at your intimacy with her."

"I am not intimate," said Cecil.

"She speaks as if you were. She has an aggravating way of appropriating you."

Mr. Musgrove raised his eyebrows slightly. But he said nothing.

"Women understand each other," he thought.

"The niece is better," went on Mrs. Coverdale.

"She is a dear little thing," said Cecil. "And I am very fond of her."

"I should say the feeling was reciprocated," said his sister, with the suspicion of a sneer.

He laughed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh," he said, "Beattie Margetson is not quite an ordinary girl. She is absolutely without affectation. Perhaps, if anything, she is a little too transparent."

And he changed the subject.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO WRITE ENGLISH VERSE.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., Author of "Sent Back by the Angels."

PART IV.

TROCHAIC VERSE.

"Mў Ūn | clĕ hād | ă Sūn | dăy hāt |
Wĭth brīm | ĕxtrēmelў wīde; ||
Oŭr bā | bў ĭn | ĭts hōllŏw sāt,
Ănd dīs | ăppēared | ĭnsīde." ||

This, as my readers are now well aware, is a quatrain of Common Measure; it is Iambic Verse of 8, 6, 8, 6.

Now for a little experiment. Cut away the first word of each line.

"Ūnclĕ | hād ă | Sūndăy | hāt, |
Brīm ĕx | trēmĕly | wĭde; ||
Bābў | ĭn ĭts | hōllŏw | sāt— |
Dīsăp | pēared ĭn | sīde." ||

What is the result? The whole beat and swing of the verse is altered. Its centre of gravity is shifted. Its accent is thrown forward. Instead of

"Bărūm, | bărūm, | bărūm, | bărūm, |
Bărūm, | bărūm, | bărĕe. ||"

the lines now run—

"Bārŭm, | bārŭm, | bārŭm, | bārŭm, |
Bārŭm, | bārŭm, | bārĕe." ||

In the nomenclature of prosody what has taken place is this:

The metre was Iambic. It has become Trochaic.

The trochee is in fact the iambus, or iamb, turned the other way about. It is long and short – ⏑, instead of short and long ⏑ – |.

I say everўthing a good many times over. It is the only thing to do if you want ordinary people to remember. Not that you, fair reader, are ordinary; but the others.

Trochaic metre is not so native to English verse as is Iambic. It is slower, statelier, more monotonous. It has rather the flow of a river than the movement of a living thing. Through its comparative lack of flexibility it lends itself to few combinations. Indeed purely trochaic stanzas are seldom written. In the decapitated lines that you have just beheld and scanned, you noticed (or you ought to be ashamed of yourself) that the last foot of each line instead of being a trochee – ⏑ | was in fact only a long syllable –.

Let us now take a severely trochaic line. It shall be a line of 3 trochees:—

"Lōrd, Thў | wōrd ă | bīdĕth, |
Ănd oŭr | fōotstĕps | gūidĕth; ||
Whō ĭts | trŭth bĕ | lĭĕveth, |
Lĭght and | jōy rĕ | cēivĕth." ||

This stanza serves my present purpose particularly well. To begin with, the metre is uncommon; and, probably, this simple and metrical hymn is the most familiar example that our language contains. But it answers another use in the present connection. It shows the strangeness—the un-Saxon quality—of the trochaic beat, and the consequent difficulty of managing it. In the second line you notice that the accent of the first foot has to be forced to make a trochee of it at all—

"Ànd our | footsteps | guideth."

Nobody without constraining necessity would lean so heavily on a poor conjunction. Again in the third line the innocent relative is pushed almost into interrogative prominence—

"Whō its | truth be | lieveth." |

You will find the same thing everywhere in trochaic verse. Conjunctions, like little boys in a street row, are shoved into the front and great hulking substantives skulk in the background. I hardly know a better test of a verser's mastery of technique than his handling of trochaic lines.

One could not easily find a finer example of trochaic verse as it is commonly written in English—that is with a long syllable (–) instead of a trochee (– ⏑) at the end of the even lines—than this stanza from Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh":—

"Wēepĭng, | wēepĭng | lāte ănd | ēarlў, |
Wālkĭng | ūp, ănd | pācĭng | dōwn; ||
Dēeplў | moūrned thē | Lōrd ōf | Būrleĭgh— |
Būrleĭgh | -hoūse bў | Stāmfōrd | tōwn." ||

Please read all this poem, over and over; and Aytoun's "Battle of Killiecrankie," and Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" and "When the Hours of Day are Numbered." They will show you how trochaic verse works out in the hands of craftsmen who represented every degree of mastery, but all of whom wrote good and rhythmic verse.

But that bit of "The Lord of Burleigh" you must learn by heart and make your example. It is an admirable specimen of English trochaic verse in its most characteristic form.

Now take a specimen of this verse in its rigidly correct form, that is four trochees in each line, instead of three trochees and a long syllable in the even lines. This can never be of more than curious interest. It tires; it is cumbrous; it is artificial. It has an old-man-of-the-sea persistency. It is a hurdy-gurdy in the avenger's hand.

Tĭptŏe | ĭf yŏu | stănd ănd | hearken,
Yōu măy | heār thĕ | fāiriĕs | tĭnĭng
(Whĕn thĕ | dūsk bĕ | gĭns to dārkĕn)
Tō thĕ | hārebēll's | crўstăl | chĭmĭng.

And when the lines rhyme in pairs, instead of alternately, that besetting persistency is aggravated.

Tĭptŏe | ĭf yŏu | stănd and | hēarkĕn |
Whĕn thĕ | dūsk bĕ | gĭns tŏ | darken, ‖
Yōu măy | hēar thĕ | fāiriĕs | tĭmĭng |
Tō thĕ | hārebell's | crўstăl | chĭmĭng. ‖

A trochaic metre of great popularity is the following:—It consists of 3 trochees in the odd lines, and 2 trochees and a long syllable in the even lines. It may be written in stanzas of almost any length. Since it has been specially adapted as the vehicle of recent hymn writers, my example shall be taken from a well-known hymn of Godfrey Thring's:—

"Hìgher, | thèn, and | hìgher |
Bèar the | rànsom'd | sòul; ‖
Eàrthly | tòils for | gòtten, |
Sàviour, | tò its | gòal. ‖
Whère, in | jòys un | thòught of, |
Sàints and | àngels sing; |
Nèver | wèary | ràising |
Pràises | tŏ their | Kìng." ‖

Slightly varied—that is with the long syllables transferred from the even to the odd lines—this metre has a very different effect. It no longer carries any suggestion of lofty thought or of spiritual motive, but drops into an easy jog, humorous and confidential. One of Thackeray's cheeriest ballads, "Peg of Limavaddy," is written in this metre.
Its formula is— – ⏑ | – ⏑ | – |
– ⏑ | – ⏑ | – ⏑ ‖

Rìding | from Cole | raîne |
(Fàmed for | lòvely | Kitty)
Câme a | Còckney | boûnd
Unto | Dèrry | city; |
Wèary | wàs his | soûl, |
Shìver | ing and | sàd, he ‖
Bùmped a | lòng the | ròad |
Leàds to | Lìma | vàddy. ‖

You notice how the conjunctions and other verbal little fishes were too many for Thackeray.

A very difficult and very uncommon trochaic metre is this that follows. Of course it is mainly, if not exclusively suitable, to mere verses of ingenuity. No one has managed it better than Mr. Edwin Hamilton, from whose "Dublin Doggerels" I quote (– ⏑ ⏑ | – ⏑ |)—

"Ì re | mèmber |
Meèting | yòu ‖
Ìn Sep | tember |
Sìxty- | twò." ‖

I have now put before my students all the commonest forms of the trochaic stanza. But it is important to understand how infinite are the possible modifications.

One of the most important of these is embodied in the following stanza:

Down the street of By-and-by
He that stands to gaze may spy
Sad and weary token,
Ruin'd arch and rotting stone,
Wains of house-goods overthrown,
Houses wreck'd and broken.

Instead of regularly alternating rhymes, we have here two lines rhyming together; then line 3 waits for its rhyme:

Then lines 4 and 5 rhyme together, and line 6 rhymes with line 3.

This change can be carried further. There may be three lines rhyming together—a triplet of rhyme; then a waiting line; then a triplet again; and then line 8 rhyming with line 4.

There may be two pairs of rhymes before the waiting line; or there may be four lines rhyming together.

And here is a musical little stanza—

"Fāthĕr, | heār thў | chĭldrĕn's | cāll, |
Hūmblў | āt thў | fēet wĕ | fāll,
Pēnĭ | tēnt, cŏn | fessĭng | āll:
Wē bĕ | seēch Thĕe, | hēar ŭs." ‖

But in this connection enough has been said and shown for the present.

I will now ask you to study for a little while a very characteristic form of trochaic verse. It is a natural measure, adopted in its essentials by Indian Sagamores very long ago, and only humanised and popularised by Longfellow in "Hiawatha."

"Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and finlands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer.'"

Four trochees seem to form the ultimatum of the English line. Five land us in sheer burlesque:—

Ìf you | wànt ex | pèri | mènts in | mètre, |
Mòre or | lèss re | doùnding | tò in | strùction, |
Hère you | hàve a | limping | lìne of | trò-chees—!

Fìve poor | tròchees— | coùnt 'em | if you | dòubt me—|
Slìpping, | shàmbling | onè be | hìnd the | òther, |
Lìke to | guèsts who, | soùsed up | òn the | mòuntains,
Pàtter | ùp and | dòwn the | stàirs at | Gràsmere,
Shèdding | slìppers | thàt the | hòst has | lènt 'em,
Heèlless, | limp, and | meásured | fòr a | màmmoth.

Whenever you have, as in "Locksley Hall," a very long trochaic line, you will find that in reality it is two lines printed as one because their separateness is not accentuated by rhyme in the odd lines.

"Comrade leave me here a little | while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me | sound upon thy bugle-horn."

I want you, my dear students, to study these various trochaic forms for a full month; reading them out aloud, and working out examples in every mould. You should read the whole of "Hiawatha"; and, when you feel thoroughly familiar with the lapse and flow of trochaic measure, you may study two examples in complicated stanza.

The first of these is the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" of Mrs. Browning; and the second is "The Raven" of Edgar Poe. The metrical form of the latter poem was in all probability suggested by the former, and that fact, or that likelihood, is of great significance. It shows us how metal may be transmuted in the alembic of a master of wizardry. I suppose as a piece of sonorous music, "The Raven" is almost, if not absolutely, matchless. Later on, when you know a great deal more, you shall take up "The Raven" again, and learn from its speech some of the deep things of harmony. Even at the present stage it will teach you something of the possibilities of trochaic flow, and something of its impossibilities too.

The last exercise that I will ask you to perform is to transpose these trochaic forms into iambic forms. You know how to do it. Prefix an unaccented syllable to every line* and *voila tout.*

For the present my little task is done. But pray remember that yours is only beginning. You can learn to swim only in the water, and you can become a verser only by making verses.

In the next volume I hope that the Editor will give me space for an article on blank verse, and another on some of the finer points of general workmanship.

* In the case of the short trochaic line of Mr. Hamilton's, two lines must for this purpose be counted as one.

VARIETIES.

A Good Wish.

As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances. —*Moore.*

An Imp.—Imp once meant a child, and did not convey the modern suggestion of mischievousness. Shakespeare, speaking of the children in the Tower, calls them imps. Jeremy Taylor, in one of his sermons, speaks of "the beautiful imps that sang hozannas to the Saviour in the Temple."

How to be Happy.

"She that is perfectly wise," wrote an old philosopher, "is perfectly happy: nay, the beginning of wisdom makes life easy to us."

It is not enough to know this; we must print it in our minds by daily meditation, and so bring a good will to a good habit. We must practice what we preach, for philosophy is not a subject for popular ostentation, nor does it rest in words, but in deeds.

Hold fast to Love.—Always hold fast to love. We win by kindness and conquer by forgiveness.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Which Horn?

While some cows were passing the house, one of them lowed.

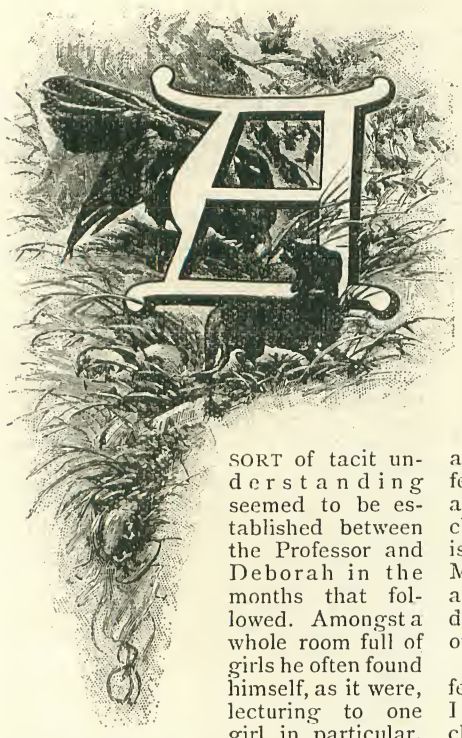
"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Clara, "one of the horns blew! Which was it?"

Curses from a Lark's Tongue.—Among the superstitions that still linger in Shetland is one which represents that the lark has the power to curse, and possesses as many curses as there are black spots on her tongue, bringing accident or misfortune to whoever hunts after her to her hurt or that of her young.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

CHAPTER VI.



A SORT of tacit understanding seemed to be established between the Professor and Deborah in the months that followed. Amongst a whole room full of girls he often found himself, as it were, lecturing to one girl in particular, Deborah Menzies, who, with eager eyes, sat drinking in every word he said, taking rapid notes, and occasionally breaking into a brief smile when she fully grasped the Professor's meaning. Then he found considerable pleasure in correcting her papers. They were always original, and red ink was fast losing its terrors for Deborah, or became a burning joy when the word "Excellent," in the Professor's bold handwriting marked his approval of her work.

One June morning Deborah waylaid the Professor as he was hurrying out of school. She held a large bunch of roses in her hand which she presented to him rather shyly.

"Please I asked grandmother to send these for Mrs. Norwood. It is so kind of you to mark my papers 'Excellent.' It makes me very happy."

The Professor broke into a pleased little laugh.

"I mark your papers according to their merit. You need not thank me for that; but how could you guess that my wife is so fond of flowers, I wonder?"

"She looked as if she loved them," said Deborah simply. "I saw her one day in the street."

"Well, she must come and thank you for these herself. Your mother lives not far from here, I understand," and Deborah retired in a whirl of happiness.

"I have found a playmate for you, Lettice," said the Professor to his little wife that day. "She looks just about as old as you do. I should say she is thirteen or fourteen."

"Are you talking of the little girl who sent me these roses?" inquired Mrs. Norwood, with cold dignity. "It is too absurd for you to talk as if I were not grown up, when I shall be twenty next birthday; but if you wish me to be kind to the child, I'll go and call on her, Johnnie, and ask her out here on Sunday sometimes."

"She is nearly as tall as you are, and twice as clever," went on the Professor banteringly, "and she works like a steam-engine."

"I don't want to be clever," pouted Lettice. "You've got the brains and I've got the looks," and then the feud died out in a burst of laughter.

So a new joy crept into Deborah's life, for a strong friendship was quickly established between herself and the Professor's girl-wife, who treated her on terms of absolute equality. Many a happy Sunday was passed in the Professor's tiny house in St. John's Wood, and, bit by bit, the story of Deborah's childhood leaked out, her complete isolation, her passionate admiration for Miss Laing, the paying guests, the old ancestral hall and her grandfather's desperate fight with poverty, and her own ambition to earn money.

"Shall I ever?" she asked the Professor one day. "Am I clever enough? I promised grandfather to try and be clever."

"Go on as you are going at present," he answered briefly, "and leave the earning alone."

"How could you?" said Mrs. Norwood reproachfully, when Deborah was gone. "Why didn't you tell Deborah that she was out-of-the-way clever and could do anything she liked?"

"Because I have no intention of spoiling her. She is utterly unconscious yet," said the Professor.

Summer came and went, and the autumn term was drawing to a close. Deborah's heart was heavy, for it had been decided that she and her mother were not to go to Boscombe Hall for Christmas. The journey was an expensive one, and the holidays not very long, and to stay quietly in London was considered to be the best way of spending the vacation, but Deborah's heart turned to the haunts of her childhood with sick longing. It was the last morning of school and there was a general flutter of excitement amongst the girls as they stood in knots discussing holiday plans. Deborah stood a little apart, lonely and forlorn. Suddenly the Professor came into the classroom to fetch something from his desk. He turned to Deborah with a smile.

"Good-bye," he said, stretching out his hand. "I must wish you a happy Christmas. I suppose you and your mother are off to-morrow?"

"No," said Deborah, with a little catch in her voice. "We are not going home. We stay in London for Christmas."

"Indeed! my wife will be glad to hear that, for we are going to hire a room near us and give a Christmas party, and she was only saying yesterday that she wished she could have you to help her to decorate. There will be tableaux, and music, and recitations. You will be able to give us that scene from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, won't you? and perhaps you may press that beautiful friend of yours into the service."

How a few words seemed to transform Deborah's outlook. Her eyes were shining with excitement.

"Oh, it will be lovely!" she gasped. "Are you sure you want me?"

"Quite sure," said the Professor heartily. "My wife shall write to you about it."

So it came to pass that the holidays that Deborah had so dreaded were some of the happiest days she had ever spent. There was rehearsing and decoration, and the culminating excitement of the night itself. The Professor had taken considerable trouble over Deborah's recitation, which was the scene of the country players, of which Deborah had caught the exact humour.

"It will be the best thing of the evening," said the Professor to his wife, rubbing his hands, "and the child has not a notion of it, and is not a scrap nervous; she is so unselfconscious.

Miss Laing had entered with great spirit into the tableaux, and was well pleased that all the beautiful parts were assigned to herself, whilst Deborah's exultant pride in her friend was a thing not easily to be forgotten.

"Oh, mother," cried Deborah, when they were fairly started in a cab on the evening of the entertainment, "it will be the most beautiful party you have ever been at in your life! You can't think how lovely Monica looks as Marie Antoinette."

"For goodness' sake keep quiet, Deborah, or you will arrive all in a mess. Even now your sash is crooked."

"Oh, it does not matter a bit how I look," said Deborah cheerfully. "I've only got to say things. I hope I shan't forget."

The room was already full of people when Deborah and her mother arrived, and little Mrs. Norwood, with a flushed face, was receiving her guests with a childish grace that was infinitely charming. Deborah took up a quiet position at the end of the room where she could obtain a good view of the stage and drink in every word of praise or admiration that was bestowed upon her friend.

The tableaux followed each other in rapid succession. The lights in the room were lowered so that the stage might shine out in strong relief. About half way through the entertainment the door opened and a gentleman in evening dress, a late comer, slipped into the room. Deborah turned her head and scanned the newcomer, who took his seat quietly beside her, and then her heart began to beat more quickly. It

was the friend of her childhood, David Russell, bronzed, it was true, and looking years older, but there was no mistaking the kind eyes and the firm, clear-cut mouth. He instantly became absorbed in the tableau before him, the crowning beauty of the evening—Marie Antoinette on her way to execution. He caught his breath and broke into an involuntary exclamation of recognition. Years had failed to efface the memory of Monica Laing, and the girl who sat by his side saw that he knew Monica again in a moment through all her disguise of powdered hair and fancy dress. Would he know her too, she wondered; but her thoughts took a new channel, for the Professor was signalling to her to come up to the stage. The tableaux were ended and it was time for her recitation.

She took up her position in the middle of the stage, a tall slim girl in a white frock, and introduced her recitation with a brief explanation of the scene she was about to recite. In a moment the Professor saw that she would command the attention of her audience. The scene was so present to the girl's mind, that she could not fail to bring it before her hearers, and presently there was a ripple of laughter from one end of the room to the other. Pyramus was there, and Thisbe, the wall Deborah represented by making a chink in her fingers. The whole thing was life-like, down to the lion who roared so sweetly. All—the least intellectual of the party—recognised that the reciter was clever, and some murmured that in so young a girl it was genius, and there was a perfect roar of applause as the girl ended and quietly stepped off the platform. She had forgotten David's presence for the time being, but again wondered vaguely at the end of her recitation if he would recognise her as the little girl to whom he had given the doll. Yes, clearly he did remember her, for he was pushing his way eagerly towards the front of the room. Her lips parted in a half smile as he came near her, and then a great lump of disappointment rose in her throat, for he brushed straight by her, making his way to Miss Laing, who stood just behind.

"I wonder if I may introduce myself to you? Have you forgotten me? Don't you remember we met five, six years ago, was it, at Boscombe Hall?"

His voice was trembling with impatience, and Monica accorded him a smile, and held out her hand.

"I did not recognise you at first. It's Mr. Russell, isn't it?" and then, with a slight gesture, she signed to him to seat himself at her side, and Deborah withdrew into a window seat, feeling how great was the gift of beauty, and what power it gave you in the world.

Presently Monica caught a glimpse of the little woe-begone face, and good-naturedly motioned to her to join them. Deborah reluctantly obeyed the summons.

"Here is another friend of earlier days," said Monica to David. "A very faithful friend she is of yours. Have you forgotten Deborah Menzies?"

"Oh, don't you remember the doll?" questioned Deborah, with a bursting heart.

(*To be continued.*)

HOSPITAL SKETCHES.

By O. H.

IV.

A "SNAP-SHOT" would show a little spring-cart, jolting along a country lane in the evening light, with three people squashed in the narrow seat only "made for two." An old farmer is driving, with his hat on one side, and his face a beam of proud satisfaction. For have not Sister Elisabeth and Nurse Frances been to tea with him and his missus? And didn't they praise his rich clotted cream! And are they not sitting by him now, making merry over the drive, and admiring his Dartmoor pony?

"Aye," he says, "paid up twenty pounds for the hoss—if you'm wanting to buy, and t'other folk b'ain't willing to sell, you've got to pay fancy price. 'Tis like a young chap courting a young wumman; nothing ain't too much to give for her."

A red harvest moon burnishes the river, and shines on the odd trio in the cart. Elegant Sister Elisabeth is not accustomed to carts, springed or springless, and her long veil floats in mild protest. The little nurse, squeezed in the middle, is struck with the humour of the situation, but it wouldn't do to laugh, as the host continues his stories in broad Devonshire, or discourses of the late "powering rains," or of his sons "gone furrin'."

"Your son had fever abroad, daddy?"

"Aye, he had all of it." (Is that every disease that flesh is heir to?) "Reckon you've a-bin furrin', too, nurse? And what countries have ye bin to, might mek so bold?" And so the conversation jerks along with the jolting cart till the station is reached, and the nurses travel back to the great hospital town, and the old patient turns his horse's head towards his remote farm once more, waving a farewell to his guests.

"Thank ye, zure, for the honour to my missus, an' so long to ye, my dears. 'Tis like the soldiers, 'love ye and leave ye.'"

The little nurse had learnt the vernacular, and knew it expressed true sentiments more genially than "town-talk," so she called her good-bye through the carriage window as the train started—

"So long to you, daddy, so long!"

V.

A WILD night of storm: the hurricane blowing up from the sea, and the savage winds shaking the hospital wings as a wild animal shakes his helpless prey before he kills it. As the rain lashes the windows with fury, and the sound of the fog-horn comes up through the darkness, those who watch through the night, and those wakened by the storm, can but pray "for those in peril on the sea."

In the early morning nurse is bustling about making the beds, and the women talking to each other.

"What, grannie, a-crying!" says one.

"A-thinkin' o' they I've lost to sea," sobs the old lady.

"An' my boy a sailor, too. Pray God he ain't aboard to-night," a mother says.

"An' even our nurse—bless her!—ain't laughin' and singin' this mornin'."

"Maybe her've a lover over seas."

But nurse is busy consoling a poor young wife whose husband sailed yesterday for a three years' voyage. It would have made the hardest heart ache to see that parting by the hospital bed.

Another little tragedy unbosomed to her in the night would have enriched the pages of a theosophic society. An inexplicable, yet simple, true story—and how shall we say the supernatural does not exist?

A little old maid had been reminded (but she never forgot) by the storm, of that cruel night when her lover was drowned "years agone." "I'd always feel down-hearted a-Sunday—for 'twas on a Sunday, nurse, as my Herder went down, and just such a night as this. An' I was writing a bit of a letter to'n, for all that I was so frightened of thinking of 'n in the storm. An' then I heard a great crash—just ten minutes to eleven, it wor—an' I looked up, an' a glass candlestick on the mantelshelf was shivered in two, like as if 't'ad had a shock. An' then I see'd my Herder standing beside me, in his macintosh an' sea boots, an' all the water streamin' off of 'n. An' landlady, her called up over-stair—

"'"'F I didn't know Miss Smith's sweetheart was to sea, I should declare I see'd 'n in th' passage not a minute sin'.'

An' two days after the news come. They tried to kep' it from me, but I knowed.

"An' ten minutes to eleven that night it wor that the ship foundered, an' he went down."

VI.

A PICTURE which an artist might well have painted—an artist who loves beautiful dead Elaines. Or a study of the poet's threnody "In quiet she reposes."

> "Strew on her roses, roses,
> But never a spray of yew."

This is a case of "kind death, beautiful death," when he comes as an angel, stilling pain; as a sculptor, chiselling features in marble perfection; as a young god, kissing maidenhood. And she lies there in her "young moon of beauty," the pathetic eyes closed, the black hair lying loose around the whiteness of her face. She had been playfully called "the Lady of Shalott" in life, and now she looks more than ever like the doomed and lovely lady lying in her boat, and floating down to Camelot, with mournful face turned to the stars, and her dead hands clasped.

But to those who have loved and nursed her, she is more than a picture or a poem, and they kiss the fair form fondly, and strew the little hospital bed with flowers.

And death again in more awful guise—death an avenger, death an inevitable doom. One may be familiar with the coming of death, but he never loses his terrors, and his shuddering, awful awe and mystery. A nurse, with professional calm and outward unemotion, is quietly doing all that is necessary for the already discoloured body; but inwardly her soul is shrinking with awe, and her nature quailing at the horror of it. Whether unavailing or not, her prayers rise for the poor creature who had never learnt to pray for himself. And she knows that of all the insoluble mysteries in this so mysterious life, the most unfathomable and fearful is death.

What would be our condition if we did not know that?

"For as in Adam all die
E'en so in Christ shall all be made alive!"

FROCKS FOR TO MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."



BOATING GOWN OF WHITE SERGE WITH NARROW BLACK STRIPE.

THE gathering up of information on the subject of the frocks for to-morrow is a matter of no little difficulty in the month that immediately succeeds the sales of July. Indeed, I notice that many of my fellow writers frankly give it up, and declare that where nothing exists there is nothing to be got; that there is nothing new in the way of dress, and that they cannot be expected to invent.

For my own part, I always find the sales extremely instructive, both in the matter of the things that people purchase, and those they do not. Being summer clothing, if there be a great run on any special articles, you may be sure that the best people who buy are sure they will be worn next summer. Now the two articles of dress most purchased this year were white piqué coats and skirts, and muslin blouses. The white piqué coats are very much to the fore this season, with skirts of another kind; and, as this idea arrived late in the season, we may expect that it will be one of the decided styles of next year.

The muslin blouses purchased were mainly of the very thin book-muslin kind, which can be worn over coloured under-bodices, the latter being also sold in all the large shops; and the two prevailing hues, I am told, are pink and mauve. Now, if this be the case, those of my readers who are clever may manage to produce both the muslin blouses, and the coloured silk slips for them, very much less expensively at home, for the muslin is cheap, and so is the lace, and the silks can be got even at a lower price than two shillings. Besides a fine sateen would answer quite as well if the muslin be not too thin a one;

though, of course, the present fashion is for those of very gossamer texture. We have found out then that the oft-threatened blouse will still be here next season. No very great change has taken place in it, except that it has become more ornate, lighter, and altogether prettier than it was at first. Then, too, we are wearing muslin blouses on occasions where we should have worn cotton, and even for cycling we have adopted a more dressy style of blouse, in which we go out to afternoon tea, or even luncheons, on our useful steeds.

A friend of mine, who is always well dressed, has these cycle blouses made of black and white striped silks, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. They have had the large sailor collar to them, and have been charming garments, with the great advantage of being readily cleaned, without unpicking, by a first-class cleaner. I saw one that had been cleaned three times. Of course, they are lined throughout, the inner bodice being made to fit. If the lace be Valenciennes, it should be real, if possible, or at any rate, a very good quality of imitation. The sailor collar is now a feature of all the new blouses, and is worn outside the coat; it is trimmed with flat insertion, and edged with an inch-and-a-half wide Valenciennes lace. It is very becoming, and gives a dressy look, which the generality of blouses formerly lacked entirely. This sailor collar must be made of the silk, on both sides, with an interlining of thin muslin, as it must be firm, and should not, of course, show a lining only should it blow up. It is worn below the band at the neck, and is generally put on with it, the neck-band having the same abundance of trimming as if it were absent. A bishop's sleeve has been the fashionable sleeve for them this year, a pretty trimmed cuff being added, to fall back from the hand. I have been particular in describing these blouses, because I think they can be worn, both in the autumn and the spring, and they are quite the most useful and pretty introduction that has appeared for many seasons. The sailor collar in no degree takes away from the trimness needed for the bicycle; it adds, on



NEW CAPE, AND EARLY AUTUMN GOWN.



TWO NECK RUFFLES.

the contrary, a graceful look to it, which it much needed.

The extreme length of the sleeves just now, particularly of those used for evening dress, is quite remarkable. They really nearly cover the hands; quite as far as the middle of the fingers; that is to say, the lace frill does, not the sleeve proper, though that is cut very long indeed. There is no great width, nor extreme fussiness about them, and they are not extremely wide. The general dress for afternoon, and all high-necked dress occasions, has been some thin material over silk; and it is generally embroidered net, or very fine silk gauze, over a colour; mauve and pink being in great favour, and green also is very much liked. The length of these dresses in front has been wonderful. They really dragged, and seemed, at a distance, to be quite as long in front as at the back. Nearly all are finished with a narrow flounce. These high-necked bodices, with long transparent sleeves, are now the favourite dinner gown for the restaurant meal, which has become so very fashionable.

Our illustrations show all there is of this month's styles. The first is a boating gown, made with a straight-cut jacket of white serge, striped with a hair stripe of black or blue. The skirt is quite plain, and a mull-muslin blouse with tucks is worn with it.

In the "new cape and early autumn gown" we show the very latest idea in the way of capes, which is quite a return to a very old one of some years ago. The frill or flounce round the edge was worn about twenty-five years ago, with the same cape of large size. Gauze over coloured or white silk, with gauze frillings, has been the material of these capes this season; the *révers* being of the silk, covered with *guipure* or other lace. They are made to match the dress. Very frequently, and in this case, the colour of the under-silk corresponds.

The seated figure in this sketch wears a silk grenadine, with a green silk lining, the bodice being of the same, with black velvet ribbon of narrow width over it, and black *guipure* on the bodice. The skirt is made with the shaped flounce, which is headed with a black *guipure* over a green ribbon. The hat is made of crinoline, and tucked white gauze, with white feathers and green velvet.

Foulard dresses have been much worn, but it seems to me from the prices charged for them at the sales, that the shopkeepers expect that they will be fashionable next year in their present styles. Red foulards have been much used in Paris, and here in England blue and white ones may be always considered fashionable. Green ones have been in demand, but they have been rare; and I daresay we shall see them next summer. The fashionable trimmings for them have been tucked white *mousseline de soie*, *guipure* lace, and narrow ribbon edgings.

For the autumn months, cloth will be more worn than either serge or tweed. Indeed, nearly everywhere I see it being prepared for the new coats and skirts, and if trimmed at all, it is with *passementerie* or braiding. Tucks and pipings too are much used, the latter being generally in white or a contrasting colour. These trimmings need the skill of a real tailor to put them on; and the same may be said of the trimmings of black velvet, laid on white muslin, which are so much seen. It is extremely difficult to lay them on evenly, unless you be experienced in the holding of them while working.

The last illustration represents two neck ruffles. Although I call them ruffles, the truer name for them would be boas, as they so generally reach to the waist, and are finished with small bows on each end, and fastened at the waist with two fancy pins. This is a very comfortable way of wearing them, as they do not slip off the neck, which they are apt to do when of such a short length; and you are really more at ease when they are not tight round the neck when the weather is hot, as it often is in the middle of the day. The first ruffle is made of a coarse, white, large-meshed net, spotted with black chenille dots. It is made in two puffs, which are gathered closely in the centre, and sewn on a black satin ribbon. It should be larger at the back, and gradually reduced, so as to be narrower at the ends. It may be finished at the ends by a frill of about six inches in length, of the same net, which is intended to hang down to the waist in the front. The longer boas are made of *chiffon*, net, or gauze frills, edged with narrow black velvet, and gathered on a satin ribbon, in the way indicated in our drawing.

RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness," etc.

Hemp (*Cannabis Sativa*).

Hemp is such a graceful plant, that it would be well worth cultivating in our gardens, if it were only for its rich green leafage; but my hemp bed has now an additional charm in that its ripe seeds attract all kinds of small birds which haunt the slender stems, flitting in and out in search of the coveted provender.

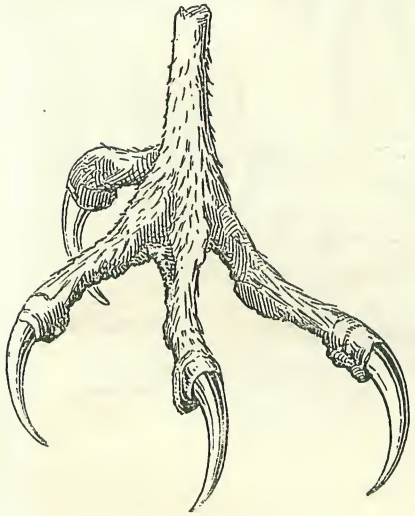


YOUNG BLUE-TIT.

Four species of titmice are especially active, and may be seen all day long, generally head downwards, creeping about like little mice, twittering cheerfully to each other as they pursue their busy search. These charming birds abound in my old garden, owing to my having attracted them to the place for the last thirty years by keeping a little basket filled with fat outside my dining-room window. This basket has been well-known from time immemorial to the successive generations of tits in the neighbourhood.

These birds need a diet of fat in the winter months to enable them to bear the cold, just as the natives in the Arctic regions feed on blubber or whale fat to supply themselves with the warmth needed to sustain life.

It has been a great pleasure to me and to my friends to watch, not only the titmice but robins, chaffinches, wrens and nuthatches enjoying the contents of this basket.



OWL CLAW.

Fascinating bird pictures are formed as angry little skirmishes arise, crests are raised and wings outstretched in vehement protest against undue greediness.

Some years ago I placed an empty coco-husk above the basket; it had a small entrance hole at one end, and, as I expected, a blue titmouse built its nest and laid five eggs in it.

The bird was tame enough to allow me to lift down the husk and show to young visitors the little mother sitting on her nest.

When the eggs were hatched the busy parents were hard at work from early morning till late in the evening bringing green caterpillars and small grubs to feed their young family.

Knowing that the feeding process began with daylight, and continued without ceasing until dusk, I was able to make a calculation as to the number of caterpillars destroyed by a single pair of these birds in one week, and I found it amounted to about four thousand six hundred. We can therefore judge of the value of such birds in ridding our gardens of insect pests.

When the young blue tits were fledged and were leaving the coco-husk one by one to begin life for themselves in the tree branches, I retained one for a little while that I might take its portrait (as seen in the illustration), and fearing lest it might suffer from hunger, I placed it at intervals in a cage on the lawn, where I had the pleasure of watching the affectionate parents come back to feed it through the bars.

The drawing was soon completed, and I need hardly say the little one was allowed to have its liberty.

Birds' Feet.

It is quite worth while to observe the characteristic variations of form in the feet of birds; they will be found to be wonderfully adapted to the kind of life they live and to the food they have to subsist upon.

When I chance to find a dead bird, I usually retain its feet, attaching them to a card and allowing them to dry slowly within the fender. In this way I have made a small collection, which includes specimens from the various divisions of the bird-kingdom, and very useful I often find it for purposes of reference.

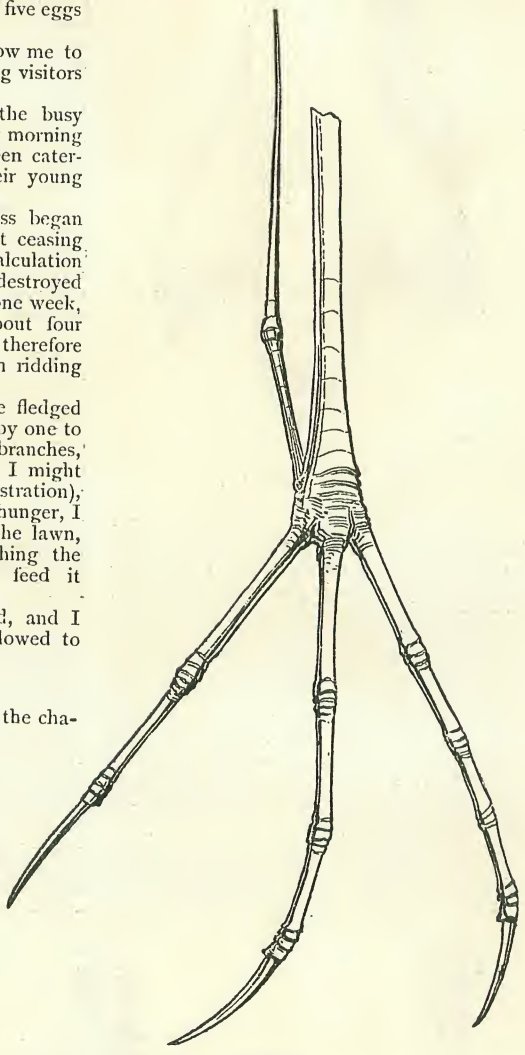
Eagles, hawks and owls (all of which are known as raptorial or seizing-birds) are provided with strong, sharp claws, with which they clutch and kill the animals and birds they feed upon.

A glance at the claws of the owl shows us that the grip of such a foot cannot fail to squeeze to death a small rat or mouse.

An owl swallows a mouse whole, and next day the bones and fur are thrown up in the form of a small grey pellet; the amazing number of bones to be found in these pellets goes far to prove the value of owls as rat and mouse destroyers.

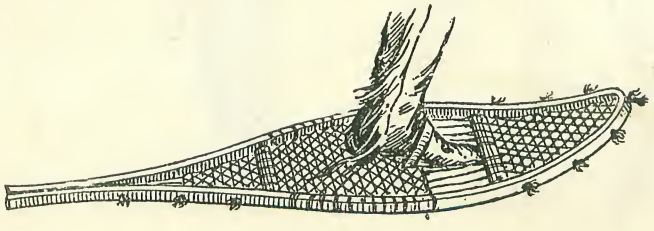
The water-rail and moor-hen appear to be links between land and water birds; they can swim short distances by means of a membrane on each side of the toes, but their lives are mostly spent in threading their way through the sedgy herbage which grows on the margin of ponds and lakes.

The true swimmers (*natatores*) include all such birds as swans, geese and ducks; we can see how easily they propel themselves in any direction by means of their webbed feet, which so admirably fit them for their aquatic life.



JACANA.

I possess the feet of a curious foreign bird, the jacana, which frequents Brazilian lakes where water-lilies abound, and by means of its long toes can walk upon the leaves and find its insect diet.



SNOW-SHOE.

The light weight of the bird is spread over a considerable area, so that it is borne up on the leaf-covered surface of the water much in the same way that a traveller in Arctic regions is supported on his journeys by means of his wide-spreading snow shoes.



FOOT OF PTARMIGAN.

A ptarmigan affords us a specimen of a bird well protected against the effects of cold by having its feet thickly furred to the very claws. Its plumage is pure white in winter, so as not to be readily seen upon the snowy ground, but in summer the feathers change to grey and brown, colours which make the bird inconspicuous amongst grey rocks and heather.

Some trumpeter pigeons I kept at one time had oddly feathered feet; one could not imagine for what purpose the feathers grew along the toes, they seemed neither useful nor ornamental; I came to the conclusion that they must be a freak of nature, and one of the results of domestication.

Grain-eating birds (*gallinaceous*) such as turkeys, fowls, pheasants and a large number of other species are provided with very strong feet armed with horny toe-nails to enable them to scratch up the earth in order to find their food. The foot of a common fowl will afford us an example of this class of birds.

I would call attention to the long claw of the lark, the use of which was, I believe, a puzzle to naturalists, until it was discovered that by its means the bird was enabled to grasp and carry away its eggs when any danger threatened their safety.

The lark's nest being built upon the ground is exposed to many dangers, and when the mower's scythe has laid it bare, the mother-bird has been observed carrying away the eggs one by one in her long-clawed foot. It has also been suggested that the hind claw may tend to break the shock of alighting on the ground from a great height; in either case it offers an interesting instance of provision for a bird's special need.

When we reflect that there are more than ten thousand species of birds, inhabiting every variety of situation and fitted to every climate, we may form some idea of the need of adaptation in their structure.

In these slight remarks on birds' feet, I only attempt to draw my reader's attention to a very wide subject which they may like to study further from time to time as opportunity may occur.

Bats.

A long-eared bat was brought to me to-day; it had been found in a window-box amongst some flowering plants.

When bats will eat either flies or raw meat, one can keep them as pets as long as may be desired, and very curious and interesting they are.

This one obstinately refuses food of any kind, I therefore have placed it in some ivy branches, so that when evening comes it may take wing and feed itself.

I remember keeping a similar specimen in my childhood, which became very tame and amusing.

I had more time then to catch flies for it, and it consumed at least forty blue-bottles daily. This fact shows us how useful bats are in keeping down the insect hosts throughout the summer and autumn.

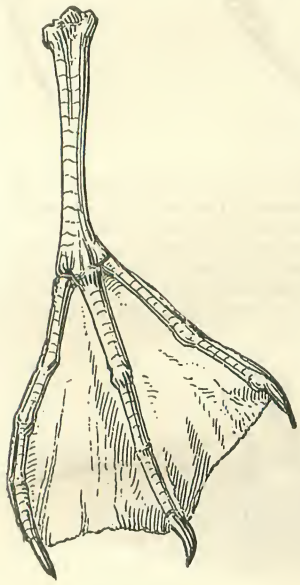
Some of the old trees in my woods have hollow stems, and in these the bats congregate in large numbers; one is reminded of the fact by the powerful and far from agreeable odour these trees emit as we pass.



The illustration shows a long-eared bat when resting head downwards.

A moment or two after alighting it folds up its long ears and places them nearly out of sight under its arms, and then the little creature looks like a mere ball of grey fur.





DUCK'S FOOT.



TRUMPETER PIGEON'S FOOT.

When on the ground a bat can only scuttle along in a very awkward fashion, as if on hands and knees, and finds great difficulty in taking flight from a level surface.

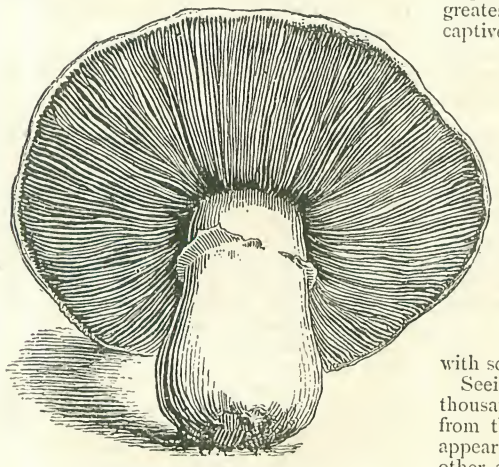
I have somtimes watched a bat in my room where, on warm summer nights, they occasionally pay me a visit, and I observe that it generally makes its way to a curtain and climbs up by its hooked wings until it is high enough to dart off into the air.

Bats should never be wantonly destroyed, for they are perfectly harmless and extremely useful. They carry on at night the work that swallows are doing throughout the day—clearing the air of millions of flies, gnats and moths, which would otherwise be a torment to us and very injurious to the farmer and gardener.

Butterflies in Sunshine.

I have been fascinated this morning by seeing one of nature's lovely wayside pictures. On the pale lilac flower heads of a tall sedum six or seven richly-tinted butterflies sat basking in the warm sunshine.

Peacocks, red admirals and tortoiseshells formed a most beautiful mosaic of colour on the soft mauve flowers, and the tints are ever varying as the wings open and shut and reveal the dark yet brilliant markings of the under wings.



AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS.

There must be something very attractive in the honey of this particular stonecrop, for its blossoms are the resort of insects of all kinds; bees, wasps and flies hover over them all through the hours of sunlight, quite a busy throng ever coming and going.

I like to take a seat for a while near this plant in order to watch the characteristics of different insects. Some are very business-like, they come for honey only, interfere with nobody, and go away as soon as they are satisfied; others are winged busybodies, buzzing around disturbing peaceable visitors, themselves idle and interfering with those who desire to pursue their own quiet work.

The butterflies are busily engaged, each drawing up nectar with its long proboscis, enjoying sunlight and sweet food. Perhaps they even possess a touch of vanity, and are conscious of some pleasure in exhibiting their lovely wings. If so, they may surely be excused seeing how truly beautiful they are.

It is well worth while to search amongst nettle leaves in early summer in order to find some of the jet black, prickly caterpillars from which these handsome butterflies develop, and by keeping them in a box, well supplied with nettle leaves daily, we may see for ourselves the curious chrysalides which shine as if made of gold leaf and hang suspended head downwards, held securely by the small hooks with which the pointed end of the chrysalis is provided. Then in due time out come the exquisite butterflies; their delicate wings, unspoiled by wear and tear, show their



BOLETUS EDULIS.

bright colours to perfection. Perhaps my greatest pleasure is ultimately to set the captives free and see them soar away into space to enjoy their brief life of summer flowers and sunshine.

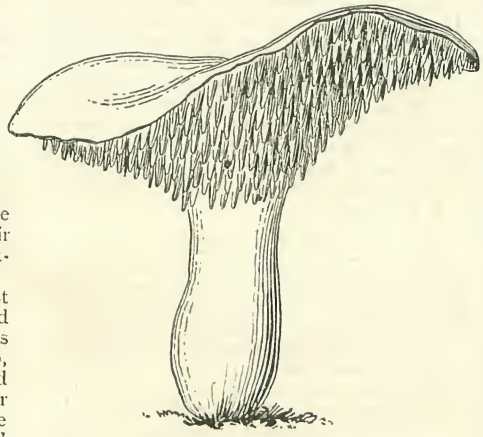
Fungi.

We are now being reminded of the approach of autumn by the appearance of various species of toadstools. They spring up in the woods, on our lawns, or on decaying tree-stems; and, as the wildflowers and fruits are nearly over, we shall find in them a new and extremely interesting field of study.

Let us collect and examine some of the different kinds of fungi we meet with so abundantly in our daily walks.

Seeing that there are considerably over a thousand species of named fungi, ranging from the microscopic films and moulds which appear on decaying fruit, stale bread and other substances, up to the giant puff-ball, which sometimes measures a foot in diameter, it is clear that we shall only have space for a few general remarks upon the commoner species of fungi we are likely to meet with.

We are all familiar with the edible mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*), so we will select it as a type of the agarics of which I believe there are several hundred species. It is well to know the right terms to use in describing a fungus, so we will trace the growth of one



HYDNUM REPANDUM.

from its beginning and learn the parts of which it consists.

If we dig up a mushroom and examine it carefully, we shall find that it has sprung from a network of white threads which is called the spawn or *mycelium*. Resting here and there upon this network are small nodules which will grow into mushrooms in due time; they first appear above the ground as white balls which, as they rise up and gradually expand, divide into two parts, namely, the cap, which is botanically called the *pileus*, and the stem or stipes.

We notice next a thin membrane which envelopes the cap. This is torn away as the pileus enlarges; part of this veil or *volva* remains on the stem and is called the *annulus*, and part clings to the outer edge of the cap.

We take off the top of the mushroom and reverse it, and now we see thin plates or gills radiating from the centre of the cap. If we cut one of these gills out and lay it on a sheet of white paper, we shall find after a few hours a quantity of dark brown grains which are called spores. From these arises the *mycelium*, from which the mushroom springs. These spores vary in colour in different species; some are pure white, some are purple, some have different shades of brown. They also vary in size, but are usually so exceedingly minute that one writer declares a



CLAVARIA.

single fungus can produce as many as ten million spores.

Thus far my description has applied to the agaricini or gill-bearing fungi, but we will now turn to the second order, the polyporei or pore-bearing fungi.

Under a large tree on my lawn I find in autumn a great abundance of toadstools about the size, shape and colour of penny buns. If I cared to experiment in that line I know they would make a perfectly wholesome dish for the table as they are the well-known *Boletus edulis*.

The pileus is a rich shining brown colour above, but when we examine it beneath we shall see, instead of the gills of the agaric order, an orange-coloured spongy substance consisting of tubes or spores.

Other species of this order are woody excrescences growing out of decaying tree-stems.

A material called amadou, used for making fusees, is obtained from several kinds of *polyporus*.

Yet another species is *Merulius lacrymans* so well known by the name of "dry rot," which is far too frequently met with in old timbered houses.

As the threads of the mycelium penetrate the wood, they reduce it at last to a state of absolute rottenness. This process may go on quite secretly for years, but suspicious cracks become apparent in our wainscot, and when some panels are removed there we see visible evidence of the dry rot. Large patches of a

grey velvety substance are spreading everywhere, covered with drops of water which gives the specific name of "lacrymans" (weeping) to this most destructive fungus.

In the third order of fungi we find, beneath the pileus, spiny projections or teeth.

If we happen to light upon *Hydnum repandum*, a species not uncommon in woods and damp shady places, we can observe in it a good specimen of this structure. Then, again we notice the curious *Clavarias*, mauve-coloured, white, yellow and bluish grey, which spring up on our lawns at this season. They dry very readily and form interesting subjects for a collection.

Pezizas are also worth searching for. I found a brilliant orange-coloured one on our common to-day and could not resist bringing it in, so as to watch it giving out its spores when breathed upon. They are shot out like little jets of smoke, and it is amusing to see the fungus thus energetically sowing itself far and wide.

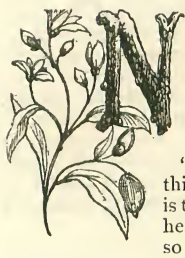
Any of my readers who may desire further information on this subject will find in Dr. M. C. Cooke's *British Fungi*, an excellent guide into this field of special study to which the specimens of to-day have drawn our attention.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

SICK-ROOM MEALS.



"Now, Maggie, please go on," I said, "and tell me how a ministering angel, as you say I am going to be, should send up meals and all and everything about it."

"Well," said Maggie, "one thing to remember in starting, is that a large tray is very little heavier than a small one, and so there is less crowding of what you place upon it. If you put a cushion under the tray of course it steadies it very much. In case of a chronic invalid I think it is very much better to have a small bed-table made."

"What are they like? I don't think I have ever seen one."

"Any village carpenter can make you one in deal, and you can stain it any wood tint you like. It stands on four short legs, a ledge runs round three sides of it so as to prevent what is placed on it from slipping off, and the fourth side is scooped out. You can place it on the bed with the legs on either side of the sick person's thighs, the hollowed out part making it comfortable for him. You need not put a tray upon it, but lay the cloth on the table itself."

"I will get one made for Aunt Elsie, and let her have it as a surprise on her birthday, which is a fortnight from to-day. But now please go on with the hints."

"Well, I think it is well to have everything as convenient as you can," said Maggie, "and consequently small things in the way of china are better than large."

"I suppose we have used what we had and not thought about it," I said.

"Yes, but really in any town you can get small articles that cost very little. A tiny creamier, a little tea-pot and small hot water jug, and small sugar-basin and salt-cellar. You can get many things in red glass which considerably lightens up a tray. A tiny plate or dish for butter is best and it looks much prettier if you make the butter into a few balls and put a spray of parsley on it, than to send up a piece cut off. I prefer a large tumbler for drinking out of as there is less chance of its contents being spilled, and for milk, an opaque glass is best."

"We can drive into Ancastle to-morrow and buy all these things; I know a shop where I am sure we shall be able to get them."

"Very well, that will be delightful. Then—well, it is always desirable to have quite a fresh napkin or cloth on the tray. I know one cannot be put on every time, but if the cloth is folded carefully and put under a weight, it will look fresh much longer than if this is not done. Everything on the tray should be spotless, and the knives and silver and glass brilliant."

"One cannot have small things for dinner as easily as for other meals," I remarked.

"You can get small vegetable dishes with partitions in them, and I think a hot water plate is nice for an invalid. The meat can be placed upon it, and then he can help himself from the vegetable dish, and I think it always looks more appetising than when helpings of different things are all placed on the one plate. About puddings, I think they are very much nicer if made in a small separate dish than if a helping is placed on a plate or a big pudding either whole or begun is sent up."

"Aunt Elsie would, I think, often like something in between her meals, but she gets tired of milk and beef tea, and really I cannot think of anything else."

"There are many little things that one can have by way of variety. By the way, beef tea is considered to be a very deceptive thing, much as it is used, for it is expensive and not particularly nutritious. If you want to make it really nourishing, a little prepared food such as Ridge's or Mellin's should be added to it."

"I never quite know if cook makes Aunt Elsie's beef tea properly," I remarked. "What is the right way?"

"I will go and fetch my note-book, and you can take down a few recipes which I copied verbatim from an excellent authority on invalid diet.

Beef Tea.

Ingredients one pound of gravy beef.

Time required, about six hours.

One pound of gravy beef should be placed on a board, and minced up very finely, all the skin and fat being removed. The meat should then be put into a saucepan with a pint and a half of cold water, half a salt-spoonful of salt, and a little pepper. When just boiling, remove the saucepan to the side of the fire, and let it simmer gently for five or six hours with the lid on. Next pour off the beef-tea and let it get cold.

It is well to remove all fat from the beef-tea before warming it up for use. But it is better not to strain beef-tea, as this removes all the little brown particles which are most nutritious.

Another recipe given me by a friend is simply to put one pound of shin of beef cut small and the bones broken into a covered jar with one pint of water. Place this in a slow oven for four hours.

"Have you a recipe for chicken broth?"

"Yes, here it is."

Chicken Broth.

Skin and chop up half an old fowl or chicken, then place it in a stewpan with a quart of water, adding a sprig of parsley, a bit of mace, a crust of bread, salt and pepper.

When sufficiently boiled take off the broth, strain it, and skim it when cool. It is stronger than any other meat tea.

"Do you like any of the beef essences?"

"Liebig is an excellent stimulant," answered Maggie; "but now for small meals. An egg beaten up with brandy and milk is very acceptable to some people. It is much nicer if you put half a teaspoonful of hot water with the egg before adding the brandy and milk. A sandwich is also very tempting, but it must be very daintily made, the slices of bread very thin and the crust taken off. The meat is always nicer, especially if for a person of weak digestion and possessed of few teeth, if it is minced up, and a few drops of Liebig moisten it nicely. Some meat pounded in a mortar and after the gravy has been added served with some toast makes a nice little meal."

"Sometimes Aunt Elsie thinks milk does not agree with her, otherwise she likes it and it does."

"Milk is a perfect food and really contains all the nourishment required by the body, but there are many people who cannot take it cold or uncooked. If the milk is heated and thickened with arrowroot or powdered biscuit it is often found to be easily digested. Sometimes milk causes what is called 'sourness of the stomach,' and in this case a pinch of bicarbonate of soda should be added to each glass of it. If a third part of barley water is added to milk it makes a nice variety. Milk tea which some doctors recommend is made by using boiling milk instead of water when you are infusing the tea. A glass of good white wine added to a pint of boiling milk also makes a nice drink."

"Aunt Elsie is not dieted in any way," I said, "but as a rule what should one do about a patient's food?"

"Well, generally the doctor will give you definite instructions about it, and they must be strictly carried out, for on doing so sometimes the life of the patient depends. In fever and typhoid cases the diet usually is only liquid. Milk in these cases is generally ordered warm or cold, plain or diluted, and a quart in the twenty-four hours is considered sufficient to keep a person alive. Solid food that has been warmed after first being cooked should never be given to a sick person, but beef-tea or mutton or chicken broth can of course be reheated."

"What is the right thing about stimulants?"

"The doctor orders the quantity the patient is to take, and that amount should not be exceeded. Always measure the quantity, and do not dilute wine unless there is any difficulty experienced in swallowing. When wine or spirits have to be diluted water or milk is used, though seltzer water or apollinaris water are nice for diluting champagne."

"When people are very thirsty I suppose one can always let them have water."

"Yes, but it must be carefully filtered. There are many things also which quench thirst. I will tell you of some."

Barley Water.

One quart of cold water should be added to one ounce of barley and boiled for about half an

hour. When strained it should be sweetened and a little lemon juice added to it. Milk used instead of water is more nourishing but not so effectual for quenching thirst.

TOAST AND WATER.

Take a slice of bread or a crust and brown it before the fire. Put it into a jug and pour a quart of cold water over it. Cover the jug and let it stand for quite half an hour before using it.

"In fever of course there is nothing like ice. You can get it in a block which is much better than several small pieces, and then take off a little at a time. You can break ice by a strong needle forced into it with your thimble. You can keep ice in an ice bowl by the patient's bedside. If you have not got such a thing, an excellent substitute is made by stretching a piece of flannel or lint over an ordinary bowl, and tying it tightly with an elastic band so as to have it quite stretched. The smooth side of the flannel or lint should be uppermost."

"Should one keep food in a sick person's room? I fancy I have heard that it was not good to do so."

"No, it should never be kept in the room or by the patient's bedside. It is a very unhealthy plan to begin with, and often has the effect of taking away a person's appetite. When a meal is over the tray containing the food or the bed table should be removed out of the room, and the next meal brought in freshly at the right time."

"How can one feed helpless people?"

"You should raise the patient gently by passing your left arm behind his shoulders, or by putting your hand behind the pillow and raising both the head and the pillow at the same time. You can do this with one hand while you give the food with the other, using a spoon or feeding cup. You should always put a towel under the patient's chin so that if anything drops the night dress may not be wetted, and it is well to wipe the mouth quite dry afterwards."

We went the next day to see Ansella, and found that Maggie's arrangement for her to pull herself up with was most successful.

"I can pull myself up quite comfortable, miss," said Ansella. "I only wish as I could stay so when I am going to have my meals, but my back do ache so, and the pillows aren't any support."

"No, I am afraid they are not," said Maggie. "Now, Nell, if you will help me we shall easily concoct a bed-rest."

Of course I was willing and eager to learn, and so I watched carefully to see what she did.

"Do you think there is any strong rope in the house?" asked Maggie.

"Yes, miss," said the little sister whose name we discovered was Janie. "There was a box come for mother from Ancastle yesterday, and it had a rope round it."

"Run and get it if you think we can have it," said Maggie, and the child obeyed.

Maggie took an ordinary chair and turning it upside down placed it behind Ansella whom I held up as she did so. Maggie put several pillows on it and Ansella pronounced it most comfortable. The rope Maggie had used for fastening the chair to the head rail of the bed.

"I was wanting to have my night-dress changed this morning," said Ansella, "but mother she had to go off early to the laundry and Janie can't help me with it. We tried, but, dearie me, she did pull me about so. I said, leave me be, Janie. I'll wait."

"Perhaps we could do it now for you," said Maggie.

"Well, I don't like to trouble you, miss," said Ansella.

"We shall like to make you more comfortable, and it will be no trouble," said Maggie. "Can you get the night-dress, Janie?"

"Yes, miss, it's airing by the kitchen fire."

"Well, see that it is quite aired and nice and warm," said Maggie, "and then roll it up and bring it to me."

And Janie ran off, soon reappearing with the night-dress, which felt, as Maggie told her, "as dry as a bone." And Janie beamed with delight at the praise. Both Maggie and I were amused to see how eagerly the little girl watched all we did and promised to learn so that she should be of more use to her sister than before.

"Now, Ansella," said Maggie, "I must draw the night-gown you have on quite up towards your shoulders, and see," she continued, suiting her curious actions to her words, "it can be done so nicely under the bedclothes without uncovering you at all."

"I can slip my arms out, miss, I think," said Ansella, and with Maggie's help she did so.

"Now, Nell, the clean night-dress," said Maggie, and I handed the article to her.

Maggie then put a big shawl over Ansella, for as she was sitting up the bed-clothes did not quite reach to her face, and drawing away the soiled night-dress over Ansella's head she quickly put the warm one over her. Then she helped her to slip her arms into it, and drew it down to the shoulders. Then she slipped it over her head and drew it down comfortably in place.

Ansella looked very nice and comfortable, but an expression of pain every now and then had not escaped Maggie's sharp eyes.

"Yes, miss," said Ansella, "I do suffer so at the bottom of my back, and my elbows, and there by the shoulder blades."

Maggie removed the bed-rest and quickly investigated matters, doing it all so quickly that Ansella was hardly uncovered at all.

"My dear, I must see to you, or else you will get quite sore places where the skin happily now is only red and tender," said Maggie.

"What can be done, miss?"

"Well, every day the places should be carefully washed with warm soap and water, and when they are quite dry, you should powder the place with oxide of zinc, equal parts, or else finely-powdered boracic acid. But there are many other things that can harden the skin wherever there is pressure. Rubbing the place with wine or eau de cologne is a good thing."

"We haven't either in the house, miss," said Ansella looking disappointed, "not to speak of them powders with the funny names you've just mentioned."

"No," said Maggie smiling, "but I think in spite of that that I shall find something. What is in that bottle? Is it the right label?"

"Yes, miss, it's the methylated spirit of wine. We use it for a spirit lamp," said Janie.

"That will do. It looks nice and clean. This hardens the skin," said Maggie, "and you or your mother should paint over the places on your sister every day and then powder it with common rice powder."

As we walked home I asked Maggie what should be done if the skin was broken.

"Zinc ointment is very healing," said Maggie, "but the art of a good nurse is to prevent bed sores, which are most troublesome things and extremely painful."

(To be continued.)

OUR SUPPLEMENT STORY COMPETITION.

LOVE AND WAR.

A STORY IN MINIATURE.

FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).
Lucy Armstrong, Birkenhead.

SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.).
"Shamrock," Dublin, Ireland.

THIRD PRIZE (10s. 6d.).
H. Cope, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

Eva Brown, Darlington; Alma Browning, Dartford; Nellie Cobham, Folkestone; L. A. Cooper, Ipswich; Elsie Maude Garnett, Burton-on-Trent; Margaret Christina Haynes, Bristol; C. M. Iggulden, Farnborough; Lorna Doone, Plumstead; "Lorna," Peebles, N.B.; Annie S. Murphy, Carlow; Janie Laughlin, Glasgow; Florence Moss, Peckham; "Pohsib," Reading; Ethel Risely, Peterborough; "White Heather," Edinburgh; Nora Wren, North Bow, E.

TO THE COMPETITORS.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—I am afraid you must have had some difficulty in summarising my little story, as forty-eight competitors have overstepped the limits prescribed by the Editor. Let me remind you also that misspelling and faulty punctuation put the writer at a serious disadvantage, and that very diminutive and close handwriting betray an inclination to elude the Editor's rule in regard to space.

This being said, let me now compliment you on the quality of the work that has been submitted to me. While scores of the papers beside me are marked G. and V. G. (good—very good), not one is marked V. B. (very bad).

Courage donc, en avant!

Your affectionate friend,

PATRICIA DILLON.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

LOVE AND WAR.

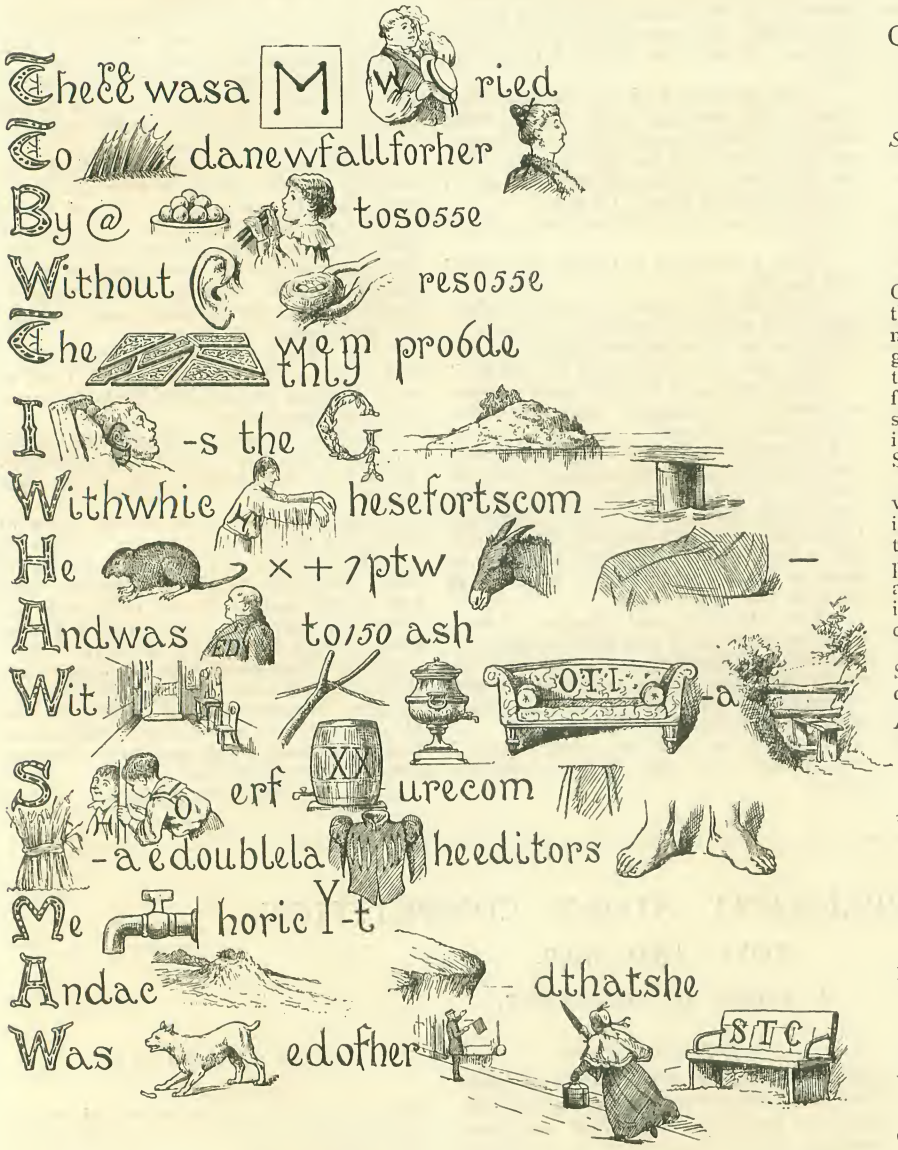
MADAME DE LIGNY, having lost husband and daughter at one fatal blow, lives for 5 years in morbid seclusion at her ancestral Castle, "Les Tourettes." She then adopts Eileen, orphan child of her former Irish governess, and the little girl soon becomes an arch-favourite with the servants, especially the motherly house-keeper, Louise and the soft-hearted cook Augustin. Arthur de Ligny, son and heir of the Château, is a Cuirassier de la Garde Impériale. He and his mother are mutually devoted, but separated by the gloomy reserve which even Eileen's sunny presence cannot quite dispel from Madame de Ligny's mind. Arthur is kind to the pretty little stranger but she is afraid of his deep voice. Thanks to the timely suggestion of Louise, Fanchon Ledru becomes the playmate of Eileen. The sturdy, eleven-year-old peasant in Tourangelle costume and already engaged to her André Moreau, is a complete revelation to the Irish child. Time passes, but at 18 Eileen is still a child in appearance, kept so by Madame's express desire, though Arthur considers that she ought to "come out" like other girls of her age and position. War is declared between France and Germany, and

the turning point in Eileen's quiet life has come. Arthur joins his regiment after an emotional parting from his mother, whom he commends to Eileen's charge as he kisses her in farewell. He is accompanied by his tenant and godson, Jacques. Great anxiety is felt on the estate as the war progresses. The "*Times*" is ordered from England and Eileen reads aloud the accounts of the numerous battles so disastrous to the French. Arthur writes, describing the gory fight at Wörth in which Jacques saves his life. The Countess awakes to renewed sympathy with her tenants and, to intercede for André Moreau (who is in undeserved trouble with his officers), she and Eileen drive to Tours, the seat of the Provisional Government. The horrors of war meet them at every turn and the Countess generously throws open her Dower-House to the sick and wounded. Soon, German soldiers are billeted upon "Les Tourettes" and its tenants. General von Stein and his nephew Eugen are honoured as guests by the ladies of the Château, and Eugen is attracted to Eileen. Arthur, having fought gallantly and escaped with a wound, now reappears to the joy of all, and a delightfully mysterious visit is paid to him in "La Maisonette," before it is quite understood that General von Stein has neither power nor wish to harm him. Paris capitulates after a four months' siege, and the Germans receive marching-orders shortly after Eileen has refused Eugen. Arthur, having dreaded the possibility of losing her, asks for her hand in marriage, and they come to a happy understanding in their peaceful country home, whilst in Paris, meanwhile, the Communists are raging.

LUCY I. ARMSTRONG.

OUR NEW PUZZLE POEM.

APUZZLESOLVER.



*** PRIZES to the amount of six guineas (one of which will be reserved for competitors living abroad) are offered for the best solutions of the above Puzzle Poem. The following conditions must be observed.

1. Solutions to be written on one side of the paper only.
2. Each paper to be headed with the name and address of the competitor.
3. Attention must be paid to spelling, punctuation, and neatness.
4. Send by post to Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster Row, London. "Puzzle Poem" to be written on the top left-hand corner of the envelope.
5. The last day for receiving solutions from Great Britain and Ireland will be October 17, 1898; from Abroad, December 16, 1898.

The competition is open to all without any restrictions as to sex or age. No competitor will be awarded more than one First Prize during the year (November 1897 to October 1898), but the winner of a Second Prize may still compete for a first. Not more than one First and one Second Prize will be sent to any one address during the year.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE of one guinea will be awarded to the competitor, not a prize-winner, who shall receive the highest number of marks during the year for Mention. Very Highly Commended to count 10 marks; Highly Commended to count 7 marks; Honourable Mention to count 5 marks.

This will be an encouragement to all who take an interest in the puzzles and who cannot quite find their way into the front rank of solvers.

OUR NEXT STORY COMPETITION.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject:—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR SEPTEMBER."

THE BACK OF BEYOND.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "The Calling of the Weir," etc.

We offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT for the month is all about.

One page (that is a quarter of a full sheet which consists of four pages) of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in an unsealed envelope with the words "Stories in Miniature," written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is September 20th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

Examiners:—The Author of the Story (Frederick Langbridge), and the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RENA.—The very best book on gardening for the price is Robinson's *English Flower-Garden*. It is a delightful and useful work. There is also a cheap little book and very practical called *Hardy Perennials*, by Mr. Wood, published by Upcott Gill.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Wash the shelves with a solution of alum and water, and try sprinkling some "insecticide" over them, such as is employed for black-beetles and crickets.

CHRISTINA—We have nothing to recommend for taking away the smell of a new tapestry carpet. Only exposure to the air will remove it in course of time.

MONICA.—To make a simnel cake, called by you a "Mid-Lent cake," beat one pound of butter to a cream, add the whites of six eggs beaten to a froth, likewise beat-up and add the yolks; then take ten ounces of powdered sugar, and add to the cream, with one pound and a half of currants, one pound of flour, five ounces of candied citron, three ounces of candied lemon-peel (cut in thinnish pieces), five ounces of almonds, blanched and pounded, and a little cinnamon, allspice, grated nutmeg, and salt; beat in all these ingredients separately; then roll out a paste of flour and water, fill with the mixture, tie up in a pudding-cloth, and boil for three hours; remove the cloth, brush over the surface with egg, and bake in a slow oven till the crust be hard. The process is a long one.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. XIX.—NO. 975.] SEPTEMBER 3, 1898. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



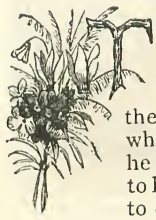
CURIOSITY.

All rights reserved.] [*From photo: Copyright 1896, Franz Hanfstaengl.*

IN SPITE OF ALL.

IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.



THE year was nearly over. During the season Beattie and Cecil had met less frequently than the one preceding it, but when they did see each other, he was unvaryingly attentive to her, and he seldom seemed to care to talk much to other people if she were present. If his manner on these occasions were more that of a friend than a lover, if his interest in her and her affairs were rather elder-brotherly in its tone, Beattie attributed this only to the embargo which she had laid upon him. It was enough that he always came to her. In the summer Norah again asked her to go and stay with her, and this time Mrs. Swannington had no objection to her accepting the invitation. Norah had incidentally mentioned that Michael Anstruther was away from home, and was shortly going on a long journey. Besides, Mrs. Swannington believed there was nothing to be feared from him any more. Of Beattie's feelings she was now quite sure. Indeed, it was Beattie herself who hesitated to accept, lest she should miss seeing Cecil at all, but it was only for a fortnight, and she had a wish to see Norah. It was more than a year since they had met.

"To think I have really got you here at last," said Norah, when they sat, on the evening of Beattie's arrival, in the little drawing-room which, like Norah herself, was neat and dainty and a trifle old-fashioned. "I began to think you would never come. And I have wanted Lady Anstruther to see you for two years."

Beattie laughed.

"Lady Anstruther no doubt has had patience to bear the period of waiting. When am I going there?"

"To-morrow, certainly. We will have tea there. I wanted you to myself to-day; and I thought you would be tired after your journey."

"It takes a great deal to tire me," said Beattie. "I am as fresh as when I started. Fresher—this air is so delicious. Did you say Mr. Michael was away? I should have liked to see him."

"He has been in Germany since the autumn. He was going back to Paris, but when Geoffrey came home—— Wasn't that wonderful? It has made such a difference to them all; the doctor said he was a mere wreck of what he had been, and he had to go through a course of treatment at some watering-place. Mike went with him and afterwards stayed on alone to study the method of the doctors there. He made friends with a young professor of science who is going to make an expedition to some part of South America, and he wanted Mike to go with them as doctor. Mike is delighted, of course. They will certainly be away a year if not longer; and he loves any sort of adventure, you know, and always was mad about exploration. Besides, he'd learn so much. It is not quite certain when they start, but it will be soon. They are making all their arrangements out there, and then he will come home and say good-bye," and Norah sighed heavily.

"Doesn't he mind giving up the property at all?"

"Mind; he is as glad as possible; not only for the reason, but because he doesn't care to have the management of an estate. You see, there isn't much money with it, and that means everything has to be so carefully investigated. Mike wants to give all his attention to his profession."

"And what has become of Mr. Geoffrey now?"

"Oh, he has joined his regiment again. He is in London at present. He is not so handsome as he used to be before he was wounded, but he is thought a lot of by everybody for all he has gone through. I can't tell you what it was like when he came home. The bells rang and all the people were laughing and crying and shouting as he drove into Woodfield, and yet he looked so altered and so ill, we all felt he might after all have come home only to die. We had great rejoicings afterwards, and somehow the cloud which has been over the Hall since Evelyn's death seems to have lifted. Even though the boys are both away it is a happy place. It is partly the change in Sir John, I suppose. He is such a kind old man now."

The next afternoon, as arranged, the two girls walked down to the Hall. Although the time had gone by when Beattie would have felt an interest in her friends, even beyond that which Norah expected, still she was pleased to know Michael's relations. Of late he had been very little in her thoughts, and she had almost forgotten what Margaret had told her in her letter, but Woodfield and the constant mention of his name and his associations had reminded her that had circumstances been a little different her first acquaintance with his home and his parents might have been a matter of the deepest concern to her.

Lady Anstruther had thoughts not wholly dissimilar as she sat waiting for the girls on the terrace. She had reason to be rather sorry that Beattie's visit had taken place just when it did; and she was perhaps a little bit prejudiced against her as the innocent cause of Michael's life having been saddened. She and Sir John had been talking about it, for no longer did she find it necessary to keep from her husband the thoughts about their children's future, which were in her own mind. He did not fly out in impatient anger, as of old, when things were not quite according to his wishes, and although he did not always agree with her as to what would be for Michael's and Geoffrey's happiness, neither did he fret himself about issues which lay, at any rate in part, beyond his own control.

"It seems so aggravating," said Lady Anstruther, "that Norah herself should be the means of throwing them together. I can't postpone Mike's return, because that would mean not seeing him at all. It is such a pity. Instead of carrying away the thought of Norah, he will be sure to have his old feeling if he sees this Beattie. And I did really hope that with all his new interests he had given up thinking of her."

"I don't think seeing or not seeing will make much difference to a fellow like Mike," said Sir John. "You remember even as a little chap it was no use our hiding away anything about which he had a fixed idea of future possession. However, I have greater hope in his notions of honour. You tell me this little girl is betrothed to some other man."

"Yes, but without coveting your neighbour's wife you may care for her too much for your own peace of mind. Ah! here they are."

Lady Anstruther rose to meet Norah and Beattie who were coming towards her through the sunshine. Her first sight of the latter routed any lurking distrust of her. She and her son always liked the same people, and both were quick in forming their opinions. Beattie in her white gown with all the charm that youth and health and hopefulness could add to physical beauty, would have been sufficiently engaging to the least discerning person; but Lady Anstruther had insight, and she found her lovable by reason of the pure mind and warm heart which she quickly perceived her to possess. She looked into the clear eyes, and was quite satisfied that Michael had not thrown away his heart on a mere delusion. But she was all the more sorry for him.

"Sir John cannot get out of his chair to speak to you," she said. "I expect Norah has told you he is paralysed."

She led Beattie up to him and introduced her, smiling at the girl's pretty deferential manner, which none the less had a warmth in it as if seeing Sir John really gave her pleasure. He who had come to appreciate all that was bright and cheerful and kind would certainly be pleased with this young and buoyant creature.

Norah looking on and content to take for the time a second place, was glad that Beattie had made so favourable an impression, for she could soon see when Lady Anstruther liked anyone, and she was pleased at this ratification of her own judgment. The conversation at once became general, and as neither Lady Anstruther nor Beattie were ever at a loss as to what to say it was animated enough. There was no need to search for topics, and it was not till Norah spoke of leaving that Lady Anstruther mentioned her son.

"Mike is coming home on Thursday to say good-bye," she said.

"So soon," exclaimed Norah, not very joyfully, for the parting which was to follow the meeting was in her thoughts.

"Yes, and for only a day or two," said Lady Anstruther.

Then she turned to Beattie. "You know Michael, I am told, Miss Margetson?"

"Oh yes," said Beattie. "But it is a long time since I have seen him. We were at the same seaside place the year before last, and we were a good deal together. He came back suddenly because you were ill. I have only met him once since then."

"I daresay you will find him changed. He was only a boy at that time."

Beattie laughed.

"I expect to me he would seem more like a boy now. When they are past seventeen girls are much older than boys of the same age, I think. I am sure young men of nineteen appear to me mere children."

"Men have their revenge, Miss Margetson," said Sir John. "A time comes when women of middle age would gladly be as young as men of the same years, I can tell you."

"I daresay," said Beattie nodding, and thinking of Aunt Ella who was beginning no longer to keep birthdays. "I always think myself growing old must be very disagreeable for a woman."

"Consider my feelings," said Lady Anstruther, pointing to her white hair. "I, you see, Miss Margetson, have got past the time when one's sensations on the subject are a matter of conjecture."

"You don't seem old," said Beattie decidedly.

"I have a girl friend to keep me in touch with young people, you see. But I will tell you a secret, Miss Beattie. Youth does not have all the advantages of life, and elderly people who keep in sympathy with others and try to be unselfish, may have a young heart long after they are bald and wrinkled. It is the selfish old people whose age is troublesome to themselves and those about them. But Norah here will never bear to hear any old people spoken against. She loves them every one."

"I am sorry for their helplessness," said Norah gently. "I can as soon find fault with their deficiencies as with those of little children."

Sir John shook his head.

"They have had time to learn better," he said. "But it is a good thing the world has its Norahs, or who would have any pity for the tiresome old creatures who are no longer any use?"

Norah knew he was thinking of himself, and slid her hand into his. They were great friends now, he and she, and always sided together when there was anything to be discussed. It had also come to be a cause of secret amusement among the lookers-on that no one must find fault with one of them if the other were present. Geoffrey must not accuse Norah of being too proper, nor the rectory boys make fun of Sir John's peculiarities. Even when the girls had taken their leave, having promised to dine at the Hall with Mr. Gilman on Friday, Lady Anstruther could not get her husband to agree with her that Norah was put in the shade by the beauty of her friend.

"Certainly she is a lovely girl," said Sir John, "and I daresay most young men would be more attracted to her at first. She has a winning manner too, and she seems singularly unaffected. But Mike is not quite ordinary in his tastes. He ought to be able to discern the points in which Norah is superior to her."

"I wish he would," said Lady Anstruther.

"Norah is more intellectual, she is deeper, and one can see her unselfishness in every action. Besides, she is free, and the other is bound."

"I suppose she is," said Lady Anstruther suddenly. "Did you notice dear, that she wore no engagement ring?"

Sir John was obliged to confess he had not observed these details.

"Perhaps the affair is still private. I don't think Norah even knows anything about it."

"Norah never tells secrets," said Sir John.

Lady Anstruther laughed. It was hard to believe that this piece of perfection was the "goody-goody chit" of not so very long ago.

"I should not be surprised," said Sir John, "supposing Mr. Michael marries at all, which I think rather unlikely, for he seems to value his liberty amazingly, if he brought home a bride from some out-of-the-way place and sprung her upon us. That is rather his way of doing things."

"I never tell secrets," said Lady Anstruther, "or I could put that notion out of your mind. But, poor boy, he is really too young to think of getting married at all, and if it hadn't been for this love affair of his I should never have thought of such a thing for years to come."

The time passed very pleasantly for Beattie. She was never bored and so did not complain of the dulness, although she wondered a little that Norah could settle down contentedly all the year round at such a place as Woodfield. Visiting the poor was a novelty to her, and the neat cottages with their open doors were a contrast to the slums on which Mrs. Swannington had laid her prohibition. Also human nature shows to advantage before young lady visitors, with open purses and ready sympathies. Beattie found everybody kind and amiable and charming, and was in high favour in the village. There was a sense of peace too in living for a while with those whose ideal of life was in tune with hers. There was no danger of Mr. Gilman or Norah making fun of her as Aunt Ella did, for striving after something better than the mere indulgence of her own tastes. Only Beattie began to perceive that an earnest life, whatever its rewards, must entail some sacrifice of popularity. She liked to please and be pleased. She gathered as she watched the life of Norah's father and noticed things he said, that doing good did not necessarily bring thanks and praise but rather blame and criticism, and that being good was not only abstaining from evil but contending for that which is right. And she began dimly to understand that genuine religion was no mere sentiment, but a hard fight not only with oneself, which is comparatively easy, but with others which is nearly always hard. It meant swimming against the tide, it meant climbing up the hill, it meant walking along the thorny rather than the smooth way; above all, it meant to some extent, and perhaps its degree was a measure of its reality, loneliness. Sometimes, too, there came into her mind the saying, "Can two walk together unless they be agreed?" and doubts crept in about a future with a man who saw not these things as she did. But she put away her fears. "She did not know him as he was. Love would work such changes. When they were married he would let her have her way, and perhaps come to think as she did." And then the momentary misgiving would pass away into happy expectations.

Perhaps if Beattie had confided in Norah about herself and Cecil, Norah would have been led to tell Beattie that she too cared for some one. But though she was generally unreserved, in this matter the girl kept her own counsel; too many people already had associated her name with Mr. Musgrove's, and she felt that until there was something definite to tell it would be more delicate to refrain from speaking of him in connection with herself, though Norah's perceptions must be dull indeed if she did not gather that Beattie's interest in a person whom she so frequently spoke of was more than usually warm. For her part Norah had lived in an atmosphere so different from Beattie's that it was natural for her to hide in her heart that which pertained to her deeper feelings; to discuss her love affair as some girls do would have seemed to her almost like profaning something sacred. She was innately an idealist, and she elevated everything she touched in a way that those who have come much in contact with the realities of life find it almost impossible to understand.

She wondered that the whole of Friday passed without Mike coming to see them. It was true they were to go to the Hall in the evening, but that would not usually have deterred him from running down to inquire how they all were. She knew he had returned the previous afternoon, because Lady Anstruther had sent her maid with a message to Norah about something on Thursday evening. However, she supposed there were reasons, and she had learnt that which sometimes seems to be the great secret of getting through life, to wait. She little thought it was the presence of Beattie at the Rectory which kept Michael away.

Mike had not known she was staying with Norah, and nothing was further from his thoughts as he came home than the possibility of seeing her. He, like his mother, had often wondered that Norah had not mentioned Beattie's

engagement, but he never doubted that it was a fact, and sometimes tried to persuade himself that she was already married and he had in some way missed seeing the announcement or hearing of it. When Richards, in the course of his usual gossip as they drove up from the station, informed Mike that Miss Norah had a young lady staying with her, he did not somehow think of Beattie, though Norah's acquaintances were certainly limited. But when the groom went on to say that "a prettier young person, he'd never set eyes on," and "she looked for all the world like one of them picturs in the illusterated papers," the heart of his master began to beat rather uncertainly.

"What's her name, Richards?" he asked.

"That I can't rightly tell you, sir, though I have heard it; but it's something like Marchsome or Marketson or that. She've been up at the Hall once with Miss Norah, and James, who've been in a good deal of society in town, say he've seen many a duchess less elegant."

Mike thought it very likely, but though he smiled at the servant's criticisms, he was more uneasy than pleased at the knowledge that Beattie was near him, and that he would be able to look at her and speak to her at last. He would have to conceal his true feeling towards her, and be only polite and distant, for he doubted his power of being frank and friendly with her under the circumstances. There must be some constraint. His only chance was to see as little as possible of her, to keep away from the Rectory, and beg his mother not to ask her to the Hall during his brief stay at home.

His first remark when he was alone with Lady Anstruther was about her, and although he tried to speak unconcernedly, she detected the ring of anxiety in his tones.

"Mother, I hear Beattie Margetson is here."

"Yes, dear," said she soothingly; "she came with Norah the other day. I don't wonder you fell in love with her, Mike."

Mike pulled the ears of the dog which was nestling against him so hard, that the creature, who had never received anything but kindness from him, gave a sharp bark of remonstrance.

"When is she going to be married!" he asked rather fiercely.

"I don't know, dear. I have only seen her once, and then we had no chance of getting confidential. I have not been told that she is engaged yet."

"They are keeping it quiet a good long time, unless—unless—— But that isn't likely; I saw them together, and besides——"

He began pacing the room restlessly.

"Do you think, mother—it is possible—nothing came of it after all?"

"Quite possible, dear. But I shouldn't build hopes on it. Beattie is very young, and there are often reasons for a private engagement. However, you mustn't let her spoil your last days with us, darling. Try and put her out of your thoughts. She and the Gilmans will be dining here to-morrow, and you will have an opportunity to talk to each other."

"I rather think the best thing I can do is to keep out of her way, mother. But you are right; she shan't spoil our time together."

He followed his mother about all the next day in a way that amused and yet touched her. She knew he was longing to be off to the Rectory, and only kept near her for safety against his impulses. Once he did say: "I suppose they'll be thinking I shall look in this morning." And Lady Anstruther answered, "Very likely," in a tone which he knew to mean their expectations had better not be realised.

As the time for their arrival drew near he became more restless, but when he knew they had come, he suddenly had a strong desire to escape from the drawing-room. As it was, he kept well in the background for a minute, but directly he saw Beattie, and met her sweet and friendly glance, his uneasiness and embarrassment vanished quite away. Never mind if she was engaged to somebody else—and he must not tell her that he loved her—she was at least the same Beattie as he had known all along; the same as he had seen in dreams many a time. As he held her hand in his warm clasp it seemed to him only yesterday that he and she had been together at Crabsley, before duty on his side and relatives on hers had brought about and continued a separation. Now they were together again, and for the present that was enough.

He had wondered what he could talk to her about at dinner, and dreaded the ordeal; but there was no need. Beattie was as easily interested, as stimulating, as natural as ever. He kept saying to himself, "She is just the same; and how pretty—I have not seen any one so pretty." Only once was there any embarrassment, but that was on Beattie's part. He was speaking to her of Margaret Raven, and Beattie suddenly remembered what Margaret had told her about the picture and about her conjectures concerning Michael, and she blushed crimson and turned her eyes away from his. He wondered why, and then supposed Miss Margaret—who was capable of anything—had been telling Beattie some story about himself. In the momentary pause in their talk, he looked down rather absently; and then, for the first time, he observed that Beattie's left hand was bare of any ring. And hope, which is so very hard to kill, again stirred in his heart. If she was free after all he might win her yet!

(To be continued.)

AFTER-SCHOOL EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

"A CLUB," says a recent American writer, "was man's first weapon. It represented nothing but physical force. To-day, 'clubs' are women's forces; and they represent ethical values, the finest side of social life, culture, intellect, the march of progress, and the highest types of the development of a womanhood, which is the very flower of our civilisation."

I have headed this article with a quotation, for I am very anxious to make my readers comprehend the place taken in America to-day by the clubs for women; that is, clubs founded by, carried on, and governed by women, for special purposes of various kinds. It is said that Boston, of all the cities in the Union, possesses the most; ranging from the exclusively society one, to the exclusively "crank." It would be difficult to mention a cult that is not represented. But everywhere they appear to rule with an ever-increasing power. In Boston, Browning clubs are in great force, but all Bostonians seem to be members of some club, for the study of literature or art, and classes and lectures appertain to most of them for the advancement of the education of the members.

The mother of women's clubs in America is the famous Sorosis of New York, which was founded by "Jennie June," known in private life as Mrs. J. C. Croly. This is a purely literary club, and entertains and introduces all the literary and feminine lions who visit New York. It was founded in the early seventies, and still remains the leading club of the United States. Twenty years ago, nearly all the women's clubs in America were purely literary or social, or both; but to-day, after occupying every field of art, history, music, literature, archæology, philosophy, science, ethics, religion, and æsthetics, they boldly reach out into channels of work hitherto appropriated specially to men, such as sanitary legislation, tenement-house reform, and much-needed improvement in the management of jails, penitentiaries, and asylums. Political science, charities, kindergarten, educational, manual training-schools, free public libraries, courses of lectures, are all subjects in which the club-women of the United States are interested; and in all current topics they have a practical interest and free discussion.

The clubs of the southern states are almost all literary and social, while those in the western portion of the Union are the most progressive in practical work and in studying current events throughout the world, and the East seems to be following in the same direction. The following is a list of classes held and lectures given and discussed last year: Parliamentary law, physical culture, millinery, German, French, whist, voice-culture, library, science, current events, and first aid to the wounded, the money issues of the presidential campaign, hygiene in the home. Then there was a story-teller's month, when Authors read their stories aloud, and a literary symposium. This may be described as a club conducted on broad lines, to which musical study may be added as well.

The number of clubs throughout America is very large, New York alone showing about a hundred, while the entire number of club-women in the United States is estimated at considerably over a million. There is a great system of organisation, called the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which holds a superior position. This was formed in 1889, and it now numbers between seven and eight hundred individual clubs, and its total membership is very large.

Besides this, each state has its State Federation, that of Michigan, for instance, numbers ninety-seven clubs, and these are all members of the General Federation. All clubs are self-governed and self-supporting, the membership fee varying from two dollars up to twenty-five, or more. Each club pays a fee of about two dollars to its State Federation, and the General Federation is supported by annual dues of ten dollars from each club numbering one hundred members, and twenty-five dollars from each State Federation numbering one hundred clubs, and half of these sums from clubs or federations which do not number so many as one hundred.

I imagine that the officers of the clubs are entirely unpaid. They consist of the president, or chairman (not chairwoman), vice-presidents, recording and corresponding secretaries, and treasurers. Much care is taken to carry on the meetings in practical parliamentary fashion, each member being bound to acquaint herself with, and to conform to, the rules of parliamentary procedure. Clubs, it is considered, should develop in women the highest qualifications for all the work they find to do in life, and all good qualities are intensified by membership in them.

One of the very natural discussions that has arisen in America, as well as amongst ourselves, is, "What constitutes a 'clubbable' woman?" A woman may be possessed of all the virtues, may be clever, and beautiful, well-dressed, and fascinating, but she may lack the qualification for being "clubbable." Apparently people have arrived at the conclusion that a woman must be one of two things: either a capable leader, or be willingly led; the latter by no means meaning that she is a nonentity, nor that she has no mind of her own, but merely that she is satisfied to follow those who are capable of directing with force and good judgment.

Judging from the accounts of the various centres, the American woman is better off than the English in that she appears to possess a greater command of money. Here, in England there is always the lack of means to contend with, and in every public matter it is the same thing where our sex is concerned. Indeed, in America I find that only women who are rich and leisured can undertake the highest offices in the clubs, as there is no remuneration attached to the vocation, nor money allowed for travelling expenses. I notice too that the fees for membership and entrance are low, so that few people need decline to join.

Our article has to deal to-day with the literary clubs, which are apparently performing the work of the higher education of women. That part of teaching and learning which has to be performed by the Englishwoman at home by reading and research on subjects which interest them. We are also fortunate in having lectures, museums, and picture-galleries, and we are consistent globe-trotters, every one of us, according to our powers. The lending-libraries, notably those of Messrs. Mudie, and Smith, and the many small ones in every town are well patronised; and perhaps, where the American would learn by going to an evening at her club, we should obtain our teaching by getting a book out of the library. We have so many organisations dealing with home education, and girls' societies of all kinds in aid of the same thing.

Many of the American clubs meet only during a certain number of months, from October to May, or from November to April; and though in some clubs meetings are held every week, or even twice a week; in others once a month is sufficient; and a woman may belong to a dozen clubs if she like, although this tendency is said to be decreasing, as the clubs grow larger.

I shall here give several plans of club work. The first is a very interesting one, *i.e.*, for the study of Italy; which is in the calendar of the Wednesday Morning Club of Rome, New York. This club meets weekly; the alternate meetings being devoted to the discussion of current topics and special subjects. The provision of subjects is made for thirteen meetings; the numbers before each subject showing the order in which they come.

I. Introduction of Greek Literature into Rome, beginning of Roman Literature (240–63 B.C.) Roman theatres, comedy and tragedy.

II. Cicero. Orator, Philosopher, Poet; the Cæsars.

III. Augustan Epoch; or Golden Age of Roman Literature, 63 B.C.–15 A.D.; Virgil.

IV. Decline of Roman Literature under Tiberius A.D. 15. Seneca, his relations with Nero, Pliny and Tacitus.

V. Marcus Aurelius, Constantine, first Christian Emperor; Rise of Papal Rome, A.D. 800.

VI. Revival of learning begun by Petrarch and Boccaccio; Songs of Petrarch; Universities in Bologna, High Schools, Mediæval Libraries, Manuscripts and Printing.

VII. Concerning Dante: The Inferno, Underworld of Homer, Virgil and Dante.

VIII. Paradiso and Purgatorio, Angels, Milton's and Dante's

IX. House of Medicis, and Patrons of Learning; Florentine Academy, Science of Alchemy and Astrology.

X. Naples; Vittoria Colonna, Tasso. Introduction of the Opera.

XI. Italian Art, as seen in Rome; Michael Angelo, Raphael.

XII. Florentine art, Giotto, Cimabue, Leonardo da Vinci.

XIII. Art in Venice. Bellini Family Titian and Tintoretto.

This club being a typical one, I will just indicate a few particulars about it. It is purely a literary one, the membership being limited to sixty-five active, and ten honorary members, with a waiting list. The work of the club is divided amongst thirteen committees, each taking charge of two meetings in the year. Special attention is paid to the current topics department, which is an open parliament for the entire membership.

This discussion of current topics appears to form a large portion of the meetings and to engage much attention. It is a most useful point, and enables women to speak and listen intelligently, and thoughtfully, on all the topics of the day; from bimetallism to cremation, smoke consumption and sugar bounties, gold-mining, and strikes, co-operation, and suffrage for women. All these topics have been discussed by these clubs during the past winter, and it is not difficult to see how women will acquire through it a wider range of thought; and a community of interests with husbands and fathers, brothers and sons; to the great increase of happiness and mutual pleasure.

The following is an interesting plan for club work, including a study of Egypt for six months.

First month. (1) The Land of Egypt, Origin of the Egyptians. Their ancient neighbours. (2) Mythology. The Gift of the Nile. System of Government.

Second month. (1) Abydos, Heliopolis, Bubastis, General Characteristics of Egyptian Pyramids. The Great Pyramid and the Sphinx. (2) The Hieroglyphic Alphabet. The Rosetta Stone. Ancient Painting and Architecture.

Third month. (1) Memphis, in prosperity, in ruins. Menes and his successors. Dynasties XII. to XVIII. (2) The Hyksos. Bible Stories corroborated by Egyptian History. Queen Hatasu.

Fourth month. (1) Thebes. Sati I. and his works. Story of Father Ai. (2) Rameses II., life and character, wars and achievements. The Ramesseum.

Fifth month. (1) Ethiopia in Egypt. Persia in Egypt. The Last Pharaoh. Karnac and Luxor. (2) Cairo and the Caliphs. Saladin. Mamelukes.

Sixth month. (1) Bonaparte, and the Battle of the Pyramids. El Mahdi the False Prophet. England in Egypt. (2) The Khedive. Egypt of To-day. Modern Research in Old Egypt.

The sheet on which this plan is arranged bears the Egyptian flag, and the lotus flower and leaf, and also the famous quotation from Bunsey, "Egypt is the monumental land of the earth, as her people are of history."

A club plan for miscellaneous work, prepared for the Cosmopolitan Club of Springfield, Vermont, is as follows:—

Oct. 11th. Biographical sketch of Robert Burns. The famous songs of Burns, review. "Cotter's Saturday Night," solo. (Burns' song). Quotations.

Nov. 1st. Dutch settlements in America. Peter Stuyvesant. Dutch manners and customs. Five minutes' reading from Washington Irving.

Nov. 22nd. The Gypsies.

Dec. 13th. Sanitation, ventilation, disposal of garbage.

Jan 3rd. Original contributions from members.

Jan 24th. Child study. Sketch of Fröbel. The dull boy.

Feb. 14th. The French Revolution, as seen by the Americans of the 18th century.

Mar. 7th. Musical.

Mar. 28th. Debate. Resolved that transmitted characteristics are more potent, than environment in the formation of character.

April 18th. Mexico. The Mexico of To-day. Remains of Aztec Civilisation.

This club is a mixed one, with two-thirds of its officers women; and no man is allowed to belong unless he can produce a wife to chaperon him. It is considered an excellent model for small towns, where the clubbable element is sure to be small. The limit of members is seventy. The meetings are held once in three weeks, on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. The dues of the club are one dollar a year, with an entrance fee of half a dollar. The general routine of the meetings is, first, a principal paper occupying about twenty minutes to read, followed by short talks, or papers on subordinate topics; these being restricted to seven minutes in length. A general discussion of half-an-hour, divided amongst the members in the proportion of not more than five minutes to each speaker, follows, and concludes the evening's work.

One very excellent plan for club-work, is that adopted by a literary one of Elgin, Illinois, and is on French History. It is intended for a seven months' session, from October to May.

Oct. 2nd. Francis I., 1515. Claude, daughter of Louis XII., and Eleanor of Portugal.

Oct. 9th. Henry II., 1547. Catherine de Medici; Diana of Poictiers. Francis II., 1559; Mary Stuart. Charles IX., 1560; Elizabeth of Austria. Henry III., 1574; Louise de Vaudemont.

Oct. 23rd. Henry IV., the Great, 1589; Marguerite de Valois, and Marie de Medicis.

Oct. 30th. Louis XIII., 1610; Anne of Austria, Richelieu, Mazarin, the Fronde. Louis XIV., 1643., Maria Theresa of Spain La Vallière.

Nov. 6th. Louis XIV.; Madame de Montespan, Madame de Maintenon.

Nov. 20th. Palace of the Tuilleries, Versailles, Champs Elysées. Hotel des Invalides.

Dec. 4th. Louis XV., 1715; Marie Leczinska, daughter of Stanislas.

Dec. 18th. Administrative and judicial condition of France at the death of Louis XV.

Jan. 8th. Louis XVI., 1774. Marie Antoinette.

Jan. 22nd. Revolution of 1789. National Convention, political salon, Robespierre and Danton, Marat and Charlotte Corday. Louis XVII.

Feb. 5th. Republic 1792. First Empire, Napoleon I., 1804. Josephine and Marie Louise of Austria, King of Rome.

Feb. 19th. Restoration. Louis XVIII., 1814.

March 4th. Hundred days' war, Waterloo; Charles X., 1824. Marie Theresa of Savoy.

March 18th. Revolution of July. Louis Philippe, 1830. Republic 1848.

April 1st. Louis Napoleon III., 1852. Eugenie. *Coup d état.* Second Empire.

April 8th. Third Republic, 1870. The presidents. Place de la Concorde.

April 15th. Present state of France, religious, political, social, financial, civil, artistic and educational. Boulevards.

I have given these plans and subjects of study, in order that my readers may see how thorough is the course; and how complete papers are written and read, and books consulted on all these topics; and in many cases, an appropriation of money is made from the club funds, to supply reference books on the topics for the year.

No article on this subject would be complete if I did not show you the most excellent and useful side of many of these clubs, that unite in furthering some stated object, philanthropic or social. For instance, the New Century Club of Philadelphia has a children's week in the country fund, a fresh air fund, a working woman's guild, and a legal protection committee for the benefit of women. It has induced the municipality to supply police matrons, and has endowed several scholarships.

The Woman's Club of Johnsburg, Vermont, has supplied lawn seats for the public parks, watering troughs for the town, and several handsome drinking fountains. Many of the clubs interest themselves with educational movements, visit the schools, found kindergartens, cooking schools, and lectureships. Nearly all have some special end or aim that will help the national advance towards some important point. Many of them work in concert with some manly organisation, such as the Town Improvement Associations, which exist in nearly all American towns. One of these clubs has had cards printed and hung up in all the public schools of the state to help to make the boys good citizens, on which are printed all kinds of "Dont's." "Don't throw down banana nor orange skins in the street," or "Don't throw pieces of paper about," "Don't leave the yard untidy," or "Do bury all the old tin cans in a hole"— this last intimation showing that they have not taken to making tin soldiers and toys out of them as we have done in England. The high, towering vans which often pass one, filled to overflowing with old tins of all kinds, show to what an extent the collection goes on; and also how popular the tin toys have become. Still, the teaching of order and cleanliness is precisely what is needed for all children; and it is exactly what they do not obtain from any source, neither in school nor out of it. If we could only inangurate something of the kind, it would indeed be well for us and ours.

Clubs, as we understand them in England, which have not only names, but local habitations, are not very numerous. Those we have been discussing are more what we should call by the name of societies, having, perchance, rooms for meeting, but no conveniences for feeding nor housing the members. This accounts for the smallness of the fees, and many of them meet at the houses of the members, all expense being thus avoided. But still, the American club-woman does aspire to the acquirement of a club house ultimately, and some of the clubs are magnificently housed. The home of the Century Club of Philadelphia, cost £20,000, and its architect was a woman. The Literary Club of Grand Rapids, Michigan, saved the income from members' fees for eighteen years, and then built themselves a handsome home. The Ladies' Reading Club of Junction City, Kansas, has lately had a fine club house presented to it—the first instance in the United States Union of such a gift.

And now I must tell you how the women contrived, with very small means, to build their club house. The club in question is the New Century of Philadelphia, which began in 1876 with fifty members, and at present numbers six hundred. The entrance fee is £5 ($25), and the annual subscription is $10 (£2).

In 1890, a meeting of the club committee was held to endeavour to provide funds for a club house, and in order to do so, the members formed themselves into a company, got a charter, and fixed the capital stock at $30,000, which was divided into one thousand shares of $30 each. Not all club members need to be stockholders, but all stockholders must be members. And with the capital so raised, they proceeded to buy land, and build, the architects being women. The building is, of course, large, and contains a spacious and beautiful hall; the letting of which to the general public has proved so remunerative, that the club company declares dividends to the stockholders, and has created a reserve fund. Of course, this club contains a large proportion of wealthy members amongst its names, but neither the entrance fee, nor the yearly subscription are very large.

I must tell you, however, that the women of America believe in the mixed club; the voluntary union of the best mental and moral forces of men and women, working together; and consider that the millennium of club usefulness will have come, when there are neither men's clubs, nor womens, but united organisation for work and general usefulness.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," etc.

CHAPTER V.

BURNS AND SCALDS, BATHS, ETC.

"THERE are several other things one can do to prevent anyone who has to lie much in bed getting sore in those places where there is pressure," said Maggie. "Air cushions, those made with a centre hole are capital things, and then there is another plan. Get some old soft washed linen or cotton and make some round cushions, filling them with cotton wool or tow which has been finely drawn out. I like the round better than the square, and the chafed part can be allowed to come just in the middle space thus avoiding all pressure upon it."

"We can make some for Ansella," I said, and so we did.

On our return home from seeing her Maggie and I had another nursing talk over our tea.

"I think that pulley arrangement is a capital plan," I said. "I told Aunt Elsie about it and now she wants one."

"When people are inclined to slip down to the foot of the bed," said Maggie, "a very good plan is to raise the foot of the bed a little. You can get two blocks of wood a few inches high and have holes made in the middle for the castors of the legs of the bed under which you place them."

"That is a capital idea."

"Yes, it is not my own, I heard of it from a nurse," said Maggie. "By the way, Nell, it is well to remember that in cases of heart complaint the patient should not lie low, and you should be careful that they do not slip down during their sleep?"

"Why?"

"Because it makes it more difficult for them to breathe," said Maggie.

"I remember when Tom had typhoid fever he lay very flat."

"Yes, that was natural and could not hurt him. As a rule sick people choose their own position in bed, the best, and that in which he has most comfort and least pain."

"Sometimes the bed-clothes must be very heavy, or rather feel so," I said. "Father had rheumatic fever once, and he could hardly bear the weight of the clothes touching any painful part."

"Was anything done to relieve him?"

"Yes, mother told me that she stretched a piece of strong twine under the bed-clothes cornerways from the head to the foot of the bed, tying it round the knobs of the bed."

"What a good idea. Come, Nell, you are giving me a hint," said Maggie laughing.

"I remember mother said that the effect was then just as if the clothes were hung on a line, and as the sides were well tucked in under the mattress it was a capital plan."

"In exchange for that I will tell you how to keep the weight of bed-clothes off a sprained ankle or leg. Can you guess?"

I shook my head.

"Cut a hole in a band-box or card-box, large enough to pass over the limb. This is a good plan in cases of burnt or scalded arms or hands."

"I am so glad that you have mentioned the words burn and scald, for I wanted very much to make a few notes in my book about them."

"Very well," said Maggie, and I wrote down what she said.

BURNS.

These are caused by dry heat such as an explosion, or a person catching fire. The following simple rules must be observed.

Lay the person gently flat on the floor, for flames will only burn in an upward direction.

Roll the person on to the burning part of his clothes to extinguish the fire, and throw any article, such as a carpet, hearthrug, tablecloth or blanket over him. If nothing of the kind is at hand and cold water is, drench him with it.

Another excellent plan is if possible to seize on a covering of some kind, throw it over the burning person, envelope him in it and throw him down on the floor as gently as you can. This latter plan has the advantage that it prevents any chance of your own clothes catching on fire.

Never allow a person whose clothes are on fire to run about for a second.

The next thing to do is to remove the clothes, cutting them off with sharp scissors or a knife, and on no account pulling them.

If any part of the clothes sticks to the skin cut the clothes away carefully round it. Do not pull the stuff from where it is sticking.

Your great object is to keep the air from the burns. If the burn is a very slight one dust a little flour on it. Powdered chalk, arrowroot or starch answer as well. In severe cases lint soaked in sweet oil or butter answers better, but the best of all dressings is what is known as carron oil, which is only lime water and linseed oil mixed, the quantity of each being equal.

Never break the blisters which sometimes form, but prick them at the lowest part and leave the shrivelled skin. Do not cut it away.

Keep the patient warm by wrapping him in warm blankets and placing him near a fire or covered up in bed with hot bottles applied to his feet.

Give the patient warm drinks, such as hot spirits and water, hot tea or milk, or hot beef tea.

In all but very slight burns send at once for the doctor.

Burns from strong Chemicals.

These are often caused by acids, such as oil of vitrol or sulphuric acid, aquafortis or nitric acid, carbolic acid, etc.

Alkalies such as caustic, potash or lime cause burns. You should remove the acid or alkali by drenching the part or person who is burnt with cold water.

Bathe the part with water mixed with lime or soda if the burn has been from an acid.

If the burn has been caused by an alkali bathe with vinegar and treat the patient as if for an ordinary burn.

Scalds.

Scalds are usually the result of moist heat, such as boiling water, etc., being spilt on the person.

The same treatment as for burns.

The danger of burns and scalds is the extent of surface burnt and the shock to the patient.

"Now, Maggie, you must tell me about baths, for they are often ordered for the sick."

"Yes, and in illness they must never be given without a doctor's order."

"Very well, I will remember that. I do so love my tub that I feel for anyone who is deprived of it. But now, Maggie, my pencil is ready."

Baths.

The temperatures of different kinds of baths are as follows :—

Cold	bath	45°	Fahr. to	75°	Fahr.
Tepid	,,	85°	,, ,,	90°	,,
Warm	,,	90°	,, ,,	100°	,,
Hot	,,	100°	,, ,,	110°	,,
Hot air	,,	120°	,, ,,	140°	,,
Vapour	,,	110°	,, ,,	120°	,,

In all cases the temperature should be tested by the thermometer and the bath if warm, hot or tepid should be prepared of a low temperature, the hot water being added so that the bath may not get cooler.

Unless a doctor says to the contrary a patient may stay in a hot or warm bath from half-an-hour to an hour. In some cases of eruptive fevers in the beginning of the disease, hot baths are ordered so that the rash may be developed by the action of the hot water, and generally the patient does not remain in them longer than from ten to twenty minutes, the bath being kept at the given temperature the whole time by adding hot water. In doing this—adding hot water—be careful to pour it in at the side of the bath so as not to scald the patient. You should wrap the person in a blanket and let him stay in it when immersed in the bath. Then you should have two small blankets or bath towels which you have sewn together at one end, leaving enough room for the head to go through them, and have these very hot, so that you can wrap the person in it when he leaves the bath. Spread them lengthways, so a nurse advised me once, and I always do it over the bath, and the patient as he rises out of the water can pass his head through the aperture before he rises out of the water.

In ordinary cases, of course, it is a simpler matter, but it is always necessary to avoid chills, and if the weather is cold to give the bath, if possible, near a good fire, the towels, etc., always being well warmed.

Sometimes people, in taking a hot bath, are liable to get attacks of faintness so that if there is any danger of that they should not be left alone.

A Foot-bath.

Sometimes a mustard foot-bath is beneficial. The proper heat is 110° Fahr. and one ounce of mustard flour is enough. The patient should stay in it until there is a sensation of warm glow.

"There is another thing I have wanted to ask you, Maggie," I said when I had finished these notes, "and that is how to change the sheets for anyone who cannot sit up."

"You will find some directions copied into my little book," said Maggie, and so I entered them into mine.

Changing Sheets.

If the patient can be turned from side to side, it is well to let him be right in the centre of the bed before you begin operations.

Next take the clean sheet that has been thoroughly aired and well warmed and roll it lengthwise until you have half the sheet in a tight roll. For this you need an assistant, and indeed to change sheets without someone to help you is almost impossible. Now stand at the right side of the patient and leave only one pillow or the bolster in its case under his head.

The sheet on which he is lying should then be rolled up, also lengthwise, and the roll brought up quite close to him.

Put the roll of the clean sheet close to the roll formed of the soiled one which will be nearly in the middle of the bed. You must turn the patient now very gently on to his left side, and whoever helps you should support him so placed as you rapidly roll up the soiled under sheet and unroll the clean one.

If you turn the patient again to the right side, you will find the two rolls of sheets quite free, so that you can draw away the soiled one and the fresh one be unrolled, and when smoothed out tucked in well under the mattress.

Sometimes the sick person cannot turn over in his bed, and in this case you proceed thus :—

Roll up the sheet from top to bottom, leaving sufficient unrolled to be tucked in at the head of the bed. Beginning at the head of the bed, you next roll up the sheet on which the patient is lying. The two rolls are then placed across the bed under the pillows and the two are gradually moved together towards the end of the bed. As you do this you roll up the soiled and unroll the clean sheet. If your assistant presses the mattresses down in the middle you can smooth the sheet down very easily.

"Are not water-beds used sometimes, Maggie?"

"Yes, if a person is likely to be kept a very long time in bed, or if there is great danger of bed-sores a water-bed is excellent. You should put the water-bed first of all on the bedstead or palliasse and water of about 90° Fahr. be gradually poured in until it is about half full. The rest of the bed can be filled with air.

"Very great harm has been done by placing people on water-beds filled with cold water, and you should remember that when the weather is cold you should take out a pailful of it and substitute the same quantity of hot water, so that the temperature may be kept up.

"Always place a folded blanket over the water-bed before you make it, and it must be borne in mind that the water-bed should never be lifted with the water in it. Water-beds need careful handling as they are expensive things and very easily damaged."

"I suppose there never are water-pillows?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, and they are filled in the same way. Air pillows are also excellent in many cases where down or feathers are too hot. By-the-way, Nell, when people are ill it is such a comfort to them and often promotes sleep to have two sets of pillows, one for day use and another for night."

"Yes, I shall remember that. I know when I have been ill sometimes the pillows never seemed to get cool."

"There is another matter about which I must tell you, and that is the draw-sheet," said Maggie.

"What is that?"

"In many cases of illness a draw-sheet must be used, so as to prevent the bed being soiled. You take a small sheet and fold it lengthways, two or three times, getting the depth sufficient to come from the middle of the sick person's back to his knees. Put it across the bed under the lower part of the person's body. If there is a macintosh under the draw-sheet, the latter should be about seven inches or so wider than the macintosh. The macintosh you must fasten securely at each side of the bed, using safety pins for the purpose. The draw-sheet should be tucked under the mattress firmly, and when soiled, the sheet should be drawn so that a fresh piece comes underneath the patient, and the soiled part should be rolled and pinned up. The sheet should be changed after it is soiled in several places."

I learnt a good deal from Maggie in various ways, and was delighted that her visit was extended, for father said he found there was so much more to do than he expected that he could not return home until February. He hoped Maggie would stay with me all that time, and she said she could and gladly would. I was so glad to have her, and Aunt Elsie declared that she did us all good.

The colour soon came into Maggie's cheeks, and she much enjoyed the long drives that we took in the fens. There was a great deal of wind certainly but it seemed to do her good.

When she got better she undertook to visit some sick cases in the village, and I used to go with her and learnt a good deal from her.

Ansella died just when the bitter frost came at the turn of the year.

Maggie talks of getting district work again, when she is really stronger, but she will not go yet, for the doctor advised her getting six months' complete rest if she could. As she does not actually depend upon her earnings for a living she can well spare the time.

It is lovely work, and the more I know of it the more I regret I cannot go in for regular training.

However what I have learnt so far will, I know, be useful to me.

One day, a week before father was expected and the day before Maggie left, we had a talk about the moral qualifications of a nurse.

(To be concluded.)

VOICES ON THE RIVER!

By EDWARD OXENFORD.

THERE are voices on the river
As the evening breezes blow,
And a story they awaken
That was whispered long ago;
For upon its silvery bosom,
As the day was sinking West,
It was first I heard the promise
That is treasured in my breast.

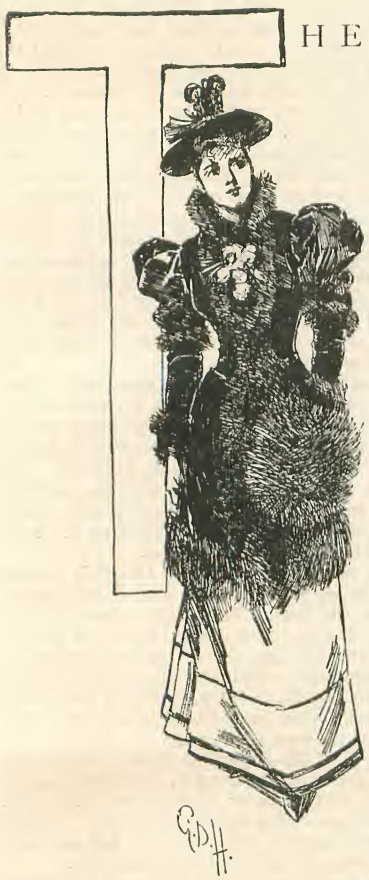
There are voices on the river,
And the hearts are happy there,
For the future they behold not,
With its chances of despair!
And 'tis well a veil is o'er it,
Through the which they cannot see,
For the hours may prove full bitter
In the hidden time to be!

There is laughter on the river,
And I would that it were still,
For it seems to me discordant,
As such music ever will!
All the melody I covet
Ever silent must remain,
For the voice that breathed love's story
I shall never hear again!

HER LAST ORATORIO.

By GRETA GILMOUR.

CHAPTER I.



THE cathedral aisles were dim, but through the western windows came softly and subdued the slanting rays of sunset. In shafts of warm coloured light they fell across the cold grey arches and oaken pews. It was very still within the empty church, still with that holy silence felt only inside the sacred walls of the House of God, or on summer days in the silence of a pine wood. But suddenly a burst of music, the long-drawn murmuring music of the organ, echoed through the aisles, ever louder and fuller, until the cathedral was filled in every corner. Then followed lingering chords, each one softer, tenderer, than the last. A touch of sadness and yearning sighed in the music when, like a silver bell, the sweet notes of a soprano fell in and caught the dying melody. Now the organ was subdued, the accompaniment came as though from afar off, and the beautiful voice sang on, "O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." Every word was distinct, every note clear as a flute. The melody was so pure and reverent, and the note of pleading so restrained. One seemed to feel the underlying passion melting away into tears of penitence and entreaty. "O Lord, how long? O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy." The last rays of sunlight stole into the chancel and touched the singer's head. They rested with a lingering smile amongst the fair curls and on the pale face beneath them. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," she sang. The last note rang out clear and pure, floated for a moment like a living thing among the cathedral arches, and then died into silence. The halo round the girl's head seemed to fade with the dying music, and all was still and dim again. But she did not stir. Every nerve in her body thrilled with emotion and her eyes brimmed full of tears. When she turned she found the organist at her side waiting for her to move. A faint flush dyed her cheeks.

"It was so very beautiful," she said, by way of explanation. "Thank you so much for choosing me to sing it."

The old gentleman smiled and removed his dim glasses in order to polish them.

"My dear, I think 'tis I who have to thank you for singing my anthem. You it is who give the beauty to it—your superb voice and feeling."

A wistful sadness stole over the girl's face as he spoke, and she closed her eyes to hide the sudden tears.

"So to-morrow is your last Sunday here. You return to your studies next week," continued the organist, as they stepped out of the cathedral into the May evening.

"Yes"—regretfully. "There is nothing I should like better than to spend the spring here. I cannot bear the London season. My heart is always here by the Severn or in the dear old cathedral."

"But you like your studies; you seem absorbed in your work."

"I love it; but it is very exhausting."

He turned his eyes on the frail delicate creature with a sudden anxious gaze.

"Yes, I am sure of that, but you must take every care of yourself. Do consider it your duty to preserve the wonderful gift entrusted to you."

Again the wistfulness stole over her face and she closed her eyes for one brief moment.

"I will," she added, a little wearily, "but I have still so much to learn."

"The more you know, Jenny, the more you will feel that. But, oh! child, your voice—it is worth everything."

They stopped outside an old-fashioned house in a picturesque court which overlooked the Severn, and on which rested the shadow of the cathedral spire. The house was covered with a lacework of white jasmine, the starlike blossoms piercing the gloom and giving out a delicate fragrance. It crept in at the lattice-windows and hung in graceful sprays over the portal.

"Good night, Doctor Lunn, and thank you again for choosing me to sing your exquisite anthem."

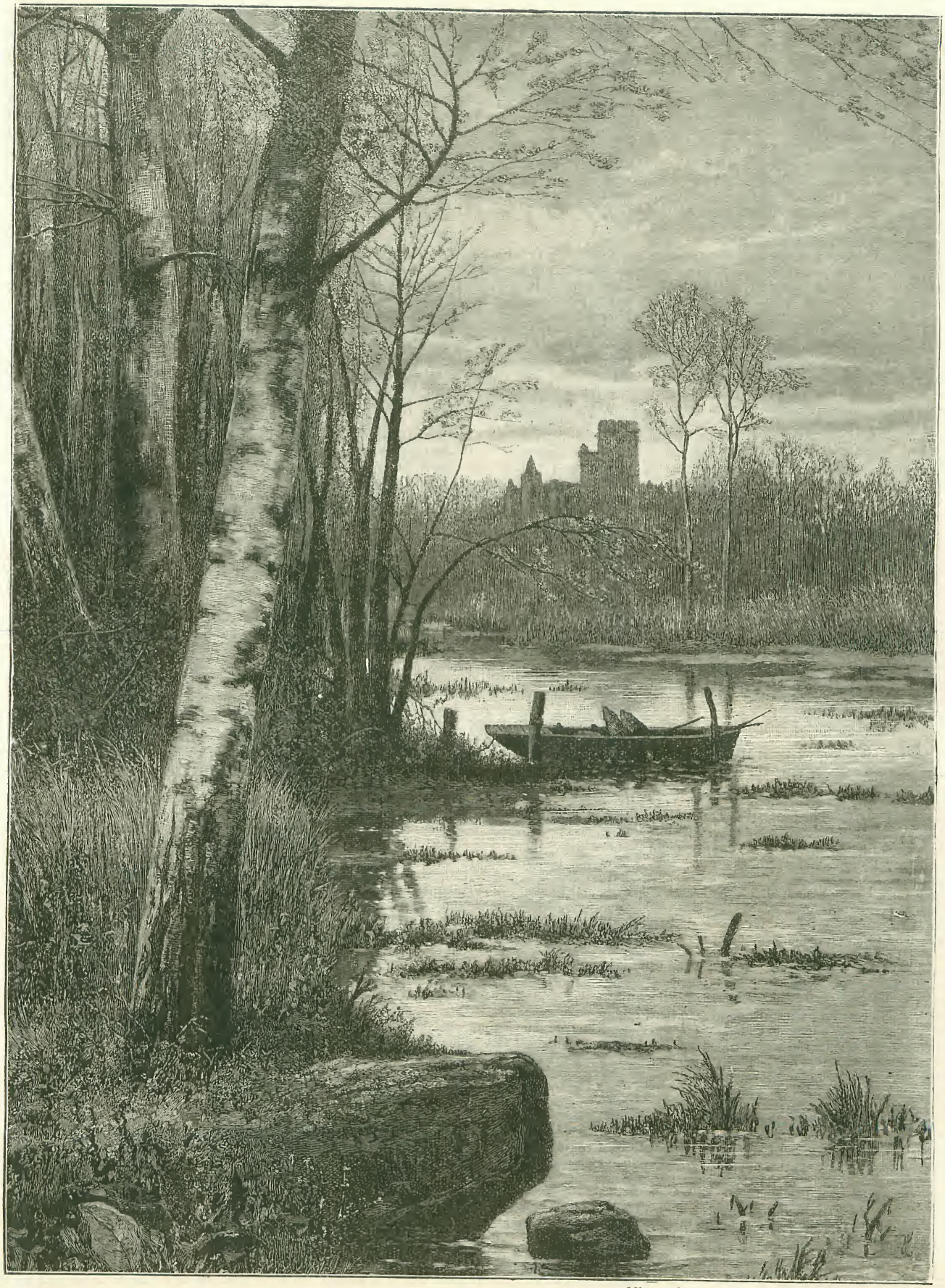
"Ah, Jenny, Jenny, what did I say before?" replied the organist, shaking his grey head, as he clasped her outstretched hand. The girl laughed gently and passed into the house, but the laugh ended in a sigh.

She climbed the stairs and entered a pretty sitting-room on the first floor. The windows were wide open to the May breezes, and the air was sweet with the jasmine scent. On a lounge by the window lay a girl with her head buried in the cushions, and a mass of dark hair tumbling about her.

"Frieda," she exclaimed anxiously, laying her hand on the girl's head. "What ails you?"

The girl started up and tossed the hair from her face, and then immediately let it fall back to conceal her features.

"Why, Jenny, I thought you were never



SOLITUDE.

[*From photo: Copyright* 1892, *by Berlin Photo Co.*

coming," she said, beginning to brush out her long, thick tresses. "What is the anthem like?"

"Oh, beautiful, exceedingly! But, Frieda, what is distressing you? You surely weren't crying?" She threw herself at her friend's feet, and clasped her round the waist. But the girl did not respond; she still kept her face veiled with her hair. "Frieda, do please tell me, dear?"

For answer she threw herself down on the cushions and burst into tears. Her body shook with the violence of her sobs, and nothing Jenny could do would draw an explanation from her. At last she rose, and knotting up her dishevelled hair, went into the adjoining room without a word to Jenny. A spasm of pain crossed the girl's face; she divined only too well the cause of her friend's tears.

For eighteen months she had shared her all with Frieda Gooldtire, a fellow-student for whom she had conceived an ardent admiration, which on closer acquaintance ripened into affection. Frieda was her senior by a few years, a girl who resembled her in one respect only, that she was without relatives in the wide cold world. Affluence had indeed smoothed the lonely path for Jenny, but for Frieda it had been one long uphill struggle, until after much persuasion she had consented to share Jenny's home with her. And their life had been a happy one. But in this garden of Paradise lurked a serpent, which worked mischievously, instilling poison into its sweetest joys. To-night, in Jenny's absence, it had been stealthily at work.

In the afternoon the girls had sat over their tea-cups chatting, their hearts open without reserve to one another. Then Frieda took her Shakespeare, and in her mellow voice read their daily portion from the immortal poet. After which they sat for awhile in silence, Frieda with her arms round the other's slight frame, and her cheek against the girl's soft hair. A footfall in the quiet court below aroused Jenny.

"That is Dr. Lunn, I do believe, Frieda, and I must be gone."

She sprang lightly to the window and peered out. In a very short time she was hastening after him, and Frieda stood in the window watching them till the cathedral door swung to behind them. Then she threw herself on the sofa and inhaled the jasmine scent, while she waited till the music of the organ should reach her through the open windows. Presently the low sweet sound floated to her, and she breathed it in with a sigh of satisfaction. Then came like an angel's voice the notes of the young soprano. The May winds carried the sound to and fro. One moment it rushed in full and complete, the next it was wafted away again till it was a faint echo. Then it was that the serpent came and instilled poison into the girl's ears, so that the burst of pure music became a torture instead of a joy to her. Why, with all her labour and incessant study, could she not acquire the art her friend seemed to have without either? Why, with all her knowledge of music, of its science and literature, and with her full contralto, could she not sing? Her nature was not one easily overcome by difficulties. She plodded heroically on, stimulated by work as by a tonic, and seeing success in the horizon of the future. Only at times, when she heard Jenny's divine voice filled with soul, her heart misgave her, and jealousy cast a black shadow over her friendship. But rarely did she give way as she had done to-night. The intensity of her longing had reached too painful a climax to be endured silently. Jenny had never before seen her friend in tears, though her morbid moods were not unfrequent.

After the repulse she had received, Jenny sat for awhile by the open window gazing with dim eyes on the quiet square, silvered with the moonbeams, and with the shadow of the cathedral spire across it. It was a rare May night, with warm breezes off the Severn and overhead a transparent summer sky. As she sat there the music of the anthem kept ringing in her ears, then with a sudden impulse she rose, and, opening the piano, began softly to play the accompaniment. It all seemed to come like a familiar song, though she had never seen the score. Presently she began to sing. In the dim twilight her glorious voice sounded ethereal, heavenly.

"O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy."

She sang on with heart and soul, and her song was a prayer. When she rose she found Frieda standing in the doorway, with her dark hair falling over her white nightgown. Her inmost being was moved with the music, and there was no room in her soul for sordid envy. Jenny stole to her side, and in a moment a pair of strong womanly arms encircled her and a cloud of hair covered her.

"Jenny, forgive me—pity me."

"Oh, Frieda, I would gladly give you my voice if I could."

"You little thing!" exclaimed Frieda, and her voice quavered. "If you only knew how unworthy I am of such love, Jenny," she added, with sudden earnestness. "Don't love me so much."

"And whom am I to love if not you, dearest?"

"Yourself—your voice."

"Frieda!" the clear voice rang out scornfully.

"You, dear child, you are so different from me!" exclaimed the other, as she drew her into the room and closed the door.

A month later and the scene was changed. The cathedral tower, with its quaint old world life, its river and jasmine scent, seemed like a dream of beauty amid the whirl of a London season. In a pretty study the two girls were at work, Frieda at her desk with her head buried in music scores, Jenny, looking pale and fragile, practising her scales at a beautiful semi-grand. The room was tastefully furnished, with etchings of famous pictures on the walls, and the windows were filled with blossoms. A bookcase, a music cabinet and the girls' writing-tables lent an air of serious study to the dainty sitting-room.

Presently Jennie ceased singing and rose from the piano. As the morning light fell full on her face, the dark shadows under the eyes, and the lines of suffering round the fresh young mouth became painfully apparent.

"Frieda, I am going out," she said, glancing half nervously at her friend.

"Going out at this hour!" exclaimed the girl, looking up from her work. "Why, it isn't ten yet. You don't go to the academy till twelve, and you have only practised fifteen minutes."

"I know; but I think the air might do me good, I don't feel very brilliant."

Frieda eyed her keenly.

"No, you don't look it. Shall I go with you?" she said, glancing reluctantly at her work.

Jenny caught the glance.

"No, certainly not," she said; "I am quite equal to going alone."

"But I am willing," continued Frieda, with a lingering hand on her pen.

The girl laughed and shook her head.

In a little while she was speeding away to Harley Street in a hansom. She had been suffering so much of late that she felt compelled to consult a physician. Frieda was too absorbed in her work to give much heed to aught else. At times Jenny's pale face would arrest her attention, and she would anxiously inquire after her health and urge her to rest more. But as a rule Jenny went her way suffering and unheeded because uncomplaining.

When the girl stood in the consulting-room of the great physician, her heart began to fail her and her ailments seemed to dwindle into mere toothaches. The room was cool and dark after the glaring heat of the streets, and her eyes sought in vain amongst the shadows for the oracle in his shrine. Then a deep voice said kindly—

"My dear, you look very ill, can I help you?"

A flood of colour rushed to the girl's face, and the tears welled up in her eyes. She saw a venerable grey head above her and a pair of small keen eyes, which seemed to shed beams of tenderest pity on her. As if in a dream, cool drops of fragrant water seemed blown by a soft wind on her face. But the kind eyes shone like beacon lights through it all. Then the dream vanished, and she found herself on the floor with her dress loosened at the throat and the great physician bending over her.

"You poor child," he said, stroking the hair on her bare head, from which the hat had been removed. After a little she was sufficiently herself again to describe to him her sufferings and to undergo an examination.

"And you are able to sing in spite of this; it does not affect your voice?" he asked.

"No, it never interferes with my voice in any way. It is often a great relief to sing."

"Would you mind singing a few bars of some song, my child I have no piano in the room. Perhaps you can manage without."

"Certainly," replied the girl, without shyness, for it came as naturally to her to sing as to speak. She thought for one moment, and then the music of one of Wagner's melodies came to her. She sang it well in spite of her weakness, and the old physician sat spellbound. Then he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"My dear," he said "we must try to save that beautiful voice."

"Why, Sir Arthur, do you think I shall lose it?" she asked, in a startled tone.

"No, my child, I don't think you will lose it until you lose life itself," and he turned to his desk with a shadow on his face. But the girl did not see him, and she sighed aloud with relief. Then he handed her the prescription, and said, "Remember all I have told you; fulfil my orders faithfully, and I shall see what can be done with you, my dear."

She thanked him and drew out her purse, but he put out his hand and snapped to the clasps.

"No, no, my dear, we never take fees from artistes."

"But I am hardly an artiste yet, and besides I am able," pleaded the girl.

He smiled but shook his head. "I won't hear of it, my dear. In a fortnight's time you come again."

She looked into his fatherly eyes and felt her orphanage more acutely than ever yet. "Thank you," she faltered. He took her himself to the hall-door and saw her comfortably ensconced in a two-wheeler, while a row of crested carriages stood waiting for the quality which was within, impatiently expecting a summons to the great man's consulting-room.

That evening she confessed to Frieda her secret journey of the morning.

"Well, Jenny, I do think you might have trusted me enough to let me accompany you. You do everything for me and never give me a chance of doing the least thing for you," exclaimed the girl passionately.

"Forgive me, Frieda, but I was half afraid I might be imagining ills—that they were nothing to what many people endured. I was afraid the doctor might laugh at me, and you understand I would rather he did so alone," she added naïvely. "But you will have plenty

to do for me during the coming fortnight—tasks of not a very agreeable nature—for I am sure I would rather be the sufferer than the one to inflict pain."

"And must I hurt you, little one?" exclaimed Frieda, drawing the girl to her; for in spite of her self-engrossment she did love Jenny.

"Oh, I'll survive it doubtless," replied the other laughing.

But there are few who would have stood the ordeal as bravely as did these young girls. For love of Frieda, Jenny endured the pain without flinching, while Frieda performed with a serene face a duty which cost her many secret tears.

Once only did Jenny rebel. It had been a warm, sultry day, and the dust-filled air choked and irritated her sensitive throat. She came home from her lesson looking fagged to death. Frieda removed her hat and gloves and sprinkled her face with perfume.

"You must not go to the academy again without me, little one," she said decidedly.

"I am never going again anyhow," returned Jenny.

"You are never going again! What do you mean?" exclaimed Frieda with wide-open eyes.

"I mean what I say. I am never going near the place again," and the bright colour flew to her face.

"You have surely never quarrelled with Flosi—you of all people, Jenny—his pet pupil?"

"But I have."

"Oh, Jenny! I should never have thought it possible. How did it happen?"

"It was this way. I had had a magnificent lesson, when he proposed that I should take the soprano parts in the great Messiah concert which is to be given in W. cathedral next autumn. I thought he was laughing at me, and refused, saying for excuse that I was going to stop work for a few months and recruit my health. But I had no idea how he would take it. He rose and flung the stool under the piano with such force that it rolled to the other side of the room. 'And this is the pupil I have taken such pains with,' he cried. 'Well, madame, allow me to tell you it is not every one I should make such an offer to, and only a few—only a few—who would be fools enough to decline it. But I shall not repeat it. Adieu, we shall not meet again.' Frieda! Can you imagine how taken aback I was? It was the first time I had ever received an angry word from him—and I meant either too."

"You are the only pupil who has escaped these fiery blasts. Don't distress yourself; it will all come right. Now it is time for bed, dear," she said, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Oh, I have no intention of enduring that torture any more," she exclaimed with unusual impatience.

"But, Jenny, you must." Then changing her tone she said, "It is the last night, perhaps the remedies will be changed to-morrow. Come, dear, you have been so good all along."

"More fool I," cried the girl bitterly, "but I am not going to be one any longer."

"But, Jenny, you must," reiterated Frieda. "It is the only thing that will cure you. Did not Sir Arthur say so himself?"

"Frieda, my dear love!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly rising and stretching out her arms to her friend. "Nothing will save me—nothing, I know this as well as does the great God Himself. For years and years the haunting sensation of an early death has come over me at times and sickened me with fear. But I am no longer afraid, Frieda, though I am now certain of my fate."

Frieda looked at the slight form, at the sunken cheeks and the great eyes so dangerously bright, and she too knew that death had marked her for his own. She covered her face with her hands and sank into a chair. A black mist clouded her mind. "Why should she be taken—so young, so divinely gifted, and I left?" she groaned in the bitterness of her heart, and Jenny stood over her with tears in her eyes. Then through the gloom came a sudden gleam of light—a desperate determination to defy death's power, and with Sir Arthur's help to keep her friend with her for many years to come. To-morrow she would hear what the great doctor had to say. Perhaps Jenny's over-excited state of mind made her morbid. So the next day she jumped quite gaily into the hansom which was to take them to Harley Street. It had been better she had never raised her hopes.

After a searching examination the doctor raised his kind eyes to Frieda's and motioned her into the adjoining room. Her face was white with anxiety. Sir Arthur laid a hand on her shoulder, which seemed to convey to her heart a world of tender sympathy.

"Is there no hope?" she whispered.

He shook his head. "None, she cannot live above twelve months."

The girl's breath came so quickly that it seemed to choke her, then with a supreme effort she spoke.

"Only yesterday she told me she knew her fate was sealed—that she would soon die."

"She did!" he exclaimed. "I thought to save her from this knowledge."

"But she does not fear death—and her voice, Sir Arthur, her voice?"

"She will retain it to the end, I believe. I have known similar cases of decline, where the sufferers' voices gained in beauty, in proportion as the body lost in strength."

"And the end, Sir Arthur, will it be painful?"

"It may not be," said the doctor doubtfully.

"But you think it most likely will be painful?"

"Poor child, I would spare you if I could," he exclaimed compassionately. "But the struggle for breath is too often terrible."

"And meantime, can you alleviate the pain, that at least her last days may be happy?" asked Frieda in a thick, unsteady voice.

"Thank God, I can to a great extent do that," he replied.

Frieda thanked him mutely with her dark woeful eyes and rejoined her friend.

"Am I a hopeless case?" asked the girl, smiling so winningly, that the doctor's heart bled for her.

"Oh, we shall see what can be done," he replied with affected cheerfulness, seating himself at his desk. Presently he felt a light touch on his arm. "I know there is no hope, Sir Arthur," said the bell-like voice.

He turned to her and their eyes met.

"God bless you, my dear," he said rising. "At any rate I can ease the pain," and he took both her hands in his. "Good-bye, child, and make a name for yourself before you go. I will see you again."

These were his last words, spoken softly. Jenny understood their meaning, and she passed out of the house with the seal of death upon her.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

A Poet for a Guest.

The famous poet Lord Tennyson used to tell the following anecdotes of a visit he paid to Scotland.

After he had left an inn in the island of Skye the landlord was asked, "Do you know who has been staying in your house? It was the poet Tennyson."

"To think o' that!" he exclaimed, "and sure I thought he was a shentleman!"

Near Stirling the same remark was made to the keeper of the hotel where he had stayed.

"Do you know whom you had wi' you t'other night?"

"Naa; but he was a pleasant shentleman."

"It was Tennyson the poet."

"An' wha may he be?"

"Oh, he is a writer of verses, sich as ye see i' the papers."

"Noo, to think o' that! jeest a public writer, an' I gied him ma best bedroom!"

Of Mrs. afterwards Lady Tennyson, however, the landlord remarked, "Oh! she was an angel."

Not He but She.

A former vicar of a country parish not far from Sheffield was a gentleman distinguished for his learning and for the position he took at Cambridge.

One day a visitor to the village got into conversation with one of the parishioners, and the talk turned to the vicar.

"Your clergyman," said the visitor, "is a very able man. Why, he is a wrangler."

"I never heard that," was the villager's reply; "but his missus is."

Justice.

"No crime can outspeed justice,
Who, resting seems delayed;
Full faith accord the angel
Who points the patient blade."

Victor Hugo.

Lovers of Truth.—"I have always found," says Carlyle, "that the honest truth of one mind has a certain attraction for every other mind which loves truth honestly."

She Should Have Spoken Sooner.

A popular authoress says she knows an Angelina who loathes roast mutton. It is actual penance for her to sit at a table graced by this particular food. In a small household it is not convenient always to have a second plate, and for ten years this poor woman immolated herself at least once a week on the altar of wifely duty. So nauseous to her was this particular dish that she could never get through the few mouthfuls she forced herself to eat without liberal helpings of red-currant jelly.

At the end of ten years she happened to say, quite casually—

"Well, I think we shall have roast mutton; you are so fond of it."

Edwin looked up in mild surprise.

"I—I fond of roast mutton?" he said. "Oh, you are quite mistaken, Angelina. I only eat it to please you. I dislike it rather than otherwise."

So ten years of self-immolation had passed merely for the want of putting the question plainly.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR a moment utter bewilderment betrayed itself on David's features. Then memory waked and he gave a little laugh.

"Deborah! Deborah Menzies. How is it possible for me to recognise my little girl friend in this tall girl, who recites Shakespeare. I feel quite shy, but when I've got over it I'm sure we shall be just as good friends as ever."

Deborah did not answer. On her side the friendship needed no renewing; it had never died down.

"When and why did you come home?" asked Monica.

David flushed slightly. "I have eight months' leave, and my home people at least wish to see me again. With other friends it is perhaps well to keep my memory green. One of the first people I met was old Norwood. He tutored me once upon a time, and he asked me to look in to-night. I did not know what pleasure awaited me."

Deborah sat by taking notes. It had seemed odd enough to hear the professor's wife call him "Johnnie," but "old Norwood" seemed positive profanity.

"But I must do something to mark my home-coming," David was saying when she recovered from the shock. "I must stay in London for a few days until I can get my heavy luggage. We must have some Christmas festivity, dine at the Criterion, and go to one of these big pantomimes. Do you think your mother will bring you, Deborah? And would you come too?" turning with repressed eagerness to Monica.

"Perhaps so, if I've nothing else to do," Monica answered, not looking at him.

"We will settle some night when we are all free," cried David, gaily. "I see your mother down the room; I must go and talk to her."

He moved away as he spoke.

"Oh, isn't it lovely that he's come back?" said Deborah, who had recovered from her momentary disappointment. "He's nicer than anybody, isn't he?" but Monica only laughed. She was not going to commit herself to an opinion.

The week that followed was one of bewildering excitement to Deborah. No day passed in which she did not meet Monica, or David, or both. Sometimes it would be at Monica's studio where David would come in to look at her last picture, for as a portrait painter Monica Laing was making a name and earning a good deal of money.

Another day David came to fetch her to skate on the Serpentine, for the weather had set in cold and frosty, and finally the night arrived for the whole party to go to the pantomime. Deborah had never been to a real theatre, and everything was delightful to her, from the drive through the electric-lighted streets and the dinner eaten to the strains of a band, to the blissful moment when she found herself in a box close to the stage, from which she could see clearly all the wonderful performance without the aid of glasses. David was in high spirits, and although his chief attention was reserved for Monica who looked radiantly beautiful that evening, he did not fail to point out to Deborah from time to time the special points of the piece. Seated in one of the stalls below them was Mr. Dayrell, who directed his opera glass at their box occasionally, but did not come and join them. The pantomime was drawing to a close with one of those wonderful transformation scenes where every hue of the rainbow appears in rapid succession, turning the stage into a veritable fairyland, and Deborah held her breath in astonishment and delight. Suddenly, as she watched, a thin forked tongue of flame ran along swiftly at the back of the stage. In another instant the curtain was dropped. There was a moment of silence, an expectant hush, and then from the gallery rose a cry of "Fire!" It was taken up instantly by a thousand throats, and a sound as of thunder showed that the huge audience was seized with panic and that a general stampede would follow. Mrs. Menzies broke into screaming, and Monica, her great eyes wild with fright, clung to David's arm.

"Save me, save me, David," she said, with a sob in her throat.

"I will, darling," he said huskily.

As he spoke the box door was thrown wildly open and Dayrell, with a set face, came in. He was breathless with the fight he had made to reach them.

"Come, come at once!" he said hoarsely. "In another moment the doors will be blocked. Oh! she's fainted. We shall have to carry her between us." In that first moment of peril neither of the two men thought of anybody but Monica. They lifted her high in their arms and struggled to open the door of the box.

"Follow me," shouted David to Mrs. Menzies. "Hold on to my coat-tails; I'll make a way for you."

Mrs. Menzies tried to do as she was bid, grasping Deborah firmly with her other hand, but the pressure from without was tremendous. David and Mr. Dayrell succeeded in getting through the door, then the coat was wrested from Mrs. Menzies' hand and she was thrown back into the box, and the pressure of the shrieking crowd closed the door with a snap. They were caught, she and Deborah, like rats in a trap! Mrs. Menzies threw herself upon the door; frantic with terror, hammering with wild hands upon it, calling for help, but how was she likely to make herself heard amidst the terrific cries that rose on every side of her? Finally she threw herself back exhausted in one of the seats. In moments of great terror, as of great grief, the natural senses are deadened and a sort of deadly stupor succeeded that agony of despair. Presently she felt a cold little hand thrust into her own, and opened her eyes to find Deborah's white tearless face peering into her own.

"Don't give up hope, mother. He says that the fire is out. If only we keep quiet we shan't be hurt."

From behind the stage they could hear the hoarse voices of the firemen, and the swish of water, and in front of the curtain in the lurid light they could see the manager of the theatre wildly gesticulating, trying to get a hearing.

"There is no danger, no danger," he shouted. "Only keep your seats. The fire is out; keep the gangways clear."

"He only says that to keep us quiet; I can smell the fire," said Mrs. Menzies, but Deborah sat silent with folded hands, praying that David might come back for them. She could not believe that he would abandon them to their fate. Outside the scuffling of feet was getting less, but there were cries and groans from the staircase beyond which curdled the blood in Deborah's veins. At last she dared to move, and once more put her hand on the door, which this time yielded to her touch.

"It's open, mother, we can get out," but as she spoke the door was opened and David and Dayrell stood there.

"Thank God you are safe," ejaculated David.

Deborah could hardly recognise either of the men. Their coats were literally torn from their backs, their faces were bruised.

"Is Monica safe?" asked Deborah, as David hurried her along.

"Yes, but she's insensible with fright. We must get you out at the back of the stage. The usual exit is blocked. It is too horrible. Directly we have got you and your mother into a place of safety we are going back to help. You've behaved like a brick, Deborah. You've kept your head marvellously. It is true the place is not on fire. They got the flames under almost at once, but it is the panic that is the mischief!"

In a few more minutes Deborah and her mother found themselves in the open air, and Dayrell and David were putting them gently, reassuringly, into a cab, which went at foot's pace through the seething, shouting crowd, and as Deborah bent forward her head she could see people being carried off to the nearest hospitals on stretchers. She gave a shudder; but for the fact that she and her mother had got imprisoned in their box they also might have been amongst the list of injured.

Deborah was far too excited to sleep that night; the whole scene came again before her, from that first hiss of "Fire!" to the moment when she and her mother had been imprisoned in the box, and she had sat there in numbed terror watching the wreaths of smoke that had curled through the heavy drop-curtain, wondering if their fate was to be burned to death. But God in His mercy had answered her prayer, and here she was safe back in her bed with no injury to either her mother or herself. A great wave of thankfulness burst over Deborah; she slipped out of bed on to her knees and was sobbing out her thankfulness aloud to God, realising perhaps for the first time His real personal presence in time of trouble. It was one of those eras in life when the girl's whole being was stirred. She did not know that she was talking aloud. She gave separate thanksgiving for each life that she loved, for her mother and herself, for David and Monica, and there her prayer suddenly stopped short. She rose from her knees and seated herself on the floor. She was full of a new idea that had suddenly presented itself to her mind. She remembered Monica's appeal to David to save her, and his answer came back to her mind, "I will, my darling."

It had not seemed strange to her at the time, but now it seemed very strange, unless—unless—and Deborah's heart began to beat fast with happiness. Perhaps David was going to marry Monica! Men did not call girls "darling," Deborah thought, unless they were going to marry them, and oh, how lovely it would be! Outside her home circle there were no two people whom she loved like David and Monica. The blind was drawn up and a gas lamp just opposite threw alternate lines of light and shadow across the room, and a ray of light rested on Deborah as she sat on the floor, with her arms clasped tightly round her knees, and a smile was on her face as she thought with shining eyes of the probable future of the two she loved. Suddenly she became conscious of cold, and rose and shook herself. She felt herself the happy possessor of a secret that she would mention to no one, for it was not her secret at all. Then she crept back to bed, and laid her tired head on the pillow, and her last thought before she dropped off to sleep was of David and Monica.

(*To be continued.*)

GENTLEWOMEN WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO THE POOR.

By EMMA BREWER.

PART VI.

LIFTING OUT OF THE MIRE.

MISS MACPHERSON;
or, as the Indians call her,
Ke-gha-wah-de-ze-qua—"Benevolence."

"Such multitudes she fed, she clothed, she nurst,
That she herself might fear her wanting first."
Dryden.



THE work of this one woman in the densely-populated East End of London during the last twenty-five years is almost beyond belief. Not only has she raised the condition of those to whom she has devoted her life, but her influence in drawing towards her earnest workers of both sexes is almost beyond precedent. She seems to have been a gift of the loving Father to His poor and sinful in a certain district of our great city, just when they were in the direst need.

While such women as those I am describing live in our land, providing loving care for the bodies and souls of the helpless and destitute, it never can be said of us, as once of the people of old, "That we are a shameless nation, who neither reverence old man nor pity child."

I think we should all like to know some of the circumstances which induced a woman like Miss Macpherson to forego the comfort and happiness of domestic life and throw herself heart and soul into the lives of the starving, degraded, and despairing inhabitants of East London.

Her child-life was spent in a village where there was nothing to disturb its quiet monotony. Her disposition was active, inquisitive, resolute and earnest, and she early developed vigour of mind and body, which has stood her in good stead in her "life-work."

Her youth was passed happily, and at the age of nineteen she looked with eager eyes on the world which lay before her, but a word spoken suddenly by a friend gave quite a new outlook, and from that moment she began to work for Christ with an intensity of enthusiasm that has never abated.

In the winter of 1860 and 1861, Miss Macpherson came up to London to hear Reginald Radcliffe preach in the City of London Theatre, Shoreditch. Here she met Dr. Elwin, who introduced her to Lady Rowley, Mr. Morgan, and others, at the Young Men's Christian Association, Great Marlborough Street, on the following evening. This was the turning-point in her life.

Sad and humiliating as the sights and sounds of many parts of East London still are, none who visit it now can realise the sense of desolation, the stunning tide of human care and crime that obtained when Mr. Radcliffe began his preaching there. The space now occupied by the great railway stations in Broad Street and Liverpool Street was then crowded with unwholesome dwellings, well remembered for the large percentage of deaths which occurred within them.

There were no centres where Christian people could meet for prayer or counsel, and such a thing as a temperance coffee-palace had never been heard of.

As a result of Mr. Radcliffe's preaching, Lady Rowley rented a room in Wellclose Square for the purpose of receiving young women on weekday evenings for Bible-reading and prayer. It was at these and at Lady Rowley's mothers'-meetings in Worship Street that Miss Macpherson began her London work.

She now commenced to visit the poor in their homes, and the toil and suffering she witnessed among the matchbox-makers made her heart ache.

In answer to an invitation of the Society of Friends, she held Bible-classes for young men on Sundays and week-days at the Bedford Institute. One of the young men, who violently opposed her work, became one of her valuable helpers, and is now a preacher of the Gospel in China.

Her Sunday Bible-class became an object of great interest, and attracted helpers from all parts of London.

Her work was interrupted for a short time in 1866 while she crossed to New York and back, but she resumed it immediately on her return, resolving to do all in her power to help the little destitute children with whom she came in daily contact. Her return was indeed a blessing to the poor little matchbox-makers, who numbered many hundreds.

She herself describes her first sight of these children.

"In a narrow lane we mounted a tottering spiral staircase till we reached the attic, where we saw a group of tiny pale-faced matchbox-makers. They were hired by the woman who rented the room, and paid by her, each receiving ¾d. for making a gross, that is, 144. The wood and the paper were furnished to the woman, but she had to provide the paste and the firing to dry the work, and for all this she received 2½d. per gross.

"Every possible spot on the bed and under the bed was strewn with the drying boxes, a loaf of bread and a knife stood on the table ready for these little ones to be supplied with a slice in exchange for their hard-earned farthings.

"This touching scene," she said, "gave her a lasting impression of childhood's sorrows. Never a moment for school or play, but ceaseless toil from light till dark."

Her first attempt to help them was to open evening schools, the inducement to attend being the gift of sadly-needed clothing. Here they were taught reading and mending.

While helping the girls she longed to help their brothers, and at a tea-meeting given by George Holland, one of the boys was so intensely to be pitied that it was felt he must be saved, even if they had to leave the others. Money was not at all plentiful, and the condition of the East End was but little known, but, as if by God's special direction, a young Christian in Minorca had just set aside a portion of his salary to help some London boy, and the letter telling this was on its way when this poor boy's history became known. With this help he was educated, and eventually raised to a position in which he became a helper of others.

Many other homeless boys were ound among the guests that evening, and Miss Macpherson felt it was impossible to improve their condition without receiving them into a Home, where they could be taught and trained to regular work, and by the help of

Mr. Morgan, the editor of the *Christian*, the means were provided. A house was found at Hackney, where thirty boys were received at once. Looking at them somewhat later, it was difficult to believe in the dark surroundings of their earlier years. So great was the success of this work that it was found necessary to get more house-room, and a dilapidated dwelling at the back of Shoreditch church was taken, and fitted up for yet another thirty boys.

Mrs. Merry, Miss Macpherson's sister, gave her so much help that she was able, not only to hold the evening-school for the match-box makers, but a sewing class for widows, and to provide a home on the upper storey for destitute little girls.

Still, more room was wanted for the increasing numbers, and it came in answer to prayer.

Along the great thoroughfare leading from the docks to the Great Eastern Railway, lofty warehouses had taken the place of many unclean tottering dwellings which formerly stood there.

During the cholera epidemic in 1866, one of these had been secured by Miss Sellon's sisters of mercy. Water and gas had been laid on on every floor, and arrangements made for convenience and cleanliness. When the cholera was over the building was closed. It was suggested to Miss Macpherson by one of her friends that she should secure it as a refuge. It had been closed twelve months when she and some of her friends entered the deserted dwelling, and prayed to God that where death had been seen in all its terrors, there souls might be born to God, and that the voice of praise and prayer might be heard within those walls, which had once resounded with the groans of the dying. Twelve months after this, through the kindness of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Dobbin, and Mr. Blair, the building was secured and the rent promised.

It was not without danger that Miss Macpherson undertook the work of this home, for the streets round about it were known as the thieves' quarters—about three thousand had their headquarters there.

Within the square mile on which the refuge, now the Home of Industry is situate, 120,000 of our poorest population are to be found, and it is difficult to name any form of distress, or any class, which has not been relieved and blessed at this home.

In a letter she wrote to the *Christian*, describing her early residence there, she says: "No words can describe the sounds in the surrounding streets during the night; yells of women, of murder, then of police, with the rushing to and fro of wild, drunken women and men into the street next our home, where more criminals are to be found than in any other part of London."

The need of emigration was greatly felt by Miss Macpherson about this time. In her own words, "Boys came to us for shelter instead of going to empty barrels, railway arches and stairways; but our walls had limits, and our failures in finding employment for many away from their old haunts became a great difficulty, and God opened the way of emigration to Canada for us. It was a new and untrodden way."

Here is a picture of the first batch of emigrants on the eve of departure. These once ragged, shoeless wanderers stood in ranks dressed in rough blue jackets, corduroy suits and strong boots, all made within the Refuge, the work of their own hands; all alike had scarlet comforters and Glengarry caps. A canvas bag across their shoulders contained a change of linen for the voyage, towels, tin can, mug, knife, fork and spoon. The day before starting a friend brought each one a present of a strong pocket-knife, much to their delight. A Bible, a *Pilgrim's Progress* and a little case of stationery were provided for each, and while they were indoors singing their last farewell, a dense crowd had assembled outside in the street, having waited for hours in the pouring rain.

At St. Pancras Station a band of Christian friends had assembled to wish them God-speed, nor must it be omitted that a number of young matchbox-makers ran all the way from Spitalfields in the pouring rain and rushed on to the platform to grasp once again the hand of their best earthly friend, Miss Macpherson, who was herself taking the children to Canada. The passengers and railway officials were deeply interested and struck with the sight of the boys of whose history they had heard; they thought they had never seen more intelligent faces, and were heard to observe, "Well, this is real religion."

When questioned as to the result of emigration, Miss Macpherson says, "We do not take little angels to Canada, but very human little boys and girls; but ninety-eight per cent. of the children do well, and for the two per cent. we do the best we can."

How I wish I could tell you about some of these children; it would touch your hearts, I am sure. A brother and sister who had lived in a dreadful place in Drury Lane, whose parents had been buried by the workhouse, and whose occupation had been picking up rags and bones, and whose condition was too deplorable to be told, were taken by Miss Macpherson to Canada; they are now able to read and write; they are well clothed with their own honest earnings, and the boy is thinking of having a farm of his own.

Another, the son of a drunken woman living in Ratcliffe Highway, has been many years in a lawyer's family, and has saved enough money to be apprenticed as an engineer, and I might go on with a hundred such.

The Home of Industry has been likened to the Pool of Bethesda, as love for the sick and suffering is shown there in a way hitherto unthought of.

The Bible Flower Mission had its origin here and is still one of the principal centres. It was brought about in a very simple way. In the early spring of 1874 a few snowdrops and primroses, with two or three violets, which had been casually enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Merry, were passed round her sewing class of two hundred poor old widows for each to have a smell, and then given to three dying people, one of whom breathed her last fondly clasping them.

From that time flowers were collected through the medium of women's work and distributed by the ladies at the Home of Industry among the sick in the neighbouring courts and in various hospitals.

It is not too much to say that these flowers going deep down into the haunts of vice have proved ready-made missionaries; they have opened doors and hearts hitherto locked, and have prepared the way for the ministry of the word of salvation. Natures hardened by years of sin feel their hearts melt at the sight of flowers, which recall the days when they were innocent and happy. Indeed, no one can say where the blessing ends.

The Bible Flower Mission is carried on still in the Home of Industry. Twice in the week one of the immense floors is devoted to receiving the flowers, and friends come long distances in order to arrange them and attach to each little cluster an ornamental card containing some message of redeeming love. By twelve o'clock the baskets are generally filled, and all the helpers assemble for a few words of counsel and cheer before taking up their lovely burdens and dispersing them among the sick and poor.

Of the number of flowers, labourers and texts required, you may imagine when I say that the Home of Industry supplies thirteen hospitals, four unions and one lunatic asylum, beside the supply to the Bible women and City Missionaries, who bestow them upon sick people in their homes. Think what these flowers are to the sick ones in these courts and alleys, whose aching limbs have nothing better to lie on than heaps of shavings on the hard floor of a room filled with noisy children and disorderly men and women!

I think, as there must be many thousands of our readers who have never seen the Home of Industry in the Bethnal Green Road, and who know nothing of the varied works going on within and in connection with it, it would interest them to accompany us there.

It is an immense building. The ground floor is really a large hall where, on this evening of our visit, a large number of men and women workers are assembled and who will, after tea, give a report of their work; so while the tea is going on we will look about us. The first floor is one large class-room provided with double windows to deaden the sound of the traffic, and mounting still higher the stone staircase (a gift of Louisa Lady Ashburton) we arrive at the second floor, which is divided into cubicles for the seventy-five workers who, with Miss Macpherson, live on the premises. Each cubicle is panelled with polished wood and is just large enough to sleep in in comfort. Texts and mottoes brighten each one, and they all open into one large space called the square, which is a very large room. Still up a flight of stairs and we come to another big room with forms all facing one way and tables covered with red cloth. Here sewing-classes are held for factory girls on a free-and-easy principle, so that they can roam about and talk if they like.

The only time they are required to be silent is during the ten minutes' gospel talk, and then you might hear a pin drop.

A little sitting-room opens out of this large one specially for the factory girls, but they like the class-room best. We were surprised at this, as it looked so pretty with its ornaments, photographs and nice furniture.

Every corner of the building is utilised, and every day has its special work and special workers.

The poor widows have a sewing class to themselves on Monday afternoons. Each has a good tea and sixpence for the work. It would fill your eyes with tears if you could follow some of the widows on their way home and note how they spend their sixpence—breaking it up into farthings and halfpennies' worth of articles necessary for life.

Every nerve is strained to the utmost and every moment is occupied. Hospitals, workhouses and lodging-houses are visited by the workers; children are helped to emigrate; men are encouraged to fight against drink, and women are taught to be self-respecting and to keep their homes clean and respectable.

Miss Macpherson is the moving spirit of it all, though she herself asserts, "It is not my work but that of my many helpers."

Sunday is the busiest day of all, and the work done here on that day will require a chapter to itself.

We will now go down to the lower room and listen while the workers give an account of their work to Miss Macpherson, who is well enough this evening to occupy the chair.

We were greatly interested in the various accounts: The Colonel's address was general, but two things in it struck us; first he related seeing a card in a friend's house with these words written on it:—

"Lost,

Somewhere between sunrise and sunset,
Two golden hours, each containing sixty diamond minutes.
No reward is offered as they are gone beyond control."

The second was his seeing his son and Bishop Selwyn off to India, and his hearing the man on the platform say to the guard, "Right behind?" "Yes, sir." "Right in front?" "Yes, sir." "Then right away." Good mottoes for life these.

One of the speakers was the colporteur whose barrow full of Bibles and other books was standing in the room. He may be seen any day with his barrow at the further end of Whitechapel. He said he could not talk like a college student, because standing in the streets twelve hours a day selling books did not give much chance of learning. He gave many very interesting stories of his daily experience. One was of three young men, swells, he called them, who passed by his barrow a short time since, and one said to the other, "Tom, buy a Bible." The colporteur followed this up by the remark, "You might buy a worse thing, old chap." "What's the use?" said the one called Tom. "It's all lies; there isn't any God. What have you got to say to that?"

A crowd was collecting, and the colporteur prayed that he might give a convincing answer. Looking up at the man, he said, "Well, at least it's true where it says, 'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.'" It ended in the sale of a Bible.

He told us it was quite a mistake to suppose that in a place like London there isn't a house without a Bible. It was very far from the truth. This man was once an Atheist, but is now a very earnest Christian worker.

His wife next spoke of her experience among women and girls in the women's lodging-houses. She described their love of hymns, their special favourites being "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with me." She spoke also of their love of flowers and their appreciation of kindness.

Then a workman rose and spoke of the great good visitors did in coming to the workshops and factories. Visiting factory-girls while at their work is very difficult; if the visitors pose as their teachers they are up in arms at once.

The requirements of Miss Macpherson's mission annually are from £4,000 to £6,000; as it comes in so it is spent, leaving her often with a very small balance, but always on the right side.

Whatever the state of the funds, neither she nor her workers ever fail in sympathy with the "Christies" grinding their old organs, and the "Jessicas" with broken hearts crying for bread in the alleys of London.

More workers are wanted, if only for one day in the week, and gifts of flowers and clothes are greatly needed.

It would be quite impossible to touch upon all the work done in this home, but enough has been said to show what this one woman has effected, and how much more she could do if only she had an increased number of workers and more funds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

DORIS.—It is natural for the hair to comb out, and it is only when it becomes thin from combing out, that we can consider that there is anything wrong with the hair. The amount of hair that normally combs out varies very much in different individuals. Thus one girl will comb out handfuls every day, whilst another will not lose so much in a month. Yet in both cases the hair may be quite healthy. The point is, therefore, is your hair getting thinner? not, is your hair falling out? If you are certain that your hair is getting thinner, then it cannot be considered to be in a healthy condition We have previously discussed the various causes of hair falling out. If the scalp is quite healthy, a pomade containing cantharides and rosemary is a very good application. Bay rum and brilliantine are useful in some cases. The yolk of an egg beaten up and rubbed into the scalp is said to strengthen the hair and to render it more glossy.

VIOLET.—It is not exactly painful to have your teeth scaled. It merely gives rise to an uncanny feeling when the teeth are scraped. No, scaling does no harm to the teeth, on the contrary, it improves their appearance and makes them last longer. The enamel of the tooth is not removed by scaling; indeed it is such an exceedingly hard material that the edge of any instrument would be turned long before the slightest impression could be made by it upon the enamel.

VINCENT.—1. You cannot do anything to prevent yourself from growing taller. Decidedly six feet two is rather tall for a girl of sixteen. It is as impossible for us to tell you why you are so tall, as it is either to prevent your growing taller or to lessen your height. It is exceedingly probable that you will stop growing soon, if, indeed, you have not attained your full height already.—2. We have given advice to very many readers about "red noses" during the last few months. If you will read the correspondence in the back numbers you will obtain all the information you require. This condition is usually caused by indigestion, and in women is a very frequent sequel to excessive tea drinking.

MIRABEL.—It is safer to have teeth extracted without gas. The administration of gas is accompanied with a minute amount of danger. There is practically, however, no danger to be feared from having teeth taken out either with or without gas.

CHRISTMAS ROSE.—If it is necessary to feed an infant on cow's milk, the milk should never be given undiluted. The best way to prepare it is to mix one part of fresh milk with two parts of barley water and add a little sugar. The milk should be scalded and used when slightly warm. Barley-water must be prepared freshly every day. It must not be kept over-night. As the child gets older the relative quantity of milk should be increased. Be very careful to keep the bottle and tube scrupulously clean.

PANSY.—Hiccough during sleep may be dependent upon a great variety of causes. As hiccough is most commonly due to reflex irritation from the stomach, it is not surprising therefore that when hiccough occurs during sleep, it is also usually due to some disorder of the stomach. Taking a late supper, especially if it is composed of indigestible food, is very likely to bring on hiccough. Drinking tea or coffee, or above all, alcoholic drinks, before going to bed is very liable to produce this effect. You should take nothing but a small glass of warm milk for supper.

LABURNUM.—The condition of your hair may be due to neuralgia, but we hardly think that this is the direct cause. You say that your hair is of a dry nature. Are we correct in our surmise that your hair is brittle and lustreless, and that you are subject to scurf? If this is so, then it is easy to account for your hair falling out. This is the condition known as seborrhœa or dandriff. This affection is often associated with neuralgia, for it is one of the number of complaints due to "the nerves." We advise you to wash your hair occasionally with warm water and borax (one teaspoonful of the latter to a pint of water). The yolk of an egg well beaten up and applied to the scalp is useful, but remember that if you use this remedy you must wash your hair thoroughly afterwards. A little sulphur ointment, rubbed into the scalp, may be used from time to time.

ROSEBUD. — In our answer to "Fair Isabel" we omitted a most important item in the treatment of acne, that is, *perseverance*. It is no good expecting to be cured from acne in a day or two. It is a question of months, often of years, before the annoyance is completely quelled. If you persevere in the treatment, and pay attention to every detail, you are almost certain to get relief. You can do practically nothing for the "open pores" left by acne. They will go in time if left to themselves.— The second of your questions is very "ridiculous." If you were twenty years older, then the chance of your being "left on the shelf" might be considered. But for a girl of twenty to ask such a question—well, most people would not consider a girl of your age sufficiently old to think about marriage yet awhile!

ALICE MAY.—We strongly advise your friend, and, indeed, all our readers who are prone to stoutness, to have nothing to do with any drug which is *supposed* to cure corpulency. If a person is stouter than she wishes, she may try to reduce her fat by carefully-regulated diet and exercise, but on no condition should she take drugs to "cure" herself. Personally, we know of no preparation which can make you thin without seriously injuring your health at the same time.

CYCLIST. — It is a disputed point whether cycling strengthens or weakens the back. It seems probable, however inconsistent it may appear, that cycling may do either in different subjects. We think that, as a rule, excluding racing, cycling strengthens the back. That it injures the back in some cases is unquestionable. We have seen more than one serious disease of the spine which we strongly suspect was due to over cycling.

A. B. H.—We can give you no better advice than to read the answer to "Fair Isabel," and accurately follow every detail there specified. Sulphur by the mouth is quite useless for acne. It is the local action of the sulphur upon the skin that is required. We cannot say that we have ever seen the slightest effect from any form of internal treatment in acne. The use of sulphur ointment does not materially affect superfluous hairs.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—We have answered both your questions quite recently. For the face spots read the answer to "Fair Isabel," which appeared in the correspondence column last April. For the freckles wear a red veil or a red parasol when you go out in the sun. Always walk in the shade. Remaining in a darkened room will often remove freckles. Glycerine and rose-water may be applied locally. It does not matter in the least whether you wash in warm or cold water.

SUNFLOWER. — The symptoms you mention do not suggest sciatica to us at all, but they sound very like "osteo-arthritis" (rheumatic gout) in the hip joint. Indeed, taking your age and all your symptoms together, we have little doubt that rheumatic gout is the cause of your trouble. This is a condition which we cannot cure, but can to a certain extent alleviate. Friction over the joint, massage, an occasional small blister or plaster, will often relieve the pain. Always wear flannel surrounding the joint. We do not think that you would derive any great benefit from internal medication. Are you certain that your truss fits well? An ill-fitting truss may very easily cause your legs to swell, and it may produce symptoms very much resembling, if not identical with, sciatica or hip-joint disease.

EMILY.—1. You would do well to go to an oculist and have your eyes tested. They are evidently out of order, and can, in all probability, be relieved by treatment. Only go at once. If, as we suspect, you need glasses, it is imperative for you to obtain the proper kind. You say that you have a tendency to squint. If you do not obtain proper treatment you may develope a permanent squint, which is both disfiguring and inconvenient, and very difficult to cure.—2. Wash your face with sulphur soap and apply a little sulphur ointment to the spots. Scurviness of the face has nothing to do with the "blood being out of order."

PERSPIRER.—The first question we would ask you would be, Can you account in any way for your perspiring more freely now than formerly? For instance, do you dress the same now as you did formerly? Have you suffered from indigestion or any other complaint? Do you eat and drink as you did formerly. The answers to these questions might give a hint as to the cause of your excessive perspiration, and also suggest any special form of treatment. If, however, nothing can be gathered from them, we must suggest remedies which are equally applicable to all cases. A bath, either hot or cold (a cold bath is perhaps better if you can stand the shock without danger), in which a little toilet vinegar, household ammonia or borax is dissolved, should be taken every morning. During the Franco-Prussian war the German soldiers were supplied with a powder consisting of one part of salicylic acid to a hundred parts of silica. This powder prevented excessive perspiration of the feet during long marches. We have frequently used this powder, and can highly recommend it for excessive perspiration of the hands and feet. A little of the powder is dusted into the stockings and gloves. Washing with toilet vinegar will reduce excessive perspiration of the face.

CEDAR.—The nightingale is rather locally distributed over England. There is a popular idea that the bird only occurs in the Home counties, but this is not quite accurate, for the nightingale is found as far north as Yorkshire, and as far west as Devonshire. It is rare in Devonshire, and does not visit Cornwall; indeed, we know of no single instance of its occurrence in the latter county. Though it usually sings in the evening, its song may frequently be heard at any time of the day or night.

LUCIE SOUTHERN.—We cannot give you the address of the correspondent you mention, as we do not know it ourselves. She says in her letter that the doctor mentioned died four years ago.

HEALTHIER.—A former correspondent has asked us exactly the same question as yourself. Doubtless before you see this you will have read the answer to the correspondent referred to.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

AN ANXIOUS SISTER.—Do not be troubled when we say that the verses you enclose are not worthy of publication. They occasionally halt in metre and in rhyme, and contain nothing original; but it is a difficult art to write verse that is even moderately good. We quote two lines that are defective; the first is too short for the metre, the second is too long:—

"Beside the fire knelt a child."
"Hark! She is speaking in a voice so clear,"

STELLA.—Considering your age we can commend your poems, for they indicate an ear for melody and poetic feeling. "Leonora" is the best. There are a good many technical errors; for instance, in one verse of "At Evening," you say—

"While above in the sky
Shines the bright moon on high."

Here you have a redundancy of expressions—"above," "in the sky," "on high." One, or at most, two of these would suffice. In "To my Cat," you use the second person singular and plural alternately—"your" and "thine." But if you read good poetry, and study, there is no reason at all why, in days to come, you should not write what is worth reading. We do not think you should at present give much time to composing verse.

AMELIA.—The poems you now enclose are decidedly better than the last. In "The Watcher" you commit a sin that is deemed unpardonable against the canons of poetic art; that is, you make "dawn" rhyme to "morn," "born," "forlorn" and "thorn." But "Orpheus" is the most musical poem ever submitted to our criticism, and this we say deliberately. It is so good, that we should strongly urge you to make it better. In a poem of this kind, with the Greek spirit, "form" is most important, and you should polish and re-polish. For example, "moved to thee" is not a happy expression of Aphrodite and Eurydice. "Jetty," from the other meaning of the word, is an impossible adjective; we should suggest "dusky hair." In "Eurydice" the accent is on the second syllable. The line—

"And moved along the gloom illimitable giving light,"

halts awkwardly. "Stony throne" is unmusical. We feel that if you study and persevere your work should become known; but there is no "royal road" to success in the literary profession, and the only way is to try again and again, sending, if you wish, separate poems to the editor of any magazine for which you think them suitable. But first make them as good as they can be made, and study the best models. As to "when you can publish a volume," all depends on the quantity of really satisfactory work you have achieved.

DOROTHY C.—1. The three words you quote apply generally to the same class of object—spoils of the sea. "Flotsam" signifies cargo found floating on the sea after a wreck. "Jetsam"—things thrown out of the ship to lighten it (French, *jeter*). "Ligan"—goods thrown overboard, but tied to a cork or buoy in order to be found again (Latin, *ligare*, to tie or bind).—2. We have from time to time mentioned several amateur literary societies in this column—consult our back numbers. Miss Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark Hill, S.E., has an old-established "Story, Essay and Letter Club."

TROUBLED.—1. It is a most perplexing matter to find *fresh* recitations, for the moment one is heard and liked, every amateur reciter seems to pounce upon it. See our answer to "Lena" (May) and others. There are some collections compiled by the Rev. F. Langbridge, M.A. (56, Paternoster Row), where a variety can be found. We think it is a good plan to search the works of such American poets as Whittier, Lowell, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and find what is not too familiar. The "Gordon League Ballads" are commended. See "Our Open Letter-Box."—2. You will find frequent suggestions in another part of "Correspondence" for making your hands white. But why not wear gloves while reciting "after dinner, or at an 'at home' after a wedding?" We should have thought this was necessary, and it certainly would relieve you from part of your difficulty.

MARJORY.—The idea of your tune is not at all bad, but there are defects that show the need of study. There are too many consecutive fifths and octaves in the composition, and the seventh in bar 6 is wrongly treated. Could you not take harmony lessons? You have evidently some talent.

PINBASKET.—Needles of steel were introduced into England from Spain and Germany about the year 1505; but from prehistoric times sewing-needles of some kind have been in use wherever mankind used clothing made either from the skins of animals or woven fabrics. Originally the needle was made of fish-bone, bone, or ivory, and bone needles are used by uncivilised tribes till this day; but since the discovery of bronze, metal needles have been used in civilised countries. Towards the end of the 14th century steel needles were made at Nuremberg. Spanish needles were also very famous, and the story goes that a negro brought the secret of making them from Spain in the reign of Queen Mary. We have inserted your other question and your kind information in "Our Open Letter-Box."

ELSIE writes to inform us that the Portfolio Sketching Society, formerly conducted by Miss Adkins, Faversham, has been transferred to Miss Munn, Sandhurst, Kent. Will our correspondents note the change?

LITTLE DORRIT.—Your story also shall certainly receive our attention when you send it to us. As to the question you ask—whether a girl with a Board School fifth standard education should persevere in writing?—we should be inclined to say that she would do better to devote herself to reading. If you have "an insatiable appetite for knowledge," try to satisfy it by reading, not only a compendium such as Cassell's *Popular Educator*, but books of high reputation.



QUILPUÉ (S. America).—We are pleased to receive your letter, and will certainly criticise your story when it reaches us. Your home must be a very charming one, and we are glad THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is a welcome visitor.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

FRITZ, Miss E. M. BRYANT, and Mrs. MATTIE Cheshire, answer Rosebud's inquiry about "The Doctor's Fee." It is in a book of recitations entitled "Gordon League Ballads." These are written by an Oxford man, in connection with the "Gordon League" at the East End, and are told under the name of "Jim's Wife." Miss Bryant kindly adds that if "Rosebud" finds any difficulty in procuring the book, she will have pleasure in sending her a copy of the poem. Address, Miss M. E. Bryant, The Sanctuary, Forthampton, Tewkesbury.

"LAST HYMN" inquires where she may find the recitation of that name.

PINBASKET encloses the enigma we have already quoted, for M. LILITH E., Los Angeles. She also says that the name "Alwyn" is given in C. M. Yonge's *History of Christian Names*, as meaning Elf-friend. Pinbasket inquires the meaning of the (Hungarian?) name "Tassilo."

"ETHEL" asks by whom the lines were written beginning thus—

"For never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And carries up to Heaven
Its sunshine, and its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
Like silent mutes at the garden gate."

MRS. MATTIE also says, in reply to "Speculation," that the words, "I dreamt I was an Omnibus," occur in a parody by Southey on "Eugene Aram."

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

ICELAND MOSS (*Advice on the Choice of Occupations*).—Most gladly would we help you as far as we can. Your not being "good at figures" we do not reckon a very terrible failing. Every capability is, of course, an advantage, but the absence of one sometimes signifies the presence of another. Let us hope it is so in your case. Do not, we would say urgently, become a nursery governess. It is only an occupation that can be pursued for ten years or so, and then the poor governess is considered too old to teach small children, and at the same time is supposed by employers to be unable to do anything else. For the good, or even the moderately-skilled dressmaker there are innumerable openings, there is scarcely a provincial town in England where a dressmaker might not thrive. Even the humble needlewoman who can repair gowns, retrim hats, hem curtains and so forth could find plenty to do. If you were to make known to the secretary of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 60, Chancery Lane; to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners Street; or to the Young Women's Christian Association, 25, George Street, Hanover Square, that you wished to be apprenticed to a dressmaking firm where you would be well taught and employed under satisfactory conditions, we do not doubt that your wish would be complied with. The millinery business is not quite so safe or so remunerative a one to the girl of moderate talent, and the apprenticeship premiums charged by good firms are exceedingly high, ranging from £20 to £50 for indoor apprentices. It must be remembered, however, that in return for this sum board and lodging are provided. But in general a girl would be wise to engage herself as outdoor apprentice, if she could find a home with relations or friends.

GIPSY (*Fancy Work*).—It is almost useless to make fancy articles at home in the hope of selling them through some depot or society. The truth which we cannot too often impress on girls who wish to earn money by their labour is that they must go into business in the regular way. For instance, firms which undertake ecclesiastical or decorative needlework, employ a large number of girls as workers and tracers of designs. But these girls work on the premises for regular hours. At drapers' shops also young women are much employed in working up the innumerable pretty trifles, such as cambric collars, chiffon throatlets, hair ornaments, etc., which are wanted from day to day by fashionable customers. But all this needlework must be executed on the premises, because alterations may be required and personal directions must be given. The case is very little different with those women who make fancy articles for wholesale dealers or retail stationers. If they devise a novelty which catches the fancy of the public, an enormous quantity must be made of these articles rapidly. The worker then treats her home (or her room in it) as her workshop, sets private engagements aside, and regards the fulfilment of the orders as her first care. Competing with women who work in this businesslike fashion, the girl who works at home fitfully and in response to no particular demand, has no chance. Would it not be wise, therefore, in your case, to seek regular employment? We do not "recommend anything for the nerves." We must leave that to the doctors. But the slight affection you speak of does not appear to be a serious matter. Probably nobody except yourself is aware of it.

QUEEN HILDEGARDE (*Teaching Abroad*).—It is pleasant to learn that we have in you another appreciative reader. It is more easy to obtain a situation in Germany or Switzerland than in France. For employment on the Continent, generally, it is wise to consult the Girl's Friendly Society's Foreign Registry, 10, Holbein Place, Sloane Square, S.W., and the Foreign Registry of the Young Women's Christian Association, 25, George Street, Hanover Square, W. In Berlin an Employment Bureau has lately been established under the title of "Helios," at 62, Friedrichstrasse. If you go to Berlin you might apply there for advice or to the British and American Governesses' Home, 22, Kleinbeerenstrasse, Berlin. At the latter governesses are allowed to stay while looking for situations, and the charges are most moderate. The Empress Frederick has interested herself much in the home, and it is to her that its success is largely due. We do not recommend you to spend money in advertising, but you might reply to advertisements, using a considerable amount of discretion.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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TYPICAL CHURCH TOWERS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

PART XII.

SOMERSET.

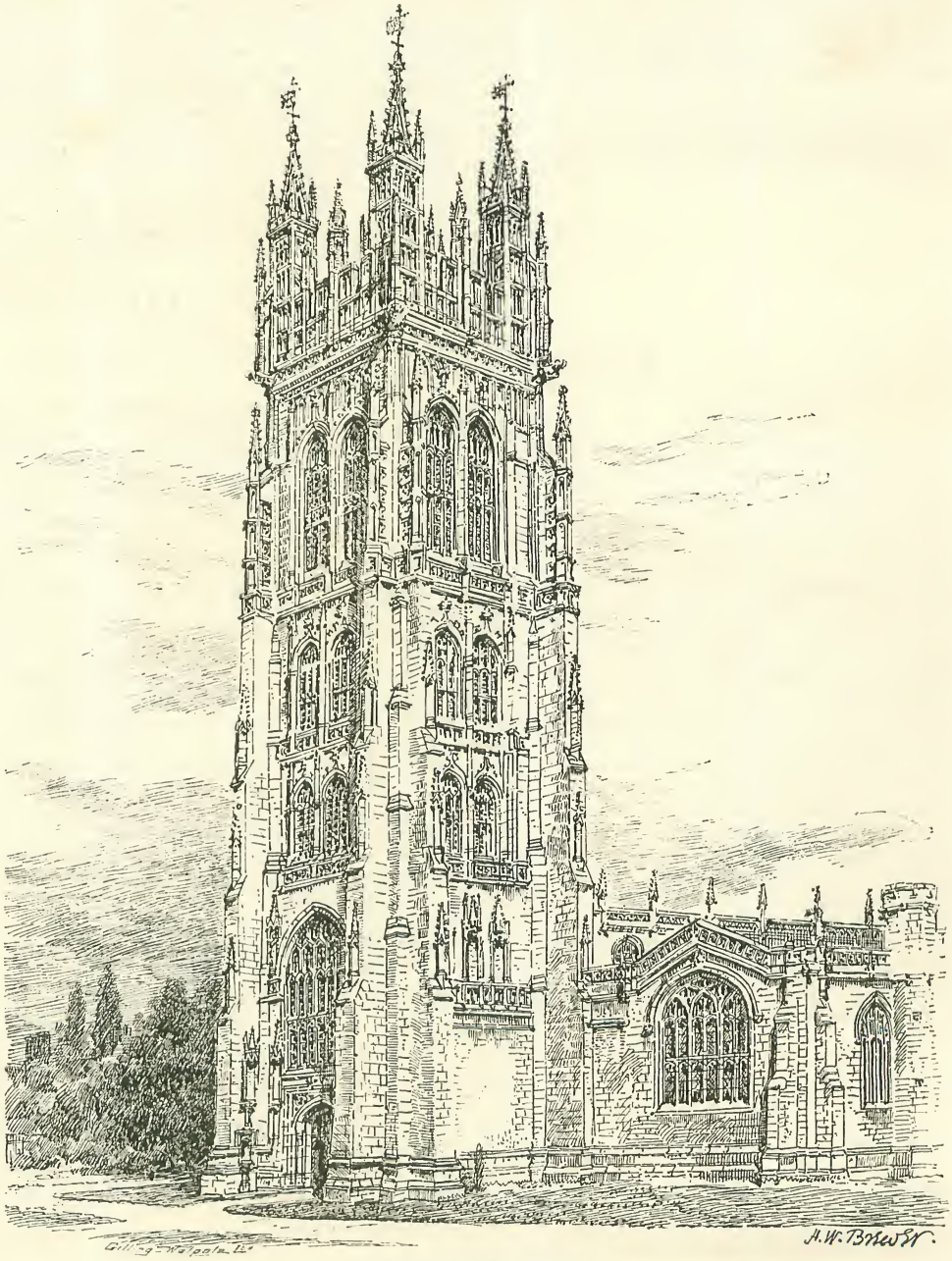
OF all the counties in the south of England Somerset is the richest in mediæval remains. Not only does it possess noble abbeys such as Glastonbury, Bath, but its parish churches are quite remarkable for their rich and beautiful detail.

Perhaps no county in England shows more distinctly the peculiarities we have previously pointed out with regard to church steeples than does Somerset. Nothing could well be more unlike than the Somersetshire towers and those of the bordering counties. The Wiltshire towers are for the most part solid, plain, and somewhat low as to proportion. The Devonshire ones, although well proportioned as a rule, have heavy solid pinnacles at the angles, rather small belfry windows, and little ornamentation about them. The Dorset towers are often handsome, but even these possess little and few of the features of the Somersetshire examples.

That the peculiar form of tower for which Somerset is so remarkable did not develop itself until the fifteenth century in no way detracts from the singular circumstance that we find a county possessing a form of church tower remarkable for extraordinary richness and elaboration, but absolutely different from any other in this country—and how can we account for this?

Now let us just enumerate the marked features of these Somerset towers. They are generally far more lofty in proportion than towers usually are in England. Sometimes, as at Taunton St. Mary Magdalen, and Wrington, there are three rows of duplicated windows over the roof level of the church; the buttresses at the angles are of very slight projection, as though they were intended more for ornament than constructive support. The belfry windows are unusually large and handsome, in some examples, notably St. Cuthbert's at Wells and St. John's at Glastonbury. The panelling beneath them is arranged so as

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TAUNTON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

to continue the design of their mullions and tracery right down to the level of the church roof. Now this is very peculiar, and is, as far as we know, only found elsewhere in the thirteenth-century churches of Normandy. The belfry windows, instead of having the ordinary louvre arrangement, are filled in with stonework arranged in elegant tracery patterns, a very lofty and elaborate pierced parapet also richly adorned with tracery surrounds the top platform of the tower, and there are four very large square pinnacles of pierced tracery-work, one at each angle; sometimes little flying buttresses rise from the large projecting gargoyles* and support the angles of the pinnacles. There are generally also four, eight, and sometimes as many as twelve smaller intermediate pinnacles attached to the parapet; although the latter is embattled, the battlements are purely ornamental, as they are pierced all over with tracery-work, in fact, the Somerset towers were never intended, like those of Middlesex, Hertfordshire, or Kent, to serve for purposes of defence; they were purely ecclesiastical, and the object appears to have been, in addition to containing the bells, to add to the church a singularly beautiful and attractive feature. Just as the mediæval architects of Northamptonshire crowned their church towers with graceful spires, so did those of Somerset finish them off with magnificent pierced parapets and pinnacles. Nor was this the case with large town churches alone, for many of the humbler village churches have most noble towers. The small church of Huish-Episcopi, for instance, possesses one of the most beautiful towers in the whole country, and scarcely less elegant are those of Kingsbury, North Petherton, Ile-Abbots, Long Sutton, and Lydiard. Spires are uncommon in Somersetshire, and are not specially remarkable. The best is at Congresbury and the worst at Bridgwater; it is true that the last named example was rebuilt in the seventeenth century, and in all probability it does not reproduce the original design. The spire of St. Mary, Redcliffe, Bristol, was left incomplete and only carried up some forty years back. The church to which it is attached claims to be the most magnificent parish church in England, and that claim can scarcely be disputed as it is a truly noble building, very large, cruciform in plan, vaulted throughout (we believe it is the only large parish church in England where this is the case), and every portion is adorned with most sumptuous detail. Somersetshire is rich in noble parish churches. St. Mary Magdalen, Taunton, with its superb tower, is perhaps the most characteristic and local example, but St. Cuthbert, Wells, Martock, Wrington, St. John's, Glastonbury, Dunster, Ditcheat, Yeovil, Frome, High Ham, and Bridgwater, are all noble churches.

Now it will at once be asked how are these costly churches, and especially the sumptuous towers adorned (as they frequently are) with rich parapets, open-work pinnacles, niches, carving, and statuary, to be accounted for? Well, the very fact that they are there points to a high state of civilisation and prosperity, to a fruitful soil and mineral wealth; but in addition to this, Somersetshire still retains marks of very early civilisation. Glastonbury, moreover, is the only spot in England which can trace back to the days of primitive Christianity, and no doubt when surrounding counties were a howling wilderness, Somersetshire was enjoying the blessings of Christianity and civilisation. Another fact which had of course great influence upon its architecture, especially at a later period, when its magnificent towers rose up all over the county, was the excellent stone procurable for building purposes. The Corsham Down and Hamhill quarries are still worked, and to this day provide stone which is durable, beautiful in colour, and can be worked with ease. Of course we naturally expect to find architecture well developed in a county which possessed such advantages, and these expectations are not disappointed when we contemplate such structures as the Somersetshire towers.

* A "gargoyle" is a piece of stone carved in the form of some monster; this is pierced and discharges the rain-water from the gutters of the roof through its mouth.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

MICHAEL was not a person to let the grass grow under his feet. He had arranged with Norah to spend the following afternoon at the Rectory, and he determined if he had any opportunity of speaking to Beattie quietly to find out exactly what was the case with regard to her engagement. In his impatience he was a little earlier than the time appointed, and was told that both Mr. Gilman and Norah were out, but that Miss Margetson was in the drawing-room. It was so long since he had had the opportunity of seeing her alone that Mike felt he had been especially favoured, and was inclined to take the propitious circumstance as a good omen.

Beattie, who was doing needlework, came forward to meet him, smiling happily. She liked Mike no less than she had done of old.

"Norah will not be very long," she said. "She has gone up to the church to do a little tidying."

"I am rather early, I know, but Norah must send me away a little sooner."

"She won't do that. She has been getting all her Saturday duties over, because she wanted you to stay a long time, and she knew you wouldn't if you thought you were hindering her."

"Norah spoils us all," said Mike, *taking the chair* which was always supposed to be his peculiar property. "I am not interrupting you in the performance of your duties, am I? You look very industrious."

"Lazy people always look industrious when they are at unwonted occupations," said Beattie, laughing. "Now if Norah were at work you would not notice her. As a matter of fact this is her work, only I was doing a few stitches to help her; Norah is always so busy."

"Miss Margetson," said Mike, "I am generally quite willing to talk about Norah, and especially in her own house, but just now I am conscious that our time is very short, and I want, if I may, to talk a little about you."

"Me!" said Beattie. "I am afraid I am not a very interesting person for purposes of conversation, and I certainly can't start the topic, but if you ask me questions I will answer them."

"Will you?" said Mike, his voice sounding almost stern in its earnestness after its light tones. "And you promise not to think me impertinent?"

Beattie looked a little startled. She could not imagine what was coming.

"You would be very different from what I think you, Mr. Anstruther, if you need ask that question," she said gently.

"Then I will trust in your forbearance and say what I feel I have hardly the right to do. Miss Margetson, is it true that you are engaged to be married?"

Beattie paused before answering, her head bent low over her work, and she put a few stitches in Mr. Gilman's sock very badly. Then she said, in a low voice—

"I am not engaged."

Mike gave a great sigh of relief. It seemed as if a dark cloud had rolled away, and the sunshine were streaming down upon his life. Involuntarily he rose and came nearer to her. Then, her manner betraying that his words had in some way moved her, it occurred to him that he was touching a painful chord.

"Forgive me," he said. "Don't be angry with me; but it means so much to me. I would not for worlds say anything to make you unhappy. But is it—has it been broken off?"

Beattie was surprised and somewhat uneasy at poor Mike's evident earnestness.

"I don't know what you are talking about," she said. "I have never been engaged at all. Who told you such a thing?"

"Mrs. Swannington," replied Mike, looking at her anxiously, as if not quite sure that she was not keeping back the truth from him.

"Aunt Ella! But she knows I am not engaged! Besides, when did you see her?"

"Last summer, at Crabsley."

"Last summer! No; it was the summer before that we were there. And surely then you knew I was free."

"No; it was last summer. I came to Crabsley on purpose to see you. But I met Mrs. Swannington, and what she told me made me think it was better to go away at once."

"But how strange! Auntie never said anything about this to me. And why didn't you stop and speak to me if —if"—hesitating—"you really came to see me again?"

"I couldn't trust myself. I thought it was better to come away. I caught a glimpse of you. You were with—with the man she told me was to be your husband."

"With Mr. Musgrove?" said Beattie, and as his name involuntarily escaped her she grew crimson with a sort of shame.

"Yes," replied Mike; "that was the name - Cecil Musgrove. I have reason to remember it."

"And did Aunt Ella tell you," asked Beattie, in a choked voice, "that we were engaged to be married? No, no; she couldn't. You must have misunderstood her! Perhaps--she said—she hoped—she expected we should be."

"She said you were," said Mike, positively. "And that it was to be kept private a little while, and that you were everything to each other."

"Oh, don't, don't," said Beattie. And she hid her face in her hands.

Mike felt only less uncomfortable than herself, but he was determined to get to the bottom of the matter.

"I am very sorry, Miss Margetson," he said wretchedly; "but I am only repeating what I have believed for months. If I have hurt your feelings——"

Beattie uncovered her face.

"You haven't," she said. Then, dashing away some tears, "I shall laugh at it presently. Only it isn't exactly pleasant to feel one has been—lied about. And you believed it, and if you had chosen you could have talked about this to other people. Oh, what would he say?" Then she added angrily, "Aunt Ella had no right to behave like that towards me! If—if it was the day I think, for his stay at Crabsley was so short, he cannot even—have proposed to me! Why should she have done it?"

"I think I can guess the reason," said Mike, more quietly than he had yet spoken, though it was the quietness of suppressed feeling. "It was an excuse to get rid of me. She did not want me to tell you that which I had gone there on purpose to say. But there is no reason why I should not do so now."

Beattie looked up wonderingly at him. Then, as she saw the expression of his face, her eyes fell. She rose and laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't, please," she said, in a trembling voice. "Don't tell me—about it. It is no use!"

"I must tell you," said Mike firmly. "Listen, dear. Oh, Beattie, don't turn away from me. It can't hurt you to know I love you, can it? I would rather tell you, even if you are angry with me. I have loved you since I first saw you, and I have never changed. I never shall. I can't expect you to have any love for me—not yet, at any rate—but perhaps some day——"

Beattie again put out the imploring hand. This time, however, he took it in his and kept it. Her face was still averted.

"Perhaps you think we don't know enough of each other for me to speak like this. To you it may seem so; but I have had you with me in my thoughts for two years, ever since that evening I first saw you. I have not waited until now to speak. Do you remember the day I first called at your house? I asked your uncle then if I might marry you; but I was not good enough. They were right, perhaps. They would not let me tell you that I cared. When I came to Crabsley it was after a year of patient waiting, and I was silenced then—effectually. Surely now I may speak to you—you yourself. Oh, Beattie," as she shook the head still persistently turned from him, "don't tell me that you are going to send me away."

She had to look at him. Her eyes were full of tears, but she regarded him steadily in spite of them.

"I cannot answer you as I should like to," she said. "I might have once. I—I think I should if they had let you tell me sooner; but now it is too late."

"But—if you are—free to choose."

"I am—not."

"Beattie," he cried, "I don't understand you."

"Must I tell you?" Her voice sank almost to a whisper, but he heard every word. "What Aunt Ella told you was not true when she said it. It is true now as far as I am concerned. I—love some one else."

Mike dropped her hand and turned wearily away. It was enough. He did not ask the name of this man whom she cared for. He understood. And he could not doubt that the love was reciprocated. But the bitterness lay in the fact that by her own confession she might once have been his.

As they thus stood the door was opened quietly and Norah came in. Her movements were always so gentle and they were so absorbed in themselves that for a moment neither of them noticed her, and she stood still, looking first at one and then at the other. She had absolutely no reason for thinking there could be anything between Michael and Beattie; but yet, though she could not see Mike's face she was sure by his attitude that there was something the matter, and as to Beattie, she was actually crying. Norah was about to slip away again when the latter perceived her, and with a little ejaculation, ran quickly past her and out of the room. Norah was hesitating as to whether to follow her, but Mike, turning as the door closed, prevented her.

"Why, Norah," he said, trying to speak naturally, "I never heard you come in. Aren't you going to shake hands with me?"

"I don't know. What have you been doing to make Beattie cry?"

"Is she crying?" said Mike, concerned. "I think, on the whole," with a sigh, "I have more reason to do that."

"You! Why, what's the matter? You look miserable enough. You were all right yesterday; why should you be different to-day? Have you two been quarrelling?"

"Not exactly." And Mike laughed in spite of himself. Then, forgetting at the time the suspicion he had once had about Norah, he said, "I am half inclined to tell you, only, after all, there doesn't seem much use in talking about what can't be helped; but you are entitled to know what goes on in your own drawing-room."

"Mike, how mysterious you are!" And Norah gave signs of rising impatience. She had looked forward to a happy afternoon, and returned to find someone else had marred Mike's visit before she appeared. "I don't want you to tell me any secrets, nor Beattie either, even if I am 'entitled' to them." They all regarded Norah as so nearly faultless that the possibility that she could be jealous had not occurred to Mike. "Last night you scarcely spoke to me," went on Norah, "and now to-day you don't seem like yourself. I don't think it is very kind of you to let a stranger spoil your last days with me." And she walked away to the window. Mike regarded her for an instant with surprise; then he walked after her.

"Norah."

No answer.

"I say, Norah. You aren't cross, are you?"

Still no answer. Norah was fighting fiercely with some sudden foes who had sprung forth to meet her, foes she had never expected to encounter, for whatever her difficulties had been she had not had cause for jealousy, and to her loving heart it was strange to feel what was almost like hatred of Beattie. At that moment she was very unlike the meek and gentle girl who genuinely believed that any breach of the law of kindness is actual sin.

Mike put his arm round her, but she shook it off angrily.

"Norah, my little sister, what have I done?"

The tears stole into Norah's eyes, but a lump in her throat prevented her answering. She continued staring out of the window though she saw nothing but a blurred lawn.

"If I have offended you I am very sorry."

"I don't believe you care," said Norah, suddenly flashing round on him with most unwonted anger. "I don't know how it seems to you, but to me it seems unkind enough." (Here there was a somewhat undignified break in Norah's voice, which was afterwards very shaky and not particularly distinct). "Every other time when you have come home you have at least seemed glad to meet me. Now you not only didn't take any trouble about seeing me, but when you did you forgot all our old friendship, and just because Beattie is pretty and attractive you spend all your first evening with her. She doesn't mind that you are going away as I do, but you don't think about that. And now to-day in my own house you and she have——" But what the particular charge was Mike never heard, and perhaps Norah did not exactly know herself; at any rate, at this moment her voice became utterly unmanageable, and with the consciousness directly the words were spoken that they had been childish and unreasonable, and, as is often the case, by the mere diagnosing of the injury having made it seem too slight for serious consideration, Norah,

ashamed and sorry, retired precipitately to the refuge afforded by the sofa-cushions and hid her face.

"Well," said Mike, after a considerable pause, "between you I may well feel a brute. My visit doesn't seem to add particularly to the cheerfulness of the rectory. Having reduced you both to tears, I had better take my departure. Good-bye, Norah."

Mike moved towards the door, but at the sound of his departing footsteps Norah raised her face.

"Don't go, Mike," said a quavering voice, "I—I am sorry I have been—such a silly. You—you'll never respect me again."

Michael had been inclined to mount the high horse himself, but the mere sign of Norah's relenting was enough. He came back. And as he looked at her woe-begone little face and the eyes which were regarding him so affectionately, he remembered that he had once thought she cared for his unworthy self. If so, it must indeed have seemed hard for her to find him apparently forgetting her in her friend. He felt a rush of tenderness towards her as he seated himself on the sofa by her side.

"Norah," he said, "I can't bear to think I have done the least thing to make you unhappy. You have always been so good to me. As to respecting you, you know perfectly well that I believe you to be the best girl I have ever known. I can't show my trust in you better than by asking you to let me tell you something. A man doesn't generally talk about these things unless it maybe to his mother, and you will understand why I have kept this secret from you before."

"Mike," said Norah imploringly, "I don't want you to show your trust. I don't deserve to be taken into your confidence."

"Nonsense. Don't for pity's sake go reproaching yourself because you showed a little natural spirit. You had a right to be angry with me if I neglected you. Only you'll forgive me, dear, won't you, when I tell you that I have not seen Beattie for a long, long time, and that I love her better than anyone else in the world—better even than I love my mother."

"You — love — Beattie?" Norah's face had grown deathly white, and it seemed that something had tightened round her heart. Her voice was low and startled, and as she raised her eyes to his, as if to read the ratification of his words, they had the look of a creature who has been mortally wounded. Poor Norah, she needed all her woman's pride to hide from Mike what that confession meant to her. There was no question now of petty jealousy. An instinct of self-defence, an instinct which even the most artless woman feels before the man she loves when she knows he loves another, made her strive to hide from him, not very successfully indeed, that to her those words had meant the sudden death of every hope.

"Yes, dear," said Mike very gently, "I have loved her since we first met, that night at Mrs. Gilman's. You remember."

"Yes," Norah answered dreamily, "I remember. And," with an effort, "Beattie—you—have been telling her? Why—did she go away? Was it—because I came in? I will call her back."

And, with a longing to escape, she half rose. But Mike drew her back.

"No, dear, you don't understand. Beattie doesn't care for me. That was why my telling her about it only—made her unhappy."

"She doesn't care? Beattie does not love you?" For an instant something almost like joy came over Norah; but it quickly died away. She forgot herself in him as she realised that his suffering was like her own. Norah could never bear to see anyone unhappy, and least of all anyone she cared for. "Oh," she said, "I am so very, very sorry. But, dear, you must have patience. Perhaps you surprised her. Perhaps presently she will learn to love you. She must."

Mike shook his head. It was not for him to tell Norah Beattie's secrets.

"I am not such an irresistible person, you see, Norah. And it is not everybody who has your faculty for idealising their friends. However," giving himself a shake, and rising from the sofa, "it is about time I made up my mind to doing without her. It is wonderful though, how easily hope springs up when you think it is done with. Now, Norah, why don't you give me one of your lectures? Tell me, in the good old salutary style I well remember, that there are other things in the world than marrying, better gifts than love, all sorts of people to live for and plenty to be done. Why, you used to be such a good hand at improving the occasion. Won't you do so now?"

But Norah only shook her head. She was in no humour to "improve the occasion." Mike, however, began to whistle "Begone, dull care," rather drearily. He was anxious to cheer up poor Norah, with whose sorrow he must not sympathise, since it was kinder to suppose it non-existent. Then, as she smiled, he said—

"I'll preach you a sermon presently, Miss Norah, on the advantages to be derived on having our wishes denied us. And look here, if ever you care for someone who isn't able to love you in quite the same way, you must remember that single women do most of the world's work; I am not so sure about the bachelors. Indeed, from my experience, I am rather inclined to reverse Lord Beaconsfield's famous saying that all women should marry and no men. Ah, now I see you are prepared to argue. That's right. Now farewell sentiment."

And taking out his handkerchief Mike wiped Norah's eyes in spite of her laughing protestations, and throwing open the French window, drew her into the garden. There presently Beattie joined them, and though all their hearts were secretly heavy, and Norah's sadder than it had ever been, yet they were all outwardly cheerful, and Mr. Gilman when he came home little guessed why his welcome was so cordial. He was delighted when Mike suggested a walk with him over his glebe.

There was a little awkwardness when the girls were left alone. Norah was divided between her anxiety to do her duties as hostess and her longing to be alone. Beattie did not know how much, if anything, ought to be explained. But presently Norah broke the silence which had been maintained while they walked twice round the lawn.

"Mike has told me about it," she said gently. And Beattie little knew the struggle it cost her to utter those simple words. Beattie turned to her an April face.

"I am glad," she said. "You will comfort him better than anyone. I—I couldn't help it. I never tried to make him love me."

Norah said no more. But she kissed her.

"Norah," said Beattie suddenly, "you look very tired."

"I am—a little," Norah answered. "Shall we go indoors? I—I will—lie down till tea-time. Don't tell father. He will think I am ill. I will be down by five, dear." And as Beattie entered the drawing-room, Norah crept wearily up the stairs to her own room and locked the door.

A fortnight after Beattie went home she received a letter in the handwriting of Cecil Musgrove. Aunt Ella had immediately perceived from whom it was, and she smiled significantly across the breakfast-table to her husband as the girl, without attempting to read it then, slipped it into her pocket.

"What a relief it will be to me, Arthur," she said, as Beattie left the room, "when this affair is settled. A girl in love is of all things most tiresome."

Beattie's letter was as follows—

"My dear Miss Margetson,

"I am writing to you because I think that will be more agreeable to us both than for me to tell you in person that I was in the wrong and you in the right when I made you an offer of marriage and you advised a period of waiting. You did not then care for me enough to cast in your lot with mine, and in the year which has elapsed we have seen so little of each other, owing in part to my unfortunate illness, that it is impossible your feelings can have grown warmer. I will not say mine have grown cooler, but apart from the fascination of your presence, I have realised that while entertaining the sincerest regard and affection for you, I have not that ardour which alone can make marriage desirable. Our ages and dispositions are different, and I do not believe it is in my power to make you happy. You will find a partner more worthy of you and better suited to your charming temperament. I trust that you will always regard me as your friend, and should it ever be in my power to render you any service I should esteem myself most fortunate.

"Believe me, dear Miss Margetson,

"Always sincerely yours,

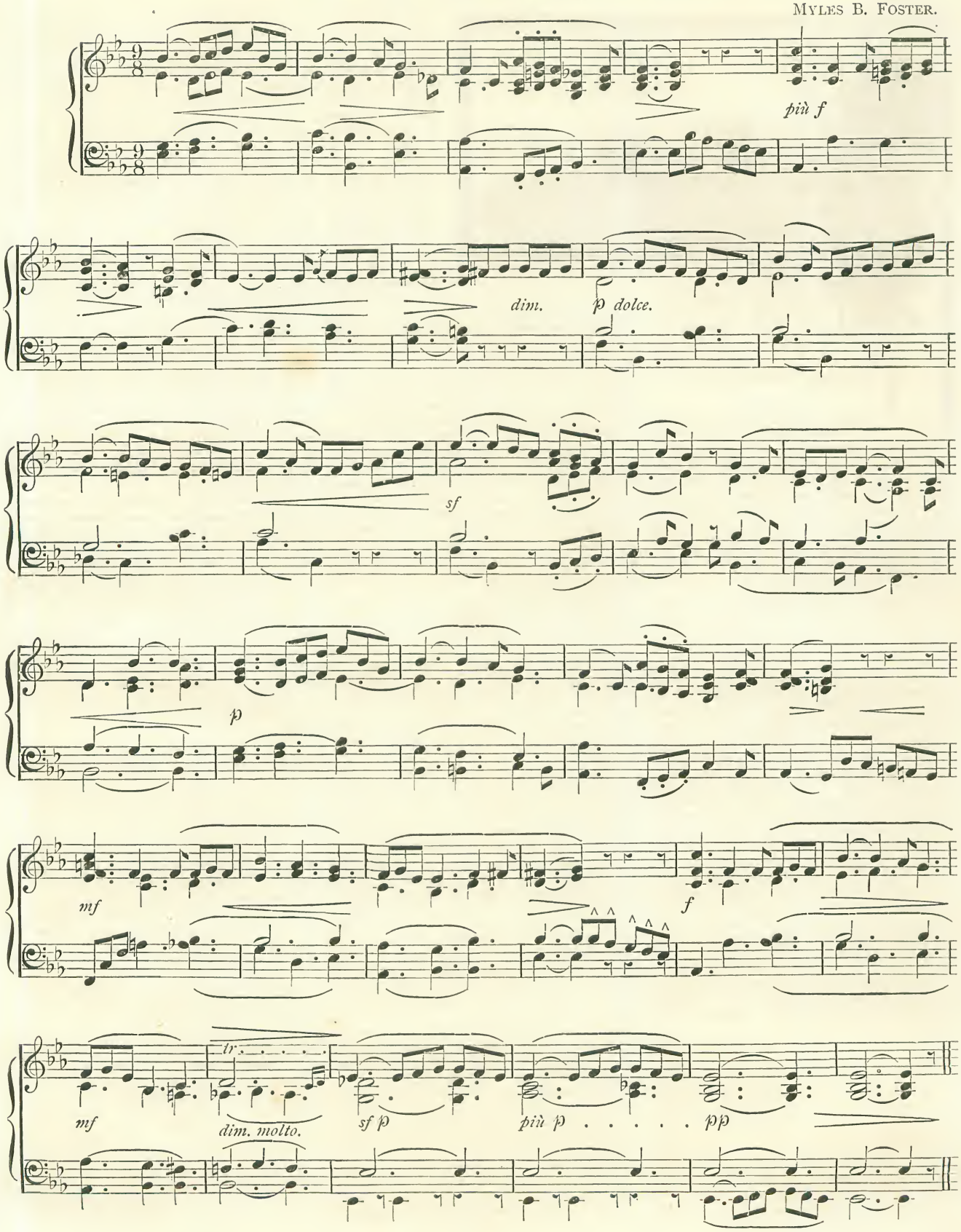
"Cecil A. Musgrove."

(To be continued.)

ADAGIO MA NON TROPPO.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

MYLES B. FOSTER.



IN THE TWILIGHT SIDE BY SIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.



PART XII.
TWO YEARS' HARVESTS.

"For ye are our glory and joy" (1 Thess. ii. 20.)

THIS evening is a very interesting one to me, my dear girl friends. It marks the completion of a second year, during which you and I have sat together "In the Twilight Side by Side," and talked on many different subjects. Different, yet all of them important in reference to our temporal and eternal welfare. We met at first as strangers, in a sense. Now we are close friends, even though parted by distance and many differences of nationality, and even of faith in numberless cases.

You, my dear ones, far and near, have been very good to the old friend who delights to give rein to happy fancies, and pictures you, all round and about her, during these talks.

Yes, it is quite true that I indulge in day-dreams which even go beyond this present life. You have been very kind and sweet in opening your hearts to me, and letting me know assuredly that our gatherings have been helpful, and more than helpful to so many. Our talks have sown seeds of thought, which have brought longings after higher and better things. Blessings have followed in hearts and homes; for those little seeds have fructified there, and produced greater happiness.

Thanks be to God for all. Our meetings would have been vain, our talks unfruitful, but for His blessing.

You, who read and love your Bibles, will call to mind that text where St. Paul writes, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then, neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one, and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour. For we are labourers together" (or fellow-workers) "with God."

It seems to me that however weak the instruments, however limited may be the field in which we work for God's glory and our neighbour's good, the same spirit should be in us that animated the Great Apostle in his wider sphere. There should be true spiritual unity amongst all who take part in it. No longing after chief places or greater meed of praise. No seeking after that field only, which gives promise of the richest harvest, or can be worked with the greatest pleasure to ourselves. No wish to see our names heading the list of labourers, or thinking, that because our share in the work differs from the portion undertaken by another, therefore it is the more important.

Many operations must precede the feast of ingathering. The ploughing, the clearing away of stones and weeds, the harrowing, sowing, watering, cherishing the growth of all that is worth keeping, the doing our part faithfully and humbly, yet doing all in simple dependence on our God to "give the increase" and the joy of harvest.

Dear ones, in looking back on our two happy years together, I would humbly and thankfully appropriate for you and for me—the teaching of the words I have quoted.

We met together, two years ago, in the hope that from our meetings blessings would come to ourselves, and through us to others.

I say "we," for I cannot imagine that mere curiosity induced you to listen, month by month, to the messages I had to deliver. I would fain believe that many of you came as prayerfully as I did from the first, and that, knowing our meetings and conversations must produce results of some kind, we asked and hoped for blessed ones.

As time went on, many of our members realised their spiritual needs; saw themselves and their lives in a different light; learned to shrink from and dislike what they had once desired, and to love that "better part" to which they had been more than indifferent. What had once satisfied their hearts' desires was found insufficient. They had new longings after holiness and Christ-likeness, and desired to be the servants and children of their Father-God.

Hearts that had been narrowed by selfishness began to expand under the blessed influence of Christian love. Some that had seldom prayed, even for themselves, began to offer earnest petitions for each and all of us who met "In the Twilight Side by Side."

With such results to rejoice over, surely you and I may enter into the spirit of those words of St. Paul, which I have just quoted to you, because, in our little way, we may humbly claim the glorious title of "labourers (or fellow workers) together with God."

If any little seeds, sown by me, have fallen upon good ground and brought forth fruit, it is because He, who gave the good seed for His human servants to sow, and to water, has also given the increase.

So, dear girl friends, I call upon you to join me in thanking God with hearts and voices for every good that has come through our twilight gatherings. For every right thought; for every unselfish act; for every holy desire; for every opportunity to do good to others; for the spirit of sisterly love that inspired the act; for every step that we have been enabled to take on the heavenward way; for every conquered temptation and besetting sin subdued, let us join together in praising God.

I thank Him, with all my heart, for having stirred so many of you to open your minds to me. How you have cheered me by letting me be quite sure that God has given such a blessed increase! And it is so delightful to note that, whilst acknowledging the help and comfort which have come to yourselves, many manifest a longing to be of use to others and to pass on a share of the good received.

One writes, "I have often wondered what I could do for Christ's sake after one of the twilight talks." She adds, "I have been visiting one cripple for weeks, and visiting her has made me long to do something for others." So she is trying to enlist the help of friends, and has induced three to dress dolls. She lends what books she has, but not having many, is begging old books and toys for her helpless friends whom she regards as her Master's representative, quoting "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Here is another practical outcome of our meetings. "I wonder whether you know of any girl who would like the comfort of a correspondent, one who would write oftener than once a month? It is work for the Master that I would love to do, if I could. I am but a girl, not yet twenty, and not very old in the Christian life, but I am very happy, except sometimes, and I wondered if I could help one that is not so happy. I am hoping to be a missionary in a few years, and I long to help others."

We have many missionaries in our ranks already, for though not openly known as such, they are giving their prayers, their sympathy and the best powers they have on behalf of those whose needs lie nearest to their hands.

I have been specially touched by the interest which some dear correspondents have manifested in my girl friend who signed herself "One who is Miserable." Not knowing her real address, I could not pass on their letters and kind expressions of sympathy or wishes to be of use. I cannot help hoping—even believing that she must be happier now, because of prayers offered on her behalf and the loving interest manifested in her by so many.

One of my greatest pleasures during these two past years has been owing to the sweet letters which you have sent me in such numbers and bringing such precious tidings. On the other hand, my greatest regret in connection with our happy intercourse is due to the fact that I have been utterly unable to respond as I longed to do. Yet I should like each dear writer to know that I have rejoiced with her in her joys, sympathised with her in sorrow, longed to help where help was needed, and, where I was unable to render it, I have at least besought Our Father in heaven to give and to do what I could not, and to bless, each and all, as He, in equal love and wisdom should see best.

I little thought, when we began to sit "In the Twilight Side by Side," that our meetings would be continued beyond a year. Now a second is closing, and still it seems we have not wearied of each other. Strangers at first, then acquaintances, next friends and confidants, now claiming each other as—what shall I say? An old mother with countless daughters scattered over many lands, yet all claiming and receiving a share of love, all finding a corner in a heart which warms towards all girls? More than this. The affection must needs go beyond girls, and the heart expand to welcome older tenants, for wives and mothers sit with us and sympathise in all our aspirations. May this fact be the

means of bringing many mothers and daughters into a closer and holier union.

"Can it really be two years since our talks began?" you ask. "How time has flown!"

Time always does fly, but it seems to go more rapidly with the old than with the young. We, over whose heads many years have passed, look back on the past, with its joys, sorrows, meetings, partings, bereavements, gains and losses. The future seems short indeed, at its longest, so far as earth is concerned. But by faith we look beyond earth for the fulfilment of our Father's promises in Christ Jesus. So age is more a waiting time than one of much excitement.

I remember so well the words of one whom I dearly loved, and who was in a state of great weakness after illness. I had been reading to him out of the Book he loved best, but he was too faint and weary even to listen. He turned to me with a light upon the worn face, which I seem to see as I describe it, and said, "I cannot listen, dear, I am too weak and tired even to pray. 'But I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'" So in silence and with the thin hand clasped in mine, he lay in a state of perfect contentment, trusting and simply waiting God's call, in submission to His will.

What a lovely picture was this! Perhaps I have told you about it before. I cannot tell, but it so often recurs to my own mind that I should not wonder if I had done so.

The old amongst God's dear children rest, and trust, and wait, possessing their souls in patience. The time left is so short; it seems of little moment in comparison with the vastness of eternity which lies before them, and beyond time.

With the young it is so different. They may enjoy the present, and be also rich in memories which are too recent to seem far behind it. But, with them, there is a constant reaching forward with the mind's eye towards good things that the future promises and hope depicts. Time, which is really always moving on rapid wings, seems to lag by the way whilst their expectations are unfulfilled.

I own, my dear ones, that with me, as with yourselves, these two years of twilight meetings have passed all too rapidly.

Are you expecting that this closing talk of our second year will end with words of farewell?

Only a short time ago I looked forward to such an ending. I had quite decided that it might be better for you that we should suspend our gatherings for a time, at any rate, partly lest you should tire of them, partly lest words should fail me after so many meetings. And yet I looked forward very sorrowfully to the time when our "Twilight Talks" would be all memories, and that the months would come and go without any interchange of thoughts between us.

If, instead of farewell, I say "*au revoir*," it is through yourselves that the change has come about. When so many letters came, asking that our Talks might be continued because of new blessings that had followed them, what could I say?

You, who are my nearer neighbours, will not be pained but rather join with me in rejoicing and thanksgiving, when I tell you that the last letter, which determined me not to suspend our gatherings, came from India, and from a young Parsi girl. I wish I could give you the whole letter, but its length forbids, so I will only quote a few lines.

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that the Twilight Talks have not helped Christian girls only, but Parsis and others too. I am a Parsi and the second of four sisters. You have helped us all immensely. Very often when any of us feels dejected or out of sorts, she just takes up the dear old G.O.P. and passes a few minutes with you; because she is sure you will show her her fault kindly, and send her about her work quite cheerful."

My correspondent goes on to speak of her sisters and of a member of her family who was led to seek her mother's forgiveness through the influence of a "Talk," of the great need for a class for poor girls, especially since families had been made helpless through the ravages of the plague.

"We intend opening one on a small scale in a short time, and we'll translate the Twilight Talks to them. I'm sure they'll be benefited by them, as much as we have been. Please continue writing for a long, long time to come. We, your girl friends, will always like to pass any time with you if you have nothing left to tell us in the Twilights."

I must end my quotation, but with regret. My love and every good wish to all my girl friends, far and near. May God abundantly bless them.

Let it be our happy privilege, until the time for our next talk begins, to thank God for the past, and to ask for a still greater blessing on our future meetings.



NEW HELPS TO MUSIC STUDY.

FOR YOUNGER MUSICIANS.

GIRL-READERS, young or old, quick or slow, stay only a few minutes to read of these real helps in the difficulties of your daily music practice. For instance: we all think at first that J. S. Bach is dry as dust, and as old as the hills themselves!

Well, begin studying him under the literary guidance of a learned Professor of the Brussels Conservatoire, Monsieur Adolph Wouters, and difficulties will vanish in growing understanding of all the calm, grand depths of the dear old Kapell Meister's work of a century and a half ago. Interest will awaken, and you will hear the organ in great dusky cathedrals of yore pealing out in his gorgeous fugues as you practise on, or you will imagine playing to you in the ever fresh *Inventions à deux voix* (new edition) the tinkling spinet or harpsichord which appears as "Clavecin" on Bach's music, both the forerunners of your own beautiful piano.

For players of from ten to twelve years, the "Little Preludes for beginners" (*Petits préludes pour les commençants*) can be taken first, followed by the "Inventions;" then at a later age, according to the progress of the student, the "Forty-eight preludes and fugues" completed by Bach in 1740, about ten years before his blindness.

A well-studied course of Bach should be the foundation of all good pianoforte playing: he seems to us the Spenser of music as Beethoven is the Shakespeare.

Study Bach and you will find lovely original flowers of poetry and harmony that have been portrayed in different ways by many a minor classic since, musical expressions and thoughts which have guided the greatest composers; sober, invigorating methods which have taught the finest pianists.

Bach's music some years ago was often a sealed book, because if we did ever look into it, it seemed a world of black notes, a desert of never-ending passages and queer little marks which we could not clearly understand, and the dire want of fingering alone stopped our acquaintance short at once.

Professor Wouters has most patiently studied all the editions which have been printed of Bach's works and all the reliable authorities upon them of the century, and the result to the student is useful beyond words.

All the trill and ornament marks are written out in full on a separate little staff immediately above that being studied, the fingering is perfectly sufficient, distinct and close to the notes to which it belongs, while the disposition of the different parts or voices are such that you know at once which hand should play them. The two volumes of fugues, formerly so dear, are only four francs, *i.e.*, 3s. 4d. each.

"Clementi's daily study of scales" (*Etude Journalière des Gammes*) is rearranged and refingered too by Professor Wouters: the majors and minors are woven so interestingly and continuously into an exercise of a page or more in length.

All Wouters' editions are published by Messrs. Katto, Brussels, but any publishers in England procure them.

Little girls will find pleasure and profit in learning a pianoforte duet, "A Hungarian Fantasia" in g minor by Rutland Boughton (Weekes), which will show them well the different styles of Hungarian airs; and for smaller fingers still, G. Sarowski's "Sonatinas" without octaves (Phillips and Page) pleasantly meet a frequent want.

For these same tiny sisters we recommend "Davenport's Piano Tutor" (Phillips and Page), a most excellent new one containing all the best explanations, exercises and melodies one can wish to have for learners.

Time, the degrees of the scale, the use of the pedals and much else not so well dealt with of old, are here lucidly set forth, making it a capital book to teach or to learn from.

But what shall we say of "Twelve little Men of Music Land, Harmony made easy," by Clifford Halle (Metzler)? It is like a story, and it is told with such wit, ingenuity and delightful whimsicality that the memory is impressed with quite difficult things before you realise that you have at last really understood what you have thought hopeless before.

The illustrations are so humorous too, and in fact for big girls and little girls it is unquestionably one of the quaintest, prettiest, easiest lesson books on a hard subject which we have ever lighted upon. There are many girls in quiet country places who have to study a good deal alone, or, they may have to superintend the music of smaller sisters, and we hope these hints and others to follow may be of use to them in sparing them time and trouble.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.



A SKETCH.

WHEN LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE blossom time is almost o'er,
The summer rose has shed,
The last frail buds it bravely bore,
Upon its grassy bed;
The swallow's wheeling flight is low,
We hear its shrilly call,
And in the sunlight, soft and slow,
The leaves begin to fall.

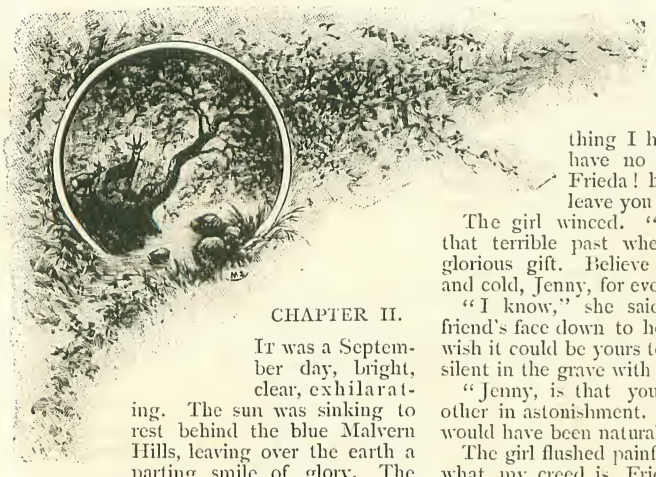
The bracken trails its plumes of gold,
The chestnuts patter down,
The morning mists hang, fold on fold,
O'er moors, burnt russet-brown.
Though noontide airs be soft as balm,
And fruits hang on the wall,
Still in the sunlight, golden calm,
The leaves begin to fall.

Oh, falling leaves, oh, withered flowers,
Oh, summer bird that flies!
Ye leave to us autumnal bowers,
'Neath chill and wind-swept skies—
But leave us still bright thoughts of cheer,
God's love is over all;
And Nature's hour of rest is near,
When leaves begin to fall.

So let the time of roses pass,
And let the swallows fly,
And let the flowers that starred the grass,
Hang down their heads and die.
The winter will but nurse the spring,
God leaves His hope with all—
New buds will blow, new songbirds sing,
Though leaves begin to fall.

HER LAST ORATORIO.

By GRETA GILMOUR.



CHAPTER II.

IT was a September day, bright, clear, exhilarating. The sun was sinking to rest behind the blue Malvern Hills, leaving over the earth a parting smile of glory. The Severn shone like liquid gold and the woods burnt red and yellow with autumn fire. An exquisite sweet sadness lingered in the air, amongst the trees and hills and under the shadow of the cathedral spire. The year was drawing near its close. The gladness of summer was fading, and death crept round amongst the woods and fields, stealthily robbing the trees of their foliage, the lanes and fields of their garlands. Soon the balmy air and golden light would give place to keen north winds and sunless skies.

In the cathedral there was a subdued bustle and preparation for the great sacred concert to be held there that night. In the latticed window of the quaint house opposite sat the artiste, whose name was on every lip and who was to take the leading solos in the oratorio. It was Jenny, who after all had yielded to Signor Flosi's request so often repeated. Her fair hair was loose about her. Frieda had been brushing it and was now about to dress it.

"My only fear is that the excitement will make you ill," said Frieda gently.

"Have no fear, dear; I shall do my part well to please Dr. Lunn, Signor Flosi and you—if I should die in the effort."

A sudden thrill passed through Frieda. Jenny's unconscious words meant so much in this case. She took them up seriously.

"You have still many, many days to live, Jenny, and you surely don't grudge them to me from all the vast eternity before you?"

"Frieda, I grudge you nothing—nothing I have. But over this I have no control. I wish—oh, Frieda! how I do wish—I could leave you my voice."

The girl winced. "Don't remind me of that terrible past when I envied you your glorious gift. Believe me the envy is dead and cold, Jenny, for evermore."

"I know," she said, softly drawing her friend's face down to hers. "Nevertheless, I wish it could be yours to use, instead of lying silent in the grave with me."

"Jenny, is that your creed?" asked the other in astonishment. "Had I said that, it would have been natural, but you!"

The girl flushed painfully. "Do you know what my creed is, Frieda. It is this," she said, and rising she seated herself at the piano and began to sing—

"Though afflicted, tempest-tossed,
Comfortless awhile thou art,
Do not think thou canst be lost,
Thou art graven on my heart.
All thy wastes I will repair,
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew;
And in thee it shall appear,
What a God of love can do."

When the beautiful voice ceased the spell was broken.

"Jenny, where did you find that melody? I have never heard it before, and it is so lovely."

The girl turned swiftly round, her eyes shining. "Frieda, do you really think it lovely?"

"Of course I do, else I would not say so. Why, what do you mean? Do you not like it?"

"Frieda, it is my own."

"Your own!" she cried, a pang like a knife running through her. Was there no end to the wealth of this wonderful nature, which was soon to lie impotent in death?

"All thy wastes I will repair,
Thou shalt be rebuilt anew."

The thought entered her rebellious heart, bringing with it great comfort.

"You evidently didn't credit me with as much gumption," said Jenny, peering up into her friend's face with a mischievous smile.

"But I have written plenty more, so there!"

"And why did you never tell me, Jenny," asked the other in a wounded tone.

In a moment Jenny's arms were round her. "Frieda, you know how I have always mistrusted my powers. I was afraid to let you hear what I feared, with your knowledge of harmony, you would condemn."

"You foolish child! Let me hear another."

"Oh, there is no time; I really must dress now. But some time or other I will show you my bundle of songs. I just wrote for the joy of it, and dedicated them to you and to my old friend Dr. Lunn, who first discovered my voice. The harmony, etc., will horrify you, I know."

"Not if they are all like that one," returned Frieda. "To whom is it dedicated?"

A wistful smile came into the girl's eyes.

"To Sir Arthur Holmes," she said, turning into the adjoining room, whither Frieda followed her.

When she came out again she was dressed in a simple robe of white, with her fair hair gathered in a knot behind. She looked fragile and sweet.

"You have not a single ornament, Jenny," exclaimed Frieda, a little disconsolately.

"Nor do I wish for any. You know I want to look like a high priestess, which indeed, for the time being, I am. But there is just one addition to my toilet I should like."

"And that, dearest, is what?"

"A sprig of jasmine, Frieda."

In a moment the casement was open and Frieda was searching amongst the dark foliage for a lingering spray of the star-like blossoms. Having found it she placed it in the girl's bosom and bending over her kissed her.

"It is not quite time to go, dear, would it tax you too much to sing, 'O satisfy us'"? Jenny looked up with a radiant smile. This anthem she had never sung since that memorable May evening. She sang it now transcendently. Frieda thanked her with a glance which meant more than words.

Then it was time to go, and soon Frieda found herself amongst the vast audience in the cathedral, waiting impatiently and

nervously for the music to commence. She strained her eyes to catch a sight of Jenny amongst the sea of white-robed figures in the chancel, but failed to do so until the girl stood up to sing, "Rejoice greatly, ye daughters of Zion." How clear and sweet the pure notes fell from the singer's lips, high above the heads of the people, soaring among the cathedral arches to the vaulted roof. Frieda's cheeks flushed and her dark eyes shone. Around her there was a faint murmur of astonished delight.

"What a divine voice!" said someone near her as the last note died away.

When the young soprano rose again there was a wonderful light on her face. It was as a high priestess of the Most High that she took the sacred words on her lips. "Come unto Him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest." And the people with one accord, came—yielding to the pleading of that angelic voice, which seemed in very truth to proceed from Heaven. Ah! if that voice could have gone on pleading in the hearts of all present, they had never returned to the paths of sin.

"How beautiful are the feet of them," was not less perfect than the two preceding solos, but there was eager expectation expressed on many faces at the commencement of the third part.

Frieda stood up and leant against a pillar that she might see the dear face lit up so radiantly.

Now the exquisite voice began, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

There was no great assemblage there for Jenny. She stood alone in the cathedral, the mellow sunlight falling across the marble floor. Far away through the vista of arches was visible the blue sky, with masses of white clouds gathered round the glory of the opening gates of Heaven—"And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God . . . yet in my flesh shall I see God. . . ."

So she sang, and beheld her Redeemer waiting for her in the golden gateway.

A cry rang out from amongst the audience, above the music of the orchestra, and the spell of Jenny's divine voice was broken. With her face buried in her hands sat Frieda. A terrible hush fell on the assembly, as the prostrate form of the young singer was carried from the chancel. The orchestra played on in tender subdued harmony and the audience waited in suspense. Then the deep solemn strains of a Dead March moaning from the organ told them, better than any words, the ate of the singer. Silently the people rose and silently they streamed out from the cathedral—the Hall of Death—with sorrow marked on every face.

Only one remained behind cowering within the shadow of the pillar. The sad music ceased. The lights went out and the cathedral grew dark and cold and silent as the grave. Still she sat on.

[THE END.]

A WARM QUILT.

THIS is a very suitable piece of work for invalids, the little bags are light for weakly fingers, no effort of mind is entailed in their making and filling, and perhaps some kind friend would undertake the final "making up." Also it is excellent amusement for the children on a wet day, or when a cold keeps them indoors and the appeal comes for "something to do." Several sets of small fingers can be kept going, and a whole quilt very soon finished. First make a number of small bags, two inches and three-quarters by four inches and a quarter, leaving them open at the top as in Fig. 1. Any bright coloured bits of material are suitable; they can be made of one or two pieces. Drapers' patterns, when large enough, answer the purpose very well. They need not be strongly stitched; merely enough to keep them together. Fill each bag with scraps of soft material, cut up small, ravellings, bits of cotton-wool, etc., all help, and mix in plenty of little rolls of paper made according to Fig. 2; a rather soft kind is best, insides of old account-books do well. Cut the strips six inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, and when rolled, not folded, give them a pinch at each end, they naturally spring out somewhat, and thereby give elasticity to the stuffing.

As each little bag is filled, not too tightly, turn in the top and oversew it. Then arrange them according to the colouring, as in patchwork, and sew them together at the back with strong cotton. When sufficiently large a frill of coarse lace, crochet, or Turkey twill should be added, and a warm, but not heavy, quilt is the result.

"COUSIN LIL."

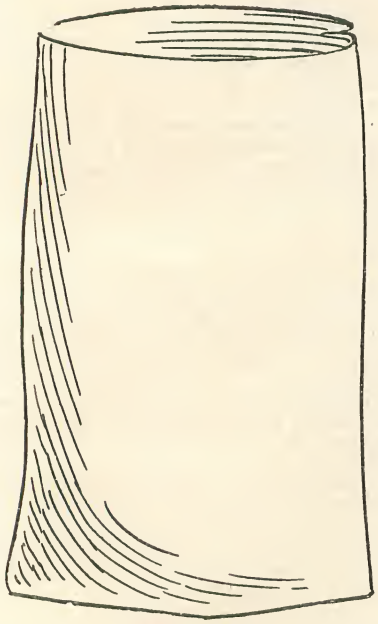


FIG (1)

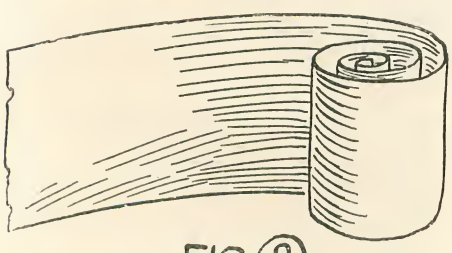


FIG (2)

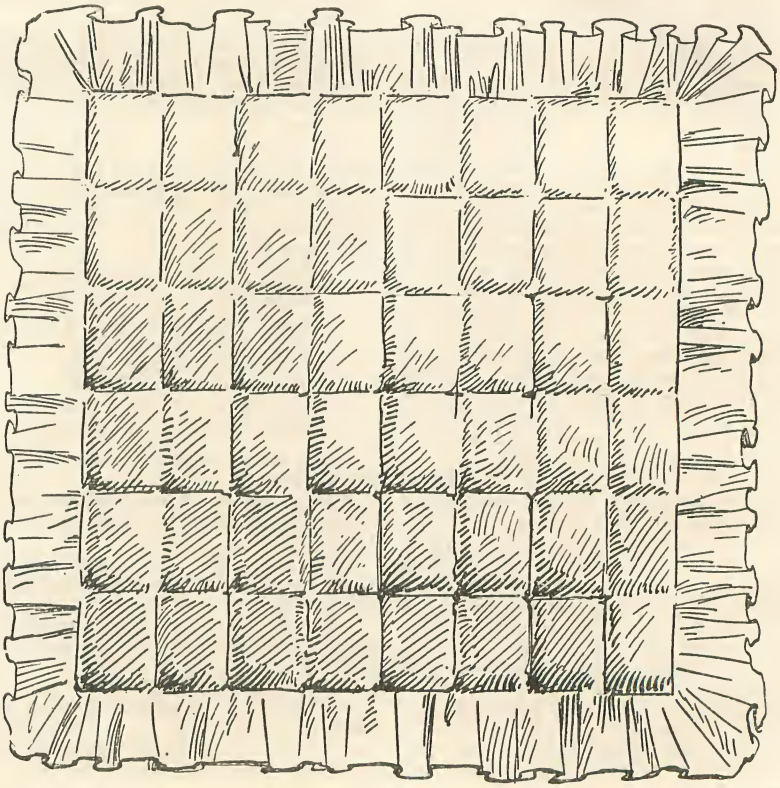


FIG (3)

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

By JOSEPHA CRANE, Author of "Winifred's Home," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TRUE NURSE.



MADE the following notes in my note-book and they are nearly in Maggie's words. I have classified them, as they may be of better use to anyone to whom I lend the book. Maggie says very truly that some people are born nurses and have more natural aptitude than others for the work, but she quite agrees that people can study what are the qualifications of a good nurse and try and acquire them.

OBEDIENCE.

Implicit obedience to the doctor's orders is absolutely necessary in a good nurse. Her duty as nurse is to carry out the doctor's orders, consequently she should never suggest treatment to him. She should write down after the doctor's visit all the directions which he has given concerning the patient.

Of course the nurse should ask the doctor if the patient may or may not do, or have anything in particular which he has desired or she thinks good for him. The doctor should always be told if for any good reason his orders have not been carried out to the letter. Sometimes circumstances arise in which this strict obedience is impossible, but these are rare. As a rule too a nurse should never use her own judgment and defy a medical order. The cases are few where her so doing would be right. If a nurse does not clearly understand a doctor's orders, she should ask him to explain them more fully and not chance the matter for fear of exposing her ignorance.

WATCHFULNESS.

A nurse should watch the patient very carefully and note all changes, writing down anything of importance; but she should be careful not to let the patient know that he is being watched, as that is a most irritating sensation. She should leave written directions as to what is to be done and given to the patient with whoever she leaves in charge during the time when she is absent from the sick-room, and ask her substitute to make a note of any changes, the amount of sleep, food and medicine taken, if the patient has coughed much or little, etc.

GENTLENESS.

This quality is most essential in a good nurse. Any roughness in manner or words are unpardonable however much she may be tried. If she has to do anything for the patient which gives him pain, her firm performance of what is necessary should not lessen her gentle manner, and without being silly or too obviously tender-hearted, she can show that she is sorry she has to hurt him. Whenever she can give in to a patient's little fancies it is well to do so, and the fact that she does this in matters of small moment will win his confidence and make it easy for her to get him to do what she wants at other times.

COURTESY.

It is always necessary to be courteous to a sick person. Some people treat the patient, especially if he is old, as if he was a fool and they did not think it necessary to show him common civility. It is very trying for the sick person, be he young or old, to be ordered about, and excepting in the case of children, from whom of course you have to exact obedience, you should make your patient obey while not letting him see that you are ruling him. Never show disgust, however painful may be what you have to do, and never appear reluctant to undertake any unpleasant office. To some people the great trial of illness is the being obliged to ask many services—often unpleasant ones—at the hands of others, and the nurse by her courteous ways and manner should lessen this trial to the patient. If she sees her Lord and Master in the sick person, it will soften much that is disagreeable, and lighten the performance of many duties which may be revolting, wearisome or troublesome.

PUNCTUALITY.

This, which has been miscalled one of the minor virtues, is a major one in the sick-room. It is of the greatest importance that a nurse should give medicine at the right time, that she should get the patient's meals to the minute, and that she should, if she says she is going out for half an hour, not return in three-quarters or an hour.

TACT.

The nurse should know when to speak and when to be silent. Some people like to be talked to, others prefer being left alone. The nurse when she does converse with her patient, should be bright and cheerful and select pleasant topics of conversation. To tell a nervous person about the latest railway accident or all about the funeral in the next road, shows as much want of tact as the descriptions some people are so ready to give of complaints, operations, etc.

Although hopeful in words and manner, still where the case is pronounced hopeless by the medical attendant, it is only well that the sick person should be told so. It does not often devolve upon the nurse to do this, but in some cases it does, and to keep the person in the dark concerning his state is often culpably wrong. When it is clearly her duty to tell him she should exercise tact as to the time and method of doing so.

CONSIDERATION.

The consideration which a nurse should have for her patient simply means that she should endeavour to put herself in his place and do all in her power to save him from annoyance of every kind, and to do to him as she would be done by.

A considerate nurse never whispers in the sick-room, nor does she talk in low tones just outside his half-open bed-room door.

A considerate nurse will remember if she is going out to say so simply to the patient, adding how long she intends to be away. It will save him from wondering, speculating, and worrying during her absence.

It is always undesirable to discuss the patient or his treatment before him. The nurse should meet the doctor outside the sick-room and give her report. She should first of all answer all his questions and then give him any necessary particulars which her answers have not contained. She should then ask anything she needs to inquire.

A considerate nurse will not sit on the patient's bed, and she should never read out to him unless he asks her to do so. Any work that she does in the sick-room should be noiseless, and on no account should she turn over leaves noisily or read a newspaper, the crackling of which is most irritating to hear.

When she is not wanted the nurse should sit down quietly and not wander about the room. She should not consult the patient beforehand as to his food, but bring up what is ordered or by skilful questions find out his tastes. She should never taste the patient's food with the spoon he is going to use.

A nurse has often a good deal of trouble in settling the question of visitors. Here what is good for the individual as well as his own wishes in the matter must be consulted. Some people mope and get depressed if they do not see people; others like to have more society than is good for them, while many cannot bear visitors at all. If the latter come, however, they should never be admitted at meal-time. The afternoon is better than the morning for their visits, and they should sit where the patient can see them easily. If the illness is dangerous or infectious, the visitor should sit between the door and the bed and not between the fireplace and the bed. The reason of this is, that in the first-named position the current of air is from the door to the bed, and the guest gets nothing at all from the patient, whereas in the latter the air comes laden with the breath and any odour that may come from the patient or bed. The family of a sick person should always be considered by a good nurse. Although it is undoubted that in cases of illness there should be one individual to take the leadership in the sick-room and one or at most two people made responsible for the patient; still, where there is illness, various members of the family like to feel that they are helping, and very often the nurse quite forgets to consider them, causing to them a very great deal of needless suffering in consequence. The misery of feeling that someone loved is ill and that you cannot do anything for them is very great. A considerate nurse will make the family feel that each member is helping in some way or other. She will never forget to give messages; she will let the boys do errands for her; the girls help by taking a turn in the sick room if possible and doing various small things for the invalid, and no one will feel left out in the cold.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

This indeed is a very necessary virtue in a nurse. She ought to be actuated by high principles and ever remember the responsibility of her work. She should be loyal to the doctor and be strictly truthful. Should she ever forget to carry out any instruction she should honestly tell him of it. This loyalty to the medical man will prevent her from disparaging him, whatever may be her own private opinion of him. To attempt to weaken the patient's faith in his doctor is a very cruel thing to do, for belief in the doctor has a great deal to do with the medicine and treatment he prescribes being effectual.

FORESIGHT AND METHOD.

A nurse should look ahead and have all the wants in the room, or the room adjoining, ready for when it is needed. When soda-water is wanted for example, is not the time to find out that it should have been ordered in the day before.

Before settling for the night, the nurse should have all she is likely to want at hand, for it is very disturbing to the patient to have to be going out of the room for various things.

THE NURSE HERSELF.

Perfect cleanliness is absolutely indispensable in a nurse. She should keep herself

perfectly clean by a daily bath, or if that is impossible by washing herself all over—excepting her hair—daily. Her hair should be in order and her nails well kept. A nurse's dress ought to be of some washing material, but not much starched. She should wear shoes that do not make any noise, and never walk about a sick-room in heeled boots or shoes. Her walk should be firm and natural. To glide about the room or walk on tip-toe is most irritating.

A nurse should take care of her own health, as she will then be better able to perform her duty to the patient. She should have seven hours' consecutive sleep, if possible, not in the patient's room, and for that she should undress fully and get right into bed. Sleeping dressed is no rest at all, and the nurse will never rise fresh for her duties. An hour in the fresh air every day is also desirable for her to have.

The nurse should take sufficient food, and the amount of stimulant to which she is accustomed—if any—with it. Stimulants should never be taken in between meals or by way of a fillip when tired. Some food should always be taken in the night by any one who has to sit up at night, and beef-tea, tea, or coffee will be found most refreshing.

When father returned he seemed in very good spirits and had a great deal to tell me about America. Aunt Elsie was delighted to see him back again, and he was astonished at finding her so well. Certainly there was a great improvement in her since she had been moved into the brighter room and had all the small things for her comfort which Maggie thought of, and we together carried out for her. The bed-table had proved a very great comfort, and she now wondered how she had ever done without it. Father gave her a writing-pad as a present, with ink and all secured to it so that she could write her letters in comfort.

After a bit father told us that he was going to be married again, and that he was engaged to an American lady whom he had met in Chicago. We were all very pleased to hear it, and thought she looked charming from her photograph.

She came over to be married in London, and was staying with some cousins of hers. We all liked her, and then I told father, when they came back from their tour in Switzerland, of my wish to become a nurse. Father's marriage of course set me free to carry out my wish, and they both gave their sanction and approval. So I am going next winter to St. A——'s to train, and I do hope I may succeed.

I think I shall like nursing very much, for although I know there will be a great deal that will be disagreeable, that I shall find much that I greatly care for. Maggie has married and gone out to India, where her husband's regiment is stationed, and she writes and tells me that she finds her knowledge of nursing most useful.

My ambition is to nurse the poor in their own homes as Maggie used to do. Many of them will not go to a hospital, and often the cases of illness are hardly serious enough for that; but it seems to me that this aspect of nursing is one of the most valuable. It is a great means to an end too, for as you help the poor in this practical way you get a hold over them and often have an opportunity of helping their souls as well as their bodies.

To relieve suffering is a noble work, and I do hope I may be able to do it and do it well. I shall try my best, not only for the scientific part of nursing, which I now see is a science and has to be learnt thoroughly and is most fascinating, but for the sake of Him who came to minister to the needs of others and who deigns to accept what is done to His poor suffering creatures as if done to Himself.

[THE END.]

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.



IT was July again, the time of summer and flowers, and with Monica Laing the unpleasant incidents of the night at the pantomime were almost forgotten. It was this faculty of being able to forget all that was painful that possibly preserved the creamy softness of her skin—there was never a shadow of care in her large dreamy eyes, nor a wrinkle to be seen on her forehead. For a moment, perhaps, when she had read the list of those who had been injured in the crush, she had felt glad that her name did not figure among them, and then she had turned to smell the beautiful bouquet of flowers that had been left for her, and thanked the nameless sender. Was it David, or Mr. Dayrell, she wondered?

But that had been long ago. She was not thinking of that now as she sat again on the lawn at Boscombe Hall—her usual summer resort. It was a wonderful place for subjects for sketches. There was quite a goodly company at the Hall at present; Deborah and her mother were spending their holidays there, and the Professor and his wife thought that they could not do better than come down to this quiet old-world place for part of the summer vacation, and with them came a baby and a nurse, a baby that seemed to Deborah the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. She would spend hours of every day with that baby, bribing the nurse occasionally to let her have it all to herself, so that gradually the baby earned the *sobriquet* of "Deborah's doll."

"I can't think what you find so charming in that small red thing in long clothes," said Monica, looking at Deborah as she sat on the grass by her side nursing the baby in question.

"It's so lovely and small, and so funny," explained Deborah; "and she's so good with me. It's ever so much better to play with her than it was to play with the doll Mr. David—I mean Mr. Russell, gave me years ago, when I was a little thing; only then, I remember, I used to pretend it was alive, and that it was you."

"Thank you for nothing! I hope I'm not like a doll. By the way, Mr. David, as you persist in calling him, is coming to-day, I believe."

"Oh," cried Deborah, in her excitement nearly dropping the baby, "how lovely! Aren't you glad?" and then she stopped short and coloured, feeling as if she had been guilty of impertinence, for nothing had ever happened after the night of the fire. No engagement had been declared, and Deborah sometimes wondered if she had dreamed that Mr. Russell had called Monica "darling."

There was not a shade of embarrassment in her manner now, as she burst into a little laugh.

"You are a queer enthusiastic child. I don't know that I am particularly glad. He is pleasant enough."

The speech grated on Deborah intolerably, and she rose and carried off the baby to the house, cooing at it as she went. On her way she met her grandfather, and noticed with pain how feeble he was growing, and how his feet dragged occasionally in his walk, although he made a conscious effort to lift them. He stopped when he came up to her.

"Don't you waste a good deal of time over the child, my dear? Surely you have some holiday task that you ought to work at in the morning. Look at Miss Laing; she is nearly always at work and it is of the utmost importance that you get on. You are young and cannot, perhaps, realise how important it is that you make the best use of your opportunities."

"Yes, grandfather," said Deborah gently, tears rising to her eyes. "Perhaps I've forgotten for a day or two—since the baby came. It's so pretty and little; but I won't play with it any more in the morning. I'm trying to be clever; I am really."

A sad little smile played round Mr. Menzies' mouth.

"I think you are, my dear. Your report was a very high one, and perhaps I am too eager. I don't want to urge you beyond your strength, but you must not forget to do your best—for my sake and your mother's."

The old man made no reference to the son on whom his hopes had centred. The years passed on and Deborah's father seemed no nearer his goal. He came from time to time and went away again to "make his fortune," but all visible sign of that fortune was an occasional driblet of money that he sent home to his wife and daughter.

Deborah passed on to the house with self-reproach in her heart.

"You darling," she said; "you pretty little darling, I must not let you make

me waste my time; but every afternoon, baby, I shall come for you, and that won't be wicked."

It chanced that that afternoon the Professor proposed to take Deborah for a walk, and she gladly accepted his offer, for she wanted to talk to him of many things. Out of school hours she had learned to recognise him as her friend, to whom she could talk of all her difficulties.

They had scarcely started before she burst out with the question that was all-important to her at that moment.

"Mr. Norwood, please tell me when I shall earn money, and what at?"

Mr. Norwood laughed.

"A large order, Deborah. There are lots of things girls can do nowadays. They can be typists, or shorthand clerks; they can write, and lecture, or they can be medical missionaries. I don't recommend this last, for choice."

"Oh," said Deborah dejectedly, "you are laughing at me, and I'm not a bit in joke. I want to know so that I can work hard, very hard, because of grandfather."

The earnestness of her tone appealed to the Professor.

"If I knew that I was likely to do any one thing well I would work specially hard at that one thing; I would think of it always. But I'm not like Monica; I can't draw a line straight, and I'm not musical. What can I do?"—despairingly.

"Several things," remarked Mr. Norwood quietly. "I fancy in time to come you could write, but the path of literature is a thorny one. I don't advise you to try it, but you have a talent that is stronger than your one for writing. You could be a professional reciter; I am sure of it, and your training might be going on coincidently with your school work."

Deborah caught her breath:

"Do you mean it?" she said, with hope in her voice.

"Yes. I don't mean that you are one now, remember. You could be trained for one; you have a rather remarkable talent for it. I did not mean to tell you at present, and of course you will not say anything about the object you have in view; but to-day you are out of heart and want encouragement."

Deborah nodded, her heart too full to speak.

"And what shall I do during the holidays?" she asked presently.

"Spend your spare time in learning things—good poetry, or prose—by heart. Keep to quite simple things at first, like the "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," by Jean Ingelow. Read it again and again, until your mind is saturated with the situation, until it is before you like a living picture; then begin to learn it with absolute accuracy and fidelity to the author, line by line, verse by verse, then come and say it to me."

"Oh, how kind you are!" cried Deborah, in a passion of gratitude; but the Professor waived her thanks and turned the conversation into other channels.

Deborah never forgot that afternoon's walk, when she deliberately made choice of profession. Her feet seemed literally to dance along in the sunshine, her heart was singing with joyousness. She was so full of happiness that she quite forgot the piece of news that Monica had told her that morning, that her friend, Mr. Russell, might be expected to appear in the course of the day, so it was with a start of surprise that she saw his knicker-bockered figure coming to meet her down the drive upon her return.

"Why, Deborah, you are growing by feet, not by inches!" he exclaimed, kindly taking her hand; and Deborah, with an expression almost as innocent as a child's, looked joyfully into his face and reiterated the question she had asked him when they had first met in the dell years ago.

"Have you come to stay?"

"I think so, I hope so, for a bit at any rate," he replied, a little shyly.

"And that will depend on the beautiful Monica," thought the Professor to himself.

The next morning Deborah carried off her Jean Ingelow to the dell. She found a comfortable seat in the root of a tree all cushioned with moss, and gave herself up to her studies. It is a wonderful poem that "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," and Deborah read and re-read it, till it was before her like life; the old woman in her doorway looking out across the flat green pastures to where "the level sun, like ruddy ore, lay sinking in the barren skies," for her son's "fair wife Elisabeth," whose figure showed "dark against day's golden death."

She could hear the sweet music of the voice that called the cows to "rise and follow to the milking shed." It was all so present with her that she literally started with surprise when the voices of two people drawing near to the dell brought her back from her world of fiction to everyday life. She closed the book and leant back against the root of the tree. The voices were close to her now, and she recognised them as those of David and Monica. She half thought of clambering up the dell and joining them, but on second thoughts it seemed wiser to leave them alone; they might not want her company. Greatly to her dismay, however, they came to a standstill at the top of the dell. She was completely hidden from view in her rustic seat. David was talking eagerly, passionately.

"I have tried to be patient, Monica, but I must have an answer now—to-day. I can wait no longer. My love must have been an open secret to you since the night of the fire, but you have evaded me, for what reason I do not know, but I have made my opportunity now. I have come down here on purpose to ask you to be my wife."

CHAPTER IX.

DEBORAH'S heart beat loudly in her ears. What, oh what, ought she to do? To declare herself was well-nigh impossible, it would put her friend in such an uncomfortable position; to stay where she was seemed terribly dishonourable, but what was she to do? She crouched further back in her place of concealment and still the passionate pleading poured on overhead.

"It is not as if it were a new idea, a sudden fancy, Monica," went on David. "You have lived in my heart since I was a boy; I was scarcely more when I left England, only then *I knew it* would be sheer foolishness to speak. I had nothing to offer you, but I am in a different position now. I could keep you in comfort, I could love you as surely never girl has been loved before——"

Then Monica's voice interrupted, and Deborah heard a note of agitation in it. For once her smiling placidity was disturbed.

"Please don't say any more, I can't let you say any more, for I am not free; I am engaged to—Mr. Dayrell."

Deborah clasped her hands tightly together, and found her breath coming and going in quick gasps. How could she, how could she listen to Mr. Dayrell when David cared for her, and she must have known it! Had not she, Deborah, who was only a school-girl, found it out?

She scarcely knew the voice that spoke next, so sharpened with pain was David's tone.

"Has this engagement been for long, for, if so, I think you might have told me and spared me? Was it an understood thing before the night of the fire at the pantomime, for example?"

The "No" that was given in answer to the question was said so low that it was almost inaudible.

"After that then, soon after that?"

"The next day after it, if you will have the truth," replied Monica, defiantly, "but I don't know by what right you question me like this."

"By this right," said David, speaking slowly, with painful effort to keep calm, "that you must have known, you could not help knowing that night, that I cared for you. When you promised yourself to another man you might have put me out of my misery; you need not have let me writhe on in alternate hope and despair for six months."

Monica broke into an angry little laugh. "It surely would have been intolerably forward on my part to take it for granted that you meant to propose to me. I have not put myself in your way; I did not ask you to come here."

"You allowed it; I wrote and asked if you would mind my coming, and your answer was that I was free to please myself, and surely you must have guessed my purpose. It seems to me that when anyone as beautiful as yourself is definitely engaged to one man it is, to say the least, a little hard on her other admirers to keep it dark, but I suppose beautiful women like you get to know their power and like to count their scalps, reckon the hearts they have broken on their fingers."

"I won't allow you to talk to me like this! Raymond and I had our own reasons for wishing the engagement kept quiet. There was another girl, an heiress, that an aunt who has promised to leave him all her property, wished him to marry; it might have made all

the difference to our future if we had declared our engagement six months ago, but the girl is engaged now to somebody else, and Raymond has gone down to his aunt this week to tell her that he will marry me. I would not give this explanation to many, but I do to you because I am sorry for you; you have been causelessly rude to me, however."

"Have I?" said David, humbly, "then I apologise. People in great bodily or mental pain don't always stay to consider their words, and I am giving up the hope of my life," and his voice was husky.

Deborah knew then that he had gone, for she heard the sound of his uneven footsteps across the grass. Monica was still there; her dress rustled softly against the paling, but after about five minutes Deborah heard her walk away in the direction of the house.

Then Deborah started to her feet. She would have given all she possessed to blot out the past half hour. She felt guilty and miserable, for she knew the conversation she had overheard had not been intended for her ears. Ought she to follow the two straight away and tell them she had been hidden there, or would that make them both more miserable and uncomfortable? She reproached herself bitterly for not having stuffed her fingers in her ears so as not to have heard what was going on, but in her excitement and distress the idea had not suggested itself to her. She bethought her of a story she had read in a paper of a woman who had been hidden behind a curtain during a freemason's meeting, and had been discovered, and was made to swear to keep secret all that she had heard on that eventful night. She did not know if the story were true or not, but it seemed to give her a clue as to the way she ought to act now. She had not intended to play the part of eavesdropper, and what she had heard should be kept absolutely secret all her life. She would tell nobody. It was a dreadful thing to have to keep a thing to yourself; it made her feel almost wicked, and yet she knew herself to be innocent of any intention to do wrong.

She walked back to the house with the volume of poetry tucked under her arm, very sad and sick at heart, for a trouble had befallen her that morning; her childish idol had fallen from its pedestal and could never be put up again. Miss Laing might be as beautiful as ever to look at, but she was not good or kind, and she had given Mr. Russell dreadful pain, and she did not seem to mind, and it was not right of her, Deborah decided, to have been engaged all that long time and not mention it, just because it had to do with money. She had not questioned Monica's conduct on any point before, but somehow the veil was rudely torn away, and she saw her as she really was, vain, cold, and selfish. The awakening was dreadfully painful, and tears were running down Deborah's face when she went up to her room to take off her hat. What woman is there who cannot remember a like shattering of a childish idolatry? Until to-day Deborah had been in many ways unusually childish for her fourteen years, but between breakfast and luncheon she had taken, all unawares, a sudden leap onward. She had begun to form her own judgments of life and the actions of others.

She suffered an agony of apprehension during lunch lest any one should ask her where she had spent her morning, but the Professor only nodded at her good-naturedly as much as to say he understood why she had absented herself, and no one else seemed interested in her actions, except her mother who remarked that she looked tired and she trusted that she was not going to overwork herself during the holidays. Deborah shook her head quickly. When she dared to look about her she saw that David had seated himself at the end of the table near her grandfather, with whom he carried on incessant conversation about Indian affairs, and Monica was not present.

"Miss Laing is very poorly," old Mrs. Menzies announced presently. "I fancy the sun was too hot for her this morning. Is it not a pity, Mr. Norwood, that Mr. Russell must leave us to-day? But his leave is drawing to a close, he tells me, and of course his mother must grudge every hour he is away from her."

Mr. Norwood murmured his regret at David's untimely departure, and Deborah looked down at her plate. Would this secret of hers weigh for ever like a mill-stone about her neck, or would she sometimes be able to forget it? How thankful she was when the meal was ended and she could get away. She did not even feel as if she could go up to the nursery, for she could not settle to anything until she knew when Mr. Russell was going away. She was not left long in doubt, for the village fly hove in sight, and the worried housemaid struggled downstairs, carrying a portmanteau.

An irresistible impulse seized Deborah to run away from that good-bye. She was afraid of betraying herself; she was so intensely sorry for her friend, and almost before she knew what she was doing she was running with light steps, and her hair flying behind her in the wind, across the lawn to the old walled garden. She reached the door and was about to open it, when she felt a firm hand pulling it from the inside, and there stood before her Mr. Russell.

"Why, Deborah," he said, "you are flying as if the hounds were after you. I was taking a last look round the old place before I go away. I have grown fond of it somehow, and I don't suppose I shall ever see it again."

"Shan't you come here again then?"

"It is not likely. I'm going back to India, and it will be years, six or seven years at least, before I shall be home again, and who knows what may happen between now and then. Besides, you will be a grown-up young lady and will have forgotten me."

"No," said Deborah, simply, "I didn't forget before."

David gave rather a sad little smile; the girl's genuine friendship comforted him.

"True! you've been a very faithful friend, and I should like to keep your friendship always."

Then he paused and looked into the girl's true eyes. "There is a message I want you to deliver for me. Will you bid Miss Laing good-bye for me and say that I was a brute and apologise; just that and nothing more?"

Deborah turned white to the very lips. Had he guessed, she wondered! But David had only given her the message because he felt instinctively that he could trust the girl before him.

"Must I say it?" stammered Deborah.

"I should be grateful to you if you would, for no man likes to leave a house with the feeling that he has been rude to a lady in it."

"I will tell her then," promised Deborah.

"Thank you; I must be off, for I see the fly waiting at the door. Good-bye, kind, faithful, little friend."

He shook hands and was gone.

There was a funeral that afternoon, for Deborah, after she had watched the fly out of sight, went to her room and took out the doll David had given her years ago that always travelled about with her, but she had no further affection for it. Had she not called it Miss Laing in her rapture of devotion? But now it gave her no pleasure to think of her friend, nor did the doll with its face that had faded from pink to waxy yellow bring any pleasant memory to her mind. She folded it in paper and carried it hurriedly downstairs, snatching up a trowel from the corner of the hall where she knew her grandmother kept her gardening tools. Then she ran off to the dell.

"It is not a bit of good keeping you any longer; it only makes me sorry, and yet, you know, I could not give you away to anybody else, so there's nothing left but to bury you," she said, apologetically, as she scooped a big hole at the bottom of the dell not far from the graves of her fir-cones that she had buried years ago, but dolly lay, staring with hard black eyes at the sky overhead, and made no remonstrance.

Presently she was laid with gentle hands in her grave which was lined with moss, and the earth was heaped upon her, and then Deborah, in a very passion of sorrow, threw herself on her face and sobbed her heart out, but her grief was more for her shattered ideal than for the doll which had represented it; by which it will be seen that, notwithstanding her inches and her secret, she was not so very grown up after all.

That evening, with blushes and stammering, she delivered David's message to Monica.

"Did he say that?" said Monica, rousing herself into a sitting position on the sofa. "I'm glad of it, for he was very rude to me. He made me quite ill."

And Deborah, on her side, was glad that she had buried the doll. In her anger she could have stamped upon its grave.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

DAISY.—We do not see how bismuth carbonate and glycerine could affect superfluous hairs. There is no chemical agent, to our knowledge, which will remove superfluous hairs without great danger to the face. The paste of bismuth and glycerine could do no harm; so there is no reason why you should not try it, if you think it is worth the pence that the application costs, but we repeat that we see no way how this agent could affect superfluous hairs.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—We cannot tell you the cause of your malady, and as we cannot discuss the question in this column, we fear that we are unable to give you much help. The most important question is, how long have you been ill? If you have only been so lately you may expect to be readily cured. The best advice we can give you is to go to a specialist, or the special department at a hospital. Do not take any medicine unless ordered to do so by a doctor; and, above all, abstain from taking patent nostrums, which are made to sell and not to cure any but imaginary ills. You had better read the articles we published last year on "indigestion" and diet.

M. J. B. H.—Habitual looseness of the bowels must be due to some cause. You expressly state that you are perfectly healthy otherwise and that you have no pain. We would therefore seek for a cause either in your diet, your method of living, or in "nervousness," or individual peculiarity. As regards your diet, there seems to be nothing that could cause diarrhœa, and beyond taking your food lukewarm or cold, and taking a more solid diet, we cannot suggest any other alteration. As regards medicinal agents the less you have to do with them the better. If you have to use any, we advise the catechu powder of the pharmacopœia. A little powdered chalk or aromatic sulphuric acid is also very serviceable.

ELSIE.—The fact that your brother died of "brain fever" need not interfere with your marriage if you are perfectly healthy yourself, and if your parents do not suffer from tuberculosis. Brain fever is a popular name for several diseases, but is most often applied to tuberculosis of the brain. It is by no means uncommon, indeed we might almost say that it was the rule, for one member of a large family to die of tubercle. You do not stand the slightest extra risk of insanity because your brother died of brain fever.

REGINA.—Your heart may be at fault, and if it is, that is quite sufficient to account for all your symptoms. Have your chest examined, and get a definite opinion as to the state of your heart. One or two symptoms that you mention suggest that your trouble may be due to some nervous affection; but until you know, definitely, whether or not your heart is healthy, it is impossible to say anything with certainty.

DESPAIR.—"Do you think it is possible for a girl to get over nervousness when she has reached her nineteenth year?" Most decidedly it is more than possible—it is almost certain! Girls are shyer at about your age than at any other. You will get over your trouble if you make a point of trying to do so. The great thing is not to sit in a corner and remain quiet because you are afraid of talking to anybody less you should say something indiscreet or ridiculous. Be a woman and talk to everybody of each sex whenever you can, and the less you think of your trouble the sooner will it leave you. It is difficult to say at what age the character and intelligence are fully developed—it varies in every individual. About twenty-five years of age is the usual period; often the full character is not developed till thirty-five, forty, or even fifty years of age. It is never developed till twenty-two. At your age (nineteen) the mind is passing from the puerile to the adult condition; it will probably develop for six or eight years more before it assumes the fully-developed state. The person who told you that nervousness showed weakness of intellect did not know what he was talking about. There is no connection of any kind between the two. Self-conceit often goes with ignorance, but that is a different matter.

IVY.—The cause of one side of your face becoming flushed is probably either indigestion or anæmia, or both of these together. These are the commonest causes, but there are others. Your information is too scanty for us to give you a more definite answer.

E. M. C.—Wash your eyes with warm solution of boracic acid every morning. You can make the lotion for yourself by dissolving one ounce of boracic acid in three pints of hot water. Use this diluted with an equal quantity of hot water.

DESMOND.—Olive oil is not a bad substitute for cod-liver oil, but it is hardly likely to agree when the latter cannot be taken. Cod-liver oil is the most nutritious and least indigestible of the fixed oils. The best substitute, when cod-liver oil cannot be taken in any form, is undoubtedly thick rich cream.

JANETTE.—In all probability your daughter cannot read because her eyes are not normal. Take her to an oculist; she will have to wear glasses.

SEMPER PARATUS.—The habit of taking tonics is a most disastrous one, and, unfortunately, it is far more common now than it ever was before. A person feels a little run down, and at once he comes to the conclusion that he wants a tonic, and takes, let us say, quinine and iron. Of those persons who at the present time are taking a course of tonic medicine, we may safely aver that at least ninety per cent. are doing themselves injury thereby. Let alone the fact that we do not possess any drug which produces the effects that are supposed to be the action of tonics! Quinine is a powerful drug, it is a useful drug; but it is so constantly misused, that it is almost a question whether its introduction into England has been a blessing. Quinine is to a certain extent a tonic; it is valuable in many diseases, in some fevers it is almost invaluable; but as it is taken so largely in made-up "tonics," which are taken by various members of the community to cure the results of laziness or overeating, it is a dangerous and useless preparation. There are many cases in which a course of the so-called tonics is highly desirable. After an illness, especially if it has been very prolonged, a short course of a suitable tonic is almost necessary. What we so strongly object to is the habit of taking tonics to improve the appetite—in other words, to enable people to eat more than is good for them without feeling the immediate inconvenience! A constant feeling of "tiredness," and occasional headaches, are always met with in people who take tonics in excess or for too long a time. It is highly probable that you are anæmic, and if so, a short course of iron taken, not as a tonic, but as a blood former, may do you good. But attention to the laws of diet and exercise is the most important, and the most frequently neglected, of all medicinal measures.

HEATH.—Deafness is by no means uncommonly due to wax in the ear. You may have almost total deafness from this cause. Syringing out the ears will always rid them of wax, but it is not always easy to thoroughly syringe out an ear. Often the wax gets to be of stony hardness and is exceedingly difficult to remove. You will find an account of how to syringe out the ears in an article on the ear which appeared in the November number of last year of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

ROXANE.—The best thing your sister could do would be to give up teaching for a time. It is the constant talking which produces laryngeal catarrh. In England we call the condition "Clergyman's Throat," because it is very common among clergymen and others who have to use their voices for prolonged periods. A spray of menthol in paroleine (1 in 8), or of bicarbonate of soda in water (1 in 30), is often very useful in this condition. An inhalation of steam impregnated with benzoic acid (made by adding one teaspoonful of compound tincture of benzoin to a jug of hot water) is also very soothing. Astringent lozenges are useful, especially after the voice has been used for too long at a time.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

TULIP.—1. The English form of the name you mention is usually spelt Cicely or Cecily, not Cecile. The Italian pronunciation of Cecile would be Chay-chee-lay, which you would scarcely use for an English girl. The French pronunciation would be Say-seal. Cecile is neither one thing nor the other; but in a case of the kind there is no absolute right or wrong.—2. There is the foundation of a good hand in your writing, but it is too black. Would any English girl of about fifteen care to correspond with "Tulip"?

SPIDER.—The verses you enclose are quite correct as to metre, accent and rhyme. The rhymes may come on two alternate, or two consecutive lines.

SWEET MARIE.—We have placed your first quotation in "Our Open Letter-Box," but your second—

> "Men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things"—

is from Tennyson's *In Memoriam* i., stanza 1.

FLORENCE A. WALLIS.—You have some gift of expression, but blank verse needs to be specially poetical to atone for the absence of rhyme. The length of the lines is correct at first, but changes in—

> "Then, wherefore am I blind? Ay, patter on, ye fools,
> Whose undimmed eyes behold the sun."

This is a defect. We also consider that the incident of the baby burned to death before her mother's eyes is too painful, and that it is a mistake to represent the Divine Being as arranging a death which must have been due to carelessness on the part of some one in charge. It would dishonour God to represent Him as gratified, or satisfied, through such unconscientiousness as this implies. Many thanks for your letter.

MAY BIRD.—Your fancies in "Grandad's Garden" are pretty. "The red-coated gladiola" is an incorrect line; but you give a very sweet sketch of the Devonshire flowers.

TOTTIE (Holland).—There is a lovely "Romance" by Rubinstein that might, we think, suit you. Probably your music seller would procure it for you. We know an illustrious Dutch musical professor who frequently gives it to his English pupils of about your age. The "Valse Caprice," by Felix Borowski, might not be too difficult, but we advise you to try the "Romance."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MAUD INGLIS, Ingleside, Carlton Terrace, Christchurch, New Zealand, would be glad to correspond with a French girl of between 18 and 20 years of age.

LEILA BAWEN, aged 17, of the Lodge, Stoke S. Milburgha, Ludlow, would like to correspond with LYS DE FRANCE, or, if she has found a correspondent, with another French girl.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

"SAXIFRAGA" kindly informs "AN INQUIRER" that the sketch "Choosing Christmas Cards" is by F. Anstey. It appeared in *Punch*, and is now published in *Voces Populi*. Saxifraga also inquires for the author of a piece of poetry entitled "The False Lights of Rosalie," and where she may find it?

SWEET MARIE asks the source of the following quotation:—

> "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep,
> and you weep alone."

GOLD DUST inquires for a poem entitled "Bargains." She believes it to be American.

BELLUM wishes to be enlightened as to the name and composer of a humorous song which treats of "Second-hand Love." She thinks it is an old ditty, and it appears from her description to be something after the style of "Sigh no more, ladies."

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

WEST COWES (*Holiday Engagements*).—Governesses for the holidays only are frequently engaged on what are called "mutual terms." This, being interpreted, means that the employer provides board, lodging, and sometimes laundry and travelling expenses, but pays no salary. Such posts, however, are difficult to obtain, and it would be wise to begin advertising early. It is possible you might be helped if you applied to the Governesses' Home, 47, Harley Street, W.

CHALONS (*Librarianship*).—Women are not at present largely employed as librarians, and the salaries they receive are for the most part extremely low. In the literary weekly papers you will occasionally see vacancies advertised, and when a man is not definitely asked for, there would be no harm in your offering yourself. But you should beware of saying that you would do the work for lower pay than is offered. Women have the reputation of underselling their male competitors; and any tendency of this kind should especially be guarded against in reference to librarianships, the salaries being already extremely low. In a beginner the qualifications most required are a good general education, including a knowledge of languages, and some aptitude for business routine. The special duties, such as cataloguing can only be learnt in actual practice.

KATHARINE (*Designing*).—We are sorry if your former letter has gone astray. We do not remember having heard from you before. When you say, "I do not think amateur painting is of much use as a means of earning money," we entirely agree with you. Other girls, if they could realise this fact, would not waste time as they do in painting landscapes, flowers, etc., for which they can obtain nothing when money is needed. Nearer than London we do not think you could obtain the practical teaching you require. Such a school as the Chiswick School of Arts and Crafts would be best suited to your purpose. Do not forget, however, that, in addition to the designing of wall-papers, carpets, etc., illustrating for the press and fashion-drawings pay well. At the Royal Female School of Art, Queen Square, there are good teachers of fashion-drawing as well as other kinds of work.

ALYSSUM (*Deaconesses*).—We are not quite sure to which deaconesses' society you refer. There are many institutions where women are trained for the career of deaconesses. Among the most important of these are the Deaconess' Training Institution, 41, Fernlower Road, Mildmay Park, London, N., and the Deaconess House and Foreign Missionary Training Institute, 1, Blackburn Terrace, Liverpool. You might write to the secretary of either of these institutions for rules and particulars. You ask whether a deaconess is "highly remunerated"? To this we must certainly answer in the negative. Missionary and philanthropic work can seldom be well paid for. It is usually supported by subscriptions from religious and charitable people, and the missionaries are content to live sparingly.

SAVOURY DISHES WITHOUT MEAT.

Curried Eggs.

Ingredients.—Two onions, one apple, one ounce and a half of butter, one tablespoonful of curry powder, one dessertspoonful of grated cocoanut, one teaspoonful of chutney, one teaspoonful of red currant jelly, half a pint of milk, five hard-boiled eggs, one teacupful of rice, a teacupful of water, a dessertspoonful of cornflour.

Method.—Wash the rice and boil it for twelve minutes in boiling water. Drain it off and dry it on a sieve in front of the fire. Chop the onions, mix the curry powder with a teacupful of water and put it in a saucepan with the butter, chopped onions and the apple cut very small. Cook all together until the water has boiled away, and the onion is frying in the butter. Add the milk, put on the lid and let all simmer gently half an hour. Chop the chutney and add it to the sauce, mix the cornflour smoothly with a little water, stir it in and let the sauce boil; add salt to season and the red currant jelly. Cut one of the hard-boiled eggs into eight pieces to garnish the dish with; cut the other four into small pieces and warm them in the sauce. Arrange the rice round a hot dish, pour the eggs in the middle and arrange the pieces round.

Macaroni Cheese.

Ingredients.—Quarter of a pound of macaroni, quarter of a pound of stale yellow cheese, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of made mustard, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the macaroni until tender in fast-boiling water with the lid off for twenty minutes, drain well; grate the cheese. Mix the flour smoothly with a little of the milk; boil the rest and then stir in the mixed flour and the butter. Stir and cook well, add pepper, salt, mustard and two-thirds of the cheese; stir in the macaroni and pour all in a greased pie-dish; sprinkle the rest of the cheese on the top and brown in front of the fire.

Potatoes and Cheese.

Ingredients.—Eight large potatoes, three ounces of cheese, half an ounce of dripping, pepper and salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, brown crumbs.

Method.—Boil the potatoes and mash them with the dripping; grate the cheese and stir it into the potatoes; add pepper and salt and the parsley, and put all in a greased pie-dish; sprinkle brown crumbs over the top and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.

Macaroni and Tomatoes.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of well-cooked macaroni, one pound of tomatoes, quarter of a pound of grated cheese, bread-crumbs, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the macaroni as for macaroni cheese; cut the tomatoes in slices; arrange the macaroni, tomatoes and cheese in layers in a greased pie-dish, season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle bread-crumbs on the top; put little bits of dripping on the top and bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

Buttered Eggs and Tomatoes.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, one pound of tomatoes, one ounce of butter, a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Method.—Pick the tomatoes, wipe them and stand them on a greased tin with a little bit of dripping on each. Bake till tender in a moderate oven. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the eggs (well beaten), pepper and salt: stir until the eggs set, which will be in a minute or two. Arrange the tomatoes round a hot dish and pile the egg mixture on a square of toast in the middle.

Cauliflower and Cheese.

Ingredients.—A cauliflower, half a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, three ounces of ground cheese, pepper and salt.

Method.—Boil the cauliflower till tender and then drain it. Make a sauce of the flour, milk, pepper and salt and two ounces of the cheese in the same way as for macaroni cheese; lay the cauliflower on a hot dish and pour the sauce over the flower; sprinkle the rest of the cheese over and brown in front of the fire.

Fricasseed Eggs.

Ingredients.—Six soft-boiled eggs, three-quarters of a pint of milk, a blade of mace, a bay leaf, a small piece of onion, pepper and salt, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter.

Method.—Simmer the milk with the onion, mace, bay leaf, pepper and salt for half an hour. Add the butter and the flour mixed with a little cold milk; stir and boil well. Strain the sauce, shell the eggs and warm them unbroken in it. Serve in a rather deep dish.

Cheese Toast.

Ingredients.—Quarter of a pound of grated cheese, four eggs, two ounces of butter, a little cayenne, salt, and toast.

Method.—Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan, stir in the eggs (well beaten) and the grated cheese, cayenne and salt. Stir for two or three minutes until the mixture sets. Pour quickly on to squares of hot toast, and serve at once.

Salsify Fritters.

Ingredients.—One pound of salsify, quarter of a pound of flour, one tablespoonful of olive oil, the white of an egg, not quite a gill of tepid water, a pinch of salt, deep fat for frying.

Method.—Wash the salsify, cut off the green tops and scrape it white, putting it as you do so into cold water containing lemon juice; boil it until tender. Put the flour in a basin with the salt, mix it smoothly with the oil and the tepid water; lastly add the white of the egg very stiffly beaten. Cut the salsify into three-inch lengths and dry them in a cloth; sift flour over them. Have ready some deep fat for frying, heat it until a faint smoke rises from it, dip the salsify in the batter, coat it well, and with a skewer dip the pieces of salsify into the batter and fry a golden brown. Drain well on soft paper and serve dished in a pile. Hand tomato sauce with the fritters.

Spinach and Eggs.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of spinach, six eggs, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt.

Method.—Pick the stalks off the spinach and wash it very thoroughly, letting the tap run on it and turning it over and over. Rinse out a saucepan and put in the spinach; no water is needed. When tender press and drain well, melt the butter in the saucepan, put back the spinach and toss in it, adding pepper and salt. Arrange the spinach in a neat block on a hot dish and keep it hot while you poach the eggs. Have ready a small frying-pan with enough water in it to cover the eggs, let the water simmer and slip each egg carefully in from a teacup; when the white sets pick them up on a fish-slice and arrange them neatly on the spinach.

Vegetable Salad.

Ingredients.—A lettuce, cold cooked potatoes, carrots, turnips, peas, beans and beetroot, one gill of olive oil, one yolk, one gill of milk, one teaspoonful of cornflour, pepper, salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one small shalot, a pinch of castor sugar, vinegar.

Method.—Cut all the cooked vegetables, except the beetroot, into dice; cut the beetroot into star shapes. Mix the cornflour smoothly with the milk, boil it and let it get cold; put the yolk in a little basin, and with a wooden spoon work in the oil drop by drop; now mix it with the cold cornflour and milk, add pepper, salt, mustard, parsley, castor sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar and the shalot chopped; mix well with the cold cooked vegetables, saving the beetroot. Wash the lettuce and arrange it in the middle of a dish with the sauce and vegetables around. Decorate with the beetroot.

Savoury Omelet.

Ingredients.—Two eggs, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a tiny piece of chopped onion, three-quarters of an ounce of butter, pepper and salt, one teaspoonful of cold water.

Method.—Melt half an ounce of butter in an omelet pan and take away the scum; beat the eggs with the water, pepper and salt, stir in the parsley, onion and the rest of the butter broken in little bits; pour the eggs into the pan, shaking it all the time, while with a fork quickly lift up the egg as it sets and let the butter run underneath. When golden brown underneath and rather soft on the top fold carefully over and slide on to a hot plate. A clear fire is necessary to make an omelet properly.

Fox in the Bag.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, one pound of potatoes, six ounces of suet, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder.

Method.—Boil the potatoes, drain them and mash them; mix the flour with the salt and baking powder, add the suet (chopped) and the potatoes, mix well, tie in a scalded and floured cloth and boil two hours. Serve with good brown gravy.



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FRANZ SCHUBERT.

"I heard how one of Schubert spake, and cried
In accents that 'twas dolourful to hear:—
'This is that hungry nightingale that died,
Singing his song to the world's pitiless ear!'"—*Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.*

IN a suburb of Vienna, called Lichtenthal, there is a street which, at one time, bore the picturesque name of Himmelpfortgrund (Heaven's Gateway).

It was at "Heaven's Gateway" that Franz Schubert, the inventor of the modern song, was born. His father was the village schoolmaster, and his mother, like the mother of Haydn and of Beethoven, was a cook. Her name was Elizabeth Vitz, and Franz was her thirteenth child. After him a little girl was born, but of the fourteen children only five lived to grow up.

Franz was taught music at his father's school, and at eight years old he began to learn the violin. As his voice was remarkably beautiful he was sent to the village choirmaster, Michael Holzer, for singing lessons, but his new teacher was unable to keep pace with so rarely gifted a pupil.

"Whenever I wished to teach him anything," exclaimed the master, "I found he knew it already. In consequence I cannot be said to have given him lessons at all. I only amused myself, and regarded him with astonishment."

At eleven Franz was so far advanced that influential friends tried to obtain admission for him to the great Viennese school called the Stadt-Convict, which was in connection with the Imperial Chapel, and which had been founded for the education of Imperial choristers. The greatest, or rather the most popular, musicians of the day were at the head of this institution, and it was no easy task for the son of an obscure village schoolmaster to win their approbation.

One October morning Father Schubert presented himself before this august company, and begged a hearing for his son. While the father was pleading his cause, Franz was consigned to the tender mercies of the schoolboys in an outer hall. He was dressed in a curious little suit of grey, and as boys, from that day to this, can stand no originality in the matter of costume, poor Franz had a bad quarter of an hour. At first his tormentors were satisfied with nudgings and smothered laughter, but as their victim seemed to be quite impervious to their taunts, they gained courage, and very soon shouts of "Miller's boy! Miller's boy!" echoed through the hall. From this awkward position the child at last was rescued; and now he was brought before the great Salieri, to whom, in turn with other candidates, he had to sing.

High and pure soared the sweet treble voice. Even the mocking scholars were abashed as they listened to the wonderful tones, and the song was followed by a tremendous burst of applause, in which masters and boys joined indiscriminately.

Franz Schubert's entrance to the Stadt-Convict was won. The queer grey suit was changed for the gold-laced uniform of the Imperial chorister, and before a week was over he was the most popular boy in the school.

An orchestra composed entirely of the Convict scholars had been arranged, and



SCHUBERT.

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Franz was given the seat behind the leader, a boy much older than himself, called Joseph Spaun. When the first rehearsal began Spaun turned round to see who was playing so beautifully, and afterwards expressed his surprise on seeing "a queer little boy in spectacles." He seems to have made friends with the queer little boy, and to have won his shy confidence, for on Franz' telling him that he had already composed a number of pieces, but that he could not write down all his thoughts owing to want of paper, Spaun promised to supply this want, and for the rest of his time at the Convict a liberal supply of music-paper was always forthcoming.

The first composition of which we know anything was a Fantasia for pianoforte duett, called, after a poem by Schiller, "*Leichen-Fantasie.*" This was written in 1810, and was followed, in the succeeding year, by a number of instrumental pieces, and by, what is much more interesting for us, Schubert's first songs. Of these, "Hagar's Lament" appears to have been the principal one. Salieri was so much impressed by it that he sent the young composer to a musician called Ruczizka for harmony lessons, but Ruczizka's experience of his new scholar seems to have proved the same as Michael Holzer's. "He knows everything," exclaimed the Viennese master; "and God has been his teacher."

After five years of happy school-life, the boy's beautiful soprano voice began to break, and he had to leave the Imperial choir. His professors wished him to continue his studies at the Convict, but Franz had no heart for anything but music. He was now in his seventeenth year. His good mother was dead, his father had married again, and was weighed down by the responsibility of providing for a second family. The only course open to Franz was to accept the vacant position of assistant teacher in his father's school, and for three weary years he taught the alphabet and elementary arithmetic to a class of small, unruly children.

These years were not wasted, however, for in 1814 he composed his Mass in F, an extraordinarily beautiful work, which was performed at the centenary festival of the parish church at Lichtenthal. The seventeen-year-old composer conducted, and the mass was subsequently repeated at the Church of St. Augustine. But though the great Salieri applauded his young pupil enthusiastically, the exquisite composition was not given to the world until 1856—twenty-eight years after its composer's death. This is not surprising when we consider how very little recognition Schubert received during his lifetime. In the year 1815, when he was eighteen, he composed no less than one hundred and twenty-seven songs, among them being his dainty setting of Goethe's "*Haidenröslein*," the wonderful "*Wanderers Nachtlied*," and the still more wonderful "*Rastlose Liebe.*" The following year brought ninety-seven more songs, of which the "*Erlkönig*" and "*Der Wanderer*" are the most remarkable. Such an inexhaustible well-spring of melody seems absolutely incredible, but Schubert must have poured out his soul in song like the nightingale described by Coleridge.

> "That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
> With thick fast warble his delicious notes,
> As he were fearful that an April night
> Would be too short for him to utter forth
> His love chant, and disburthen his full soul
> Of all its music."

Well for us that he did so, for what was his short life but an April night, into which was crowded the ordinary work of decades?

Schubert's songs were composed in the most unlikely places, and often under the most unlikely circumstances. The one called "*Der Zwerg*" was written in a music shop, while he was holding an animated conversation with a friend. Another was jotted down in a garden restaurant on the back of his dinner bill, while the famous cycle, known as the "*Müllerlieder*," had an equally remarkable origin. Having been desired to call on the secretary of a great nobleman, and having been left waiting a short time in an ante-room, he took up a volume of Müller's poems which chanced to be lying on the table. He read a few lines, then put the volume in his pocket and walked off, without any further thought of the impending interview.

The next day the secretary called at Schubert's rooms to inquire for his book and received with it the first song. This happened in the year 1823, and Schubert was now twenty-six.

It must not be imagined that up to this time he had devoted himself exclusively to song composition. There is scarcely a form which he had not tried—operas, symphonies, sonatas, trios, quartettes, besides innumerable smaller works, had flowed from his inexhaustible brain in one ceaseless stream. But though he had several good friends who were anxious to serve him, he never succeeded in making his name known to the world. Publishers refused his scores, or gave him scant shillings for the copyright of works of deathless fame, and the composer of nine glorious symphonies, of over four hundred songs, and of chamber music that will be heard as long as men have ears to hear, never at any time enjoyed an income which exceeded £100 a year.

The squalid existence which he was thus forced to lead was not even the worst part of his cruel fate. The cold indifference of the world caused him much deeper anguish. In his diary, March 27th, 1823, there is the following entry:—"My musical compositions are the product of the understanding and spring from my sorrow. Those which are the product of pain alone please the great world."

It was Heine who penned the couplet—

> "Out of my great sorrows
> I make the little songs,"

but Heine's great sorrows were little ones in comparison with Schubert's.

The only public recognition the Viennese composer ever received, was an address accompanying a purse of one hundred guldens (about £10), which was sent to him in 1826 by the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*—the principal musical society of Vienna—"as a token of gratitude and esteem."

He repaid the compliment in princely style—with the manuscript of his greatest work, the glorious Symphony in C. This composition is now held to be the grandest orchestral tone-poem since Beethoven's ninth symphony, and it, too, was its composer's ninth. Most readers of this paper will have heard it, but should there be one to whom this joy has been denied, let her buy the arrangement for pianoforte duet in Peters' edition and play it with her most musical friend. Then, when she has filled her heart with its beauty, let her remember—he never heard it. The nightingale drooped his wings and died, died with the song pent up in his breast which was to delight a world. Alas, the pity of it!

The Society of Music Friends returned the gift to the donor. It was too long, too difficult, and the master was too unknown for them to waste their precious time rehearsing a composition so elaborate. The bundle of manuscript lay in a cupboard until 1840, when Schumann, the most appreciative of music lovers, making a pilgrimage to Vienna, discovered it at the house of the composer's brother, Ferdinand. The notes danced and whirled before the eyes of the delighted finder, and the treasure was forthwith despatched to Mendelssohn, then at the head of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

The ninth symphony had found its voice at last.

In 1826 Beethoven died, and amongst the thirty-eight torch-bearers who stood round the grave was Franz Schubert. After the funeral he adjourned with some friends to a neighbouring inn, where he filled two glasses with wine; the first glass he drank to the memory of Beethoven, the second to the memory of him who should follow Beethoven to the grave. In less than two years he was himself laid in the grave next but one to the master whom he had so passionately loved. He was only thirty-one years old, and on his tomb this epitaph was engraved:—

"Music buries here a rich treasure but still fairer hopes."

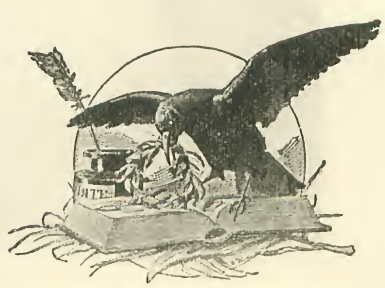
A small circle of friends wept for him, but outside Vienna no one knew Franz Schubert. He never married, and the only love story in which he plays a part is connected with his pupil, the beautiful young Countess Caroline von Esterhazy. With her a marriage was impossible, and her lover told his love only in music.

"Why do you never dedicate anything to me?" she asked, one day.

"Why should I?" he answered. "Is not everything I write dedicated to you?"

The pretty *Impromptus* and *Moments Musicals*, which every young girl loves to play, were all written for this young girl, to whom the composer sent up all his heart in music which can never die.

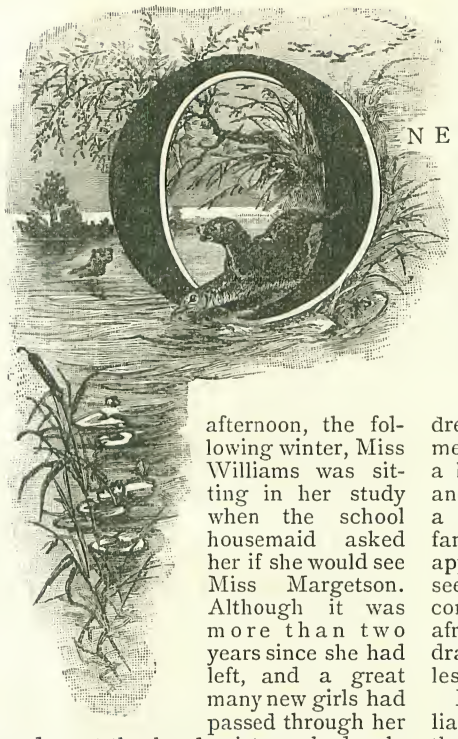
ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.



ONE afternoon, the following winter, Miss Williams was sitting in her study when the school housemaid asked her if she would see Miss Margetson. Although it was more than two years since she had left, and a great many new girls had passed through her hands, yet the head mistress had only to look one instant into her well-ordered mind to recall every detail of Beattie's school career. And although the young lady had not distinguished herself in any special branch of learning nor written a book, nor been first in a tripos, and had only been living what Miss Williams considered an empty society life, yet the austere lady received her with great friendliness, which Beattie, with a consciousness of her own insignificance in the school annals, found very reassuring. The study looked the same in every respect as on the first day that she had ever entered it; Miss Williams, too, appeared to be wearing the identical black dress which had seemed part of herself, and the cap with the mauve ribbon which Beattie once said had evidently protested against being made into bows, and had only permitted it on condition that the loops were all scientifically accurate in their dimensions.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Margetson," said Miss Williams, motioning Beattie to one of the stiff horse-hair chairs which had apparently been made with a view to preventing fleshly ease. "It is always a pleasure to see old girls. But I thought you had quite forgotten us all."

"Oh, no, dear Miss Williams," said Beattie. "I often wish I were back here again, only I have never felt I had much right to take up your time, knowing how much it is occupied." She hesitated as if about to say something else. But Miss Williams broke in—

"I am never too busy to take an interest in my pupils, old or new. And that reminds me of your friend, poor Edith Winter. Is it not dreadfully sad?"

"Edith?" said Beattie, somewhat startled both by Miss Williams' words and solemn manner. "I am sorry to say we have lost sight of each other during the past year or so. I hope nothing has happened to her?"

"Oh yes. It is a thousand pities. Such a promising girl too."

And as Miss Williams shook her head and sighed, Beattie half expected to hear that her old school friend was dead. The next words, however, reassured her.

"And he, only a curate with a hundred and fifty a year. It appears they met some eighteen months ago, during a holiday. They read Greek together, and instead of their studies promoting a merely intellectual friendship, they fancied they were in love. The mother apparently approves. Edith came to see me not long ago. She spoke very confidently of her future. But I am afraid she will find a husband a sad drawback to her career. It is needless to say I am much disappointed."

Beattie sympathised with Miss Williams sufficiently to satisfy the lady, at the same expressing a hope that Edith might, after all, find scope for her powers.

"I, too, have some information," said she then, "which to me is even more surprising, though perhaps it will not touch you so nearly as Edith's engagement. I heard last week that Margaret Raven is going to be married very shortly. She wants me to be her bridesmaid."

Miss Williams threw up her hands.

"Margaret! But I thought she was doing so well. Her mother was calling upon me one day in the summer and she told me that Margaret had a picture in the *Salon*. She was so pleased about it too."

"It is all through that picture," said Beattie laughing. "It appears that an American gentleman who was the brother of one of the girls in Margaret's studio, and who was on a visit to Paris had it pointed out to him by her, and wanted to buy it. This led to an introduction. He is middle-aged and very rich, and though, according to Margaret, he does not understand anything about art, yet he patronises it. He admired Margaret's work. I believe there is a sort of stipulation that she shall live in New York with him half the year and on the Continent alone the other half, so that she may continue her studies, and the husband is to buy all the pictures for his house."

"At any rate," said Miss Williams with a sigh of relief, "Margaret will not crush her talent."

"Oh dear no! she has no intention of doing that. She is very amusing and original in her plans. But I rather think, after a year or two, the husband won't find much difficulty in persuading her to stay with him. Mrs. Raven said Margaret was devoted to him, but still she cried and fretted at the mere idea of giving up her freedom. Still, an American husband is the best she can have if she wants to keep her independence."

"Well," said Miss Williams, "I cannot pretend to congratulate her. Wealth and ease will no doubt ruin her character and her art will suffer. But of course, if her mother is pleased that is the chief thing, though I must confess that after their own experiences I do wonder that married women wish their daughters to follow their example."

"After all, Miss Williams," said Beattie, smiling a little sadly, "I do not believe I am going to be the most disappointing of us three. I, at any rate, have the prospect before me of earning my own living."

"You, my dear!" And Miss Williams glanced at the dainty little lady and slightly raised her eyebrows. "I—I hope your relatives have not had pecuniary losses."

"Oh no," said Beattie. "They are very prosperous. But I think it is time as I have really no claim upon them that I considered my future. I want to fit myself for some useful work, and at the same time to be independent. Indeed, it was to ask your advice I came to-day. I did not know of anyone else so likely to help me."

Beattie might reasonably have expected that Miss Williams would have said something encouraging, or at any rate give a word of approval. But if so she was disappointed. After regarding her fixedly for a moment Miss Williams said—

"But is there—no prospect of—well—marriage?"

Beattie shook her head.

"Indeed." And Miss Williams went on in the deliberate tones the girl so well remembered, as if each word must fall to the ground before another was sent forth. "But I believe you told me on leaving that that was your relatives' ambition for you."

"So it was," said Beattie.

"But with your—attractions, and—good looks, I am rather surprised—my dear. You have surely had—opportunities?"

"Several. Too many. But I have—made some mistakes." And Beattie's eyes filled with tears. "I have disappointed my aunt very much. And I am now unable to marry in order to satisfy her ambition of seeing me settled in life. She has been very kind to me in the past, but I feel the time has come when, if I cannot repay her by doing as she wishes, I ought not to be any longer dependent on her."

Miss Williams was still regarding

Beattie with her somewhat steely eyes, but they looked kind in spite of their glittering sharpness.

"My dear," she said, "I am sorry to hear it."

"Aren't you rather hard to please, Miss Williams?" asked Beattie smiling through her tears. "You are disappointed that the others are going to be married and disappointed that I am not. Or is it that you have such a low opinion of my capacities that you think if I stand alone I shall only bring contempt upon the cause of woman?"

"No, my dear. I believe if you developed your mind it would well reward the care given to it. But it is a curious thing, and I hope you will not think I am going against my principles when I say that it would give me more satisfaction to hear you were about to enter the married state than that you are desirous of leaving the protection of your home. I do not, as you know, believe the married state the happiest for women. All the most useful and finest women are independent of the support of men. But—there are exceptions. Somehow I scarcely imagine you growing old—alone."

"But if—I shall not ever marry?"

"It is unlikely. Should some sentiment for one individual now deter you from liking others time will doubtless cure that. It is merely imagination which makes one man seem perfect, the others hardly worth speaking to. To me—now" (there was a scarcely perceptible pause; was Miss Williams asking herself if she were speaking the truth?) "it seems foolishness for a woman to ruin her life for the sake of an ideal. And in any case, I think it would be wiser for you to remain with your aunt. I am not wishing to deter you from being of use in the world. But I would not be too independent. A home is not to be lightly thrown away. Your aunt is doubtless attached to you. Life, you may not yet know, wears a different aspect to those who have to earn their own living. The struggle with one's fellow creatures has a hardening effect. And you, my dear, do not seem made for fighting."

To hear Miss Williams talking in a way exactly the opposite of what she had expected, was somewhat disconcerting to poor Beattie, who had confidently looked for help and advice of a different sort, and who yet could not fail to see that it was possible the elder lady knew better than herself what would be a wise course for her to pursue. She sat silent with downcast eyes, feeling that she must be rather a poor sort of creature if the rules which the upholder of woman's rights laid down so firmly were, in her case, to be relaxed and even reversed. Perhaps Miss Williams read her thoughts, for she said presently, as if bringing forward an argument which was more worthy of Beattie's consideration than those which had preceded it, "Don't you think, unless there is a decided vocation, it is a species of dishonesty for women who are well provided for to swell the numbers of those who seek for wages?"

Beattie looked up.

"I don't want to make anyone else's life harder," she said. "But I do not see why I should rely on being provided for myself. I am sure you won't mind my not entering into particulars which concern my own feelings, but there are reasons why it seems unlikely I can ever satisfy my aunt. She has been wonderfully good to me in the past, but she has often lately given me to understand that her home is not necessarily mine. I do not please her, and consequently I do not add to her happiness or my uncle's. I have no right to bring discord into the house."

It was true that Aunt Ella was dissatisfied with her niece. Beattie had not gratified her ambition, and she considered this entirely the girl's fault and did not hesitate to reproach her with it. The end of the affair with Cecil Musgrove made her furious. She saw herself lowered in the eyes of Mrs. Gilman and others to whom she had spoken with great positiveness as to the possible issue of events. She could not forgive either Beattie or Cecil, and the only revenge she could think of for the latter was that the girl whom he had, as she considered, slighted, should make a good match as soon as possible. As it chanced Beattie numbered among her admirers a widower more than twice her age and with two or three children; he was very rich and was a great friend of Mr. Gilman's. Beattie had known him since her childhood and during his first wife's lifetime, and nothing was further from her thoughts than the idea of marriage with him. She certainly could not have been said to give him any encouragement, and when one day her aunt informed her that he had proposed for her she could hardly believe it. At any rate she begged that nothing more might be said about the matter, as it was impossible she could ever accede to his wishes.

"It seems to me," exclaimed Mrs. Swannington when at last it was apparent that threats, persuasions and arguments were alike useless, "that you are bent on thwarting my wishes. You think nobody good enough for you. But I can tell you, you will have by-and-by to change your tune. I have given you every opportunity of finding a good home, and you have rejected them all. Well, only look not that I will have you always in mine."

"You have been very, very good to me, Aunt Ella," said Beattie, "and you cannot be sorrier than I am that I am not able to please you. Things have so turned out that I know however many offers of marriage I have I shall refuse them."

"But what an absurdity!" cried Mrs. Swannington. "You refuse this Musgrove; then when he has treated you like he did, you pretend to love him! Have you no pride? Or is it that he has trampled on it, so it exists no longer? For me, I have no patience with you. None. Why, I would rather even you should take that Anstruther. He was infatuated with you once. I will ask him that he shall call here when he passes through London and say good-bye. It will seem not strange as he so recently met you. I will soon arrange that all shall be right."

"Oh don't, don't, auntie," cried Beattie. "Have I not been already enough humiliated? Besides, Mr. Anstruther has, I believe, left England. And in any case," she added desperately, "he knows I care for someone else."

"You idiot!" said Aunt Ella. "What induced you to tell him that?"

Beattie's eyes flashed.

"Because," she said, "you had already done so. And before it was a fact. I have not said anything before because I saw no good in alluding to it, but I know that you told Mr. Anstruther an untruth about me and—Mr. Musgrove; me, and a man whom, after all, I am not going to marry. Perhaps I ought not to reproach you. I suppose you thought you were acting for my good, but it would have been kinder to have left me alone to choose in a matter which is of such vital importance. If Mr. Anstruther had been allowed to speak to me, I should have been spared all this. I could have cared for him. I did. And all these mistakes and this wretchedness would have been avoided. But we have had enough of it now. I am nearly of age. It will be better that I should decide for myself in future. I am very sorry that you insist on my marrying. If I might just live quietly with you and Uncle Arthur I would be quite content. I would consider you both in every way, and be like your own daughter; I would try to be a comfort and a help to you. I am sure uncle is not anxious to get rid of me. He has told me so himself. If you will be satisfied to put away any schemes for my future it will be better for us all. I cannot marry to please anybody but myself."

This outburst was not calculated to soothe Mrs. Swannington. To be informed that Beattie knew of her interview with Michael, to be reproached with having been the cause of her niece's troubles, and above all to feel that her husband had been telling Beattie he would like to keep her with them, were each separate stings.

"You are an ungrateful, bad, selfish girl," she said. "I believe now you are capable of anything. Actually blaming me; one who has given you the very clothes you stand in, whose only fault has been a too great desire to see you well established, while you, a silly sentimental chit, have constantly thwarted me. And then getting your uncle who is, if anything, too good-natured to side against me, wheedling him into pretending he cannot do without your society, no doubt, and nonsense of that kind. Well, I have done with you. I take no more interest in you nor your affairs. I tell my husband when he returns that I have no more of his relations thrust upon me to be only an expense and a trouble and a disappointment to me. And the more you keep out of my way the better shall I be pleased. Mr. Cookson will now, I have no doubt, cease to visit here because of you, and certainly my intimacy with Mrs. Gilman is at an end; I

do not risk meeting there that Musgrove. You have made mischief enough, I should hope."

And Mrs. Swannington, with as much dignity as her small height and substantial figure was capable of, went out of the room, her high heels tap-tapping on the floor and seeming to Beattie like the sound of hammers driving the words she had just heard into her heart.

She was sincerely sorry to have been a disappointment to her aunt, sorrier still to feel that it was no longer possible for her to do just as she was told with the simple obedience of her childhood. Her affectionate nature shrank from even the appearance of ingratitude, and remembering how much care had been bestowed upon her, how many luxuries she had been given, how smooth the way of her life had been made hitherto, she was genuinely grieved that she could not repay it by doing what was asked of her. But the sacrifice of her entire happiness was a large price to pay, and to marry a man for whom she had not even affection to gratify a mere whim on the part of Mrs. Swannington was impossible to her. The only other course apparently was to leave her home and her relations and earn her own living. When she had decided on the latter course she bethought her of her old school-mistress as the most likely person to help her. She had a little money of her own and would have more when she came of age, so that she would not be quite dependent on her earnings and could, if necessary, pay for board and lodging in the house of some lady who would act as a chaperone.

At first Miss Williams would not take Beattie seriously, and as she could not very well explain matters more fully than she had done, and the reason for leaving home seemed exceedingly trivial, and as she could not say anything to blame her aunt, and Miss Williams would not believe that the latter could actually wish to get rid of her, she found it hard to convince her that she did not merely want to play at being independent. When, however, she had succeeded in persuading the schoolmistress that she was in earnest, Miss Williams was not five minutes in consideration of the subject before she had a plan ready.

"You can't expect much at first, you understand," she said regarding Beattie rather severely. "You somewhat neglected your opportunities at school, and you have had no proper training of any kind."

Beattie humbly admitted that such was the case.

"In addition to this, I much doubt if you have had any preparation for the perseverance, self-control and endurance of monotony called for in any steady work."

Beattie said she was afraid she had not, but was willing to try and acquire them now.

"Then your good looks are against you. A pleasant face is all very well, but beauty is, I consider, a drawback to a working woman, except in the dramatic and musical professions, neither of which I suppose you are fitted to embrace."

Beattie shook her head. Her prospects certainly sounded gloomy.

"Then you are too young to do paid church work, in my estimation. I do not approve of girls listening to all the talk of the coarse women they visit in districts; or else by your sympathetic manners you might be useful in that way, though possibly you are neither serious enough nor steady enough for the responsibilities of such a life."

Beattie was silent.

"Fortunately," went on Miss Williams, "women, many of them of the type despised by young girls and laughed at by the fashionable and the frivolous have, during the last generation, by their zeal and steadfastness, opened out a variety of professions for their weaker sisters to follow into. It is no longer necessary for every girl situated as you are to become a crushed and selfless companion to a rich lady or an over-worked and under-paid nursery governess."

"I am fond of children," began Beattie, seeing a glimmer of light through the gloom of her disabilities.

Miss Williams silenced her by a wave of the arm.

"I might," she continued, "enumerate many more things for which you are unfit, but perhaps it is as well to turn to those for which you have some qualification. I am sure of this. You must have variety, human companionship, and association with those who will not crush your belief in the possibilities of love and faith and tenderness. Some women can stand this sort of thing. You cannot. You need love. It is a weakness. But one must take people as they are. I remember at school you were a great favourite with the children in the first class; I have often seen you play with them; you did it with zest and heartiness. I believe your work must lie among children."

Beattie's eyes shone. Why had she not thought of this herself? It was the very life of all others she would desire, to be with the children, to help them, minister to them, share in their little joys and sorrows.

"Most lovers of children," went on the governess, "go to the sick. They seek them out in slums, they nurse them in hospitals; but for you I should say your work should be with the healthy, for various reasons, on both your side and theirs. Begin by learning how to play with and teach them. Qualify to be a kindergarten teacher. That will suffice for a beginning. Something else will follow."

Beattie was delighted. Here was a new world opening before her. She took it as an answer to her prayer that God would make use of her. Like every other gain it had come to her through loss; but she had learnt enough of life to know that that is one of its unchanging laws. The gain is gain notwithstanding. To spend her life with and for little children seemed something worth doing. The kindergarten teaching would be a beginning; but Miss Willliams' words had opened a possible vista for the future; there was work for her among the neglected little ones in dark and narrow alleys, work among the waifs who were even more homeless than they, work among children who were crippled and suffering, work enough to employ all her time and strength and influence and love. She would learn what child life should be from the children of the rich, and then she would be better fitted to go on her mission to their dear little brothers and sisters, whose tender lives were opening to darkness and rough handling just when they needed most sunshine and sheltering care that they might blossom forth into beauty.

Mr. Swannington was very angry when he heard that the threatened change was going in reality to take place. It seemed to mar his dignity that his niece should go out into the world and earn her own living. Mrs. Swannington, too, who had not weighed her words and had scarcely believed that Beattie would act upon them, though they had been repeated more than once, was a good deal annoyed. But the more she saw her husband was bent on keeping Beattie the less was she disposed to do so. Mr. Swannington had a long argument with his wife which terminated in their first serious quarrel, because during the course of it he accused her of being in part to blame for the disagreements between her and his niece. He begged her pardon afterwards, and in the reconciliation which followed agreed that perhaps the cause of dissension had better be removed. As Beattie was also of this opinion they parted good friends, and the girl went to live with a sister of Miss Williams who sometimes took in pupils at the school whose parents lived in the country or abroad. The Swanningtons gave out to their friends that Beattie was tired of being at home, and they had given in to a fad of hers about teaching. But they soon expected her back.

(To be continued.)



MISS GIBERNE.

Miss Agnes Giberne needs no introduction to the reading world; it is her readers who ask for an introduction to her, and desire to know something of her life and the circumstances under which the books that have helped and entertained them were written. Miss Giberne (the name is pronounced with the G soft and a slight stress on the second syllable) comes of an old Languedoc family, of which the branch settled in England alone survives. She is the third daughter of Major Charles Giberne who, over seventy years ago, went out to India as a young officer in the "Company's" army and retired after twenty-two years service. He traces descent directly from "Noble Jean de Giberne, Seigneur de Gibertain and Co-Seigneur de St. Germain de Calberthe" who, early in the sixteenth century, lived in a valley of the Upper Cevennes Mountains, some twenty miles or more from Alais. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, in the days of the "wars of religion," the Château de Gibertain was burnt to the ground by the rebels who also killed Louis de Giberne, then the head of the family. It was possible to rebuild the château, but not to resuscitate the documents which had been destroyed in the conflagration. The King of France, therefore, granted the De Gibernes a fresh patent of nobility which belongs to the present head of the family, Harold Buller Giberne, Miss Giberne's cousin, who is now a minor at Eton.

When the "de" was dropped is uncertain; probably when Miss Giberne's direct ancestor, Jean Réné de Giberne, having alienated his father and brother by his marriage, came to England and in various ways showed a desire to Anglicise himself. In a French document of that date Jean Réné was spoken of as a "mauvais Catholique"; later, both he and his wife joined the Church of England, which perhaps explains the family wrath at his choice. His descendants, for the most part, have not been behind him in preferring to be "English."

Miss Giberne tells us that when, as a child, she was travelling on the Continent with her parents and sisters, the family crest and coat-of-arms were shown to an expert in such matters. He at once remarked that they would undoubtedly be recognised in any court of heraldry, and asked Major Giberne why he did not go back to France. "Louis Napoleon," he said, "is always delighted to get hold of any of the old *noblesse*."

Young as she was, Miss Giberne was deeply impressed by her father's reply; "I would rather be an English gentleman than a French nobleman!"

With his strong, clever face, and his silvered hair, Major Giberne is to-day one of the finest types of the old English gentleman. Though ninety years of age, he retains his upright, vigorous, soldierly bearing, shows few signs of his many years, and loves to be constantly occupied, whilst keeping a keen interest in what goes on in the world outside the home he shares with his two daughters at Eastbourne.

Neither Miss Giberne nor her sisters were sent to school, and they attended few classes or lectures. After the return of the family from India, in Miss Giberne's infancy, they led rather a wandering life, partly in England, partly in Switzerland, Heidelberg and Brussels. Doubtless the mental activity induced by this frequent change of scene and the contact with a foreign life, helped to develop early a natural literary gift. She was only seven when she "began to scribble," and by the time she was ten it was the favourite diversion of the three elder sisters. The eldest of all, Mary, died of cholera, in India, before any of the four younger sisters were born. Major Giberne was entirely in sympathy with the "scribbling" propensities of his children, providing them with plenty of pencils and paper and doing all in his power to guide and encourage them. Whilst in England, governesses had been engaged to teach them, but on going to Switzerland Mrs. Giberne undertook their education herself, with the help of her husband and various masters.

Mrs. Giberne, whose death took place in May, 1890, was the eldest daughter of the Rev. William Wilson, D.D., of Over-Worton, Oxfordshire, and vicar of Walthamstow, Essex, also first cousin and brother-in-law to Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta. For the



[*From photo: Elliott and Fry.*
AGNES GIBERNE.

task of educating her children Mrs. Giberne was singularly well endowed, possessing a vivid mind and an eagerness and enthusiasm expressed on her mobile face and in her dark speaking eyes, which never to the last lost their brightness. "Not the least part of the education she gave us," says Miss Giberne, "was in her keen appreciation of what she read and made us read. It was her endeavour to infuse into our minds her own passion for history, poetry and music."

Miss Giberne confesses to caring little, up to the age of thirteen, for anything but stories, with the exception of Gleig's *Battle of Waterloo*, in which she delighted. Then Miss Strickland's *Queens of England* was put into her hands and history became one of her prime interests. She is of opinion that there are advantages and disadvantages in a home education, as compared with school training, for a literary career. "Greater freedom of development was secured," she observes; "possibly the style of my early books might have been improved by a more stiff, modern, critical education, such as was not then in vogue, but harder work in girlhood might have lessened the power of hard work later."

Two heavy losses came to Miss Giberne before she reached her sixteenth year—the death of the next younger sister, Florence, who had always been her especial playmate until she fell ill, and later, that of her sister, Helen, two years older than herself, who died at the age of seventeen. Until this time Miss Giberne had made no girl friends, partly because she was intensely shy, chiefly because Helen's companionship had been all-sufficient. She was happy, therefore, in possessing a mother who could be at once friend and mother. "She was," says Miss Giberne, "by far the most intimate friend I have ever had. I cannot recall ever once going to her for interest and sympathy and for a moment failing to find either. And this to the end of her life."

In her literary efforts Miss Giberne had especially her parents' sympathy. They followed with an interest as keen as her own the fortunes of her first book, published when she was eighteen, and soon followed by other stories for children, to which she did not put her name. She thinks now that it was rather a mistake to publish so early, and strongly advises young writers in general to wait some years before giving their work to the public. It is better to give time to preparation, especially to the study of language and of human nature.

The Curate's Home, which appeared in 1869, was one of the author's most successful early books. When first written, it was much longer, and, says Miss Giberne, "unutterably doleful." She sent it to Mr. Seeley, who decided against undertaking its publication. A year later, however, he suggested that, with some alterations in the way of added cheerfulness, the story might prove a success. Its author therefore set to work, "resuscitated the heroine, who had died of a very lingering decline, and gave her a husband, introduced into the tale for this purpose. Even so, the story was quite sad enough, but by no means too sad for reality." Perhaps one of the greatest charms of Miss Giberne's books is just this sense of the mingled cloud and sunshine of life; we feel that she has been a loving and sympathetic student of human nature and her knowledge, particularly of girl-life, is wide and intimate.

The Curate's Home was followed by *Aimée*, the present edition of which was revised in later years, and which the author considers one of the best of her early books. *Floss Silverthorn*, *Conlyng Castle*, *Beryl and Pearl*, *Duties and Duties*, *The Rector's Home*, *Decima's Promise* are among the best known of a list too long to enumerate.

In answer to a question as to which of her later works is their author's favourite, Miss Giberne mentions *Miss Devereux, Spinster*, a story, some of the scenes of which may be said to be drawn "after" the Yorkshire dales, and into which many life observations, life lessons, and certain mental elements of her own life are interwoven. She is inclined to think *The Girl at the Dower House* the best book for girls she has written.

The old question as to whether the "story with a purpose" is an artistic blunder or not crops up whenever fiction is discussed, but in the hands of Miss Giberne, a story never loses its charm because it conveys deep lessons and holds up the cardinal virtues as an inspiration to her girl-readers. I remember once being told by a girl that the reading of *Decima's*

Promise helped her in the stress of a great temptation, and gave her just the moral "push" she needed to decide her to break an ignoble silence. The gifted authoress is inclined to think that in some of her early work the purpose is obtruded overmuch; some of the characters are "cardinal virtues personified."

"Writing in those days," she says, "came in a vehement rush. My steed ran away with me, and I had not learned to handle the reins. None the less, I hope each work may have had some little purpose to carry out in the world of books."

One of Miss Giberne's most successful small books has been *Tim Teddington's Dream*, which, appearing as a penny booklet before a general election some years ago, had a large circulation. Many of her smaller books, such as *Least Said, Soonest Mended*, were written for working-men and their wives, and the author's insight into the needs and difficulties of this class is very striking. After the publication of *Five Thousand Pounds*, a working man in a large manufacturing town, who had read it, was heard to say, "Ah, she knows we! That's just how we'd do if we had the money!"

Science has shared with fiction the labours of Miss Giberne's pen. She inherited from her father a taste for scientific study. Among the subjects he undertook, as part of his children's education, were astronomy and botany. Miss Giberne has a very clear recollection of an astronomical lesson that she received when only seven or eight years old.

"My father," she says, "was explaining about the distance of the earth from the sun, and stated that the earth was some three millions of miles nearer the sun in our winter than in our summer. I was naturally puzzled; but, as he sat not far from the fire, and I, a small child, stood close by, he pointed to a fly on his knee, and said, 'Look, Aggie; if that fly were one inch nearer the fire would it feel any hotter?' That settled the matter. I never again felt any difficulty as to the fact of greater cold combined with greater nearness."

This art of graphic illustration Miss Giberne herself possesses, and to it in a great measure may be ascribed the fact that her scientific books seize the imagination of her readers, young and old, and make indelible impressions. Her first scientific work, *Sun, Moon and Stars*, published in December, 1879, is to-day one of her most popular books, and is reaching its twenty-fourth thousand, a remarkable success for a work of the kind.

In answer to a question as to what first determined her to write on such subjects, Miss Giberne kindly gave me the interesting story of its genesis.

"In January, 1879," she said, "I went to Mr. Seeley, the publisher, and told him that I was tired of writing nothing but tales; I wanted to do something else. 'What do you want to do?' he asked pleasantly. I told him of a scheme I had had long in mind, to simplify astronomy for beginners, and he took up the subject warmly. We talked it over together, as we have done many a time since with other subjects, and as we continue to do. The matter was soon settled. I wrote half a dozen chapters, sent them to him, and received cordial encouragement. In June the whole was completed. Dr. Pritchard, then a stranger to me, read the proofs at the request of a mutual friend, and at once offered to write a preface."

Popular science handbooks are now published in large numbers; but when Miss Giberne's *Sun, Moon and Stars* appeared, such books were rare. Its wonderful success encouraged her to follow it, two years afterwards, with *The World's Foundations*, then with *Among the Stars, Father Aldur, The Ocean of Air, Starry Skies*, and later, with *Radiant Suns*, a sequel to *Sun, Moon and Stars*. *The Ocean of Air* was regarded by Dr. Pritchard as superior to *Sun, Moon and Stars*. Recently *This Wonderful Universe* (S.P.C.K.), a small book intended for working men, has appeared.

Miss Giberne's latest book, *A Modern Puck*, claims, its writer modestly says, "to be no more than a mixture of fun and fancy and fact"; but never were the wonders of natural history introduced more charmingly. The homely simplicity of the ever-new fairy-tale is blended with the lore of dogs and cats, ants, bees and spiders, in such a way that even those who frankly "hate everything that is not story" will delight in it and imbibe wisdom unawares. We can well believe that Miss Giberne—to use her own words—"thoroughly enjoyed writing *A Modern Puck*."

Writing for girls is always a real pleasure to her, and far from being wearied by the claims of her large circle of readers, she affirms that she never had more keen delight in her literary work than during the last winter, when she was engaged upon an historical story to begin in the next monthly part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

We need scarcely say that Miss Giberne's life at Eastbourne is a busy one, though study and literature are not allowed to monopolise her. She finds time to pay country visits, to travel, and to meet often those who enjoy her friendship. We can well believe that they form a large circle, for an interesting personality, a wide culture, a ready sympathy, and a desire to be helpful, even to those who have no claim upon her, are this gifted writer's distinctive qualities.

ISABEL SUART-ROBSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I very much wish to thank many of the Readers of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" for their kind loving sympathy, shown to me in many ways. For instance—Flowers, Books, and kind letters,* all telling of the sympathy they feel for me in my shut-in, suffering life. Many of the kind senders gave no address, so that it was quite out of my power to thank them, otherwise than through "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER." Even with those who put full address, it was impossible to thank each one for so kindly writing to me. I have felt very sorry at being unable to thank them, and say how very grateful I am to them.

I so much wish to let each one know how much I have been cheered and comforted by their thoughtfulness, and I do pray that each in turn may be blessed, cheered, and comforted, according to their need.

None of these dear ones will ever know down here what their sympathy and cheer have been to me and my dear ones also; but I hope by and by to tell these unknown friends how much they have helped me on, giving me renewed courage, to try to bear more bravely all God has given me to bear. Many of my correspondents have to lie upon beds of pain, just waiting patiently for the call, "Come up higher." Like myself, they have so much of pain and weariness, so few pleasures, and life is just a struggle to be patient, trustful, and submissive, yet having within them the only true "Peace which passeth all understanding," and which "the world can neither give nor take away."

Many of God's suffering ones can do nothing with their hands, but just bear up by our prayers, those whose lives are given up to doing God's work, telling out the glad tidings, soothing the sick, cheering and pointing them to the only true Comforter; leading their thoughts away and above the weary, pain-racked bodies to the home awaiting them, where no pain or sorrow can ever enter. I do hope that each reader, who has so kindly shown so much sympathy, may read this, and understand thoroughly how very much I thank them and appreciate the kind thought which prompted them to show it. All this is a very great surprise to me, and so unexpected. To many this is the only way I can show my gratitude, and thank them, although I know so well they wish for no thanks.

I sincerely wish to do so, and it will be a great satisfaction to feel that each one will know what pleasure they have given, and how much they have helped me by their appreciation of my essay. I cannot be too grateful to God for giving me the greatest joy I could ever know, that is, when I read in many of the letters how my essay had helped them, and given back the trust and hope in God, which had almost left them, and they felt ready to give way to despair.

All this has taught me how many kind hearts there are in the world. It is always my earnest prayer that I may be able to help others, if only by my prayers. My heart is just full of praise to God for using my essay. He so often uses the very meanest and feeblest of His creatures to bring honour and glory to His name. The essay was written with much prayer, every line being a prayer, a pleading for a blessing to those who would read it, if ever it should be printed. I constantly asked for guidance what to write, so that the words were given me from God, and to Him be all the praise and all the glory.

He has used the words He gave me to bring honour to His name, and to comfort, help and cheer many of His weary downcast ones.

The sweet letters upon this are to me very, very precious and very sacred, and in many of them are promises of prayer for me, for which I thank the ones who promise. I do need those prayers so much, for patience to conquer all murmurings and irritability.

May God ever bless and keep each one, and comfort those dear suffering ones who have helped and comforted me.

Yours gratefully,
MARY R. LAW.

7, West Street,
Hertford,
Herts.

* These letters, etc., were sent direct to Miss Law by kindly readers who were touched by the tone of her Prize Essay, "My Room," which was printed with her name and address attached.—ED.



BEFORE THE WORK OF DAY.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

By RICHARD F. JUPP.



REDLY on Tiber's waters quiver
The last long lingering sunbeams fair,
Where, 'mid the ripples of the river,
Rises and sinks her golden hair.
Is it of earth that gleam resplendent—
Or, from the far-off glory, shed,
Falleth a ray of light transcendent
Bright circling round the fair young head?
He, who walked the waters deep,
Giveth His belovéd sleep.

Darkens above the crimson heaven,
Pales on the stream the rosy light;
Like angel eye, the star of even
Looks down in silver radiance bright.
Onward, old Tiber, onward bear her,
Soft star of evening light her brow;
No evil influence hover near her—
Who can molest or hurt her now?
Rocked upon the waters deep,
Holy maiden martyr sleep.

For music, see "Hymns of the Eastern Church" (Novello & Co.), part ii., "The *Stichera* of the Last Kiss."

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

CHAPTER X.

"MOTHER, let us go home this Christmas. I have a present for grandfather, ten pounds, the whole of my year's savings," said Deborah, with a happy little laugh.

She was nearly twenty years old, and comely to look upon, with her slight graceful figure and her clever face. From her broad low forehead the wavy mouse-coloured hair was drawn back and knotted into a loose coil low in her neck behind. Pretty she was not, but very pleasing-looking, and the long pedigree of the Menzies betrayed itself in the small hands and feet and the aristocratic poise of the head. There was a certain self-reliant dignity about the girl which might be accounted for by the fact that she had already started upon her career as a reciter, and was establishing a connection in drawing-room circles, and was rather the rage just at present in fashionable society. Her earnings were not large, and she eked them out by teaching in the morning at the school where she had received her own education. That she was clever—unusually clever, her old grandfather had learned proudly to admit. He even boasted of it when her back was turned.

She stood now in front of the fire in the little London lodging with a sort of holiday air of leisure and freedom about her, and propounded her scheme for going home for Christmas.

"I had rather hoped for a good time in London," replied Mrs. Menzies, after a slight pause. "I get so sick of teaching; I loathe it, Deborah."

"Poor little mother! But there is a good time coming, you see. Father will be home in the spring, and he really has made some money this time in those Western Australian gold-fields. Perhaps when he comes back you will never have to work again. As for me, I love it. I am only just beginning, you see, and it is so nice to earn money and to feel oneself a burden to nobody."

"And very likely you will miss some engagement by being out of the way," continued Mrs. Menzies, reverting to the subject of spending Christmas at Boscombe Hall.

Deborah took a small note-book from her pocket and looked at it.

"Only the Dayrells, and I'm glad not to go there. I don't care about them."

"And you were just infatuated about her once."

"Perhaps I was, but even as a child I never liked Mr. Dayrell, and I don't like him a bit better now I'm grown up, and he is rich and a Q.C. He has still that half cynical, half jocose manner that offends me. I suppose he and Monica do care for each other, but they often spar, before the children too, and I hate to hear it. Then Mr. Dayrell patronises me, and I resent it. He was at a party last week where I recited, and he shoved his way through the crowd almost before I had finished. 'Why, Deborah, you will be making quite a name soon. That recitation of yours was really very clever,' and so on"

"Well, I'm sure he meant it kindly, and it is well not to quarrel with your bread and butter, Deborah. You had better go to them."

"No, no; we'll go to Boscombe Hall, even if it is only for a few days."

It had become the custom for Mrs. Menzies finally to yield to Deborah's wishes—the daughter was by far the stronger character of the two—so on Christmas Eve Deborah and her mother jogged slowly along in a dilapidated fly through the muddy lanes from Hailstone to Boscombe Hall. From the moment they entered the drive-gate Deborah's head was stuck out of the window. She was almost as joyous as a child over this home-coming.

"Oh, mother," she cried, in a tone of dismay, "the oak, the beautiful oak! Those two magnificent boughs that have been propped ever since I was a little child have fallen at last! What will poor grandfather say?"

"Well, I suppose everything must go some time or other," answered Mrs. Menzies phlegmatically, "and the oak has had a good turn—four or five hundred years, they say."

In another few minutes the fly had stopped at the door, and old Mrs. Menzies was waiting to welcome them.

"Aren't you glad we've come?" asked

Deborah, giving the old lady a hug. "And where is grandfather? I thought he would meet us at the door. He always does, and I've a Christmas present for him—money, grandmother, my own money!" And she playfully waved the two crisp five-pound notes before old Mrs. Menzies' face.

A wan smile broke over it.

"You are a good child, Deborah, and your grandfather is very proud of you. He was saying so this morning."

"Did he? Did he really? What an old darling! I must go and find him."

"He is in the library. He can't have heard you come in, or he's busy over his letters. The evening post has just come in."

Deborah flew across the hall and opened the library door very gently. She wanted to come in as a pleasant surprise to the old man. The room was but dimly lighted, a small fire smouldered in the grate, one candle in a silver candle-stick burnt low in its socket. It stood in the middle of the library table, by which old Mr. Menzies was seated, with his bowed head resting on his arms, which were folded across an open letter.

"Poor grandfather! He's tired and has fallen asleep," thought Deborah, advancing on tip-toe across the room.

"Grandfather," she whispered softly, "won't you wake up? It's I, Deborah, come to keep Christmas with you; and look, I've brought you a present." And she laid the notes by his elbow.

The old man did not stir, nor make any answer to her appeal. Deborah's heart stood still for an instant; she wondered if her grandfather had fainted, and with the quick impulse of affection, she bent down her soft warm cheek and laid it caressingly on the back of his bald head, and then she started away with an involuntary low cry of pain. Does anyone ever touch a dead object without knowing it? She stood there for a minute spell-bound, clasping her hands together, wondering what she ought to do. Then across the darkened room she saw the door opening slowly, and a terror seized her that her grandmother was coming to find her. Ah, she must not let her enter now. With steps as noiseless and quick as those with which she had entered she room she flew across it, and seizing her grandmother's hands, led her back into the hall.

"Wait, dear, wait," she said, assuming the protection of youth to age. "Grandfather, dear grandfather, is——" There she paused. Her lips refused to form the word, but old Mrs. Menzies read it in the girl's scared white face.

"Not dead!" she cried, her voice rising to a feeble wail. "Not dead and alone and desolate. Ah, God help me!"

"He will! He will!" said Deborah, throwing her strong young arms about the frail form. "And grandfather was not alone, for God was with him. Mother," as Mrs. Menzies came back into the hall, "come, comfort poor grandmother. Grandfather is dead."

When, some hours later, old Mr. Menzies had been carried by loving hands into his room, they discovered that the letter over which his arms had been folded was from Deborah's father—at least, half of it was from him—written in a highly hopeful strain. The claim that he and a friend of his had opened up in the gold-fields was turning out a very rich one. It was more than probable that it would make the fortunes of both, and Tom spoke hopefully of returning for good before another year was over, with money enough to set Boscombe Hall free and to re-establish the family fortunes. The letter broke off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and was continued in the hand of a stranger, evidently a gentleman, a Mr. Rowden, who was Tom Menzies' co-worker. He told the sad tale of Tom's death as briefly and sympathetically as he could. It appeared that Tom had been overworked and considerably out of health, and the very day when he had left his home-letter unfinished he had gone out in the blazing sun for some cause or other, was seized with sun-stroke, and died a few hours after.

The news had been too much for his old father, and with the failure of his last hope his slender thread of life had snapped, and he had passed painlessly from this troublesome world to the peace which is eternal.

When the funeral was over and the three women had time to collect their senses, they sat in family conclave, considering their next step. Boscombe Hall came by the direct line of descent to Deborah, and she found herself in the bewildering position of heiress to a property that was mortgaged to the very hilt. She could not sell it until she was of age, which would not be for more than a year. Meanwhile, her grandmother proposed to go and live with her sister in Scotland, who had offered her a home for the present; and it was thought advisable to leave the Hall for the winter months under the charge of an old servant, and in the summer, if possible, to let it for whatever sum might be offered.

"And when I'm of age I shall sell," said Deborah, with quick decision, "and we will try to pay off our debts, and if there is anything left it must go to grandmother and you, mother."

"Dear child, what will become of you, thrown penniless upon the world?"

"Not penniless at all whilst I have health and strength left me," said Deborah, with a smile. "I can more than support myself now, and some day you may see my name big on advertisement boards as the great lady reciter! Who knows?"

"It is not fitting for a Menzies," said the old lady, still holding fast to the family traditions.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of in earning an honest living," Deborah asserted bluntly.

As Deborah and her mother drove back to the station on the day of their departure, Deborah looked back at the Hall with tears in her eyes. There was something pathetic in the fact that the old oak tree and its owner had broken down together.

CHAPTER XI.

DEBORAH and her mother went quietly back to London and to work, with only this great difference in their lives, that they had now no other home than their temporary lodging. They had neither of them undergone a very severe personal loss. Tom Menzies' wife had learned in the long years of separation from her husband to accept her fate with a sort of phlegmatic calm. In those early times at Boscombe Hall she had fretted greatly; her widowhood had begun then. To Deborah her father was merely a name, but she did mourn very sincerely the loss of her grandfather, the old man whose love she had won, almost against his will, and she rejoiced greatly in the thought that she had been able to comfort and brighten his declining years, but like the oak tree, he was very old. His fall had come sadly but not prematurely. Neither she nor her mother adopted heavy weeds of woe. They wore simple black dresses, but made no change in their manner of living. Deborah accepted all the engagements for reciting at parties in the coming season with gladness, and began to establish, not only a large circle of patrons, but also of friends. Amongst these latter the professor and his wife still held the foremost place. The tiny baby was a good-sized child now, and there were two other babies in the nursery. They were all equally dear to Deborah, and there was no recreation she so dearly loved as an hour's romp in the Norwoods' nursery. Little Mrs. Norwood looked almost as childish as ever, and Deborah used laughingly to declare that she believed that she was really the older of the two, for Deborah's early independence made her feel older than her years.

It had been no idle brag on her part when she had told her grandmother that she might live to acquire a modest fame, for when another year had passed the professor advised her to hire a public room and make her *debût* as a public reciter. For some time Deborah refused, but she yielded at last. The venture was to be made in May, the height of the season. It was to be "Miss Deborah Menzies' Recital," and the only help she was to have was a professional singer who would enliven it by a few songs alternating with the recitations. It was a big venture, but the professor staked his reputation on its success.

It was three days before the event which was apparently to make or mar Deborah's future, when she came running up the stairs to their sitting-room with rapid steps.

"Mother," she cried, with a joyous thrill in her voice, "I don't know what my future may be, but my first night will be a success. I have just been to see my agent, and the room is full—scarcely a seat left. Haven't my friends been good?" And then Deborah, glancing into Mrs. Menzies' face, saw that something very unusual had occurred to shake her out of her wonted self-possession. Her lips were trembling and tears were rolling down her cheeks, and yet she was breaking into almost hysterical laughter.

"What is it, mother dear? Is it my great success that has so upset you?" asked Deborah wonderingly.

"Partly that, and more that you need never do it again. You need not sell your talents, like just a common working-girl, my Deborah. Such a wonderful thing has happened. Mr. Rowden, your father's partner, you remember, has been to see me, and I don't understand it all, but it is really true that poor Tom left a good deal of gold behind him, and Mr. Rowden is such a good kind man. He means us to have just the same as if your father had lived till now, and we shan't be rich, but we shall have plenty to live upon without working for our living. Oh" (throwing up her hands), "how I have hated my life and dreaded my old age, and it is all over, and we are to have some good luck at last."

Deborah sank into a chair, white and trembling. Was she so very glad after all, she wondered? Yes; glad and thankful for her mother, who was not fitted for a fight with poverty. But for herself?

Her foot was on the ladder of fame. Must she kick it away from her just when she felt tolerably certain of reaching the top?

It seemed hard upon her, for her mother, she knew, was weakly averse to earning her own living, neither did she particularly like the line Deborah had adopted. She could not bear seeing her daughter's name in the advertisement sheets of the newspaper, nor carried about by sandwich-men in the street; but to Deborah her profession had become the chief joy of her life. Would it be her duty to give it up? It was too big a question to decide at once. She must keep her brain clear and cool for her *début*, and let everything else slide until it was over, so she pulled herself together, kissed and congratulated her mother, and then, under the pretext that she must go off to her dressmaker to have one final fitting of the dress in which she was to appear on the 15th, she effected her escape. Once out in the air she could breathe more freely. Her visit to her dressmaker accomplished, she took a 'bus to her friends the Norwoods. A talk to the professor would steady her nerves a bit. To her great disappointment neither he nor his wife was at home, but "they will be here very soon, miss," the servant declared. "I know my master wanted to be home by five o'clock for something particular."

"Very well, I will run up to the nursery," said Deborah, tossing her hat on to a stand in the little hall. "I will have a game with the children." And judging by the screams that shortly issued from the nursery, the game was a very lively one.

She had no easy part to play. She was on all-fours, with the baby of two years old on her back.

"You are the carriage, you see," declared the eldest girl, "and you must take care and not drop baby, and Clara and I are the ponies, and shall run you about." And Deborah was run about accordingly, until her pretty hair was all streaming down her back, and she had scarcely breath enough left to expostulate.

"Hush, hush!" she cried at last, hoarse with laughing. "I hear father coming. Ponies, unharness yourselves! Baby and I will make up a lion between us, and we will hide behind the door and roar at father when he comes in and frighten him dreadfully."

"Oh, what fun!" cried the ponies, scuttling off to hide themselves in the window curtains and watch the effect of the practical joke, an effect which was certainly as startling upon the joker as upon the one upon whom the joke was played. The manly footstep came nearer; the door opened, and Deborah, on all fours and shaking her mane terribly, sprang, with a terrific roar, upon the in-comer, to discover in the moment that followed that the visitor was not Mr. Norwood at all, but David Russell, who drew back in considerable dismay.

"Oh," cried Deborah, springing to her feet, and depositing the baby on the floor, "how did you get here, and what made you come up to the nursery?"

"Chiefly because I heard you were here," said David, recovering his self-possession more quickly than Deborah could.

It was a funny meeting after seven years of separation, but it started them at once on the old terms of intimacy. Then they both shook hands and laughed.

"Have you seen the professor?" was Deborah's next question.

"No, I came at once to ask about you, for as I walked along the streets, I saw your name advertised for an entertainment on the fifteenth. I was scarcely prepared to return to find you a public character, and I determined to come and ask old Norwood how you had done it, and instead I have the good luck to find you."

"I'll come and give an account of myself if you will go down to the drawing-room," laughed Deborah. "They have pulled my hair down between them, and I feel like a rag doll. I must put myself tidy."

"Don't," said David emphatically; "you look much nicer as you are. Shall you wear your hair down on the fifteenth?"

"Go down-stairs, do," said Deborah imperiously, "or I will roar at you again," at which threat there was a giggle from the curtain.

So the professor and his wife came in to find Deborah and David Russell talking as if no years had intervened since their last meeting, and after all Deborah found no time to tell her friends of the expected change in her fortunes, nor of the likelihood of her having to give up her profession. When she rose to go David rose too.

"May I see you home," he said, "and then I shall know where to find you?" and Deborah assented as simply as she would have agreed to such an offer in the old days.

By mutual consent they walked, although the walk was a long one, but there was much to say on both sides, and almost before she knew that she had done so, Deborah had confided to David the story of her father's money coming at last, after so many years and her own intolerable disappointment.

"I think your mother is right, Deborah," said David. "A public life is a very bad one for a girl, especially if she is young and good-looking."

"But I am not," protested Deborah, almost angrily. "Mother always says it's a pity that I am plain."

"Mothers don't always know," remarked David sententiously.

"Have you lost sight of Monica?" he asked, rather abruptly turning the subject.

"Yes—no," stammered Deborah. "To tell the truth, my childish infatuation died a sudden death when I was about fourteen, and I have purposely kept out of her way ever since. She and her husband are quite kind to me when we meet, which is not often."

"Are you given to throwing up your friends all in a minute for nothing particular?" inquired David, a little anxiously. "Shall I find myself cold-shouldered to-morrow, for example?"

The question was more or less playful, but Deborah took it in deadly earnest, and coloured almost painfully.

"That is not very kind of you. Did I not promise to be your friend always when you went away last time? And I threw over Monica for something very particular indeed."

"And that was?" questioned David.

"Something I may not tell you," replied Deborah, with tears in her eyes.

(*To be concluded.*)



RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

By Mrs. BRIGHTWEN, Author of "Wild Nature Won by Kindness."

Papyrus.

An object of much pleasure to me in my hot-house is a fine specimen of the Egyptian papyrus reed, with stems fully eight feet high, growing with remarkable luxuriance and beauty. I never look upon its graceful flowering plumes without being reminded of a chain of interesting associations.

The infant Moses was laid amongst these so-called "bulrushes," which then grew along the margin of the Nile.

The "ark" in which the child was laid was formed of papyrus stems, and the small cradle would be readily concealed amongst "the flags by the river's brink."

This plant is now wholly extinct in Egypt, although it still grows abundantly in the marshes of the White Nile in Nubia.

A verse in Isaiah, in the revised edition (chap. xviii., 2) shows that in ancient days even boats were made of papyrus, and a modern traveller speaks of the plant being still used by the Abyssinians for the same purpose.



PAPYRUS SYRIACUS.

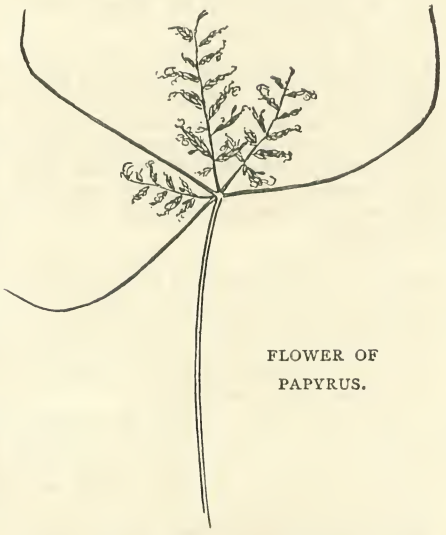
It has lately been discovered that mummy cases were sometimes constructed of old papyrus rolls, and many very ancient and valuable writings have been obtained by soaking these coffins in water until, with the exercise of great patience and care, the original strips of papyrus can be separated and then pieced together, so that the writing can be deciphered.

Many years ago I listened to an address by Mr. John MacGregor, in which he gave a vivid description of his explorations in Palestine, and mentioned his discovery of an immense extent of papyrus growing in the upper reaches of the Jordan.

The snow melting from Mount Hermon trickles down in small streams, forming marshes five miles in length and about three miles broad, closely filled with papyrus stems from eleven to fourteen feet in height.

Such a reedy swamp would have been impenetrable but for a narrow channel winding through it which enabled Mr. MacGregor to make his way with the Rob Roy canoe until he reached the open waters of Lake Merom.

After examining some fragments of ancient



FLOWER OF PAPYRUS.

papyri, I felt sure that it would not be impossible to make paper of the same kind from my own specimen, and this was the way in which I succeeded in the manufacture.

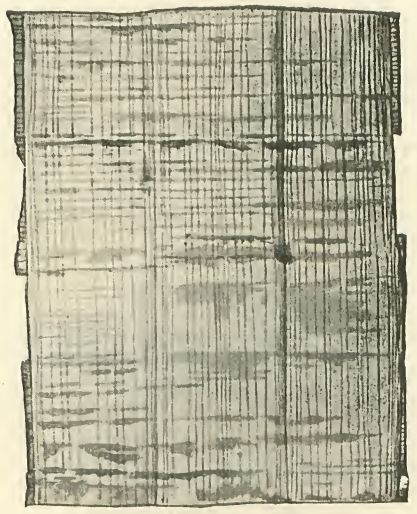
I cut a stem eight feet long into lengths of about six inches, and with a sharp knife sliced off the green rind from its three sides, and cut the remaining white pith into very thin layers.

Having a hot iron ready at hand, I quickly laid the strips of pith side by side, each a little overlapping the other, on a sheet of white paper, and when it was covered I placed another layer upon it at right angles to the first layer. With a sheet of paper to keep the iron from adhering to the pith, I pressed the two thicknesses of pith firmly together until they were closely united.

In about a quarter of an hour, by repeated ironing, I found I had made a piece of light grey material exactly resembling the ancient papyrus which was my pattern.

The sap of the plant appears to possess an adhesive quality, so that no gum is required, the action of heat being sufficient to make the strips unite into a flat even surface, suitable to be written upon with a quill and ordinary ink.

In olden times the young succulent shoots



PAPYRUS PAPER.

of this reed appear to have been used as an article of diet, and when stewed and served with a rich kind of sauce it was reckoned, by both Jews and Egyptians, as a table delicacy.

As I have already remarked, the chief interest which centres in this plant is the fact of its great antiquity. In the British Museum we may see papyrus rolls which were inscribed three thousand years ago. The key to the ancient languages has been discovered, and the learned in such matters can decipher that which was penned in the days when the Israelites were toiling in Egypt, and many deeply-interesting facts concerning Scripture history have in this way been brought to light.

Galls.

The pretty wild rose-gall, popularly known as Robin's Pincushion, or Bedeguar Gall, (*Rhodites rosæ*), shows itself very conspicuously in the hedges at this season.



WILD-ROSE GALL.



OAK-LEAF GALLS.

It is like a bunch of finely divided green moss-sprays, brightly tinged with crimson, and is produced by a small four-winged fly, *Cynips rosæ*.

Early in June this glossy black fly lays its eggs in young briar-shoots, the presence of these eggs interrupts the flow of the sap and woody tissue begins to form around the eggs.

If we take a gall of this kind in an early stage of growth and cut it in half, we shall find several little cells, each containing a small white grub. These larvæ continue to grow to their full size, and then remain quiescent until the following spring, when they change to chrysalides. The perfect fly emerges when the days become warm and sunny.

The oak-tree is victimised by gall-flies innumerable. They lay their eggs in its leaves, branches, flowers, and roots, no part of the tree being exempt from their attacks.

Mr. Stephens, a great authority upon insects, says that there are nearly two thousand species of insects which prey upon the oak-tree, either as gall-flies depositing their eggs in its substance, or as caterpillars feeding upon its leaves.

A collection of oak-galls would therefore show a great variety of forms, and might profitably occupy our attention this autumn.

I have been picking up leaves entirely covered with bright crimson spangle-galls. Such leaves lie on the ground all through the winter whilst the grubs are maturing, and if we find some of these leaves about the end of February, and keep them in a bottle, slightly moistening them from day to day, the flies will hatch and we can see for ourselves *Cynips longipennis*, the exact species that has caused the spangle-gall.

The large round gall shown in the illustration is the product of a species of *Cynips*, and is beautifully coloured with a pinkish crimson on one side.

Flies Killed by Fungus.

A very miserable fate is now overtaking some of our common house-flies. If they happen to come in contact with a very minute fungus known as *Empusa musci*, one of the spores throws out a tube and penetrates the body of the fly, where it will grow and multiply its cells until it has gradually eaten out the interior of the insect.

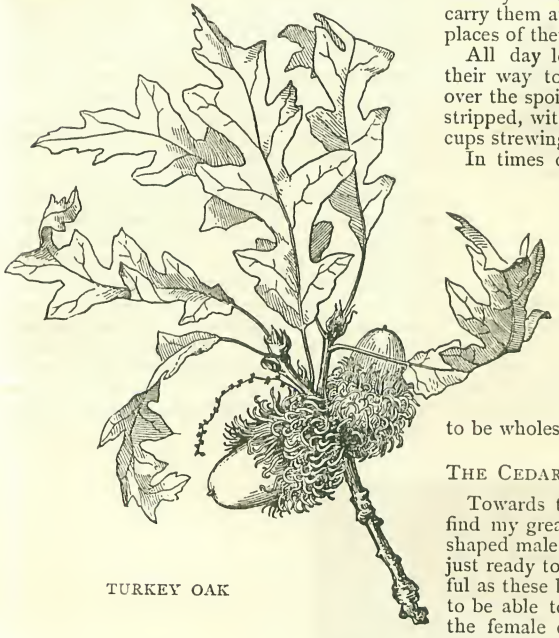


FLY KILLED BY FUNGUS.

I found a specimen of one of these victims on the window-pane to-day. The fly's body was swollen and fixed to the glass; the wretched insect was dead, the fungus was showing on the outside of its body, and all around it the white spores lay like a misty halo upon the glass.

The fungus has the power of throwing its spores some little distance off, and if one of them falls upon a living fly the same process is again repeated, and before long the victim dies this miserable death.

The caterpillar of the common white butterfly is frequently attacked, and dies in the same way when seized upon by a species of minute fungus.



TURKEY OAK

English Oaks.

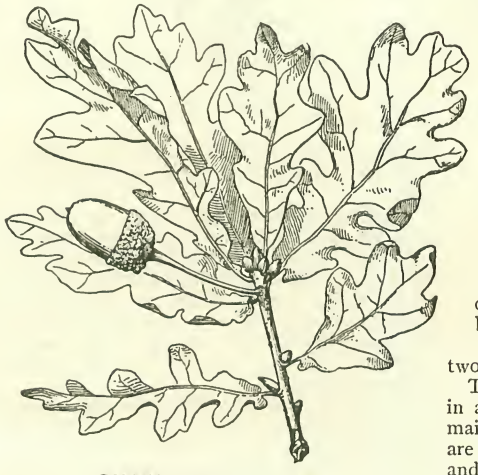
The oak foliage has now turned into a soft golden brown, which sheds a kind of sunlight glow over the landscape.

The squirrels are extremely busy collecting and storing acorns for their winter food, and so carefully do they secure not only acorns but nuts and beechmast, that in a week or two it will be almost impossible to find any woodland fruits beneath the trees.

This is the best season of the year to study our native oaks, because we can easily identify them by their acorns.

We possess in reality but one indigenous species, known as *Quercus robur*, but there are two varieties, *Quercus pedunculata*, which has acorns on much longer stalks than *Quercus robur*, and *Quercus sessiliflora*, which produces its acorns clustered together upon the twigs without any stalks. Its leaves are also broader and more closely grouped together.

The deeply-cut leaves of the imported Turkey oak, *Quercus cerris*, and its charmingly mossy-cupped acorns readily distinguish it from our English species.



COMMON ENGLISH OAK.

A tree of this kind stands on my lawn, and every autumn, for some years past, on a special day, when the rooks by instinct have found out that the fruit is ripe, they come from my rookery in flocks to feast upon the acorns and carry them away, as I believe, to some hiding-places of their own.

All day long the great birds are winging their way to and fro, cawing and rejoicing over the spoil, until they leave the tree entirely stripped, with only a carpet of empty acorn-cups strewing the ground beneath.

In times of scarcity we should do well to imitate the squirrels and store up our acorn-crop, for when dried, roasted, and ground into flour a not unpalatable kind of coffee can be made of acorn kernels. I can speak from experience, for some years ago I had this coffee made, and used it as a tonic beverage. I cannot say it had the aroma or flavour of true coffee, but it made a fair substitute for it, and it is believed to be wholesome and strengthening.

The Cedar of Lebanon (*Cedrus Libani*).

Towards the close of this month I always find my great cedars covered with their cone-shaped male catkins. I see now that they are just ready to shed clouds of pollen, but, plentiful as these blossoms are, it is the rarest thing to be able to discover any but male catkins; the female ones appear almost invariably to grow upon the upper branches, where they are quite inaccessible.

For fifteen years I carefully watched for these small cones, wishing to observe them in their early stage, but failed to find a specimen until a few years ago, when one of my cedars



LONG-STALKED OAK.

obligingly produced some fruit on the lower branches.

The drawing will show my readers the two kinds of blossom.

The yellow pollen-bearing catkins drop off in a few weeks, whilst the fertilised cones remain and gradually increase in size until they are easily to be discerned upon the branches, and are of an exquisite pale tint like shaded sea-green velvet.

Cedar catkins are fertilised only by the wind, which carries the pollen from one blossom to the other.

The buoyancy of the pollen-grains is much aided by two little bladders with which each



SESSILE OAK.

grain is furnished, and which can be easily seen by the aid of a microscope.

The cones are borne on the upper side of the horizontal branches, and are not fully ripe until the autumn of the third year. They do not then fall off like other fir-cones, but the scales and seeds become loosened, and drop to the ground.

Of these grand mountain trees there are three species, the *Deodar* of the Himalayas, the *Cedrus atlantica* of the Atlas range in North Africa, and the cedar of Scripture, of which, besides many smaller ones, twelve patriarchal specimens may still be seen on Mount Lebanon.

These grow at an elevation of about 6,000 feet above the sea, their trunks measuring from 40 to 47 feet in circumference at the base.

It is said that many years ago a Frenchman, who was travelling in the Holy Land, found a little seedling among the cedars of Lebanon, which he wished to bring away as a memorial of his travels. He took it up carefully, and for want of a better flower-pot he planted it in his hat, where he kept and tended it. The voyage was stormy and tedious, so that the



CEDAR CATKINS.

supply of fresh water fell short, and only half a glass a day could be spared for each traveller. The little tree was allowed its share of even this scanty allowance, and although the traveller suffered from his self-denial, the little tree flourished, and had attained the height of six inches when the vessel arrived in port.

At the custom-house the officers thought the hat must surely contain some valuables on which duty ought to be paid, and it needed much earnest pleading on the part of the traveller to induce them to spare the cherished seedling.

Eventually it was allowed to pass through unharmed. It was then taken to Paris, and found a place in the Jardin des Plantes. In the course of years it grew into a noble tree. It lived on for over a century until, sad to relate, the beautiful tree had to be cut down to make way for a railroad.

It would be quite possible to grow our own cedars with the exercise of patience.

A seed I planted out of a cone from Lebanon remained dormant for twelve months in the earth before the young plant made its appearance.

Probably if the seeds were soaked in water for a few days before they are planted, it might tend to hasten the process of germination.

The Liberation of Seeds.

The capsules of the cyclamen are now opening; they are curiously spotted inside, and look like small brown flowers. The twisted stem is coiled around the capsule, and keeps it closed until the seed is perfectly ripe. Then it



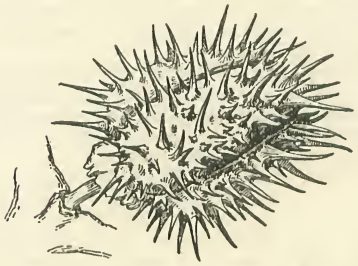
YELLOW IRIS.

uncoils, the segments curl backwards, and the seeds are allowed to drop out and sow themselves.

The iris, the stramonium, and a large number of other plants produce capsules which open their valves when ripe and allow their seeds to escape, and this is perhaps the simplest mode of liberating ripe seed; but at this season, when so many plants are producing their fruit, we shall find it quite interesting to note some of the many other curious modes by which seeds are dispersed.

We observed in the spring the fruit of the sycamore, maple, and hornbeam, which are furnished with a samara, or thin membrane, so that the autumn breezes may bear them flying through the air, and sow them far away from the parent tree.

The wild balsam affords a good example of dispersion by elastic force. The valves curl up and jerk the seeds in all directions.



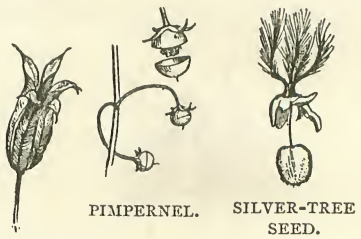
STRAMONIUM.

Heartease, woodsorrel, wild geranium, and many other plants scatter their seeds in the same manner.

The wild pimpernel has a special way of sowing itself by dropping half of its cup-shaped capsule. This, being a common field-flower, can easily be found and examined.

Almost all such flowers as the dandelion, goatsbeard, succory, belonging to the extensive order of compositæ, have seeds more or less feathered, so that they may be wind-dispersed; but, being so common, I need not describe these in detail.

A tree which grows on a mountain in the Cape Colony is known as the silver tree (*Leucadendron argenteum*) from its leaves and cone being so thickly covered with shining white hairs that they look as if they were made of silver. The leaves hang vertically, exposing only their edges to the sun; consequently the trees afford but little shade, only a criss-cross of fine lines of shadow is thrown upon the ground. I mention this tree because its cone produces a remarkable kind of seed. Reference to the plate will show the four feathery plumes by which the wind wafts the seed through the air. They rise out of the dry capsule, and from it the heavy seed hangs at the end of a slender thread, the whole arrangement being somewhat like a small parachute. The silvery cone is a beautiful object in itself,



PIMPERNEL. SILVER-TREE SEED.

COLUMBINE.



CYCLAMEN CAPSULES.

and, when fully ripe, one of these curious seeds emerges from under each of the overlapping scales.

The capsules of the poppy, campanula, and snapdragon allow their seeds to escape through small pores which, being highly sensitive to dryness and moisture, open and shut according to the changes in the weather. We can easily observe these small trap-doors under the upper rim of the poppy-head, and in the other plants I have mentioned the openings are in the upper part of each segment of the capsule.

The columbine has a five-pouched seed-pod opening at one end when ripe, and bending down to sow its contents.

Space will not allow me to notice the many other modes by which plants perpetuate their species, some by hooked seeds which cling to passing animals, some, like the cotton-grass, by very long silky hairs. Others, and perhaps the most curious of all, are those highly sensitive to moisture and dryness, which by expanding and contracting, are enabled to creep along the ground. All these will afford pleasant hours of study to those who like to investigate nature's secrets, as seen in the commonest things which lie about our daily path.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Girls' Employments.

Printing.—*I am just leaving school, and should like to be apprenticed to the stationery and printing trade. Is it a good trade, and is any special preparation required?*

Printer.

In the printing and stationery trades generally women cannot do well on the whole, though there are exceptions. Young women employed as stationers' assistants earn only small wages, and have no great hope of promotion; but girls employed in the manufacturing departments of wholesale houses (such, for instance, as Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, and Messrs. De la Rue), occupy a different and much better position. In such a house as that of Messrs. Parkins and Gotto the work is principally die-stamping. This wants care and neat manipulation. A good workwoman can make eighteen shillings and upwards a week, working, of course, the regular hours prescribed under the Factory Acts. Then there is work also to be had under the numerous firms of chromo-lithographers in London and the large manufacturing towns. For this sort of work some artistic power, though not at all demanded, would be a great help, and might lead on to better work than that which girls in these places usually perform. In the printing trade proper women are not employed, for the reason chiefly that the printing of periodical literature and newspapers entails working at night, and this women, under the Factory Acts, are not allowed to do. There is, however, in most large printing and publishing establishments a department in which women are employed as bookfolders and bookbinders. We know only of one place where a girl could be trained as a printer and compositor, and that is the Women's Printing Society, 66, Whitcomb Street, W.C. Here every kind of periodical and book-printing is done, and good wages are paid. There is, of course, no night-work. You would have to consider if you apprenticed yourself to the Society the position in which you would find yourself supposing the Society could not employ you permanently. Of course, there is no reason why other businesses of the same kind should not be started; but so far as we know there is not another at present.

Gardening, Dairy-Work, etc.—*How can I earn my living as a lady gardener? I cannot afford to be trained at a horticultural college; but I feel that I have no taste for anything except gardening, bee-keeping or dairy-work?*—Horticulture.

There is undoubtedly some demand for women as gardeners, but it is almost impossible for a girl to obtain the requisite training in conservatory and outdoor work, unless she can pay either to be taught at a college or by some private person. Under these circumstances a girl naturally turns to the florist's side of the business, in which women are more ordinarily employed; but even here she is met by the pecuniary difficulty. No employer will pay her enough at first to cover the expense of board and lodging; and it will be matter of surprise if an apprenticeship premium is not charged. Still, undoubtedly, this is the best way to begin. The names of leading florists and dealers in cut flowers would be found in the principal gardening papers (such as the *Gardener's Chronicle*), and "Horticulture" could then write to some of them offering herself as an apprentice. There is, for instance, a firm at Coventry that employs a large number of girls in making bouquets, etc. A girl who can pack and arrange flowers well need never want for a livelihood; but the first few months of learning are difficult to arrange for when funds are not plentiful. We do not advise bee-keeping to a girl who must earn enough to support herself all the year round. Dairy-work, on the other hand, is an excellent business. But here, too, we must remember that money cannot be expended on the training that a large public dairy school affords. Yet County Council lectures supplementing the practical instruction that a capable dairy-woman might give for a small fee might suffice as a general preparation. "Where there's a will there's a way" in employment difficulties; and we do not think that any resolute girl, or young man either, has failed to succeed because the money for technical training was not forthcoming. Employers are always ready enough to teach a bright apprentice, though they may neglect a dull one.

Teaching Technical Subjects. *I have very good certificates for arithmetic, book-keeping, French and shorthand. At the Chamber of Commerce examination here last year, I won the first prize, with honours in French and book-keeping. Is there any chance of making a living by teaching shorthand, etc.? I do not want to become a typist, because continual work at the type-writer results in dreadful back-ache.*

A Country Cousin.

In London and large commercial centres many teachers of the subjects "A Country Cousin" mentions are engaged. If "A Country Cousin" is a thoroughly good teacher, we do not see why she should not have as good a chance as another of obtaining an engagement at some technical institute or polytechnic. But it would be well either to advertise or to apply direct to County Councils and similar bodies. In one of the best schools of business-training in London, one lady teaches type-writing, and the other takes the other subjects. We do not see why this plan should not be more generally followed. But usually only type-writing is taught at a type-writing office, and the pupil is left to pick up a knowledge of shorthand, book-keeping and French elsewhere. We therefore suggest to "A Country Cousin" that she should approach some lady at the head of a type-writing business with an offer to instruct pupils in the subjects mentioned; the arrangement need not be a partnership; both parties could remain quite unfettered. But this co-operation would probably prove mutually advantageous.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

Sunset.—Shortness of breath may be due to many causes, the chief of which are anæmia, and diseases of the lungs or heart. The attacks of shortness of breath and tightness of the chest that you describe are very like attacks of asthma. You say that you are liable to bronchitis, so that we think that your trouble is bronchial asthma. You should read a rather lengthy answer on the subject of coughs which we published in the June number of The Girl's Own Paper. A few extra hints is all that is necessary. Can you trace the attacks to anything?—to irregularities or indiscretions in diet? If you can, these should be corrected. During the paroxysms of shortness of breath loosen your garments and see that nothing presses upon your neck and chest; open the window and inhale as much fresh air as you can. The fumes of burning stramonium leaves often greatly relieve asthma. Inhaling the smoke of stramonium cigarettes is the best way to use this drug; but the fumes must be inhaled, not merely taken into the mouth. Change of residence often has a marked effect in asthma, and if you can do so, we would advise you to try the effects of a change of scene.

Ivano.—The condition of your hand is due to one of the forms of eczema or an allied complaint. Cannot you discover the cause of the trouble? You might try the following cream:—equal parts of olive oil, lime water and oxide of zinc. This is very soothing and allays irritation. Calamine ointment is also likely to be of service to you. Whichever of these two you use, apply it plentifully, and keep the hand swathed in a cotton bandage.

Lilac. — Turpentine fomentations are exceedingly useful, and are generally to be preferred to the other methods of counter-irritation, such as mustard or cantharides plasters. They are best made in the following manner:—take a good large square of thick flannel and fold it four times, rinse it out well in boiling water, and sprinkle about a teaspoonful of turpentine upon it. Dip it into the hot water again, rinse it until almost dry, and apply it while hot. If it is to be used for bronchitis, apply it high up on the chest, just below the notch between the collar-bones. Leave it on till it begins to smart, not merely till it starts to prick a little. If the place is at all sore afterwards, a little vaseline or simple ointment may be applied.

Marie. — Giddiness may be due to many causes. Indigestion and anæmia are common causes, but there are very many other conditions which will produce this symptom. Errors of refraction of the eyes, almost any abnormal condition of the ears, and very many nervous diseases produce giddiness. In old persons it is very common for giddiness to occur after stooping. This is probably due to the fact that the blood-vessels in elderly persons are more or less rigid, and the stooping posture interferes with the circulation through the brain. If your ears, eyes, and digestion are perfectly healthy, you might try a little "tonic" treatment — by "tonic" we do not mean taking the so-called tonic medicines, but taking a little extra stimulating food, a cold or tepid bath in the warm weather (that is if it makes you feel better, for on no account should you take a cold bath if it disagrees with you) and a moderate walk or drive every afternoon.

E. L.—We should think that by "contraction of the bronchial tubes" asthma is meant. There are two totally distinct forms of asthma, bronchial asthma—a frequent complication of bronchitis; and true asthma, which is a nervous disease. Of the cause of the latter we know but little, and, as in every patient the exciting causes of an attack of breathlessness are different, we cannot tell you whether singing is likely to produce an attack, but we rather think that it would not. Weakness of the heart could not produce asthma, unless it first caused bronchitis.

L. E. N.—Are the "ulcers" that trouble you little white spots about the mouth, but chiefly beneath the tongue and in the space between the lip and the gum? If so they are due to indigestion. If you look to your digestion the ulcers will vanish. Locally use a mouth wash of chlorate of potash, or of borax and tincture of lavender.

Tiresome Flo.—We would indeed be sorry to be the means of introducing our English patent medicines into any foreign country. Most patent medicines are made by tradesmen possessing the most profound ignorance of medicine or pharmacy. A few of them, certainly, owe their origin to respectable practitioners of medicine, but few of even these are of any value. We know the composition of most nostrums, but we have not yet discovered any which we would recommend to anybody for any complaints. Patent medicines are made to sell, and to cure by chance!

A Sufferer.—You are the fourth correspondent who has asked this identical question. We published a detailed account of the treatment of constipation some weeks ago.

E. G.—There is no form of food which acts primarily on the complexion! There is a popular delusion that the colour and clearness of the face depend upon the diet. They do not! Unless the food you take produces constipation, or indigestion, it does not affect the complexion. To this there is an apparent exception. People who drink large quantities of alcohol or tea often get red noses and bad complexions; but even here, these effects are secondary to indigestion, although the digestion may appear to be tolerably good. Even foods (such as chocolate, sweets, tea, etc.) which tend to produce indigestion and constipation, have but a very slight effect upon the complexion. The habit of taking drugs often does great harm to the complexion—especially those drugs which are taken to "clear" the face. Though but little effect upon the face is produced by what is taken into the stomach, a great deal of good or harm can result from what is put upon the face. Thus, bad soaps, most cosmetics, washing the face in very hot water, or exposure to strong dry winds will greatly injure the complexion; whereas, good soaps, washing in warm water, and a few cosmetics, improve the skin of the face. You can make a good soap yourself, and we could give you the details of its manufacture; but it is certainly not worth while, for it is by no means an easy, nor a satisfactory, nor in any way a necessary operation. There are plenty of good soaps in the market. The best are those that are fairly hard, opaque, and scented or medicated with carbolic acid, eucalyptus, etc.

E. J.—In your case the flushings which trouble you are due to indigestion and anæmia. Flushings are exceedingly common in dyspepsia from any cause, and as indigestion is a frequent concomitant of anæmia, flushings are often a prominent feature in that disease. We have so often given the rules for diet, etc., in anæmia and indigestion, that we cannot again repeat them. Read up the correspondence in the back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and you will find all the information that you require. You must not take iron when the digestion is feeble.

MAUDE.—We have given many "answers" about superfluous hairs, and we cannot again enter into the discussion of the treatment of this annoyance. In the June number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a complete account of this condition was given, and we therefore refer you to that account.

MARTHA.—Decidedly people do die of "broken hearts," though such an accident is very rare. It is doubtful if the heart could "break" if it was healthy; but in old persons, where the heart is fatty, a sudden violent emotion may cause fatal rupture of the heart. Usually the expression, "a broken heart," is used metaphorically to express a sudden death due directly to violent emotion, or the quiet gradual dissolution which sometimes occurs as a result of excessive sorrow. Both these kinds of death from emotion do occur, but they are rare.

SILVIA.—Space forbids us from giving you a complete dietary for diabetes, but we will give you the most important details about feeding in this condition. Sugar in every form must be scrupulously avoided. Fruit, sweet wines and drinks, carrots, parsnips, etc., and, indeed, any food which contains sugar should not be taken by diabetics. Bread, potatoes, and all foods containing starch may only be taken in very small amounts. Gluten bread, almond cakes, bran biscuits, cocoanut biscuits, etc., are usually given to diabetics instead of the ordinary bread; but the first named usually contains such a large quantity of starch, that there is little or no advantage in its use, and all these special foods are very indigestible, innutritious, and nauseous to the last degree when taken for any length of time, so that it is better to allow patients a very small amount of toasted white bread than to tie them down to the above-mentioned special foods. Diabetics who have "sweet teeth," may sweeten their drinks, etc., with glycerine or saccharine. Meat of all kinds, except liver, fish, and poultry; the green vegetables, eggs, fruits which contain very little sugar, the lighter wine, and aerated waters may be taken by diabetics.

AMY.—The best thing to do for your trouble is to take a lozenge or tabloid of santonin (1 grain) overnight, and a mild aperient, such as rhubarb and soda, in the morning. This treatment may be repeated if unsuccessful the first time.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

RESTLESS RACHEL.—As you modestly say you can see several faults in your "attempts at rhyme," it would be unkind and unnecessary for us to single out one blemish after another. We must, however, tell you that the metre and rhymes of "Springtime" are defective. "Storm and Calm" is the best of the three poems. You should read all the good poetry you can.

NOXON.—The couplet—

> "Men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things"

is from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The verse begins—

> "I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones."

and the poet referred to is Goethe.

NIP.—1. If you have "taken in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for so many years," you will find your inquiry as to recitations frequently answered. We will, however, say that you will find some good humorous pieces in Alfred Miles' *American Reciter*, price 6d.—2. You cannot "keep your hair in curl in damp weather" by any device known to us. Two questions only are allowed.

VARECH.—We sympathise with you in your ambition, but you may leave "footprints on the sands of time" by faithful performance of your work as a teacher. It would be wrong of us to encourage you in the hope of becoming a poet. Few indeed can claim that title. Your metre is incorrect; for instance, the line "Jeanie and her sailor laddie," is of different cadence from the line "Or dash against the rugged rocks," yet both occupy the same place (third) in the four-lined verse. You might be able to "write verses for Christmas cards," if you studied the laws of versification.

B. M.—We cannot complain of your metre, but this inversion is inadmissible, from its awkwardness—

> "Give me, as I them ponder o'er."

You use "magnate" for "magnet." If you wish to write verse you should study the laws of versification. "Time" and "shrine," "laugh" and "path," "hands" and "plans" do not rhyme. But we can well understand your longing to express in poetry your memories of a childhood which, as you say, must have been singularly happy. As you grow older you will feel more and more the force of Wordsworth's lines—

> "There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight,
> To me did seem
> Apparelled in celestial light,
> The glory and the freshness of a dream."

PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.—Your thoughts "on hearing one of Beethoven's Sonatas," show you to possess musical feeling; but they are not cast in any recognised poetic mould, and cannot be called verse. Every poem should have some correct "form" in which it is written. Cultivate your ear by reading good poetry.

PERSÉVÉRANCE.—We have received your letter, and though we cannot enter into all its contents, we must tell you that we by no means agree with your synopsis of "Voiceless." It is not a "hopeless dirge" at all, but a pathetic and beautiful expression of a truth. Try to avoid moods that are too introspective or ultra-critical, and do the best you can with your life from day to day.

E. A. P.—Many thanks for your kind letter. "Rosebud" has already received several replies about "The Doctor's Fee;" but we are grateful to you all the same for your offer, and sympathise with you in your past illness. We hope you will soon regain strength.

MRS. STRATHERN refers the quotation we have several times mentioned, beginning "I expect to pass through this world but once" to Marcus Aurelius, but cannot verify it.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"MISS INQUISITIVE" wishes to "correspond with some nice girl in a distant land, not for the sake of learning a new language, but to know how they manage things so many miles away." Will some "nice girl in a distant land" volunteer her name and address?

MISS MILDRED C. DAVIES, 70, Broad Street, Blaenavon, Monmouthshire, would like to correspond with either a French or German young lady aged eighteen.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

STEWARD'S DAUGHTER (*Book-keeping*).—It is in your favour to be "quick at figures," and your handwriting (on which you ask our opinion) is neat. You should study punctuation. We discover not a single comma in your letter, and only two full stops. You need not be dismayed by this criticism, as punctuation is easily mastered. You cannot hope to earn much at first as a book-keeper, for you have yet to obtain experience; but there is no reason why you should not obtain a good position when you are a little older. In the meantime study account-keeping carefully, and if possible, master the difficulties of account-keeping by double entry. Your parents are wise in wishing you at first to find employment not too far from home.

VIOLETTA (*Work to do at Home*).—See reply to "Heather." We know nothing in regard to the work advertised, about which you ask our opinion; but we recommend our readers, as a general principle, to have nothing to do with advertisements that promise an income in return for work that everybody can do. Everybody can write (after a fashion); everybody can do some sort of needlework; and nearly everybody prefers to work at home. Consequently we look upon advertisements of work that combine all these conditions as being rather too good to be true. It is a pity that your time should not be fully occupied. Cannot you attend some evening school or County Council classes? You ought now, while you are young, to be learning to do something by which you can earn your living by-and-by.

MOLLY (*Nursing*).—If by a "book on nursing," you mean a book that will give you the rules of the principal hospitals in regard to the admission and training of nurses, we advise you to get *Burdett's Official Nursing Directory* (London: The Scientific Press). This is a most useful work of reference on nursing matters. But if what you require is an introduction to a nurse's duties, it becomes difficult to choose between the great number of publications of this kind that exist. We would suggest *The Matron's Course*, an introduction to hospital and private nursing, by Miss S. E. Orme, Lady Superintendent of the London Temperance Hospital (The Scientific Press, 28, Southampton Street, Strand, London).

SOLOIST (*Singing in London Churches*).—In order to be engaged as a singer in one of the London churches, it is necessary to be tolerably well known in the musical world. It is doubtful whether a stranger could obtain such an engagement without strong recommendation from musical authorities. At the church of the Foundling Hospital ladies used to perform as soloists and probably still do so. The Rev. H. R. Haweis of St. James's Marylebone, has a surpliced choir of ladies. You could not do better than make a beginning as a choir singer, taking solos in anthems when opportunity offers.

HEATHER (*Choice of Employment*).—You are very wise to wish to do some regular work. Every girl ought to be able to earn her living in some way, and in your case it seems highly desirable that you should be able ultimately to support yourself. If you have any taste for dressmaking, we recommend you to take a course of thorough training at the Liverpool School of Domestic Economy. If you write to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Fanny Calder, 49, Canning Street, Liverpool, you could obtain full particulars. All over the country there is a demand for dressmakers, and a woman who knows this business finds it constantly useful. It is to be hoped that in replying to the advertisements you speak of, you sent no money; girls cannot be too cautious how they reply to such offers of work. Bogus advertisements are usually so worded as to tempt everybody to answer them, and those people, most of all, who do not know any skilled trade.

STEPNEY (*Civil Service Clerkship*).—As your daughter has done so well at school, and now thinks she would like to enter the Civil Service, she might safely be encouraged to enter one of the examinations. When she is fifteen she will be eligible to enter an examination either for a female sorter-ship or as a telegraph learner. The latter seems on the whole to be the better course. In either case she would later be in a position to hope for promotion to a clerkship. She had better, meantime, study English composition, ordinary English subjects, French and German, and try to acquire the style of handwriting preferred by the Post Office authorities.

C. R. (*Foreign Missionary Work*).—There are many missionary societies; but the best for your purpose would probably be the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, 9, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C., or the Deaconess House and Foreign Missionary Training Institute, 1, Blackburn Terrace, Liverpool.

E. C. H. (*Rag-Doll Making*).—We are sorry that you should have been unable to obtain a model of a rag doll for your invalid friend to copy. Perhaps the superintendent of the Time and Talents Depot, Fisherton Street, Salisbury, or Mr. Albert Bankes, Wolfeton House, near Dorchester, could give you the information required. We have, ourselves, seen several pretty toys at the depot which an invalid could easily make. One of these was a kind of clapper toy made of pieces of wood bound together with tapes. It would amuse a young child greatly, but the materials must be quite inexpensive.

LORA (*Hospital Nursing*).—We are, as you say, "constantly giving answers in regard to hospital nursing." But we must remember that our correspondents are not always the same; consequently we are very glad to answer your question. Twenty-two is a suitable age for a probationer in some hospitals, but in others it is deemed too young. The following are a few of the better institutions, to the matrons of which you might apply for admission:—The London (as a paying probationer only); Chelsea Infirmary; Poplar Sick Asylum, Bromley, E.; Kensington Infirmary; St. Marylebone Infirmary, North Kensington; Poplar Hospital for Accidents, Blackwall, E. At the last-mentioned you would obtain much experience in nursing surgical cases.

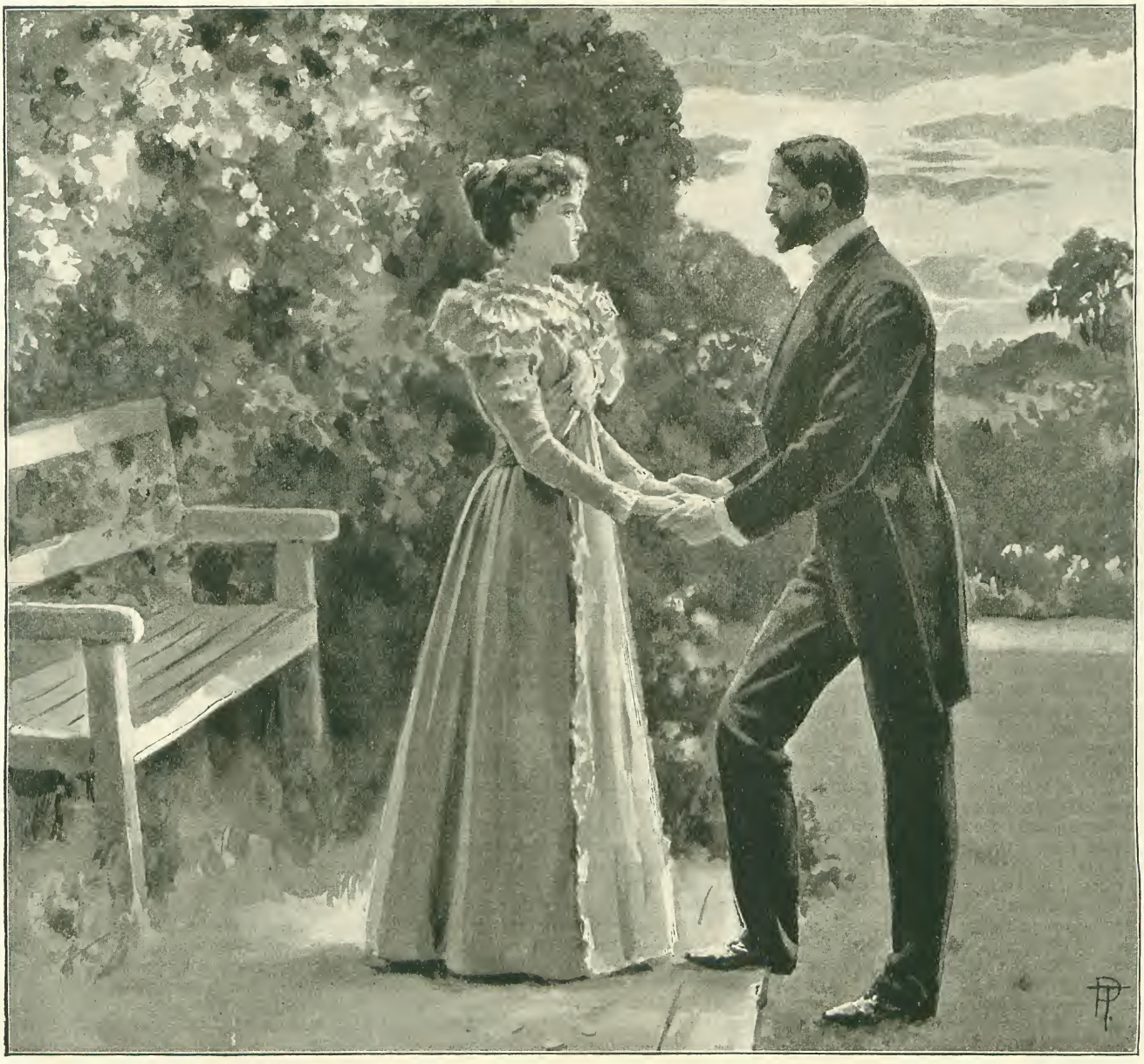
A. M. B. (*Civil Service Clerkships*).—We are exceedingly obliged to you for giving us the most recent information regarding the rules for Civil Service Examinations, and have noted the particulars for the benefit of our other readers. It is pleasant indeed to hear of your own success in the examination for Girl Clerks, and especially to know that you did so well in essay-writing as to obtain 285 marks out of the maximum of 300. To be able to write a good essay means not only that you have been well educated in the literature of your own language, but also that you have ideas; and in every walk of life, no matter how mechanical it may appear, ideas are of great value. We trust that you will make good progress, and that in due course you will be promoted to a regular clerkship.

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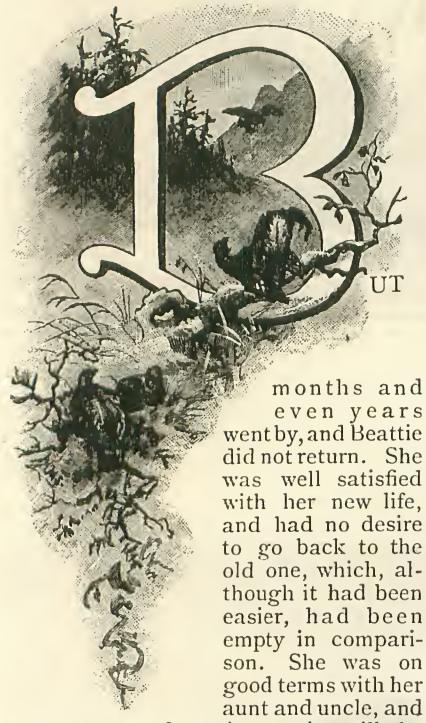
IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.



All rights reserved.] "BEATTIE TURNED TO HIM AND LAID HER HANDS IN HIS."

CHAPTER XXIV.



BUT months and even years went by, and Beattie did not return. She was well satisfied with her new life, and had no desire to go back to the old one, which, although it had been easier, had been empty in comparison. She was on good terms with her aunt and uncle, and called on them from time to time till she had the offer of work away from London and accepted it. But if she were content Mrs. Swannington was not. She missed Beattie more than she cared to confess, and her husband, though he dared not own it, found his home a different place. At last one day Aunt Ella said, "I wouldn't on any account have Beattie back, but I rather feel the want of someone who can be a companion to me. I shall advertise." Mr. Swannington said, "I am sure you must be lonely when I am away, my dear. I certainly should have some one." And accordingly an advertisement was inserted in the *Morning Post*, which brought answers from fifty single women, all, if their letters were to be believed, eminently desirable in every way. "You see, Arthur," said Mrs. Swannington, "there is no difficulty. It is easier to find a companion than a coo, and certainly cheaper."

The finding might have been easy, but what to do with them when found was another matter. Mrs. Swannington, tried one after another of them in rapid succession, and regaled her husband with anecdotes of the stupidity of this one, the insolence of that, the eccentricities of a third, and the utter uselessness of her successor. Before two weeks she was bored to death with every one of them; then she snubbed them or found fault, and the result was tears or retorts, according to the temperament of the individual.

"You only change their faces," said she; "they are all fools alike. I think companions are even more tiresome than servants. At any rate, you don't have the latter about you all the day long. I shall give them up." And she gave them up accordingly.

Her friends meanwhile wondered at the selfishness of the niece, who thus left her to the society of hirelings, but Aunt Ella, with a little twinge of conscience, would reply to their condolences that young people were usually selfish. Then one summer she had a return of her old complaint. The doctor forbade much exertion, and poor Mrs. Swannington found herself confined to the house and the sofa for a considerable portion of each day. It was an unwonted thing for her to give way to depression, so that when her husband came home and found her in tears he was rather alarmed, and exerted himself to cheer her.

"The house is so wretchedly dull," said Mrs. Swannington. "Marie has a voice like a pencil scratching on a slate; if she laughs it sets my nerves on edge. The nurse is worse; her prim and proper ways make me inclined to hurl at her my physic bottle. The doctor is the only creature who has amused me the entire day. And he stayed but ten minutes. Last time I was ill I had at any rate—Beattie."

Uncle Arthur fidgeted with his watch-chain. Moral courage was not his strong point, and he feared his wife's tongue, so there was something valiant in his suggestion.

"It must be close on time for her holidays. Ask her to come here."

"She wrote she was invited to Woodfield," said Aunt Ella.

"Nonsense!" Mr. Swannington knew by the inflection of her voice that he had not made a mistake. "She'll come if she's wanted. Beattie goes in for the self-sacrifice business. Look here, suppose I send her a line."

Aunt Ella made no objection, and that evening Mr. Swannington wrote and posted his letter before she had a chance of reading it. He told Beattie exactly the state of affairs, and begged her to come back. "I wish you'd stop altogether when you do come," he wrote. "Your aunt will never ask it, but I know she has moped ever since you left us. Don't, if you love me, tell her I mentioned this. But you might just think it over, B. Things are different from what they used to be. I don't think she'll be in a hurry to get rid of you now she sees what it is like.

Beattie gave up her holiday in the country, but she had no intention of giving up her work, and so she told her uncle as soon as she saw him. Perhaps he and Aunt Ella had some talks on the subject, for one day Mrs. Swannington remarked—

"Your uncle seems brighter since you have been here, Beattie. When I am poorly I cannot amuse him, and you are always cheerful. It is a pity you cannot come back. Of course," she added, seeing her niece flush crimson and almost involuntarily shake her head, "it is only for his sake. If you had your evenings you could spend your days as you chose. But you are of age; I do not wish that I should influence you."

"It is not a matter I could decide in a minute, Aunt Ella," said Beattie; but she smiled. She understood her aunt.

The next day her uncle took her aside and said—

"I say, Beattie, it's a pity you don't pocket your pride. Your aunt is awfully set on your coming here to live again. Of course I'd like it too; but I'm of no consequence; I'm out all the day, only it's dull for her. I should like you to understand that if you wanted to do good and all that we wouldn't stand in your way. And of course money needn't be an object. We—we wouldn't let you be a loser. Still, I wouldn't wish to hinder you in any way, and you're old enough now to judge for yourself."

And then Beattie laughed outright. She understood her uncle too. But the decision could not be lightly made.

However, she made it before many days. She met at an afternoon at-home a lady who worked among crippled children in the South of London, and whose name was already familiar to her. This lady, not knowing anything about Beattie, but only telling her of the work which was the interest of a life the world called blighted, was speaking of her desire to find some one younger than herself, who, without payment of any kind, would devote a portion of her time to helping her. She described the requirements and was as surprised as delighted when the sympathetic young listener turned an eager face towards her and said—

"Shall I do? It is the very thing I have been wanting!"

"And you," replied the lady, "are the very person I have been looking for."

"Auntie," said Beattie, when she got home, "I would like to stay with you if I may spend half my time in a slum. I will drench myself with disinfectants and change my dress before I come to you, and be as careful as a doctor, but I must go. There are children wanting me."

Aunt Ella sighed; but it was partly a sigh of relief. Even the dread of catching something was not so bad as the dread of losing Beattie.

"It is incomprehensible to me," she said, "how anybody can wish to go among children, and especially children who are badly kept; but since you have the desire I know it is no good my trying to dissuade you. But it is a good thing you should have a comfortable home to come to afterwards."

And Aunt Ella had no reason to regret the hours Beattie spent away from her. The sunshine she brought into the "comfortable home" poured into her own heart when she sat in desolate rooms by little crippled children, ministering to them, helping them, teaching them, giving and gaining love. She was happy now, indeed—happier than she had ever been in her life, with a happiness that endured, for she was one of the fortunate ones who have found their vocation and follow it.

Her love for Cecil Musgrove had passed away. It had been an artificial growth, and when she had natural vents for all her powers it dispersed, she knew not how. She was only happily conscious that the thought of him was not associated with bitterness, or grief, or longing any longer. She had no wish to meet him again, but if she did she could greet him simply as a friend. She was

thankful that she had no more offers to refuse; if she had lovers she did not know it. She had a simple dignity which, perhaps, was better than the old spontaneity—at any rate, no one could misunderstand her. She had not seen Michael Anstruther since the day he had gone away from Woodfield, but they had parted good friends. She heard of him occasionally from Norah, with whom she still corresponded, but Norah had very little to tell. Michael had been away much longer than he had expected, and as time went by his letters to Woodfield had become less frequent. Lady Anstruther had died suddenly during the first year of his absence, and home would be a different place to him henceforward. Perhaps that was why he was not anxious to come back to England. Geoffrey was married, and had given up the army and settled down to a country life, and Sir John, who lived with them at the Hall, had the happiness of watching a little grandchild toddling over the sunny lawn. He is fond of his daughter-in-law, but his chief friend and companion is Norah. Together they talk of her who has left them, and of the son who is the pride of both. Norah will always love Michael, but it is a love of which she need never be ashamed. She is happy in her simple duties, and the peace which passes all understanding dwells in a heart which knows no will but God's. Some day, when the two old men who cling to her need her no longer, she will find other ways to serve Him in a sphere where perhaps it will be gain to have no ties to bind her.

Cecil Musgrove had married a year or so after he had written to Beattie that they would never be anything to each other. His wife was a Russian lady, a good deal older than himself, very plain, and, it was rumoured, exceedingly rich. She met her future husband at an hotel in Switzerland, fell madly in love with him, and, Mrs. Coverdale always declared, proposed to him. At present they have no children, so his sister is beginning to be reconciled to a marriage which may eventually prove to the advantage of her boy. Mrs. Swannington received an invitation to the wedding, but as it took place in Paris she was able to refuse without being suspected of pique. Her curiosity, indeed, so far overcame her pride that she called upon Mrs. Musgrove, and had the satisfaction of telling her husband afterwards that she considered her the ugliest woman of her acquaintance. But perhaps Mrs. Swannington was prejudiced, and the two ladies could scarcely be in sympathy with one another, since Cecil's wife was intellectual, despised the frivolities which pleased Mrs. Swannington, held advanced views as to the position of women, and many other things, and dressed as much like a man as possible.

Mrs. Swannington had not, as she had threatened, given up her acquaintance with Mrs. Gilman. Indeed, the two ladies had become rather more intimate since the latter had, on the announcement of his engagement, declared her surprise that, after caring for Beattie, Mr. Musgrove should have turned his attention to his present wife. This remark was very reassuring to Aunt Ella, who was able to say that she had been angry when Beattie had refused him, but that probably it was for the best.

"She did refuse him, then," said Mrs. Gilman. "I always thought Beattie cared for him."

Mrs. Swannington looked wise, but said nothing, only she had no longer any fear of meeting Mr. Musgrove at Mrs. Gilman's.

One night, however, at a large reception, she encountered someone else there that she had not expected to see, and that was Michael Anstruther. He had only been in London a little while, and had not been to Woodfield. He had met Mrs. Gilman that afternoon, and she had insisted on his joining them. As he liked her, and had no valid excuse for refusing her invitation, he had accepted it. It was only afterwards it flashed into his mind that he might see Beattie. He fully believed that long before now Beattie was married. Of Beattie's friend Margaret he had lost sight soon after he left Paris, and Norah never mentioned her in her letters, fearing lest she should give him pain, for of Mike's constancy Norah had as little doubt as of her own.

Almost the first person that Mike saw as he entered the crowded room was Mrs. Swannington, but she had not observed him, and he quickly looked away from her, though the sight of the little lady as smiling and amiable as ever had given him something of a shock. He was not quite sure that he had forgiven her the ill turn she had done him, and in any case he was not anxious to renew his acquaintance. And yet from time to time he could not refrain from glancing in her direction as by a sort of fascination. She was Beattie's aunt; she could tell him what had become of her.

Mike found himself somewhat in request. The expedition which he had accompanied, though originating on the Continent and headed by a German, had been of European, even world-wide interest, and had consequently been much talked-of in London; and among Mr. Gilman's friends were many scientists who were only too glad to meet and speak to a man who had taken part in it. Certainly it had come to an end some time previously, though Michael himself had remained abroad; but it was enough for Mr. Gilman to say, "This is Dr. Anstruther, who accompanied S.," for Mike to find himself the object of genuine interest. And so it came about that presently Mr. Gilman said, "Anstruther, here is Mr. Musgrove, who is anxious to be introduced to you," and Mike was face to face with a tall, fair, strikingly handsome man, whom, once seen, it would not be easy to forget. And even if he had not caught the name Mike would have remembered him, though it was five years since he had seen him with Beattie on the cliff at Crabsley. For a moment he could think of nothing else, and was only dimly conscious that the stranger was talking to him in a quiet, deliberate voice, and regarding him the while with cold, rather critical eyes.

"I have never had an opportunity before of meeting anybody who knew S. Is he really the dreamer some men think him, or is there anything practical in his ideas? My wife was reading his book not long ago, and she will be only too pleased to talk about it."

Then Mike came to his senses. Beattie must indeed be changed if she could read with interest a work so abstruse as that which S. had lately published as the result of their exploration, in his own language, or was it possibly because he was connected with it that she had, for the sake of their friendship, tried to study the matter?

"Perhaps you will let me take you to her," said Musgrove. "She is sitting near the piano."

Mike bowed, murmured his willingness, and, with his heart thumping, followed Cecil, who was saying to himself, "Olga will get on better with him than I should. The fellow is evidently rather a bore. I hate a person who is absent-minded!"

What Mrs. Musgrove thought of him it is impossible to say; but she certainly could not have been edified by his conversation; he did not seem to take the least interest in the subject, and the only approach to eagerness in his manner was when he said, "Excuse my asking, but did I understand Mr. Musgrove to say you were his wife?"

"I am Mrs. Musgrove," said the lady, with some dignity. For Mike's question was unfortunate, since she was a little sensitive on the subject of her age, and inclined to observe surprise at their relationship where none was intended. Perhaps Mike saw he had offended her, for he pulled himself together and tried to talk about S. and his book and his theories with something of the zeal which he really felt. But either his effort was not successful, or Mrs. Musgrove had already formed a low opinion of his power, for she drew into the conversation the lady with whom she had been previously conversing, and poor Mike, feeling a little ashamed of his manners, soon found an opportunity to withdraw.

And straight as an arrow from the bow, he made his way to Aunt Ella, whom he again discerned through the moving crowd in her dress with its glittering trimmings of some jewelled stuff that scintillated with every movement.

For the moment she did not recognise him. He was a good deal changed since she had last seen him; bronzed, bearded, older-looking, and if not handsome still sufficiently striking in appearance for people to ask who he was. But as soon as he spoke, saying, "Do you not remember me, Mrs. Swannington?" she knew his voice, and gave a shrill "Ah," in which were blended dismay, astonishment, and yet pleasure.

"Why, it is Mr. Anstruther!" and she held out both her hands with a warmth which might well take Michael by surprise. But Mrs. Swannington was seldom long in deciding on a course of action. "And how well you look! Are you but just returned from your travels? Come, I must have some talk

with you. In this crush it is impossible. And you are always so high above me. In the conservatory it is cool; take me there, and I will have an ice with you quietly—water, not cream; cream I never touch."

Mrs. Swannington wished to have as long an interview as possible. But Michael had no objection to the cool conservatory and news perhaps of Beattie. For once her aunt was not averse to talking of her with him. She dragged her immediately into the conversation.

"My niece will be sorry not to have come to-night. She was always such a friend of yours. But she is at present in the country. Indeed it is a visit to your home she pays. She is for a few days with Norah Gilman."

"Indeed," said Mike, as surprised and interested as even Aunt Ella could have desired. But contrary to her expectation, he asked no further questions. His dignity forbade his interrogating Mrs. Swannington, though as she showed no unwillingness to talk, it was probable he would lose no information of importance. And, in any case, if Beattie was at Woodfield——

"You will perhaps remember," said Mrs. Swannington, opening her fan and using it slowly, "that last time we met we had a little conversation which, I am afraid, made you unhappy. Had I seen you again before you left England I should have contradicted what I told you." Aunt Ella heaved a heavy sigh. "He behaved badly. But there, it has been for the best. He is now married to another; and they are well suited. There is not between them an ounce of heart."

Mike smiled. In spite of himself he could not take Mrs. Swannington quite seriously.

"You seemed to think more highly of him once," he said, however.

Mrs. Swannington for a wonder blushed. But she was equal to the occasion. She knew that in appealing to Mike's generosity was her best chance.

"I was deceived," she said. "Perhaps I deceived you. But indeed, I believed all would turn out differently. I will ask that you shall forgive me. Now for a reward I will say what is no deceit. Beattie has had many offers, none have pleased her. I often think that before she went into society she saw someone she cared for, and perhaps, but for—for—myself, in fact, she would have cared for him all the time. Indeed, I will go further——" But Mike stopped her.

"Don't let us talk of Miss Margetson any more," he said quietly. And Aunt Ella little guessed what pleasure it gave him to call her by the name which was not changed.

"Tell me about your husband. Is he here? I should like to see him."

The ice was finished. There was no excuse for stopping any longer. But at the door of the conservatory Mrs. Swannington looked up at him and said, with more genuine feeling than she had ever shown to him—

"I thank you that you bear no malice. You shall not find me any more against you, though I desire no longer that my niece should marry."

Michael had not been expected at Woodfield till much later in the year. But he had heard of a London practice through a friend, who was obliged, owing to ill-health, to give it up, and he had come over to see what he thought about buying it. He had not abandoned the idea of being presently an eye-specialist, but his wish was to make himself master of his profession in all its branches; the thirst for acquiring knowledge was still upon him, and the place where his friend lived near the docks was in a poor crowded neighbourhood where, for a man who did not mind hard work, there was a great deal of experience to be gained, and some of it unique of its kind. Mike thought a few years passed here would be gain rather than loss, and would give him opportunities he might miss in the West End. The day after Mrs. Gilman's reception, he went to visit the scene of what would possibly be his future home, but he deferred a definite decision until he had paid his visit to Woodfield and seen his father, who would buy the practice if he wished it. He had written both to his father and his sister-in-law announcing his arrival. As it happened, however, Geoffrey and his wife were at the seaside, and Sir John sent his note down to the Rectory with one in his quavering handwriting, asking Norah to spend the afternoon at the Hall, for he knew that the home-coming would be painful in many ways to Mike, and perhaps the poor old man was himself rather nervous about it.

But it passed off better than they had expected. The child, who had been left at home with her nurse, was playing on the terrace when he arrived, and as she was a little person who was always friendly towards gentlemen, she allowed Mike to carry her in on his shoulder, and helped him through the trying first minutes which all had secretly dreaded.

He thought Sir John seemed very feeble and aged, but he was able to say quite sincerely:

"Why, Norah, you don't look a day older than when I went away."

"Norah has the secret of perpetual youth," said Sir John, patting the hand which lay on his chair. And perhaps there was truth in the words so lightly spoken.

When she was going, prepared to leave the father and son together, both insisted that Mike should see her home, as he always did in the old days. Only the walk back was more silent than it used to be, though there was so much to be said. When they drew near the Rectory Norah looked up at him with the *gentle solicitous* gaze he so well remembered when there was something she had to tell him and yet feared to hurt him.

"Well?" he asked, smiling.

"Beattie Margetson is staying with me," said Norah.

"I know it, dear; I have seen her aunt."

Norah gave a sigh of relief.

"I am glad you are friends still," Mike said.

"We shall always be friends," said Norah. "No one could help loving Beattie. She is just the same. You might more truly say of her what you said of me. She looks as young as ever. I think she is prettier even than she used to be."

"It would be kinder to tell me she had grown plain and sour," said Mike, smiling.

"It wouldn't make any difference to you if she were?"

Mike shook his head.

"Not the very least, Norah."

Something in his firm tones made Norah pause at the entrance to the rectory drive and say, looking at him with eyes which smiled, though her lips quivered—

"I will tell you something, Mike, that may encourage you. Your mother said to me once that she dreamt that Beattie was your wife. She believed it would come true. And she hoped it, and—and so do I, for I am sure she would make you happy."

But it was not till a week later—a week of constant companionship, that Mike ventured once more to put his happiness to the test. He and Beattie were man and woman now, and yet they still felt as they had done when they were only boy and girl, absolute ease in one another's society, absolute confidence in one another's sincerity. Both had gone through an experience which had deepened them, both had learned something of that other life which alone can make this explicable, to both had come a desire to live in accordance with what it had taught them. It seemed to Mike that if this had been only the beginning of their acquaintance it would still have been inevitable that he should love Beattie and want her to be with him always.

One evening, as they stood together in Norah's garden, watching a sunset, glorious in crimson and gold, he told her so.

"I have asked for you three times, and I have waited many years for you now. Each time I have seen you I have fallen in love with you afresh. Am I still to go on living without you, dear?"

Beattie turned to him, the light of the sunset on her face and hair, and laid her hands in his. And the words she said were like the words of Ruth the Moabitess, than which there has been no sweeter expression of love and constancy.



COOKERY RECIPES.

PUDDINGS.

General Rules for Puddings.

1. When boiling puddings see that the water is boiling before the pudding goes into the saucepan; as the water boils away the water added should be boiling.
2. Mix the ingredients thoroughly.
3. Well grease the pudding-basin or pie-dish.
4. Scald and flour the pudding-cloth.
5. Tie the cloth tightly (except for boiled batter pudding), but leave room for the pudding to swell.
6. Puddings containing baking powder should be cooked directly they are made, and not allowed to stand about.
7. Do not bang the oven door.
8. Milk puddings should be put into a hot oven first, for the grains to swell, and then finish in a cooler oven. Cook them very gently. Good milk puddings can be made with skim milk if a little finely-chopped suet is added in place of the cream.

Boiled Suet Pudding.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of suet, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, water to mix.

Method.—Skin, shred and chop the suet and mix it in a basin with the flour and the baking powder; mix stiffly with cold water, tie in a scalded and floured cloth and boil two hours.

Roly Poly.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of suet crust as for suet pudding, jam.

Method.—Roll out the suet crust thinly, spread with jam leaving, a free edge, wet round the edge, roll up, tie in a floured and scalded pudding-cloth and boil two hours. This pudding can be made with dripping instead of suet, and baked; sift castor sugar over and sprinkle with water before putting in the oven. It only takes three-quarters of an hour to bake.

Marmalade Pudding.

Ingredients.—Six ounces of flour, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of brown sugar, half a pound of marmalade, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little milk.

Method.—Prepare the suet and mix it in a basin with the flour, breadcrumbs and sugar; melt the marmalade and mix it with the soda dissolved in a little milk and stir into the other ingredients. Boil two hours.

Fruit Pudding.

Method.—Make in the same way as boiled beefsteak pudding, using fruit instead of beefsteak and kidney.

Plum Pudding.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of suet, six ounces of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of sultanas, three ounces of candied peel, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, a little milk, a little grated lemon rind.

Method.—Chop the suet, rub the sultanas in flour and pick them, wash and dry the currants and cut the peel up small; mix all with the flour, breadcrumbs, baking powder, spice and lemon rind in a basin; beat up the eggs with the milk and mix rather dry. Tie over a scalded and floured cloth and boil three hours.

Ginger Pudding.

Method.—Make in the same way as baked treacle pudding, but mix rather more stiffly. Boil two hours.

Boiled Batter Pudding.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two eggs, one pint of milk.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin; break the eggs one by one in another basin and remove the tread; make a well in the flour and stir in the egg with the back of a wooden spoon; add the milk by degrees, keeping the batter very smooth, beat well, let it stand in the air for the grains to swell, pour into a greased pudding-basin, which should be quite full; tie a scalded and floured cloth lightly over and boil one hour and a quarter.

Pancakes.

Ingredients.—Batter as for boiled batter pudding, dripping, lemon juice, sugar.

Method.—Melt about two ounces of dripping in a small frying-pan and pour it off into a cup; pour a little into the pan and run it quickly all over the bottom and up the sides. Heat this over the stove until it smokes; lift up the pan and pour in about half a gill of batter (according to the size of the pan), run this very quickly over the pan, then hold it over the fire, shaking it briskly; with a knife loosen it at the sides as it sets, and as soon as it is a golden brown underneath toss or turn it over. It will cook almost at once on the other side. Have ready a hot dish and turn the pancake on to the dish so that the side first cooked is against the dish. Squeeze lemon juice and sprinkle sugar on and roll up quickly. Keep hot whilst you fry the rest.

Baked Custard.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, one pint of milk, three ounces of castor sugar, a small piece of butter, nutmeg.

Method.—Butter a pie-dish, beat the eggs with the sugar and add them to the milk, pour into the pie-dish and grate nutmeg on top. Stand on a dripping tin containing a little cold water and bake gently till set.

Cornflour Custard.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk, one ounce and a half of cornflour, a piece of thin lemon rind, two eggs, three ounces of castor sugar.

Method.—Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little cold milk; boil the rest of the milk with the sugar and the lemon rind; take away the lemon rind and stir in the cornflour; stir and cook well; let it cool, and add the eggs well beaten. Pour in a jug and stand it in a saucepan of boiling water, stir for a few minutes with the handle of a wooden spoon to cook the eggs.

Rice Pudding.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of rice, one pint of milk, small piece of dripping.

Method.—Wash the rice and lay it on a greased pie-dish, pour on the milk, put in a hot oven for a few minutes and then let it cook gently for one hour.

Bread-and-Butter Pudding.

Ingredients.—Slices of bread and butter, one pint of milk, two big eggs, or three small ones, sugar, sultanas and currants, candied peel, nutmeg.

Method.—Half fill a pie-dish with slices of bread and butter, sprinkle currants (washed and dried), sultanas (picked and floured), the candied peel cut in small pieces and sugar between each slice. Beat the eggs and milk together and pour over. Let the pudding soak half an hour, grate nutmeg on the top and bake in a gentle oven until the custard is set. It should be a nice golden brown.

Brown Bread Pudding.

Ingredients.—Enough stale brown bread to equal a small brown loaf, one egg, half a gill of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, two ounces of suet, three ounces of brown sugar, a little vanilla essence, one ounce and a half of candied peel, jam, half an ounce of dripping.

Method.—Soak the bread, squeeze it dry and beat it with a fork; chop the suet and add it with the sugar and chopped candied peel to the bread. Mix the flour and milk smoothly and add them and the egg (well beaten); flavour with vanilla essence. Pour half in a greased pie-dish, spread a layer of jam and cover with the rest of the mixture. Put little bits of dripping on the top and bake in a good oven three-quarters of an hour. An ordinary bread pudding is made by substituting white bread for brown and sultanas and currants for jam.

Sweet Omelette.

Ingredients.—Two eggs, one ounce of fresh butter, two ounces of castor sugar, jam.

Method.—Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs and cream the yolks with the castor sugar; beat the whites very stiffly and mix very lightly with the yolks. Melt the butter in an omelette pan and take off any salt; pour in the eggs and shake the pan while the omelette is setting underneath, loosen it at the sides with a knife; when it is a bright brown underneath put the pan in a hot oven for half a minute to cook it on the top. Take it out, pour a little hot jam into the middle, slip on to a hot plate, fold over and sift castor sugar on the top. Serve at once.

Baked Treacle Pudding.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, four ounces of suet, two ounces of brown sugar, one ounce of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, four tablespoonfuls of treacle, one gill of milk.

Method.—Chop the suet and put it in a basin with the flour, ginger, sugar and spice; melt the treacle in a saucepan with the soda and milk and pour the contents of the saucepan into the basin, mix well, pour into a greased tin and bake one hour.

Treacle Tart.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, three ounces of dripping, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, water to mix; two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, golden syrup, a little grated lemon rind.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin, mix in the baking powder, rub in the dripping with the tips of the fingers; mix stiffly with cold water. Grease a tin plate; roll out the pastry into two thin rounds to fit the plate, and lay one round on; pour on a sufficient quantity of golden syrup, leaving the edges free; sprinkle the breadcrumbs and a little grated lemon rind over the syrup; wet the edges, put on the other piece of pastry and press the edges, ornament round the edge and bake half an hour.

Baked Sultana Pudding.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, six ounces of brown sugar, six ounces of sultanas, six ounces of dripping, one egg, half a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin and mix it with the baking powder; rub in the dripping with the tips of the fingers, prepare the sultanas and add them to the sugar; beat up the egg with the milk and bake in a good oven.

FRUIT IN BATTER.

Ingredients.—One pint of batter, as for batter pudding, fruit.

Method.—Prepare the fruit and lay it in a greased pie-dish, pour the batter over and bake in a good oven three-quarters of an hour. Sift castor sugar over the top and serve at once.

GERMAN TARTLET.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of short pastry (as for treacle tart), gooseberries or cherries, golden syrup, castor sugar.

Method.—Line some rather deep patty pans with thinly-rolled pastry, put a few gooseberries or cherries in each and a little golden syrup; put covers of pastry on each, sprinkle with water or castor sugar and bake twenty minutes.

APPLE CHEESE CAKES.

Ingredients.—One pound of apples, one ounce and a half of butter, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, two eggs, a little grated lemon rind, half an ounce of ground rice, a little milk, one dessertspoonful of lemon juice.

Method.—Pare and core the apples and put them in a saucepan with the butter, sugar, lemon rind and juice; put on the lid and let them cook to a mash; mix the ground rice smoothly with a little milk and stir it in and let it boil; add the egg well beaten. Line patty pans with the short crust, fill with the mixture and bake in a good oven twenty minutes.

MINCE MEAT.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of currants (washed and dried), half a pound of sultanas (floured and picked), quarter of a pound of raisins (stoned and chopped), half a pound of suet (chopped), quarter of a pound of candied peel (chopped), half a pound of brown sugar, one ounce of mixed spice, half an ounce of ground ginger, a little golden syrup.

Method.—Mix together the currants, raisins, sultanas, sugar, peel, ginger and spice in a basin with just enough golden syrup to stick it together and use.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.



CHAPTER XII.

It was five minutes to eight on the evening of the fifteenth of May, and Deborah waited until the clock struck in the little room behind the platform where she would have to face her first public audience. Her mother was with her, also the elocutionist under whom she had studied for several years. As a rule Deborah scarcely knew the feeling of nervousness, but to-night was a far greater ordeal than any she had ever undergone. To recite in a private drawing-room was one thing, to aspire to rank amongst well-known professionals was another, and her face was as white as the frock she wore.

"I shall break down," she said, turning to her master. "I wish I had not undertaken this thing. It is too big for me."

"Give it up, dear," gasped Mrs. Menzies. "It would be too terrible if you fainted, or anything."

"Will you kindly go and take your seat? There is a chair for you in the first row," said Deborah's master, with sharp decision, to Mrs. Menzies. Then he turned to Deborah.

"You will not break down, I tell you. Don't think of your audience; think of what you have got to say and do. When once you are off you will be all right."

It was curious how Deborah felt her courage and colour return together as she looked at the room full of people before her, and recognised, close at hand, the friendly encouraging faces of the professor and his pretty little wife. She began with quite a simple piece of poetry, and she was conscious that she could get hold of her audience, that her voice was reaching to the far end of the room without any particular strain. Then her success was assured. Her programme was varied from grave to gay, from poetry to prose, but memory did not forsake her, and there was no question that there was genius in the girl. She was herself no longer; she lived in the person or scenes that she represented. David Russell, at the far end of the room, drank in her triumph as if it were his own. At the pause in the middle of the programme he moved about, listening to the comments of the hearers which were generally commendatory. Presently he heard the strident tone of a voice that gave him an unpleasant twinge of memory, and turning to find its owner he recognised at the end of a row Mr. Dayrell and Monica, his wife. For a moment David stood quietly behind.

"The girl's a genius," said Mr. Dayrell. "She won't keep at this sort of thing much longer. An enterprising manager will get hold of her."

"Do you mean that Deborah will turn into an actress?" inquired Monica, with a short laugh. "She will do nothing of the sort, she is far too squeamish."

"She shall not do this any more," said David, between his set teeth. "It's hateful to hear her name bandied about by men like Dayrell, and her future coldly discussed," and then he smiled at his own folly. What control had he over Deborah's future?

After that he made himself known to Monica, and she received him with smiling grace, and David talked to her and her husband on indifferent subjects for some ten minutes.

"Then you will be sure and come to see us, said Monica, as he prepared to return to his seat. "Raymond, write down our address."

"Thank you," replied David pleasantly, reserving to himself the right of deciding whether he would, or would not, avail himself of Mrs. Dayrell's invitation.

The rest of that evening was divided between listening to Deborah, and inward musings as to what could have been the charm of that coldly classical face that had held him fast captive for seven years of his early life?

Week in, week out, after that eventful evening David Russell lingered in London, and nearly every day he and Deborah met, and Deborah rejoiced in his coming nor asked herself the reason why.

Until Mrs. Menzies' late husband's affairs were legally settled they kept to their very simple mode of living, although it was now fully established that they would have an income of about three hundred and fifty pound a year, not riches certainly, but enough to keep them simply in some country place. Deborah's heart died at the prospect; she had grown fond of London life, and nobody but herself knew at what cost she resigned her profession; but the constant dropping of her mother's complaining was wearing away the stone of her opposition. It would be too selfish of her to keep her mother a prisoner in a small house in London whilst she spent most of her days away from her, so in direct opposition to the Professor's advice, and in the face of her master's bitter annoyance, Deborah determined to retire again into private life.

"I suppose I shall do the same as other girls," she said to David one night late in June, when he and she sat by an open window gazing down into the street below, "a little gardening, a little walking, an occasional tea-drinking, but it will be dull after a life like this."

"Better so than have you turned into a professional hack."

"Et tu, Brute," said Deborah reproachfully. "Mother and I are going down to Boscombe Hall for a few days next week. I'm twenty-one the day after to-morrow, and Mr. Debenham, our lawyer, has an offer for the Hall, a shockingly bad one, but I shall accept it if it's enough to clear off the mortgages. I want to leave the dear old place out of debt for grandfather's sake."

"Would you not rather let it on a long repairing lease?"

"No," said Deborah quickly. "I have thought a lot about it, but it seems to me as if the Menzies were played out there; it's time for somebody else to have a turn. Mother and I can have the most treasured family possessions wherever we settle down, china and family pictures, etc., but even out of them I mean to make a judicious selection. What's the good of keeping so many things? 'Let the great world

spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change,'" she broke off suddenly.

It had cost her many a pang to arrive at this decision.

"When do you go?" asked David.

"Early next week, we have not settled the day."

For some cause or other Deborah saw no more of David before she and Mrs. Menzies started for Boscombe Hall. She wondered a little within herself that he did not come, but promptly stifled the thought. She hated exacting people, she said. Once at the Hall she was so immersed in business that she had no time to think of anything else. It was on a lovely sunny evening in July that looking down the weed-grown drive, she saw a man's figure advancing towards the house rapidly, with set purpose in every firm decided foot-step. She needed no second glance to tell her that it was David Russell who was coming. Her mother was upstairs packing china, and Deborah advanced slowly, shyly, to the open hall door.

"I've come, you see," said David. "I, too, wanted to have another look at the old place. I've taken a room at the inn for the night, the inn where I put up as a lad so many years ago, and now—I'm a middle-aged man. Come out, Deborah, come for one turn with me."

And Deborah went, swinging her garden hat in her hand, the sunlight resting on her dusky hair.

"Shall we go and have a look at the dell?" she said, laughing, "where you first found me, playing with fir-cones, and where Miss Laing lies buried."

"Miss Laing," echoed David, with a start.

Then Deborah laughed again. "They say confession is good for the soul; I've a great mind to confess to you, here and now, a sin, no, scarcely a sin, of my childhood, which lay heavy on my heart for many years of my life. I wonder if you will be very angry with me?"

"I think not; nothing you could do or say, Deborah, would make me really angry."

Then Deborah told him, rather falteringly, the story of her being hidden in the dell, and overhearing his proposal to Monica, and how Monica's utter heartlessness had filled her girlish soul with disgust. At first David listened gravely; it gave him a curious thrill, the history of that dead past told him by another, but when it came to the funeral of the doll, he burst into peal after peal of laughter.

"You were always quaint, Deborah, not a bit like any other girl. And do you mean to say that you have kept that story to yourself and never told anybody, not even your mother, from that day to this?"

"Of course not, it was not mine to tell," said Deborah, simply.

"Which proves, if I wanted proof, the appropriateness of the present I have chosen for your twenty-first birthday. I could not get the order done in time for the day, I came down therefore, to deliver it in person."

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a little leather case and handed it to Deborah. Inside was a narrow bracelet, one row of pearls set in a plain band of gold, and on the inside of the bracelet was engraved in tiny letters, "To a faithful friend." Underneath were Deborah's initials, and the date of her twenty-first birthday.

"Do you like it?" he asked, gently.

Deborah lifted sweet, true eyes to his face. "Immensely, I like you to think me that."

"May I fasten it on then?"

Deborah stretched out her small hand and David fumbled a little clumsily over the clasp of the bangle, bending his head lower and lower over the dainty wrist. Almost before he knew what he was doing the wrist was clasped quite tightly in his hand and he was covering it with kisses. Then he caught the other hand and was looking straight into Deborah's blushing face.

"I want them both, darling, I want you, you with your sweet face and lovely soul, my dearest faithful friend of so many years standing, I want you to be my wife, to go back with me to my life in India. Will you trust yourself to my keeping, my darling?"

"Yes," said Deborah, under her breath. She was not a girl of many words, and she was absolutely certain that the man who stood before her was the one and only love of her life. How long she rested in David's arms after the first intoxicating assurance of his love she did not know, but finally with rather trembling lips, and a little smile, she withdrew herself from them.

"You mustn't really go on like this. Shall we go back to mother?"

"Not now, not yet," pleaded David. "We have not got half way to the dell. You promised to show me Miss Laing's grave. How little I knew that day in my bitter disappointment and mortification the happiness that awaited me in the years to come?"

"Are you sure that you'd rather marry me?" asked Deborah a little archly.

"I'd rather marry you than any woman in the world, Deborah, my dear," and she felt the words were true.

In another moment they were clambering down the dell, which was sadly overgrown with briers and brambles, but Deborah had no difficulty in guiding her lover to the spot where her doll lay buried. He looked down at it with a smile; then slipped his arm round Deborah's waist.

"Shall we say, 'Peace to Miss Laing's ashes?'" he said with a smile.

A quarter of an hour later Mrs. Menzies standing at the Hall door, and shading her eyes with her hand from the rays of the setting sun, saw two figures approaching slowly, with lingering steps over the park. The two were David and Deborah walking hand in hand.

"So that's it, is it?" she said to herself, and she hastened out to greet them.

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

A Well-founded Belief.

"It isn't true, is it?" asked Maggie, as she finished reading The Pied Piper of Hamelin; "it isn't true, is it, that he could play on his pipe so that the rats would go off and drown themselves?"

"Well," replied Maggie's father, "I don't know about that. I think it may be true. Your uncle George can play the flute so that it will scare a cow into the river and drive all the dogs in the street howling crazy. Yes, I guess the poem is true."

WHEN TIME SHALL BE NO MORE.—"What then are we? We endure," says Carlyle, "but for an hour, and are crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man or woman is there already (as all faith from the beginning gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of time; that triumphs over Time and is, and will be, when Time shall be no more."

The First Chinese Puppet Show.

The origin of Chinese puppet-shows forms the subject of a singular tradition.

A lady named Oh was besieging a town about B.C. 260. Its defenders, knowing her to be of a jealous disposition, "invented a puppet in the shape of a wooden woman which was made by strings and springs to dance on the battlements."

Alarmed at the idea of so fascinating a creature falling into her husband's hands and becoming an addition to his seraglio, Oh raised the siege.

Since that time puppets of a similar kind but smaller have amused the Chinese mind.

A KNOWING FARMER.—An American paper tells of a farmer in the State of Maine who hired two boys to help him to cut his hay, and when the job was finished gave each of them a cent for the work they had performed, and then offered to harness his team and haul the boys home for a cent apiece.

What relation was he?

They were looking at a portrait.

"Whom does it represent?" some one asked.

Then a man in the company said in answer—

"Sisters and brothers have I none,
Yet that man's father is my father's son."

What relation was the speaker to the person depicted in the portrait?

It is remarkable how often the answer is given that the portrait represents the speaker himself. As a matter of fact it represents the speaker's son.

Ill-bred Scenery.

"Mamma, the scenery abroad must be very ill-bred."

"Scenery ill-bred, child. What do you mean?"

"This book on Alpine climbing says, 'A terrible abyss yawned before them!'"

FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

JUST as I write, there is much discussion going on about the bicycle dress, and whether we shall wear the knickerbockers or not. The generality of women in England seem to me to be absent from the field, for they (the majority) have quite adopted, and are satisfied with, the skirt, which, when well cut and exactly of the right length, suits them better than any knickerbockers could possibly do. For have they not to wear the skirt on other occasions? And must they not look well in it, too? For instance, you go down to Wimbledon, to Richmond, or any of the suburban resorts round London, to spend a few days with a friend; and, if you have a suitable well-fitting skirt, you are supplied with dress for your visit, with a change of pretty blouses, and even another skirt, and a more dressy one for evening use, it gives no trouble to carry with you, if you go by rail, or to send, if you patronise Carter Paterson. The knickerbocker is quite out of it in this case, for who would want to appear in knickers? And how useless they would be as a costume to wear daily for our three days' visit.

In Paris it seems, where they wore nothing but the bloomer, the taste has veered round to the skirt; but it is cut far shorter than we should fancy it, and is worn with boots of either black or tan. These boots, too, are rather new in shape, and have a wrinkled top, like a cavalier of Charles I. reign. My own opinion is, that for a young girl it does not matter much what she wears; but no woman over thirty should attempt to wear the bifurcated skirts.

Having discussed the very needful styles for the bicycle, I must turn to the novel ideas of dressing the hair, which put in rather a late appearance at the very end of the London season. In our sketch entitled "Hair dressed with a comb," is shown the way to dress the hair in the fashion that it has been most worn lately. To give it this effect the hair is not tied, but simply rolled up and twisted into a knot, which must be rather loose than otherwise, and the twist must be given with a due remembrance of the loose effect to be given below the comb, which is put in the last thing after the twist is up. The front hair is *crêpé*, and, in fact, all the rest of the hair is crimped and waxed so as to look evenly and naturally on the head.



A NEW CAPE.



WATERPROOF GARMENTS.

But even as I write I hear rumours that the hair in the ensuing winter is to be lowered down to the nape of the neck, and that we are to return to the Greek suggestiveness of a few years ago. We are to retain the waved effects, but in the front, it is said, that we are to return once more to what the Americans used to call the "bang"—a style now seen only on young children, and very doubtfully becoming indeed to older faces. However, we shall soon see whether all these prophecies are likely to be verified.

The hair must look shiny and smooth at present, and rough heads are no longer liked. This effect is only gained by much brushing and a little oil or pomade, applied with a sparing hand. In many ways our ideas of hair-dressing have improved, for we no longer desire to load our heads with false hair; and this year we have been contented to wear our own and make the most of it. This change in the fashions has, it is said, brought the price of hair down to less than half in the country districts of France.



HAIR DRESSED WITH A COMB.

The use of the celluloid combs has been proved to be so dangerous that I hope my readers have taken warning, and dismissed any they may have been wearing. It is only needful to put them into a disused grate and set fire to them to find out how dangerous they would be if they really caught fire in the hair. It is said that a fall is enough to set them in flames. It is a pity they are really so pretty, for that makes the temptation to buy them.

The change is great in the shape of sleeves, and they appear to grow tighter and smaller every week, and longer as well, till really they are like those in fashion in the Chinese empire, for they very nearly cover the hands. There are very few without ruffles, though some are made with a rounded cuff, which being very long at the top, falls over the hand in the fashionable manner; and I have also seen a few pointed cuffs. Tucks are in such high favour at present that they seem to form the one and only idea of dress decoration. The other day I saw a lady dressed in widow's apparel, who was tucked from top to toe; the tucks were very tiny, and about three inches apart. I thought that perhaps the material itself might have been tucked, as they have been sold in the shops during the season; but a closer look showed that the gown was tailor made, and the tucking was tailor-made too. No crape was worn at all, the dress being quite untrimmed (save for the tucks), and the bonnet and long veil were of silk gauze.

Tucked sleeves are quite the latest and prettiest of our fashions. Sometimes they are tucked all over at small intervals, or they are arranged in groups of four or six; or the tucks are placed high up, at the very top of the sleeve, and take the place of a frill or a puff. But the tops of all the new sleeves are very plain indeed.

On the contrary, the bodices are very much decorated, nearly all of them have *revers* of some kind; the sailor collar and open front being also very popular. Braiding is said to be coming in as an ornament, but meanwhile we have gathered ribbon trimmings, or *ruches* as they are called, the ribbon used being from three-quarters of an inch to an inch wide, and gathered in the centre with strong silk, in order to draw it up to the required fulness. This trimming can also be made of the material of the dress or of silk, cut in bias lengths. In the illustration "A new cape," you will find it illustrated on the *revers* of the bodice worn by the centre figure. This gown is made of fine cloth, with a front of drawn *chiffon* and *revers* of fine white cloth. The skirt is braided, and the basque of the belted blouse is battlemented; and these are corded three times round with cloth cordings. The next gown is of navy serge; the braiding being put on in close rows. There is a vest of white silk, tucked, and a *chiffon* full at each side.

"The new cape" is one of those with the corners very much rounded at the front, a change in shape which is very good in one way, as it shows the pretty trimmings of the bodice beneath. The flounces which go round the edge of these capes are sometimes quite full, but are also seen as scanty as possible. Narrow lines of silk braid are used to trim them, and there seems every chance of their remaining much in the same form as our present model during the coming winter. The drawback to this shape is that they are rather old-looking beside the smart short ones we have worn.

In nothing have we arrived at greater perfection than in the manufacture of our waterproofs. They are soft, and thin, and perfectly odourless, and the shapes are immensely improved. The straight long coat-shape is an excellent one for wear in walking, and the loose straight-backed jacket is equally good for the bicycle as a protection from the weather. In the reversible capes and coats, with the bright tartan linings, there has been great improvement, and as travelling-wraps they are quite a success, being at once becoming as well as pretty.

Some very pretty little jackets, which are a late introduction, may be made of black satin or silk, or of cloth of various colours, generally drab or blue. Those seen in Paris were of black satin, beautifully fitting; in fact, in this last characteristic consists their true inwardness, as the slangy adapted phrase has it. No doubt these will also be a winter fashion, and I hope to illustrate them later on. Just now they are very useful to wear with the thin costumes we are wearing out, such as our foulards and thin frocks, and enables us to continue using them, and to keep ourselves warm in the chilly September days.

All kinds of small ornamental coverings, capes, boleros, and *fichus*, are being worn, and just now few people care to go out in the cotton or muslin shirt without adding to it some small adjunct, which may only be a *chiffon* neck-ruffle, or an ostrich-feather boa. Cotton shirts are more worn for the bicycle than for anything else, as their places are taken by the silk or muslin blouse. Chemisettes or fronts are returning to favour again for wearing with a small coat, and some of them are very pretty. There is still much fluffiness about the neck, but I noticed during the sales that there were many purchases of ribbons made, intended for the neck. These are to be worn twice round, and will be tied in a bow either in front, or at the back of the neck. It has been found that the tight and air-proof stocks so long used have injured the appearance of the throat so much that nearly all the women who care for their appearance are dismissing the stiff collars and replacing them by a wide ribbon necktie, which will be less hot, and more open to the free circulation of the air round the throat.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

MISERABLE.—We have always treated questions on "blushing" and "nervousness" as fully as our space will permit; for both are exceedingly common, and their causation and treatment are involved in great obscurity, for so many physicians have passed them over with—"Oh, it is nothing!" But the great discomfort, and often misery which these two neglected diseases cause, render them worthy of being carefully studied. As a complete description of these troubles would fill a volume quite as large as the year's GIRL'S OWN PAPER, we can only give brief hints from time to time. But we take it for granted that every correspondent who asks us questions on these subjects has read the answers on these points which have lately appeared in this paper. The first point that we insist upon is that neither blushing nor nervousness can be cured by drugs, and it is merely wasting health and money to take any preparation, whether patent or pharmaceutical, to "cure" these conditions. We do not say that drugs are useless here; but that they cannot of themselves cure the condition, and when they are taken it is usually to help the cure by very indirect means. We will only talk of blushing this time. What is blushing? It is a sudden relaxation of the blood-vessels of the face. The vessels relax, and fill with blood, causing the face to become red and hot. It differs from "flushing" merely in the time that it lasts. Blushing is a momentary affair. It may be caused by affections of the heart or blood, thus it is exceedingly common in anæmia. It may also be caused by indigestion, constipation or other unhealthy condition of the alimentary tract; and it may be due to purely mental causes. Before treating blushing it is therefore absolutely necessary to know which of these three causes is at work; if either of the former, treating the cause (anæmia, indigestion, etc.) will stop the blushing. If the cause is purely mental, as it is in most cases, it is necessary to know under what circumstances the blushing occurs. The age is important. In young girls it is usually a very transient business; but when it persists over twenty-two it is more difficult to treat. The sex of the patient is also exceedingly important, but we will not enter into that point now. Do you blush when speaking with your friends, or only in the company of strangers? Do you blush only when speaking to those of the opposite sex or when you are conversing with anybody? Do you blush when with girls of your own age? And *why* do you blush? You may think this a ridiculous question, but it is a very important one and often gives the key-note to treatment. Do you blush when you speak to a person merely from a slight thrill of excitement? such as would happen when you are introduced to a stranger, especially if you are unaccustomed to society. In such cases, after a short preliminary blush, conversation runs smoothly and the blushing does not recur. Or do you blush constantly during conversation from fear you are not equal in brilliancy to your companion, or from fear of saying anything indiscreet? This is a far more serious thing than the former, and is much more difficult to get the better of. We cannot give you much practical advice, for you furnish us with such scanty information that we do not know what form your complaint takes. If you have indigestion, anæmia, or anything of the kind, this must be seen to according to the advice we have given in this paper *ad nauseam*. If not you must find out all you can about your condition, and pay attention to the following rules: Whenever you speak to anyone think of the conversation and do not think about yourself or your blushing propensities or what the person to whom you are talking is thinking about you or your blushing. If you *can* carry out this advice you will soon be cured. Do not worry about the preliminary blushing, of which we have spoken above, it is nothing serious and will pass away when you get a little older. Do not sit in a corner and say nothing to anybody until you are spoken to, but seek to join in conversation whenever you can; not pushing yourself forward and trying to assume a free and easy manner which you do not feel, but taking a rational interest in conversation and chiming in when you have anything to say of interest or importance to the subject of discussion. "Speak when you are spoken to" is all very well for children, but it is a fatal policy for nervousness or blushing.

JACK O' HAZELDEAN.—Read the answer to "Miserable." It is worrying over your condition which prevents you from getting better. "You know that it makes others feel and say things, etc." We are perfectly sure that it does not. We very much doubt whether any of your comrades ever notice that you blush unduly. Pay attention to the advice given to "Miserable" and you will soon get better. Ichthiol is used for blushing and does, to a slight extent, benefit some people, but we do not advise its use except in certain cases. Blushing due to nervousness cannot be cured by drugs, but it can be cured by mental training.

H. S.—That the lumps that came in your throat were due to decayed teeth is highly probable, and we strongly advise you to have your teeth seen to. The wisdom teeth often take many months to appear and frequently do not develop fully at all. The lumps in your throat were probably inflamed glands, due to your decayed teeth. We cannot say that we have ever heard of gas producing serious after-effects, and if it does, they must be very rare, for we have seen gas given many hundreds of times. There is one form of goitre that does produce nervousness as a symptom, but we cannot say whether you suffer from this variety or from some simple goitre. Read the answer to "Miserable." If you find that you cannot follow the advice that we gave to that correspondent try to get away for a short holiday—preferably at the sea-side. By all means continue the baths during the summer if they do you good, and take a fair amount of exercise every day or a little gymnastic exercise in great moderation. You will probably get much better as you grow older.

J. D. W. MOWBREY.—We have already given an answer in this column to another correspondent who asked for information on this subject. This answer you will doubtless have read since writing your letter to us. The question of the relative value of brown and white bread depends upon this—white bread is more digestible and more nutritious, but brown bread is less likely to cause constipation than white bread. In the answer to which we referred these premises were inquired into. Personally we declare emphatically in favour of white bread, especially when indigestion is present. At the present time this is the opinion most commonly held among medical men. All the authorities that you quote, as well as many others holding the same views, are known to us. It is from clinical experience alone that such questions can be settled, and it seems to us, both from our own experience and from that of the most successful clinicians whose work we happen to know, that usually, if not always, white bread is to be preferred to that made of whole meal.

VICTORIA.—How often are we to have to repeat that indigestion cannot be cured by drugs! Leave medicines alone and pay attention to the other means mentioned in the article. The cure of constipation is in the main identical with that of indigestion; but it is advisable in the former condition to take such articles of diet as green vegetables, fresh and stewed fruit, prunes, etc., in moderate quantities. For constipation, as for indigestion, the less you take drugs the more quickly will you get over the trouble. But, unfortunately, it is frequently necessary to take some form of aperient. The best of which for chronic constipation is the pill of aloes and nux vomica, the composition of which we have frequently given in this column. Read the answer to "J. D. W. Mowbrey."

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

CONSTANCE (*Hospital Nursing*).—You will observe our reply to "Kathleen." If you earnestly desire to become a nurse and are now twenty-four, it is probable that you know your own mind. You are not too old for admission to the North Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, Shoreditch, E.; Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, W.C. (one of the largest), or the Belgrave Hospital, 77, Gloucester Street, S.W. At the last-mentioned there is a premium of £25 to be paid. It is not at all necessary to have a knowledge either of Latin or music. Even if your health has not been quite good lately, it quite possibly would improve under conditions of life in which you were happily employed. Although the hours are long and the work fatiguing, there are many girls who are distinctly benefited by the regular life and the active exercise. Let us hope it may be thus in your case.

A. M. D. (*Training as Children's Nurse*).—The address you require is the Morland Institute, 29, Holland Park Avenue, London, W. As you write from Ireland, and Liverpool is therefore nearer to you than London, you may like to know that the Liverpool Ladies' Sanitary Association, 8, Sundor Terrace, Upper Duke Street, Liverpool, is arranging a course of training for ladies as children's nurses, which, we have reason to expect, will be satisfactory in every respect. The course is to occupy over a year, and the fee for training will be £20. You could write to the Secretary at the address given for further particulars. It would be wise, however, to wait a couple of years yet before beginning this course of special training, as you are only just fifteen. Meantime you should continue your general education.

MRS. T. C. C. (*Emigration to South Africa*).—We are much obliged for your letter. Unfortunately we cannot undertake to forward letters; it would increase our labours too seriously. We are glad to note that you say, "there is great scope for good respectable girls in Cape Town, if they are willing to work and are trustworthy, and they are well paid. As to the life there, it is charming."

COUNTESS (*Employment Abroad*).—If your friend wishes to undertake missionary work, she could write to the Secretary of the Women's Missionary Association, 19, Delahay Street, Westminster, S.W. For women qualified to act as missionary teachers in the Indian Zenanas there is some demand. In Australia there is little demand for teachers, as the women's colleges are excellent, and native-born Australian women can therefore undertake the greater part of the educational work. The term "certificated" which you apply to your friend is somewhat vague; but if it implies the highest educational qualifications, it might be worth while to seek teaching work in Cape Colony. But this suggestion would be useless in the case of many women possessed of only mediocre educational ability. A reply to your second question is hardly in place here; but we may say for your convenience that a young lady placed in the position of hostess should follow the natural instinct by trying to make her guests of either sex feel at home. She need not necessarily herself talk a great deal to the young men, but she should introduce the latter to some of the ladies present, so that every one may have some one to converse with. There is no hard-and-fast rule that a gentleman must always speak first or carry on the greater part of the conversation, and even if there were it would be disobeyed in such a case as this. The supposition is that a girl in her own home knows all the company present. Young people of both sexes are apt to be rather shy and self-conscious; but girls on the whole conceal their embarrassment better than youths, and have a larger supply of general chat; and it is desirable therefore that, without seeming to take too much upon themselves, they should keep things going as far as they are able.

KATHLEEN (*District Nursing*).—For all special kinds of nursing, whether District, Army, or any other, it is necessary first to take a course of training in a general hospital. For district nursing a year's general training in an infirmary would be accepted; and this would perhaps be easier to manage than the hospital training, as the large hospitals are so besieged with applicants. Write to the matron of any large London Infirmary (such as the one at Kensington, Chelsea, or St. Marylebone), and ask whether you could be admitted as a probationer.

IVY (*Hospital Nursing*).—See reply to "Lora" (No. 977). Probationers are not usually required to pass any entrance examination, but must be able to fill up a form of application to the satisfaction of the authorities. Regular probationers pay no fees, but undertake to remain in the hospital a certain length of time. The minimum age when probationers are eligible varies from twenty-one to twenty-five, twenty-three being perhaps the most usual.

OUR NEXT STORY COMPETITION.

STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject:—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR OCTOBER."

A PENNILESS PAIR, by SARAH TYTLER.

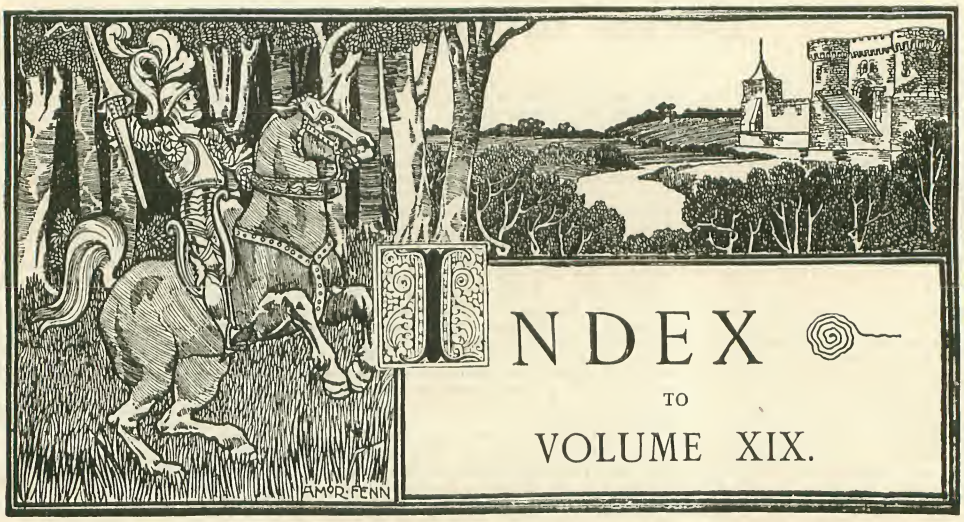
We offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT for the month is all about.

One page of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in an unsealed envelope, with the words "Stories in Miniature" written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is October 20th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

Examiners:—The Author of the Story (Sarah Tytler), and the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

The Report of Supplement Story Competition, entitled "A Sailor's Bride," will appear next month.



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